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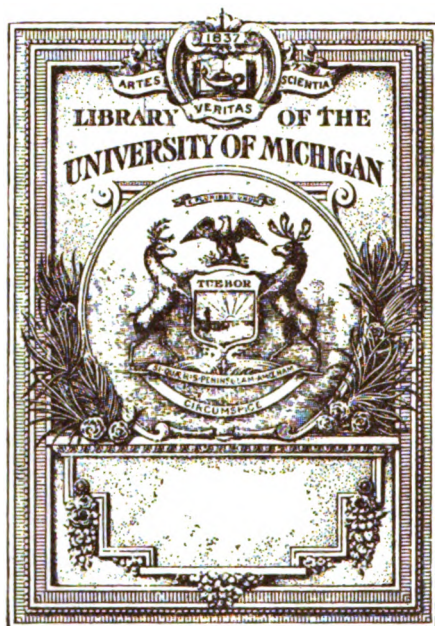
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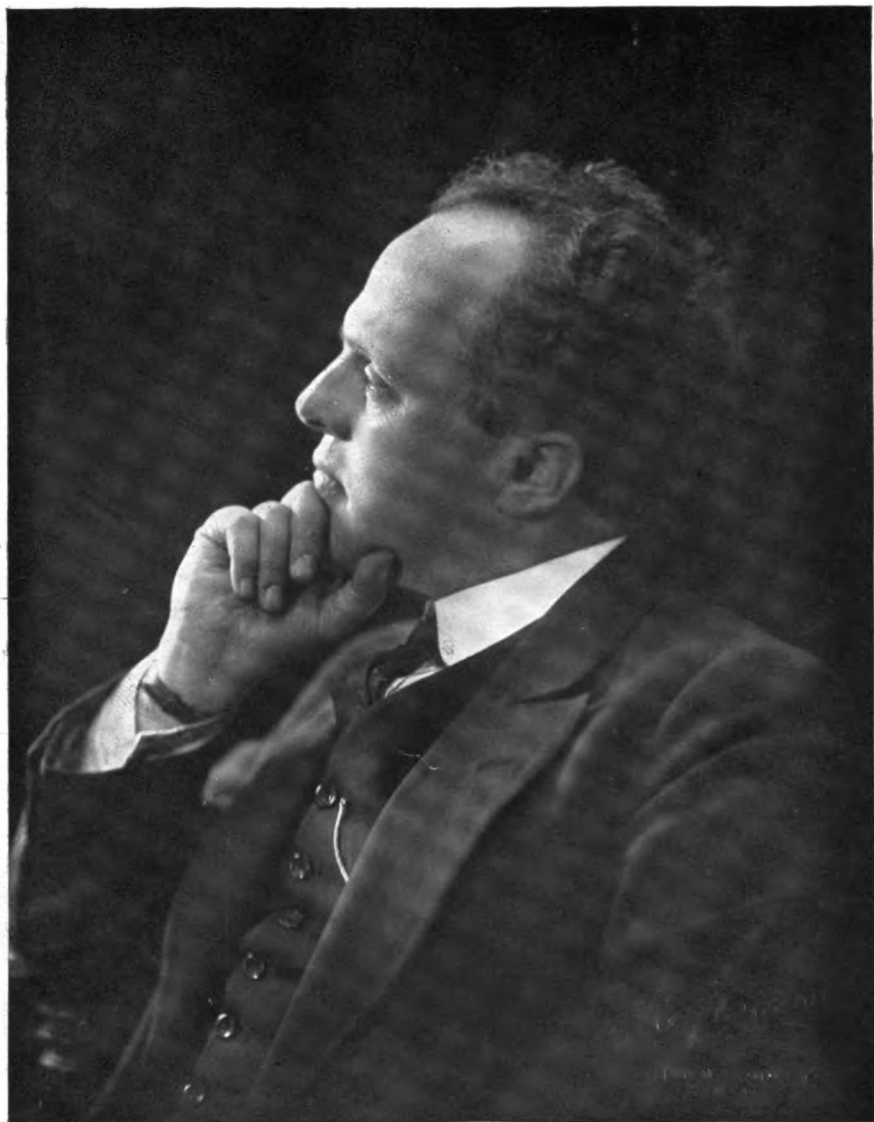
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THE TRUTH ABOUT BEETHOVEN*

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

It may come as a surprise to the ordinary reader of musical history and biography to be told that more than any other composer Beethoven stands in need of an authentic Life. If there is any composer whose movements, whose correspondence, even whose conversation can be tracked month by month, almost day by day, it is Beethoven. In some ways our information about him is even more copious than our information about Wagner, for in the case of the latter we have none of the Conversation Books that fix for us some of the actual talks between Beethoven and his friends as definitely as if these had been recorded for the gramophone. There are many Lives of Beethoven, many volumes of reminiscences of him, many editions of or selections from his letters, many reconstructions of him by more or less imaginative literary portrait painters. And yet it is safe to say that hardly one music-lover in a million knows Beethoven as he really was, or can separate the truth from the fiction in the scores of romantic stories that are current concerning him. Everyone knows the ordinary sentimentalised bust or portrait of Beethoven—a Beethoven visibly conscious of the necessity for living up, so far as appearances go, to the general conception of him as a Titan staggering under the too vast orb of his fate. The literary portraits we have of him are, almost without exception, equally sentimentalised. It is time that the man Beethoven was drawn from the life, not evolved out of the inner consciousness of each successive biographer.

We all know the Beethoven of the poetical legend—a sick eagle fretted by crows and sparrows, a Prometheus and a Faust in one, a man picked out from the beginning as a target for the Evil One, poor, misunderstood, neglected, injured by false friends, and finally broken by the base ingratitude of the nephew to whom he had given himself with a devotion and a self-sacrifice unparalleled either in real life or in fiction. This figure touched the sensibilities and the sympathies of men as that of no other composer has done—how, indeed, could anyone refuse sympathy to the tragic spectacle of one of the greatest of composers deprived of his hearing? And, anxious to have full justification for its expenditure of emotion, mankind was willing to go to any length of credulity where a Beethoven anecdote was concerned, so long only as it touched the source of tears. Let a simple example suffice.

One of the best-known legends is that after his return from Gnixendorf to Vienna in the early days of December, 1826, with the violent cold that was the beginning of his fatal illness, he lay ill for some days before he could get medical attention, and then received it only by an accident. According to Schindler, the wicked nephew Karl, instead of summoning a doctor, either deliberately neglected or forgot to do so. He went about his usual sinful pleasures, of which billiard-playing was one; and in the course of a game he happened, some days after, to remember his uncle's commission. He casually mentioned it to the marker, asking him to send a doctor. The marker, being unwell, neglected to do so for some time; but finding himself in a hospital he mentioned the matter to the doctor in charge—one Wawruch, who thereupon repaired to Beethoven. This story, according to Schindler, was told him by Dr. Wawruch himself. But there is not a word of truth in it: Thayer's language is not too strong when he calls it a 'shameless fabrication.' It is disproved by the account of Beethoven's illness (written by Wawruch less than two months after the composer's death and published in 1842), and by the Conversation Book. 'I was not called in until the third day,' says Wawruch, and Karl's entries in the Conversation Book confirm this. The doctor first visited the patient on December 5. Beethoven had arrived at his lodgings on December 2. In an undated letter to Carl Holz, which was no doubt written on either December 4 or 5 (for he speaks of having arrived 'a few days ago,' and of a previous letter, also written after his arrival, having been mislaid), he refers to his illness in a way that shows he did not regard it as serious,* and says he would be delighted if Holz would come and see him. Karl must have delivered this letter without delay; and Holz must have called on Beethoven at once, sent to Wawruch at once, and secured the immediate attendance of the latter at the Schwarzspanierhaus. Karl's entries relating to the physician's visit end on December 14; and the evidence of the Conversation Book is conclusive that Schindler did not see Beethoven till some time after that date.

A hundred similar cases of error or perversion of the truth could be cited. What is the explanation of them? In part, the errors are honest; events are only dimly remembered after the lapse of many years, and in any case the narrator of an event necessarily saw only one aspect of it. But a good deal of the confusion has come from the pardonable desire of each of the great man's friends to pose as *the* friend. Schindler's jealousy of the others, and particularly of Holz, is notorious. Now the peculiar relation of Schindler to Beethoven gave him exceptional opportunities for legend-floating. It was known that he had been a sort of secretary to the composer for some years, that he was with him in the last days, and that the

* *The Life of Ludwig van Beethoven*, by Alexander Wheelock Thayer. Edited, revised, and amended from the original English manuscript and the German editions of Hermann Deiters and Hugo Riemann, concluded, and all the documents newly translated, by Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York, the Beethoven Association: London, Novello. 3 vols., £5 5s. net.

* 'Immediately after my arrival, which took place a few days ago, I wrote to you, but my letter was mislaid; thereupon I became unwell, so that I thought it better to stay in bed.'

famous Conversation Books* had come into his keeping after Beethoven's death. His biography of the composer, therefore (first edition, 1840; second edition, 1845; third edition, 1860), seemed to have every title to be considered authoritative. In the course of time, doubts were cast on many of his statements; but few people realised the full extent of his untrustworthiness. Grove, in his article on him in the Dictionary, says that 'Schindler has been the object of much obloquy and mistrust, but it is satisfactory to know, on the authority of A. W. Thayer, that this is unfounded, and that his honesty and intelligence are both to be trusted.' Nothing could well be more misleading. Thayer's considered opinion of him was this:

'Nothing is more common than to find circumstances accepted as undoubted facts on Schindler's authority. The present writer discussed at length Schindler's character as a biographer with Otto Jahn, both of us having known him personally. Our opinions coincided perfectly. We held him to be honest and sincere in his statements, but afflicted with a treacherous memory and a proneness to accept impressions and later-formed convictions as facts of former personal knowledge, and to publish them as such without carefully verifying them.'

Moreover, he revised his book and wrote various articles about Beethoven after the Conversation Books, which would have served to correct many of his unconscious fictions, had passed out of his keeping. But even this opinion of Thayer's, expressed in the second of the present volumes, is modified later to the disadvantage of Schindler. He plainly was not over-scrupulous where his own vanity was concerned. The true story has just been told of the early stages of Beethoven's illness. It is as clear as anything can be that Schindler did not see him till at least a fortnight after the composer's return to Vienna on December 2, whereas Holz was with him on December 4 or 5. Schindler knew that the Conversation Book was decisive on this point; and he has actually 'folded and re-numbered' the pages in such a way that 'the page on which this entry [*i.e.*, Karl's entry recording all Wawruch's visits from December 5 to 14] appears, is made to look as if it preceded others which are filled with evidences of Holz's helpfulness.' After that, we must modify our opinion that Schindler was a bit of a fool, but an honest fool.

The truth is that he was jealous of Karl Holz, the bright and amiable young man who became Beethoven's factotum about 1825, henceforth occupying the place in his affections formerly held by Schindler. The latter consoled himself by spreading false reports about Holz—for instance, that he took Beethoven to taverns where the composer drank more than was good for him. In August, 1826, Beethoven gave Holz a document

certifying that he considered him 'competent to write my eventual biography, should such a thing be desired,' and adding, 'I repose in him the fullest confidence that he will give to the world without distortion all that I have communicated to him for this purpose.' Schindler attempts to make out that this permission was 'the result of a surprise sprung upon Beethoven,' and that on his death-bed he requested Breuning and Schindler to collect his papers and hand them to Rochlitz for the purposes of a biography—a task which Rochlitz declined. But it is certain that Schindler was quietly edged out of Beethoven's life in the last year or two. It was in the spring of 1825 that Beethoven became noticeably fond of Holz. From March, 1825, to August, 1826, Beethoven and Schindler rarely met. On September 28, the composer went to stay with his brother Johann at Gneixendorf, whence he returned, on December 2, to what proved to be his death-bed.

Let me give one more instance of the uncritical way in which biographers have condemned this or that personage in the Beethoven *entourage* on the strength of the mere word of another member of it. Grove (art. 'Beethoven' in the Dictionary, says that Dr. Wawruch 'appears to have been a poor practitioner and a pompous pedant,' who did not know how to treat the malady from which Beethoven was suffering. Grove gives as his authority for this the reminiscences of Stephan von Breuning. But Breuning was obviously prejudiced against Wawruch, no doubt because Beethoven—one of those irascible invalids who are quite 'impossible' from the point of view of the doctor and the nurse—himself conceived an antipathy against him when he found himself getting no better. Medical opinion of to-day justifies Wawruch in his diagnosis, and he seems to have treated the case—which was evidently hopeless from the first—as scientifically as any physician could have done in those days. Yet, as Thayer says, 'the criticisms of Breuning and others have pursued him through all the books devoted to Beethoven's life.'

The truth about Beethoven could only be arrived at by some investigator who would patiently sift the true from the false or the mistakes in the records of his friends, and—which is still more important—check every statement made by Beethoven about others. It has been too hastily assumed that because he was a great composer and a man of essential goodness of character he was always right and others always wrong in any matter of dispute between them. The fact is that Beethoven was more prone than most men to be unjust to those with whom he came in conflict, precisely because of his sense of the higher morality of his own motives, to say nothing of a character unusually headstrong, obstinate, and suspicious. With all his great gifts, he was not—let us say it frankly—particularly intelligent apart from his music. He seems to have admired Goethe; but there is nothing in the whole of his letters to show that his taste in literature and art was particularly

* There were originally about four hundred of these. Schindler destroyed many of them. The remainder (a hundred and eighty-three) are now in the National Library at Berlin.

good, or his knowledge of them at all extensive. To the end of his days he had difficulty with the simplest sum in addition. One of the most pathetic pictures we have of him is that of his nephew trying to teach him, on his death-bed, the rudiments of multiplication. He was prolific in moral sentiments of the most unimpeachable order; but that sort of excellence can, and often does, go along with something approaching stupidity in intellectual matters. His humour was primitive, his language, for the most part, uncouth and sometimes almost incoherent. He was purely and simply a magnificent musical instrument. It is *a priori* unlikely that a man who could not regulate sensibly the commonest details of his own daily mundane life, who was notoriously suspicious, self-centred, and quick to take offence, should have had all the wisdom on his side in his dealings with those who disagreed with him. It is the habit of biographers, to take a typical case, to assume that Beethoven was the most innocent actor and the greatest sufferer in the affair of the nephew. An impartial study of all the evidence hardly lends countenance to that assumption.

A full and judicial statement of all the facts relating to Beethoven's life is to be found nowhere but in the biography by Thayer that is now for the first time made accessible in English. Alexander Wheelock Thayer was born in Massachusetts in 1817, and died in 1897. In his early thirties he conceived the ambition of writing an authentic Beethoven biography on the basis of the reminiscences of Schindler, Wegeler, Ries, and others. With this purpose in view he went to Europe in 1849, and spent two years making researches in different towns. After a visit to America he returned to Europe in 1854. A study of the Beethoven documents in the Berlin Royal Library convinced him that it was useless to rely implicitly on the published reminiscences of anyone. There was nothing for it but a first-hand examination of all the existing evidence, and the discovery of as much new evidence as possible. The remainder of his long life was devoted to this task. To support himself he had to take the post of American Consul at Trieste, the duties of which office interfered materially with his main work.

He went about his work with the most exemplary thoroughness. He interviewed 'every person of importance then living who had been in any way associated with Beethoven, or had personal recollections of him'—Schindler, Hüttenbrenner (in whose arms the composer died), Neate, Potter, the widow of the nephew Karl, Moscheles, Gerhard von Breuning (son of Beethoven's old friend, Stephan von Breuning), and many others. The Berlin Royal Library sent the *Conversations Books* to Trieste for him to study at his leisure. He examined every possible document, followed up every possible clue. In 1865 he had ready the manuscript of his first volume, carrying the record of Beethoven's life down to 1796. This was translated into German by Dr. Hermann Deiters, of Bonn, and published in that language in 1866.

The second volume followed in 1872, and the third in 1879, both translated by Deiters; the record was now complete as far as 1816. Then the strain became too much for Thayer: his health worsened, and he never afterwards felt equal to the continuance of a task that had become more and more difficult as it neared the end—although he still had energy for other literary work. A suggestion made by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel that Thayer should complete the biography with the aid of an intelligent secretary fell through.

When Thayer died, in 1897, his papers were sent to his niece, Mrs. Jabez Fox, of Cambridge, Mass. Deiters was willing to revise the three published volumes for a second edition, and to write the fourth. For the latter purpose the papers were gone through by Mr. Krehbiel, and the necessary ones sent to Deiters, who had brought out a new edition of the first volume in 1891. Deiters then decided that before revising the second and third volumes he would complete the biography. This ran to two more volumes. The proofs of the fourth were hardly in his hands when he died, in 1907. The two final volumes were brought out in 1908 under the supervision of Dr. Hugo Riemann, who also produced the revised versions of vol. ii. and vol. iii., in 1910-11.

Then Mr. Krehbiel, at Mrs. Fox's request, took in hand the preparation of an English edition. He condensed the five German volumes, omitting the musical analyses and dissertations of Deiters, abolishing certain appendices and foot-notes, incorporating the substance of many letters in the text, and so on, using as much as possible of Thayer's original manuscript, and adhering to Thayer's purpose as expressed in a letter to Sir George Grove of 1895:

'Being as free as the German editors [he says] in respect of the portion of the biography which did not come directly from the pen of Thayer, the editor of this English edition [*i.e.*, Mr. Krehbiel himself] chose his own method of presentation touching the story of the last decade of Beethoven's life, keeping in view the greater clearness and rapidity of narrative which, he believed, would result from a grouping of material different from that followed by the German editors in their adherence to the strict chronological method established by Thayer.'

Where the German editors differ from Thayer, as a rule Mr. Krehbiel lets the latter speak for himself, the differences being set forth in foot-notes. The material for this English edition was ready in July, 1914. The war delayed publication of it. In 1920 the Beethoven Association of New York, acting on the suggestion of Mr. O. G. Sonneck and Mr. Harold Bauer, devoted the proceeds of its concerts of the previous season to promoting the issue of these handsome and tasteful volumes.

Thayer's patient investigation of facts and unimpassioned statement of them help us to see

Beethoven more nearly as he must have been than even the reminiscences of his friends can do. These volumes should give the quietus to many of the legends so dear to the sentimental biographer. It is commonly supposed that Beethoven as a composer had to fight all his life for recognition against an ignorant Press and an indifferent public. The facts are that his genius was recognised from the beginning, that contemporary criticism in general was very laudatory, that from an early stage of his career his name was linked with those of Mozart and Haydn, and that his name was a 'draw' for the Viennese concert-going public. There were dissentient voices, of course, but on the whole Beethoven met with not less but more recognition during his lifetime than falls to the lot of most men of genius. To try to make out that Vienna had no ears for any music but that of the Rossini type is to show a lamentable ignorance of the facts.

Thayer's handling of the affair of the nephew Karl, again, shows it in a different light from the usual one. Almost without exception, the biographers have held that all the virtue was on Beethoven's side in this affair, and all the vice on the side of Karl and his mother. No one can read the full record without feeling that the merits and demerits of each side about balance each other: if there is anybody who deserves our special sympathy it is Karl. The ordinary biographer seems to have found it impossible to place himself at the boy's point of view, still less at that of the mother. Beethoven's prejudice against the latter is well-known. He not only called her the Queen of Night; he made reckless statements about her that in these days would have subjected him to an action for slander, and possibly heavy damages. She was certainly no better than she should have been; but even a bad woman may have a sincere affection for her son, and resent her deceased husband's brother's attempt to assume the sole guardianship of him. It is significant that the Courts of the time, although they knew of her occasional moral lapses, were balanced between her and Beethoven in the matter. As for the nephew, is there not every reason to think that it was precisely Beethoven who unwittingly helped to drive him into evil courses? What sort of a companion was a gloomy, choleric, ill-mannered composer of middle age—and deaf into the bargain—for a high-spirited boy? Could anything be more pathetic than the evidence in Court of this little fellow of twelve at the inquiry into his running away from his uncle? 'Had his uncle maltreated him?' he was asked. He replied, 'He had punished him, but only when he deserved it; he had been maltreated only once, and that after his return, when his uncle threatened to throttle him.' To the question 'Where would he rather live—at his mother's or his uncle's?' he answered, 'He would like to live at his uncle's *if he but had a companion, as his uncle was hard of hearing and he could not talk with him.*' What boy would not have revolted

against so gloomy a life, and conceived a dislike for the man who forced him to endure it? The conventional sentimental biographer will have it that all the guilt was on Karl's side: Romain Rolland, for instance, thinks it 'a sad phenomenon' that 'the moral grandeur of his uncle, instead of doing him good, made him worse.' So might Mr. Pecksniff have talked. A boy of tender years could not be expected to endure constraint and misery merely because the man who inflicted them on him was the composer of some immortal works; and he would be much less likely to be impressed by the 'moral grandeur' of his uncle than by his moodiness, his frequent ill-temper, and his well-known violence of language when crossed. M. Rolland sees, again, evidence of nothing but Karl's turpitude in what he calls 'those terrible words, where his miserable soul appears so plainly,' uttered at the time of the boy's attempt at suicide: 'I grew worse because my uncle wanted me to be better.' Terrible words they are indeed; but surely, to the normal unprejudiced man, they carry as much censure for Beethoven as for Karl? Beethoven's intentions were of the best: but a good deal of suffering has been caused in this world by the good intentions of 'moral' people who thought themselves better than their fellows.

Can we resist the conclusion that Beethoven plumed himself a little too much on his 'moral grandeur' (his letters are rather too full of references to it), and on the strength of it was unduly given to interfering in the private affairs of other people? His brother Johann was no more fortunate in his matrimonial relations than the brother who was the father of Karl. Johann had had a *liaison* with a certain Therese Obermeyer, a girl of attractive appearance and, apparently, likeable character. As Thayer puts it, Johann 'became acquainted with her,* liked her, and made her his housekeeper and—something more.' Beethoven's 'moral grandeur' was instantly up in arms. His brother was then a man of thirty-five, shrewd, sensible, and in every way capable of looking after himself. Beethoven, though, as Thayer says, he 'had no more right to meddle in his private affairs than any stranger,' went to Linz expressly 'with this purpose in view.'

'To come hither for this express object, and employ force to accomplish it, was an indefensible assumption of authority. Such, at all events, was Johann's opinion, and he refused to submit to his brother's dictation. Excited by opposition, Ludwig resorted to any and every means to accomplish his purpose. He saw the Bishop about it. He applied to the Civil authorities. He pushed the affair so earnestly as at last to obtain an order to the police to remove the girl to Vienna if, on a certain day, she should still be found in Linz. The disgrace to the poor girl; the strong liking which Johann had for her; his natural mortification at not being allowed to

* She was the sister-in-law of the physician who occupied part of the large house owned by Johann at Linz.

be master in his own house ; these and other similar causes wrought him up almost to desperation.'

There was a quarrel between the brothers ; the scene, says Thayer, 'was more disgraceful to Ludwig than Johann.' The apothecary did precisely what might have been expected: he married Therese. When the marriage turned out unhappily, Beethoven had only himself to thank for having given Johann the power 'to reproach him as the author of his misfortune. Indeed, when the unhappy future came, Johann always declared that Ludwig had driven him into this marriage.' The composer's resentment against his brother endured to the end. Only on that assumption can we account for the misleading account of their final relations that we find in the dutiful pages of Schindler and Breuning—an account which Thayer shows from the Conversation Books to be untrue. 'Moral grandeur' without a ballast of good sense, good temper, and ordinary human tolerance, can be a curse both to its possessor and to all who come in contact with him.

Mr. Krehbiel notes—and proves—that Beethoven was guilty of

... a number of lapses from high ideals of candour and justice in his treatment of his friends, and of a nice sense of honour and honesty in his dealings with his publishers ; but at no time have these blemishes been so numerous or so patent as they are in his negotiations for the publication of the *Missa Solemnis*—a circumstance which is thrown into a particularly strong light by the frequency and vehemence of his protestations of moral rectitude in the letters which have risen like ghosts to accuse him, and by the strange paradox that the period is one in which his artistic thoughts and imagination dwelt in the highest regions to which they ever soared.'

Mr. Krehbiel's summary of the matter must be quoted in full:

'He was never louder in his protestations of business morality than when he was promising the Mass to four or more publishers practically at the same time, and giving it to none of them; never more apparently frank than when he was making ignoble use of a gentleman, whom he himself described as one of the best friends on earth, as an intermediary between himself and another friend to whom he was bound by business ties and childhood associations which challenged confidence; never more obsequious (for even this word must now be used in describing his attitude towards Franz Brentano) than after he had secured a loan from that friend in the nature of an advance on a contract which he never carried out; never more apparently sincere than when he told one publisher (after he had promised the Mass to another)

that he should be particularly sorry if he were unable to give the Mass into his hands; never more forcefully and indignantly honest in appearance than when he informed still another publisher that the second had importuned him for the Mass ('bombarded' was the word), but that he had never even deigned to answer his letters. But even this is far from compassing the indictment: the counts are not even complete when it is added that in a letter he states that the publisher whom he had told it would have been a source of sorrow not to favour had never even been contemplated amongst those who might receive the Mass; that he permitted the friend to whom he first promised the score to tie up some of his capital for a year and more so that 'good Beethoven' should not have to wait a day for his money; that after promising the Mass to the third publisher he sought to create the impression that it was not the *Missa Solemnis* that had been bargained for, but one of two Masses which he had in hand.

It is abundantly evident that Beethoven was not the plaster saint the romantic biographers have made of him. No one will think much the worse of him for having been a man of mixed clay like the rest of us; indeed, his 'moral delinquencies,' like those of Wagner, make him a more interesting study to the psychologist. In any case, the whole truth is better than a number of half lies; and students not only of Beethoven but of human nature will be grateful to Thayer and Mr. Krehbiel for having brought the composer and the man into the one focus.

BRITISH PLAYERS AND SINGERS:

I.—HAROLD SAMUEL

THE MAN AND HIS VIEWS

When Harold Samuel plays Bach he has a way of happily focussing the predilections of a dozen different sorts of music-lovers. The lions and the lambs, the simple and the supercilious, meet harmoniously on this ground. Various notions of music find for once a common denominator. The genial pianist has such a way with him that all the disparate types in the group at once amiably compose themselves. 'Now, smile a little, look pleasant!' the photographers say; but this clever focusser gets us, without a word, into the right attitude.

Where did Bach 'come in' before Mr. Samuel's day in the London pianoforte recital? In transcriptions mostly. Liszt's transcriptions of the Organ Fugues almost alone were not beneath the notice of the virtuosos. Then the Chromatic Fantasia and the Italian Concerto had concert properties which brought them the attention refused to the humble suites, partitas, and clavi-chord fugues. But it was 'the thing' to transcribe; we had the Goldberg Variations transcribed, toccatas, the Chromatic Fantasia, and even the

Forty-Eight transcribed. Came Mr. Samuel, with a horror of 'octavising' Bach, also with no disdain for the least of mere two-part inventions. He rashly declined to make the music any more difficult, he even made no fuss about any difficulties at all. There the music was on paper. All to be done was simply to put it down on the pianoforte! One had merely to sit there (such was the illusion, at least) and let the music speak for itself. Wasn't the music good enough? It was so good that we all smiled and looked pleasant; but, so far from the figure of the photographer and his ordeal holding good, everybody liked the focussing, went again and again (six days in succession to Wigmore Hall last summer), and will henceforth, whenever the chance comes.

THE INFANT SAMUEL, PIANIST

The illusion that one has only to think less of himself than the music and that then his Bach will sound like Mr. Samuel's goes, of course, the way of illusions. The illusion gone, people were even left saying, 'I feel I can never again, after that, potter about with the *Forty-Eight* myself.' The aspirant conceived the possibility of following step by step the way by which Mr. Samuel had gone to reach the consummation of playing the best of all keyboard music with the air of, not an interpreter, but the mouthpiece of the music itself. He affronts and questions, then, the man himself, only to find that the beginnings of Mr. Samuel's art reach back beyond the beginnings of Mr. Samuel's memory.

'Fond relations [he tells the inquirer] have informed me that I began at the pianoforte at the age of eighteen months. At two and a half years I was, I am told, playing the pianoforte, standing on tip-toe. My first teacher was my sister, her lesson lasted an hour, in which time I learnt the names of the notes on the keyboard and on paper. At four I composed a love-song, dedicated to my mother.'

The family, Londoners and Jewish, were not markedly musical, save a great-uncle, Isaac Nathan (see Grove), friend of Byron, Hebrew scholar, opera-singer, and composer of Hebrew melodies, operas, and ballads, such as *Why are you wandering here, I pray?* He died at Sydney. Harold Samuel was born in London forty-two years ago.

'At seven I had a month of real lessons from Walter Fitton. At that time I knew much of Sullivan, operas like *Faust*, and Mendelssohn. If I went to a concert I played the programme through on the pianoforte afterwards, and was a disturber of family parties by exclaiming at wrong notes and singers who were out of tune. Raphael Roche, a grandson of Moscheles, taught me when I was nine. He took me through the Beethoven Sonatas and was the first to instil in me a love for Bach.

The "Little" C minor Prelude was my first introduction, and then the F minor Prelude from Book II. of the *Forty-Eight*—to-day still, for me, one of the lovely treasures of all art. But the real revelation was when I was ten, and in an old shop at Kilburn picked up three of the Partitas for 6d. I threw over Beethoven. I mastered the *Partitas* in a fortnight, and all my spare coppers (for the family circumstances were narrow) went in buying Bach at that second-hand shop. At twelve I had my first complete copy of the *Forty-Eight*.'

Isaac Albeniz, visiting London in 1893, gave some lessons to the fourteen year old Samuel, who played as a deputy for his master one night at a concert at the Grafton Galleries. ('The *Evening News* the next day announced that 'Señor Albeniz played with his customary skill and delicacy.') 'Albeniz,' says Mr. Samuel,

'... was a consummate musician; indolent; and the most sympathetic, the least intimidating of masters. His teaching was generally musical rather than technical. His own playing was marvellously delicate in Mozart, and he understood a perfectly satisfying *rubato*.'

The youth's progress was variously chequered. He failed three times to obtain a scholarship at the Royal College of Music. He had the queer and still profitable experience of playing nightly in a London tap-room, accompanying red-nosed comedians and any volunteering vocalist, all for five shillings a week. He conducted in a small Kilburn theatre, innocent of any special skill but helped out by a friendly contra-bassist who undertook to give him the cues. He was seventeen when he eventually entered the Royal College, studying composition with Stanford and pianoforte with Dannreuther.

'Dannreuther [he says] was one of the biggest personalities the College has ever known, a head chock-full of learning. In the days when Wagnerians and Brahmsians were in hostile camps he had enough vision to be both Brahmsian and Wagnerian. His teaching was rather in the sense of interpretation than technique. I myself was already a teacher when a College student—I had to teach perforce on account of my budget, and a teacher I have not ceased to be for twenty-five years.'

ON THE PLAYING OF BACH

The inquirer seeks to pin Mr. Samuel down to the question of playing Bach, to *his* playing of Bach. Can a function so easy-seeming, so natural, lend itself to the subject's conscious analysis? Well, it can be analysed up to a point, and Mr. Samuel amiably does his best. An American critic, an enthusiast for Poe, once wrote a study of *The Raven*, and in preparation read no author

but Poe and no poem but *The Raven* for three years before. This is precisely *not* Mr. Samuel's method.

'To do justice in a concert devoted to one man, to Bach or Beethoven, one quite particularly must know well other men and other idioms of the art. He knows not Bach who knows Bach only. The executant can't know about too many sorts of music. I venture that to know about music-hall music and to know what constitutes the difference between a good and a bad music-hall song may be a sort of help to the grasping of some element in Beethoven or Bach. There is much more general humanity in their music than some austere folk would willingly believe. The more you cultivate one man's music in public the more you should in private, for your own enriching, cultivate others.'

And Mr. Samuel is led to aver that he probably knows more Beethoven by heart than Bach, though not primarily reckoned a Beethoven player; and also has unnumbered notes of Mozart and Schubert at his finger-tips.

As for defending the playing of harpsichord music on the pianoforte—the proof of the pudding,' &c. If, in the result, you like his playing, accept this paradox:

'While playing Bach on the pianoforte, remember ever the different instrument for which the music was written. Think of the clavichord as you strike the concert grand. And as you strike with this reserve in your mind, shun, too, any bringing of the music up-to-date.'

Not logical, no doubt; but a compromise that is justified in its fruits—a happy middle course between a pedantic restriction of Bach to the archaic instruments and the gulfs of vandalism waiting on modern transcribers.

And Mr. Samuel's very passion against transcribers is no *idée fixe*. (Any Frenchman reading will groan aloud at English realism and incapacity for general ideas.) There *are* cases, says Mr. Samuel—the D major Organ Fugue really sounds better, I think, on the pianoforte. And he has been known to transcribe certain choral preludes.

Again, in editing Bach, he is generally against additional directions and phrasing. He is anxious himself to set his hand to editing. 'I know, for instance, no satisfactory edition of the Partitas, and I should jump at a chance of publishing them, as I think they ought to be.' Now on actual points of execution:

'Above all, impeccable neatness—an evenness, a ripple. But not too much of a *legato* ripple. There is commonly too much *legato* in Bach playing. The right general touch is not pure *legato* and not actual *staccato* either—something between. I herewith declare my abomination: *rallentandos* and pauses in the

course of a piece of Bach. It means a softening of the rhythm—softening in the worst sense, as you say, "softening of the brain." It means an expressiveness that belongs to a different kind of music and is outside of Bach's art. It is an enfeeblement, a letting of blood! I also ban it, in the suites, when you get an "alternative" gavotte, minuet, or musette, acting as the trio to a *scherso*. Don't stop at the end of the first gavotte—there is no cause to pause, nor is there when the first gavotte is taken up again.

'That reminds me that people talk of repetitions in Bach's suites and variations, and even of "endless repetitions." I deny that there is any such thing, any identical repetition. When at a double-bar you go back, the music the second time is not the same. The music is older with all the experience of the first statement. It cannot be the same again. Is your second ascent of a mountain, your second visit to Florence ever "the same" as your first? It is so different that the differences seem more to you than anything.

'Take the *Allemande* from the D major Partita. At the double-bar you have scaled the peak of the dominant, it is a date in time from which there is no going back. You "repeat," or I at least "repeat" (and shall, for all the words of the whole race of critics!). Is the second climbing of the mountain "the same"? Life, of course, never is the same twice over. I know there are mountains not worth climbing—but hardly in Bach. Does the theme return again late in the D minor Violin Chaconne or the Goldberg Variations? It returns with all a life's experience added to its visage. It said before, "Such-and-such a thing is," and now "Such a thing is, and now you know why it is."

'How is a fugue to be best played?'

'By bringing out the parts without labouring, I suggest. Do not write out the subject in red ink. Especially do not stress it when it is on the top. A little more tone sometimes when it is in an inner part, but it best stands out by the phrasing that is characteristic of it, not by volume of tone. The differing expression given to the subject is dictated by the significance of the particular harmonies prevailing.'

SAMUEL, THE COMPOSER

Mr. Samuel, whom an occasional word will lure into talking beguilingly about Bach till bed-time, is harder to draw on the subject of another composer, Harold Samuel. His songs, such as the dainty *Diaphenia* and *My Sweetening*, are his best-known works. He wrote song-settings for *As you Like It* at His Majesty's Theatre (1907) and for an unsuccessful play *The Two Pins* in the next year. A comic-opera, *The Honourable Phil*, ran

for seventy nights, a career which, though respectable, did not rival *The Mikado* and so drew on it from W. S. Gilbert the witticism, 'The honourable evidently does not fill!'

The mention of the war-time song *Jogging Along* even brings the faintest of blushes to its composer's cheek. Very solemn people may think it incompatible with a true devotion to Bach! The history of *Jogging Along* is this: A friend heard Mr. Samuel strumming a tune that had come into his head. 'What a rattling good marching-song for soldiers! [It was early in the war.] Suppose I fit some words to it?' he said, and did. With happy results all round. Nothing to blush about.

The inquirer asks for news of his projects. 'A recital at Paris soon, perhaps,' he said. 'A tour in South Africa next summer—with examinations, recitals, and also a trip to the Victoria Falls. And another week of Bach in London next year sometime.' It will be a week of ascending mountain-tops, not necessarily those of last summer. For a week and for two weeks one could have Mr. Samuel playing Bach, and still leave undrawn-on a large hoard in the caverns of his memory.

C.

CHARLES KŒCHLIN

By M.-D. CALVOCORESSI

(Concluded from December number, page 831)

IV.

Genuinely original, live form (that is, form which is coherent and logical musically, not solely by virtue of mechanically-planned relationships or symbolic and other literary intentions) is always determined by the inherent properties of the primary components—the motives. In other words, original form is something evolved from within, not imposed from without.

The very constitution of a motive that is a live thing, and not a mere fabrication, predetermines certain lines of expansion and working-out as natural—even necessary—and precludes certain others as unsuitable.

These two points, which afford the key to the whole problem of appraising form from the artistic point of view and not merely in accordance with theory, are so often overlooked by those who write on form, that the temptation to harp upon them on every possible occasion is hard to resist. But the baldest statement will suffice so far as we have to deal with form in Kœchlin's works, which afford the widest variety of illustration of the above two-fold principle.

Nothing is more characteristic of Kœchlin than his fondness for long-sustained melodies which seem to continue endlessly, curve following curve and pulsation following pulsation: tunes never artificially protracted, but carried onward by the momentum of their own vitality.

Often in his shorter pieces the form lies solely in the expansion of one design pursuing

its natural course of evolution without contrasting episodes or adjuncts. In *Paysages et Marines* two instances stand out which have already been mentioned for their rare beauty: *Le Chant du Chevrier* and *Poème Virgilien*. In the former the melodic arabesque proceeds unrelentingly, in broad phrases amply punctuated, until (at the third page) a repetition occurs, heralding the end of the tune, which gently merges into the ultimate vibrations of the harmonic setting. In the *Poème Virgilien* the composer dallies a while with each arabesque in turn, repeating it once or twice before proceeding further, leading up to a slow, regular, downward progression, and concluding with an ample and definite plagal cadence.

Other pieces in the same set consist merely of a few touches, a succession of simple patterns related by their tonal and rhythmic character and their expressive properties, with no attempt at development. Such is *Sur la Falaise* (which, if considered not in its expressive character but solely in its build and in certain of its aspects, will be found not unreminiscent of Schönberg in his Op. 19). Others are built in accordance with the rules of ternary form (*La Chanson des Pommiers en Fleur*), or in variation form (*Chanson de Pêcheurs*—with which compare the second movement of the fifth Sonatina); or, though representing no type of form included in the usual nomenclature, will consist of the close working-out of one motive or several, generally in pithy polyphonic style (*Soir d'Été* and various instances in the Sonatinas).

It is when we study the form of the Sonatinas that we see how very much at ease and how versatile the composer can be, resorting to classical modes of development or not, passing from symmetry to asymmetry, in accordance with the true spirit and potentialities of his themes. Here are a few notes which may serve to illustrate the point:

First Sonatina.—*Allegro moderato*, in simple ternary form. After the first theme has fully unfurled its convolution the second intervenes, affording a marked contrast; but the first soon reappears, and plays the chief part until the end. Then comes a brief *Andante*, a perfectly classical 'song without words,' followed by an equally brief *Allegro moderato*, monothematic, which is, in simpler and more symmetrical form, another instance of that play from arabesque to arabesque upon which the *Poème Virgilien* is founded. The *Finale*, technically speaking, is just an exposition, which leaves off at the very time when the real fun of working-out according to plan might be expected to begin. Yet it is perfectly rounded, balanced, and satisfactory.

The first movement is in C major, with the second motive in F major; the *Andante* is in E major, the *Allegro moderato* in G major, and the *Finale* in F, with whimsical modulations into the region of sharps. The closing notes, although the harmonies cannot be analysed otherwise than as in F major, unmistakably bring back the feeling of

C major—so that honour is saved. The *third Sonatina* will show that Kœchlin does not always make a point of saving it in accordance with school rules, although the tonal character of his music is never equivocal or unsteady.

Second Sonatina.—I. First motive exposed in canonic form, followed by a second motive. Three repetitions of this first exposition bring the piece to its close. They vary slightly in length, but there is no working-out, only a few crisp and telling modulations. A study of the cadences to each of the eight statements will show how closely the traditional tone relationships are observed. II. A *Sicilienne* in pure ternary form. III. The *Finale* is the beautiful *Andante* whose theme was given in the December issue, p. 831, Ex. 1. It is really monothematic; but a fine, very simple, application, within a small compass, of the principle of amplificative variation introduces the following element of contrast:



Third Sonatina.—I. *Prelude, Allegro moderato*. II. Short monothematic *Assez animé*. III. *Allegretto*, in simple ternary form. IV. *Finale, Allegro con Moto*, whose elements are provided by the tune quoted on p. 831, Ex. 2, the last bar serving as a counter-subject which is played-off against, or in combination with, the opening motive.

The first movement is in B major, the second in G major, the third in E dorian, ending upon the A major triad. The last begins in C major, and, after the polytonal episode of which part is quoted on p. 833, Ex. 12, reverts to C major, but ends as follows:

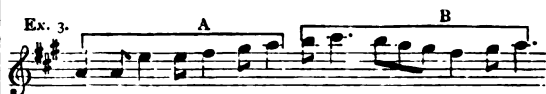


Fourth Sonatina.—I. Minuet, C major. II. *Andante con Moto*, F major, ternary. III. *Intermezzo*, A minor, monothematic (except if we choose to consider as a fresh motive the inversion which makes a brief appearance). IV. *Finale*, Rondo form, regular, very simple, yet enhanced with bold, effective modulations.

Fifth Sonatina.—I. *Allegro moderato*, written in polyphonic style, and affording another instance of form conditioned by each arabesque in turn working its way naturally, with the additional point of technical interest that all intervening motives or counter-subjects are closely related to the main theme. II. *Andante*, colour variations with one brief contrasting element. III. *Fugue*, with *Coda*. IV. *Finale*, which is the

longest thing in the *Sonatinas* and in the whole of Kœchlin's published pianoforte works, and one of the most beautiful. The strict logic and masterful simplicity of the working-out, the close affinities between the various elements, render it specially interesting for the analyst.

From the chief motive:



and from this variant of its second segment (B):



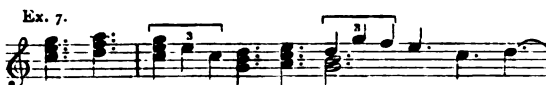
Kœchlin derives a wealth of terse, genuinely imaginative developments. Without going into details, we may note, for instance, that the inversion of the chief motive, far from smacking of perfunctoriness and scholasticism, introduces a fresh and valuable element of interest and buoyancy:



and that even an episode apparently so remote as



has its pedigree plainly revealed by this appearance of (c) in slightly altered rhythm:



I have but lightly touched upon the attractiveness of those five *Sonatinas*, all instinct with humour and tenderness, crisp, exhilarating, glowing. Circumstances compel me to deal even more briefly with the several works which have appeared since the previous instalments of this article were written.

Of these the most important is the first String Quartet. So far as can be judged from a cursory survey of the parts (the score not being published) it shows Kœchlin's imaginativeness at its richest and best, working along lines that are in every respect in accordance with tradition.

L'Abbaye is a suite for chorus, orchestra, and organ, finished nearly twenty years ago—another instance of purely classical writing. What is published consists of an orchestral *Prelude*, an *Ave Maria* (for female voices and organ), a *Kyrie* and *Requiem*, an organ *Prelude*, an *Ave Verum*, an *O Salutaris* (soprano and tenor soli, chorus, orchestra, and organ), a *Benedictus* (female voices and orchestra), and a *Sanctus*. There exists a

second part, longer, with an important *Finale*, which is not yet published.

A set of twelve easy little pieces for pianoforte (included, as is the String Quartet, in the first portfolio of *La Musique de Chambre*, of which a review is given in another part of this issue) has come to provide the possibility of music by Kœchlin being included in the repertory of the veriest beginners. They are written in the same imaginative, breezy, genial spirit as the *Paysages et Marines*, and contain a good deal that many besides children will enjoy. From the educational point of view they should be found most valuable, for they contain, among other things, all that is needed to develop the infant student's sense of phrasing and balance.

A few biographical notes will perhaps be found useful.

Charles Kœchlin was born of Alsatian parents at Paris, in 1867. After receiving the usual course of classical and scientific education he entered the École Polytechnique, where he found time to study harmony in private. In 1890, renouncing the higher mathematics, he entered the Paris Conservatoire, where his teachers of composition were Massenet and (afterwards) Fauré. He never entered the competition for the 'Prix de Rome,' and left the Conservatoire without award or diploma of any sort. Since that time he has been hard at work, as the list of his compositions shows. He is very retiring in disposition, and has never taken any steps to speed the performance and publication of his own works, some of which were engraved at his own expense.

Here is the list of his published music :

VOCAL.

Rondels (three books) (Rouart et Lerolle).
Songs (three books) (Rouart et Lerolle).
L'Abbaye (full score and vocal score) (Joanin).

INSTRUMENTAL.

First String Quartet (Sénart).
Twelve Easy Pieces for Pianoforte (Sénart).
Five Sonatinas (Mathot).
Paysages et Marines (two books) (Mathot).

His principal unpublished works were mentioned in the first instalment of this article (*Musical Times*, November 1921, p. 759).

OUR LOST OPERATIC LEAD

BY HERMAN KLEIN

Gone are the vaunted palmy days—and brilliant nights—of the 'Royal Italian Opera' that flourished at Covent Garden in the Victorian era. 'A good riddance, too,' quoth the youthful highbrow who knew them not (and has not, moreover, the smallest idea what they were like). Well, who shall say? Is it better to be wholly bereft of great singers, never to hear consummate vocal art in the theatre, than it would be to put up with 19th-century

opera still in a measure clogged, though by no means hide-bound, with old-fashioned tradition? For my own part I have a strong opinion on the subject, and—precisely because I do know—it is entirely at variance with that expressed by the youthful personage above quoted. I have the further satisfaction of being aware that at the present moment some five or six of the larger cities of the United States are backing my opinion by giving opera 'on the grand scale' with the costliest and most eminent artists that Europe can furnish. If we are not doing the same thing here in London it is for a simple reason: we had already begun to 'lose the habit' long before the war; and now we have not only lost it, but we could not afford to indulge in the luxury of resuming it even if we wished.

The particular event which gave rise to these reflections was one which struck me so forcibly that I felt constrained to comment upon it in a letter which appeared over my signature in *The Times* of December 6. It was the announcement, in a cable message from the New York correspondent of that paper, of the débüt at the Metropolitan Opera House of a new prima donna of European fame who had never sung in England. It was not the first time, of course, that such a thing had happened. Opera-singers of renown have occasionally in the past been heard in America before being heard in London. Fourteen years ago Chaliapin sang at the Metropo'itan, whilst yet a stranger to this country; though that was only because the Grand Opera Syndicate did not choose to pay him the terms which he thought himself worth. The case of the Czechoslovakian soprano, Madame Marie Jeritza, who had such an enthusiastic reception at New York last month, stood upon a different footing. Here was a star, said to be of the first magnitude, whom we could not exploit at Covent Garden if we would; whose extraordinary talent had recently aroused fanatical applause in billion-mark and billion-kronen capitals like Berlin and Vienna; whose lovely face and beautiful voice had combined to make Puccini declare her the most magnificent Tosca he had ever seen, heard, or coached in the part; yet who, like Madame Galli-Curci (but with even greater certainty of success) could afford to skip London on her way across the Atlantic, without troubling to obtain the opinions of English critics, or even the approval of an Albert Hall audience!

Why I felt such a pang of resentment when I read of Madame Jeritza's New York triumph I can hardly tell, unless it was because I realised for the first time how completely we had fallen from our high estate where opera is concerned. No doubt I ought to have realised it before, for this was not the first time by many (during the past ten or twelve years, let us say) that New York had taken the lead in introducing to the world new singers, new composers, and new operas. But if we could not hold our own we have been at least in a position to compete; whereas now the best we can

do is to look on and admire. And in the meantime we are gradually losing touch with the great singers. What do opera-goers in this country know of the wonderful voices and the splendid talent of the contemporary international artists to whom America is willing (and able) to pay millions of dollars every season from November until April? How many people on this side of the ocean know the names of these present-day stars, the majority of whom have never sung here at all?

A few of them are perhaps familiar—for instance, the tenor Martinelli; the even more distinguished baritone, Titta Ruffo; the now-famous American tenor, Orville Harrold; the great *soprano leggero* Madame Galli-Curci; that charming singer, Claire Dux; the inimitable Emmy Destinn; besides Frau Frieda Hempel, Miss Geraldine Farrar, Madame D'Alvarez, and the much-praised contralto, Madame Matzenauer. But there are some whose names are utterly unknown here. Who has heard, for example, of Signor Beniamino Gigli, of the Metropolitan Opera House, of whom it has been declared on high authority that 'there is no lyric tenor to-day with a voice more beautiful or a more thorough mastery of the art of the *bel canto*'? No less ignorant are we concerning the rare qualities of Joseph Schwarz, the Russian baritone, said to be 'the most remarkable Rigoletto that ever' &c.; the tenor Muratore, the Italian baritones, Giacomo Rimini and Riccardo Stracciari, the dramatic sopranos, Rosa Raisa and Rosa Ponsella, or the Spanish soprano, Lucrezia Bori. Enough that all these are said to be singers of the first rank, the like of whom we are no longer privileged to listen to at Covent Garden, or, indeed, anywhere else.

Hence it is that I deplore not merely the loss of our lead in operatic matters, which, after all, is only a sentimental question, but the danger of losing our operatic vocal standard, a much more serious thing. That we are unable now—and may not for several years be in a position—to pay the price for these expensive song-birds is obvious enough. Nor are we, happily, compelled to forego the pleasure of listening to opera on that account. We are not exactly pining for operatic stars—far from it. But we must, by hook or by crook, keep up the standard of our singers, and it behoves our native companies, old and new, to avail themselves of the very best talent that they can afford to engage.

This aspect of the question was pointedly dealt with in the admirable article by Mr. H. C. Colles, entitled 'Opera in England,' which appeared in *The Times* of December 10. He believes that we have enough native talent in the country to make the best operatic artists we can wish for, but that very little of it seems ever to arrive at its destination on the stage. 'There is a hitch somewhere,' and he wisely adds, 'only by removing this hitch, whatever it may be, and beginning to make intelligent and consistent use of the native talent available, will it be possible to face the accusation of "lost standards" without flinching.'

THE BACH-ELGAR FUGUE

BY HARVEY GRACE

Not often is an orchestral work so immediately and emphatically a popular success as Elgar's version of Bach's C minor Fugue has proved to be. So far it has been included in three^{*} programmes at Queen's Hall; on the first and third occasions it was repeated in answer to a vociferous encore, and on the second its reception was sufficiently enthusiastic to have justified a repetition had the conductor been that way inclined. Indeed, at the third concert one felt there was a little danger of an encore becoming a convention as it was for so long with the Jarnefelt *Praeludium*, the Dvorák *Humoresque*, and the *Solemn Melody*.

This warm reception of a Bach Fugue by two widely different types of audience—the first and third concerts were of the Goossens series, and the second a London Symphony concert—suggests a few reflections on the principle of transcription, and on the anomalous position in this country of some of the finest music Bach ever wrote. The latter point arises through the surprising fact that the Fugue was obviously unfamiliar to many of the audience.

First, however, something may be said in reply to the mere handful of critics who shook their heads and turned down their thumbs. So far as their adverse judgment was based on their dislike of the music itself, or on their objection to certain details of the scoring, we hear them with respect. No piece of music, and no method of orchestration is for every palate, and all one can do in such cases is to express sympathy with those whose fastidious taste rejects fare which practically all the other musicians present absorbed with gusto.

But when some of these critics condemn Elgar's version of the Fugue as 'vandalism' they are on ground where they may be challenged. They should make it clear whether the 'vandalism' lies in the details of the scoring or in the mere act of transcription. Probably most of the objections are on the former ground. We have heard the question 'What are the big drum and cymbals, the triangle and glockenspiel, and the harp and tambourine doing in a Bach fugue?' It would be as reasonable to ask what they are doing in the orchestra. Who is to say what compositions should be barred to them? The objection recalls the comment of a Paris Conservatoire professor when d'Indy asked him what he thought of Franck's Symphony: 'That a symphony?' (contemptuously); 'My dear sir, who ever heard of writing for the *cor Anglais* in a symphony? Just mention a single symphony by Haydn or Beethoven introducing the *cor Anglais* . . . Franck's music may be whatever you please, but it certainly will never be a symphony!'

If the purists object to the transcription as such, they have but a poor case, seeing that the principle has been sanctioned by time and by the practice of all the great composers. There is no need to labour the point that Bach himself was an old

* A fourth performance has been given since this was written.

hand at transcription. It will suffice to remind ourselves that a fair portion of his activities in this way were in connection with the organ. In addition to the batch of vocal solos which he changed into chorale preludes (a group that includes the popular *Sleepers, wake!* piece), he made keyboard versions of his own Violin Fugue in G minor and of about twenty String Concertos by Vivaldi and others—making extensive alterations and repairs in some of the material, the old vandal! As an instance of a move in the opposite direction we have the *Adagio* of the third Trio-Sonata for organ (or pedal clavicembalo), which he afterwards arranged for flute, violin, and clavier. That his transcriptions were usually from concerted instruments to a solo instrument of the keyboard type was no doubt due to the practical reason that the latter guaranteed more frequent (and better) performance.

Nor are modern orchestral versions of Bach's organ works scarce. Sir Henry Wood's arrangements of some of the Trio-Sonata movements and of the Toccata in F have long been popular at Queen's Hall. Wetzler has arranged for full orchestra the whole of the Trio-Sonata in E flat. Two Germans, whose names I forget, have scored the Passacaglia and the Toccata in F. Even military bands have begun to play the organ works. I heard recently of a fine performance of the 'great' G minor Fugue by one of our crack bands at Queen's Hall at a Saturday evening concert, given (I think) by the Polytechnic. And a well-known North of England musician tells me that he has in hand some arrangements of the organ fugues for brass bands. So far from creating a dangerous precedent, then, Sir Edward is merely following a well-established custom. Yet who would think so, reading such a comment as this:

... that strange example of bad taste—the Elgar orchestrated version of Bach's Fugue in C minor, for organ. These megaphone devices may be, indeed are, clever; but after all Bach knew *something* about orchestral composition, and if he had felt his work orchestrally, he could have employed that medium for its expression. The thing is clever, but indecent.

Now this was written by a critic who has been attending London concerts for years. Over and over again he must have heard such things as Wood's orchestral versions of the Bach Toccata, the Trio-Sonata movements, Moussorgsky's *Picture Gallery*, Arcadelt's *Ave Maria*, Rachmaninov's C sharp minor Prelude, Raff's Cavatina, &c., &c., and transcriptions by various people of Weber's *Invitation to the Valse*, the *Bee's Wedding* and *Spring Song*, of Mendelssohn, Chopin's Funeral March, and others too numerous to mention. Most of these composers 'knew something about orchestral composition'—rather more than Bach, some of them, for obvious reasons; has this critic protested against any of these transcriptions as 'megaphone devices,' 'bad taste,' 'indecent'?

Apparently what has caused the outcry from a few purists is the freedom with which Elgar has treated the Fugue. His version bears much the

same relation to an ordinary musical transcription as a free translation of a book bears to a literal one. Nobody pretends that the latter has any value beyond a scholastic or some other utilitarian purpose. The greater its literal fidelity to the original the less likely is it to be of any artistic importance. We should go too far if we asserted that the rule held good in musical transcription, but we may safely say that it applies far more than is generally realised. A transcription that *sounds like* a transcription is so far a failure. Had this Bach fugue been transcribed for orchestra on the ordinary 'safe' lines, it would still have been a fine piece of music, and therefore enjoyable, but we should not have been able to forget its origin. We should have been conscious all the time that we were listening to a work that had been haled from the dusk of the organ-loft into the fierce light of the concert-room. The flavour of the 'voluntary' might have been so pronounced as to set ecclesiastically minded laymen among the audience feeling for threepenny bits. The supreme merit of the Elgar version is that its idiom is that of the orchestra, and therefore one gets an impression of a work conceived for orchestra. Yet with all its sumptuous decoration, it contains no note that is not present or implied in the original. The strong harmonic basis and the sinewy counterpoint of Bach are never obscured, hence there is not the feeling of a misfit that results from (say) a folk-tune harmonized with *outré* chords. Thus, when for the original



Elgar gives us



the passage is essentially the same, plus a flash produced by the whip-up of the violins and wood-wind. And equally justifiable (if such good things ever need justification) is this brilliant bit of figuration a few bars later, where, against Bach's



given out by the brass, we have this flourish by the strings and part of the wood-wind:



The score contains many such passages, but it should be noted that the sense of growth which is a feature of the fugal form is maintained by such decorative treatment being reserved until the movement is well under way, and even then its richest application is held back until the *da capo*.

One is tempted to touch on other purple patches, *e.g.*, the amazing demisemiquaver passage for trumpets a few bars before the end (a passage which looks impossible and is no doubt difficult, but which has 'come off' brilliantly on each of the five times I have heard the work); the delicious scurry down the scale by the flutes and piccolo against a harp *glissando* in tenths just before the middle section; the dramatic treatment of the little chromatic counter-theme in this portion; the shakes for the brass and the use of the percussion just before the *da capo*, and (too small to be called a pitch, but a very impressive point) the first ominous boom of the big drum at the last entry of the subject before the middle section; and so on. In fact, the exposition once plainly delivered, something is always happening. And, knowing old Bach's fondness for experiments in registration and other means of obtaining colour, we may fairly assume that he would have enjoyed every bit of it. Not a hair would he turn at the triangle and tambourine which have so shocked the purists; and as for the glockenspiel, it would merely remind him pleasantly of that which was attached to his Weimar organ, and which he stipulated should be kept in order—and not for mere show, we may be certain!

Spitta says that the greatest of Bach's organ works are the only instrumental essays that are sufficiently grand in conception and perfect in form to be placed beside the symphonies of Beethoven, and, on the whole, the contention is sound. Nevertheless, how many musicians are really familiar with them? What should we think of the musical state of a country in which Beethoven's Symphonies were never heard in concert-halls save in the form of pianoforte solo arrangements? Yet that is the case with Bach's organ works.

When will London follow the example of Paris in this matter? There one may occasionally find an orchestral programme including an organ solo—say, a Bach or Franck work. At Queen's Hall we may hear a pianoforte, violin, 'cello, even a flute solo, but never one on the organ. Yet it is reasonable to suppose that a public which enjoys the '48, the Suites, the Partitas, and the *Brandenburg* Concertos would take no less delight in the organ works of the composer, seeing that the best of it shows him at his height. As it is, only the handful of concert-goers who happen also to be church-goers or attendants at organ recitals have a chance of hearing these splendid works on the instrument for which they were written. This is another way of saying that they never really hear them at all, for the pianoforte arrangements necessarily fail to reproduce the characteristics that make them so fine on the organ—the sustained tone in the long chains of suspensions, the unyielding pedal points, and the

tonal weight the music calls for, specially in the bass. Only an instrument of such ample scale as a big modern organ can answer all these demands. The real greatness of the best of Bach's organ music will never be grasped by the public until it is frequently performed at concerts either as organ solos or transcribed for orchestra.

It is arguable, indeed, that the latter form is to be preferred in the case of a few of the biggest of these works. Even the most enthusiastic organist must feel at times that, fine as the instrument is, it cannot do full justice to such gigantic conceptions as the 'Wedge' Prelude and Fugue, the 'Great' G minor, the B minor, and a few others. An organ of the right ample resources is rare save in buildings so large and resonant that, if the music is played with the power and pace it so often demands, the details are lost. On the other hand, if we decide that the beauty of the polyphony must be shown we can do so only by the adoption of a steady *tempo* and quiet registration, in which case the impetus of the music is destroyed and its fire damped down. Pianoforte transcriptions do at least retain the animation of the original, though they lose almost everything else. No medium but the orchestra can show to the fullest advantage all the great qualities of these works—their brilliance, texture, growth, and climax. Only when one has heard the Elgar version of the C minor Fugue a few times does he fully realise that Bach's grandest organ music is immeasurably greater than its medium. It can carry the panoply of modern orchestration with ease, and gain in the process, whereas some modern works so treated are merely smothered, and shown to be essentially small, *e.g.*, Weber's *Invitation to the Valse*, as orchestrated by Weingartner. If we feel this in the case of the C minor Fugue—which, be it remembered, is one of the shorter organ works—what a revelation would be some of the biggest, treated with similar skill! I have heard this Elgar transcription called 'a blazing indiscretion.' Well, we sit through so much music that merely smoulders, or at most gives out an occasional spark, that we may thank Heaven for some that blazes, even at the cost of head-shaking among the purists—indeed, the latter is an additional ground for thankfulness. Let us hope that Sir Edward has a few more 'indiscretions' of the same kind up his sleeve. Given music so vital and treatment so brilliant as in this case, we can do with lots of such 'vandalism.'

THE ORIGIN OF 'SAMSON AND DELILAH'

BY CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS
(*Authorised translation by Fred Rothwell*)

Some years ago an old melomaniac who was in the habit of visiting me called my attention to the subject of Samson, with a view to the production of an oratorio—a form of music which at the time was in considerable favour. Owing to modern progress, this is a form which can no

longer be utilised. . . . Nowadays we have only orchestral concerts. An exception is made in the case of *La Damnation de Faust* because of its assured financial success.

I had recently made a charming acquaintance, Fernand Lemaire, an amateur poet, who was connected with my family by marriage. Some of his poems I had set to music, and I now suggested to him the writing of an oratorio. 'An oratorio!' he replied, 'no, let it be an opera.' And we decided for an opera. No sooner did the matter get abroad, however, than there was a general outcry of protest. A Biblical opera! All the same, though legendary opera was in fashion, I did not allow myself to become discouraged. My poet had written the first two Acts; I also had scribbled a few notes—legible to myself alone—of the first Act and the whole of the second. Nevertheless—almost incredible to relate—apart from the sketch of the Prelude, the opera existed only in my head, and wishing to give a few friends some idea of it at my home, I wrote down the music of the three rôles, without a note of the orchestral score.

I have forgotten the names of the three singers—whom, naturally, I accompanied from memory, seeing that, with the exception of the vocal parts, nothing whatever had been committed to writing.

The audience, small though specially chosen—among them being Anton Rubinstein—sat there in stony silence. The composer received not the faintest acknowledgment, even of mere politeness.

A little later the same two Acts were played at my house by Augusta Holmès, Henri Regnault—a very good singer possessed of a delightful tenor voice—and Romain Bussine. The result was a little more satisfactory, though so slightly encouraging that I finally decided to do nothing further with so chimerical a work.

Years passed . . .

One day, in Germany, where I had gone to take part in a series of musical festivals presided over by Liszt, just as I was on the point of returning to France and was bidding the great pianist farewell, the idea came into my head to mention the matter to him. 'Finish your opera,' he said to me (though he had heard not a single note of it), 'and I will produce it for you.' As everyone well knows, Liszt was omnipotent at Weimar.

About that time Madame Viardot was in splendid voice, and had given the most brilliant performances at Weimar. It was for her that the part of Delilah was created. At Croissy, on a society stage set up in a garden, she went through half the second Act, along with Nicot and Romain Bussine. The director of the Opéra and a few other Parisians were present: the result was nil. There was no orchestra: only myself accompanying on a grand pianoforte.

Finally the time came to produce the work at Weimar. The translation had been made . . . but the war of 1870 put a stop to everything. It was not till December, 1873, that *Samson and Delilah* saw the footlights; though, alas! without

the collaboration of Madame Viardot. It was too late.

The success was great, though not sustained. At Berlin it was alleged that the Weimar success had no meaning or significance whatever. It was sung at Hamburg, and that was all.

Only after a period of ten years was the opera given in France, at Rouen. Paris would have nothing to do with it. M. Ritt had to hear it at the Eden before he would bring himself to produce it at the Opéra, during the year of the great eruption of Etna. And I had to travel from Paris to Etna and back to be present both at the eruption and at the first rehearsal of *Samson*!

For the storm in the second Act I had been promised the most wonderful *mise en scène*. Meanwhile, it had been decided to stage the *Walküre* immediately afterwards, and all the promises made to me were broken. I actually had to protest violently before I could obtain for the beginning of the second Act a dash of red to represent the twilight!

NEW LIGHT ON EARLY TUDOR COMPOSERS

BY W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD

XXIII.—JOHN LLOYD

In the closing years of the 15th century, Welsh musicians began to give evidence of their Celtic inheritance, and at this date several of them were either in the service of the Chapel Royal or were attached to the Court as minstrels. Already we have treated of the career of Robert Jones, and now there is question of John Lloyd, a famous priest-composer; yet, save for the very brief notice of him by Sir John Hawkins, no biographical data can be gleaned in our usual books of reference. His name has been written 'Floyd,' 'Fluyd,' and 'Flude'—a not unusual form of the Welsh surname, Lloyd—and although Hawkins places him under Henry VIII., he had previously belonged to the Chapel of King Henry VII., as will be seen.

The first notice of John Lloyd is in the year 1504-05, when he appears as one of the priests of the Chapel Royal, from which circumstance it is fair to conclude that he was born *circa* 1480. Evidently he soon got into favour, inasmuch as there is an entry in the Patent Rolls dated September 18, 1506, recording his appointment to the parish church of Munslow, diocese of Hereford, void by resignation. (*Calendar of Patent Rolls of Henry VII.*, vol. ii., page 499.)

Probably this appointment to Munslow resulted in Lloyd's leaving the Court for the diocese of Hereford in 1506; and this is the more likely, inasmuch as his name does not appear in the official list of the King's Chapel at the funeral of Henry VII. on May 11, 1509. Nor does he seem to have been recalled to the Chapel Royal on the accession of Henry VIII., for in the *Calendar of Letters and Papers of Henry VIII.*, vol. i., second edition (1920), we do not find his name in the detailed list of the King's Chapel at the coronation on Sunday, June 24, 1509. However, about a year later he was appointed a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and his name appears as such among those who received liveries

for the funeral of Prince Henry on February 27, 1511. Some of his fellow singers on that sad occasion were Dr. Fairfax, Edward Jones, William Crane, William Cornish, Thomas Farthing, and David Burton, whose memoirs will be found in the present series of articles.

On November 12, 1511, there was a warrant issued to give John Lloyd, Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, a black chamlet gown (*Calendar of Letters of Henry VIII.*, vol. i., page 478). It may be observed that William Crane, a month later, was given 'a tawny chamlet gown' from the Great Wardrobe. (Probably black chamlet was given to the priest-singers.) Another warrant issued from the Great Wardrobe on April 16, 1512, is proof that John Lloyd (whose surname stands in the Exchequer Roll as 'Floyd') was given 'a black velvet fur coat,' as were also Robert Penn and Thomas Farthing—both of the latter being Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal. These three also received 'gowns' on November 3.

Previous to this, on March 20, 1512, John Lloyd had been granted a 'corrody' in the monastery of St. Augustine's, Bristol, *viz* Edward Jones, deceased. A year later he joined the members of the Chapel Royal in attendance on King Henry VIII. on his expedition to Terroueume and Tournai, returning to London at the end of October, 1513.

On October 3, 1518, John Lloyd took part in the Grand Mumming which was held at Cardinal Wolsey's Palace at Durham House in the Strand. Two years later, in June, 1520, he was one of the Chapel Royal Choir at the historic Field of Cloth of Gold—a pageant that has been frequently described. About this time he resumed a grant of corrody in the monastery of Thetford.

Meantime several deaths had thinned the ranks of the Chapel Royal, and on December 12, 1520, Thomas Farthing passed away. The last pageants in which Lloyd took part were those held on June 4 and 5, at Greenwich, in honour of the Emperor Charles V. After these he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in fulfilment of a vow, and having visited the Holy Places, returned to England. On his arrival he found that William Cornish had retired from the Mastership of the Children of the Chapel Royal after twenty years' service, and had been replaced by William Crane, whose appointment was dated March 25, 1523. On the following day Dr. John Clarke, Dean of the Chapel Royal, was promoted to the Bishopric of Bath and Wells, being succeeded as Dean by Dr. Richard Sampson.

John Lloyd died on April 3, 1523, and his obituary is thus chronicled by Sir John Hawkins:

John Floyd, of Welsh extraction, Bachelor of Music, and a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, *temp.* Henry VIII. He made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, returned, and died in the King's Chapel, and was buried in the Savoy Church, with the inscription: 'Johannes Floyd, virtutis et religionis cultor. Obiit 3 April, 1523.'

Although Hawkins styles him 'Bachelor of Music,' I have failed to discover his name in the Oxford or Cambridge Registers. However, the statement may be correct, as we find Ambrose Payne, Parson of Lambeth, who died in 1528, described on his monument—formerly to be seen in the old church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East—as 'a Bachelour of Music.'

Certain it is that John Lloyd was a very capable musician and composer. He is said to have written much sacred music, including Masses and Motets,

but no doubt most of his MSS. disappeared after the death of Queen Mary. Fortunately, however, in Add. MSS. 31,922 of the British Museum—a fine vellum MS. of the reign of Henry VIII.—there are two pieces by him. This valuable MS. is of added interest inasmuch as the composer is described as having graduated in music: 'in armonia graduat,' plainly pointing to the fact of his having been a Bachelor of Music. No doubt it was examined by Sir John Hawkins, and hence his statement as recorded above. At ff. 256 and 316 will be found these two pieces, set for three voices or instruments, the name of the composer being given as 'John Flude' or Floyd (Lloyd). The MS. also contains compositions by Thomas Farthing, King Henry VIII., Robert Fayrfax, John Dunstable, Richard Pygot, Dr. Cooper, and William Cornish.

MISDIRECTION IN ORATORIO SINGING

BY GEORGE GARDNER

(Archdeacon of Cheltenham)

At the recent Festival held in Hereford Cathedral, a few thoughts on this subject seemed to crystallize in my mind. The process was helped on by some conversations that I had with friends, either professional or amateur musicians. But any criticisms which I shall now venture to offer are not in any way directed against what was heard this year at Hereford. The Festival work last September was carried out with well-directed enthusiasm and with most satisfactory results in every way.

Not seldom, human beings are apt to fall into a condition of stolid acquiescence as regards certain irritations and misfits that are found in life as in art. These anomalies come to be regarded as part of the settled order of things. They are treated in the manner of a 'vested nuisance'—say, like the ringing of a cracked church-bell for half-an-hour before each service. Often a kindly-worded remonstrance might do much to abate the infliction; yet it is no one's business to make any protest. All we do is to harden ourselves to our discomforts, much as eels are alleged to become accustomed to skinning. Possibly it may be easier for an outsider like myself to speak his mind freely about certain matters in connection with oratorio singing than it would be for a member of the musical profession. So with much diffidence I venture to make my grumble, though it might be far more effectively expressed by someone possessing a sound technical knowledge of the whole subject.

As regards solo work: how comes it that so many prominent vocalists at the present day are afflicted with a physical incapacity for hitting accurately the notes at which they aim? Is it from lack of proper training? Or is it due to the emotional tendencies of modern music? Such a wobbling style of song can pass unnoticed when applied to recent Italian operas, such as those of Puccini or Mascagni. These works often demand the kind of intonation suggested by whatever is the Italian equivalent for 'with a palpitating voice.' But these methods, together with the free use of slurring, are absolutely fatal when applied, say, to the music of Mozart. Some years ago I remember hearing distinguished singers give a performance of *Don Giovanni* at Covent Garden. Not one of the group seemed to me really competent to execute this polished music, save the Leporello—and that was Edouard de Reszke. Things are even worse when such uncertainty of vocalisation is applied to the older forms of oratorio. And we are in the

lowest depths when a persistent tremolo (or 'vibrato,' to speak more politely) is displayed. Yet eminent performers about whom some of these accusations are undeniably true are loudly praised in the newspapers. Human beings can, I repeat, get hardened to anything.

Then there is a lack of simplicity in the rendering of much that we hear. The bringing into oratorio music a kind of emotionalism that may be justifiable in a feverishly impassioned work like *La Tosca*, is as incongruous as the insertion of modern architectural flummeries in an ancient church. Bach's solos, for instance, demand first of all complete mastery of the notes and the rhythm. When that has been attained and no sense is left as of a man feeling his way in the dark, a clean and straightforward delivery of the melody is all that is wanted. Bach himself puts the requisite feeling into his music. For the singer to labour after added emotion is, to use a vulgar expression, like putting butter upon bacon. Indeed we can often best realise the wonderful appeal of Bach's treble or contralto arias when they are delivered in the unimpassioned, silvery tones of a few thoroughly well-trained choir boys. Then we begin to understand how this wonderful master can speak to us in a voice 'pure as the naked heavens.' In more modern music—say, like the double quartet, *He shall give His angels*, in *Elijah*, or 'The scene by the wayside' in *The Apostles*—one cannot help feeling that if the great professionals concerned would condescend to listen to, and to take a lesson from, the performance of such items by a first-rate church choir, much would be gained. Somehow, the rendering of the double quartet is apt to smell of the opera-house. And in the excerpt from Elgar, the calm serenity of the whole picture is destroyed when each of the soloists feels it necessary, as he gets up, to declaim his contribution in the accents supposed to be appropriate for the part he is assuming. You cannot see the wood for the trees.

Simplicity of diction is needed in another way. Take, for instance, the Mendelssohnian form of recitative. It is intended to be ordinary speech delivered in a more or less rhythmical shape. We know too well what a fatal inclination there is to prolong certain words, not because of their verbal sense, but because they form a suitable *point d'appui* for displaying the qualities of a voice. How often we have suffered from this tendency in *Ye people, rend your hearts*, and in the Air by which it is followed! Of course the exhibition of what the vocal organ can do by the holding on of a long note in the higher registers, has a perfectly legitimate place in some kinds of music. Without referring to the high A's and B's that elicit such frantic applause in the older Italian operas, think how splendidly this means of exploiting noble tones is used in the *Prize Song* of *Die Meistersinger*. In the singing of that ravishing bit of declamation by a Jean de Reszke, one might well wonder as to which was the more beautiful, the music or the voice. But when the trick is dragged in everywhere, even to the confusing of innocent recitatives, and the breaking up of straightforward songs—"This is too rich," as the customer said to the young lady, when she handed him a pork-pie, with nothing but fat in it.

Much might also be urged about obscurity of diction. Too often we have to listen to a song when the meaning of what is being sung, well or badly, is wholly unintelligible. Sometimes, even, it might be hazardous to make a guess as to what language is

being employed. No doubt the enunciation of English words in musical form presents real difficulties. But, with well-directed effort, the problem of how to do this, and at the same time to produce even and pure tones, can be mastered. Would that more of our singers resolutely set themselves to the sorely needed task! Whatever charm attaches itself to their work would thus be curiously enhanced. I remember the deep satisfaction with which I once listened to a performance of Verdi's *Falstaff*, when I realised that it was possible to make out every word in the fine singing of the man who took the title-rôle.

In conclusion—a brief attempt to shoot at bigger game. As regards the conductor's part in the rendering of oratorio, things occur occasionally which seem to some of us, perhaps quite mistakenly, to be uncalled for and unwise. I will only touch upon this matter: and here let me again disclaim any thought of reflecting upon the excellent methods employed, on the whole, at Hereford.

In a performance of Bach's B minor Mass which I heard some while ago, under the direction of a distinguished wielder of the baton, innovations were introduced, no doubt with the idea of giving freshness to the whole reading, but which in the results appeared to me quite deplorable. For instance, in the *Kyrie*, that wonderful picture of one voice solemnly rising after another in prayer to heaven, it was thought advisable to make each entry of the fugue subject go like this:



degree of quickening up, violins (like voices), can only produce tones that are thin and wanting in penetration. In this case, the rather awkwardly written semiquavers of Mendelssohn's accompaniments become absolutely inaudible, and the run down near the end, intended to be the climax of the storm, turns into a poor trickle, though it is marked *ff*. The more sustained notes of the brass chiefly dominate the whole show. And it is just the same with Bach's choruses. Treat an *allegro* movement as if it were marked *presto*, and not only is the dignity of the whole impaired, but the balance of the material employed will be upset.

Here has been given, as I hope, a temperate statement of the disgruntled feelings which afflict some of us at times during the performance of sacred music. Let me add that it may be better to ventilate than to repress a grievance.

NEW FIDDLES FOR OLD

It is a great pity that Mr. W. J. Farrell has considered it necessary to overstate the case for modern violins in his singularly stimulating volume, *The Truc-tone Violin* (Cassell). There is little to be gained by exaggeration in the best of causes; protesting too much must needs excite suspicion. If Mr. Farrell were content to tell us that some modern fiddles are infinitely better than some old fiddles, he would win the assent of all sensible people. But he is tilting at shadows when he generalises on 'old violin cranks.' After all, the best judge of a violin is the violinist, and all the greatest violinists have invariably shown a very marked preference for old fiddles. The fact that there is a good deal of misconception and downright deception going on as regards old violins does not alter the fact that not only Stradivari, but Amati, Guarneri, Stainer, Maggini, Guadagnini—to name only a few—produced instruments that experience has shown to be excellent. Nor can the public be blamed if it turn a deaf ear to the claims of certain modern makers, for hardly a modern maker exists who has not 'rediscovered' something of the so-called Cremona secret. The gist of the matter is that not all old violins are good, and not all new violins bad. That is what the public often fails to understand. Stradivari's own violins were new once, and also excellent. Age alone does not constitute a proof of merit. That is the golden rule that the buyer with the limited purse ignores to his cost.

The author has our full sympathy when he pleads for the modern maker, and we quite agree that something ought to be done to open the eyes of the public in respect to the craze for old violins, which has reached absurd proportions. Utterly worthless instruments are sometimes treasured by quite intelligent people in the belief that being in a dilapidated condition they must be old, and because old, therefore good, and worth a fortune. It is a common experience not only for dealers, but for violinists generally, to be shown some disreputable German fiddle labelled Stradivari, with a request to name its present price in the market. Bad violins are worth a few shillings when they are new; when they are old their value is the current price for firewood—not a farthing more. A good modern fiddle is worth any amount of old bad fiddles. But it does not follow that it is also equal to the best of the old fiddles. Mr. Farrell claims that his own instruments are best because constructed as Stradivari himself would

construct them to-day. That claim can only be decided by actual test—and time. For if it is true that Stradivari's violins were excellent from the first, some modern fiddles which appeared excellent at first have lost much of their quality after a couple of years' use.

Failing the actual test, it must be said that in his book Mr. Farrell shows at least that he possesses all the qualities of a first-class luthier. Above all things he is not prejudiced by the countless experiments of scientists, which, as we all know, have led nowhere. Stradivari was not a scientist, but a workman endowed with an amount of commonsense and love of his profession that, combined, amounted to genius. Mr. Farrell is also gifted with penetration, commonsense, and genuine affection for the tools of his trade. He is said by those who know him to possess also rare discrimination in the choice of wood and varnish—a most important qualification. Years of experience have taught him that the modern maker obsessed by the fame of the old is apt to forget or misunderstand certain laws. Modern makers, he says, for instance, believe that the old masters 'worked on the principle of how much wood they dare take out,' whereas the principle, according to Mr. Farrell, was of 'how much wood they dare leave in,' for enough wood must be left if the instrument is to stand well the strain imposed upon it by the strings. It is, of course, impossible to follow here all the innovations indicated by the author. They sound logical and reasonable, but if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, the proof of the fiddle is certainly in the playing. If Mr. Farrell's violins confirm his theories and establish his claim, fame will come to him in his lifetime as it came not only to Stradivari, but to Vuillaume and to James Tubbs. F. B.

STRAVINSKY DAY BY DAY

BY ALFRED KALISCH

Certainly M. Stravinsky is something to be thankful for. *The Fire-Bird* and *Petrushka* are gifts of price; but he has done far more to increase the gaiety of nations since he took to explaining himself. Not only is each of his utterances startling on its own account, but the attempt to reconcile it with the preceding one is a fascinating intellectual exercise for agile wits. When we do agree with him, it is generally for reasons the very opposite of those he adduces. We are reminded of the story of Lord Justice C. who, after Lord Justice A. had delivered judgment in favour of allowing an appeal, and Lord Justice B. had said it ought to be dismissed, tersely said that he concurred with Lord Justice A., for the reasons so ably enunciated by Lord Justice B.

Let us briefly review his recent pronouncements. First he told us that he had discovered Tchaikovsky, and in praise of him said things which are, in effect, a scathing denunciation of his own music and that of his followers. Then he told us, through the medium of the *Musical News* and *Herald*, that the orchestra is dead, because previous composers—groping, poor things, in outer darkness—knew nothing of 'sonorities' and 'tonal values' and 'individualizing' the various instruments of the orchestra. We ask ourselves what on earth had they been after that they did not find it out sooner—in fact, what did they think they were doing? And then he said that music should be played without expression!

Now we read in *Musical America* the most important news of all. He told somebody in Spain

that 'Beethoven created no music' and that 'music did not advance a single inch through Wagner.'

This requires careful examination, and the more we examine, the more we are bewildered. Stravinsky's argument is, roughly, this: Music has been trying to express moods and philosophies. It has become a means instead of an end in itself. Its true end is 'the participation of auditory impressions.' By neglecting it, music has been hampered for centuries. The Germans, he said, have never understood music; they are philosophers, and deal only in 'musicality,' which is not the same thing as music at all. M. Stravinsky does not deny that Beethoven was a genius, which, indeed, is vastly civil of him; and he admits—more civility—that Wagner 'lent the orchestra new elements,' but he was 'all that he should not have been. He was neither a philosopher nor a musician.' The reason was that he had learnt too much Greek, and therefore could not take a natural view of music. After this we learn with some surprise that Mozart and Schubert were real, simple musicians, because 'the ear delights in them.'

How much better than the way of such mere clumsy fumbling is that of Stravinsky, who follows the light, conveying to an eager world 'auditory impressions' which are quite his own and original. His harmony 'is something altogether unconventional and arbitrary' (we suspect a mistranslation here), 'bubbling forth every moment in a different manner.' He will not formulate it, for to do that would be only 'to add another academy to those already existing.' In conclusion 'he is sure that he has opened up new paths'—and he is seemingly amazed at his own indiscretion.

He is, furthermore, convinced that the wealth of folk-song is inexhaustible, and he proudly adds that he 'takes over folk-wise value as it stands.' This, of course, is the most tremendous, the most epoch-making innovation of all. Other composers may have used folk-songs, but has anyone 'taken over a folk-wise value'? Again there seems reason to suspect the translator. I cannot help thinking the German text of Dr. Istel said something about 'Volkweise,' which only means a 'folk-tune,' and possibly we ought to approach the whole translation with caution.

If M. Stravinsky had not written some really valuable music we should be inclined to dismiss the whole with a shrug of the shoulder; but he has earned the right to be considered seriously, and he deserves that we should make an honest effort to understand him.

M. Stravinsky's verdicts on Beethoven and Wagner are particularly worthy of study. As we have seen, he admits that the former was a 'genius,' but clearly not a musical genius, for he wrote no music. Then what kind of a genius was he? We are told he 'had a great soul and expressed it in notes which say nothing to the ear.' If notes say nothing to the ear, how can they express a great soul? we may ask. If they express a great soul, what meaning can there be in saying that 'Beethoven created no music'? If Beethoven's music says nothing to M. Stravinsky's ear, we are driven to the conclusion (which some of his latest music supports) that he is endowed with a set of auditory nerves so vastly different from those of the normally musical human being that it is hopeless to argue from him to any other listener. It is clear, too, that he uses the word 'music' in a sense so totally opposite to that which most people give to it that discussion becomes

impossible. One has no need to believe that all Beethoven's works are necessarily deathless to say this much.

In the case of Wagner the inconsistency is still more obvious. If the elements he gave to the orchestra were new, surely they must have helped the advance of music. If they did not, what is the sense of saying that they were new? Here, too, M. Stravinsky obviously uses the word 'music' in a purely esoteric and personal, not to say Pickwickian, sense.

Perhaps he will explain still further, and, in particular, tell us how it comes that a race which never understood music could produce a Mozart and a Schubert? It is a mere quibble to reply that they were Austrians, not Germans; and, besides, he has deprived himself of the right to use the argument, by the way in which he has mentioned them. Stravinsky the composer commands more respect than Stravinsky the commentator and controversialist.

Occasional Notes

A recent issue of *Musical America* contained an article by Mr. Francis Rogers on music in London. It was so ludicrously inaccurate that we pigeon-holed it for reference, but have so far been unable to deal with it. Fortunately it met the eye of Mr. Kaikhosru Sorabji, who promptly replied to a letter to the Editor. Briefly, Mr. Rogers opined that there was 'nothing doing' in London so far as music was concerned, and he seems to have been led to that view by the fact that just now the operatic stars in their courses prefer America to England—which is not surprising, seeing that America is the only large country with loose dollars lying around. Mr. Sorabji begins by telling the Editor of *M.A.* that 'it is really staggering to see the impudence with which people who come to London from abroad proceed to wallow in wild generalisations about musical activity here.' He then pointed out that the past year had seen London visited by practically all the outstanding figures in contemporary music, and that we have had performances of new works from all but a very few of the leading composers, many of whom have actually taken part in or conducted such performances. Mr. Sorabji, now thoroughly warmed up, then goes on (with a slap at us poor writers in passing):

/ This activity in music—as distinct from mere exhibitions of technical funambulism in effete and hackneyed trivialities which pass for music with the worshippers of the fat-box-office-receipts, fiddling, or keyboard-dribbling 'star,' which have as much connection with the great world of music as the Grub street journalistic hacks who scribble what with preposterous flattery is called 'musical criticism' have with literature—has been remarkable, and in spite of terribly adverse conditions and crushing expense, which shows a disinterested reverence and love for the art very different from the purely commercial instincts of the purveyors of musical *saltimbanquerie* whose doings occupy such an inordinate amount of space—duly paid for, let us hope!—in the American musical press.

Mr. Rogers, by the way, backed up his contention that London was dead musically during 1921 by pointing out that 'even the Promenade concerts under Sir Henry Wood did not continue through July'—which is not surprising, as they never begin until the middle of August.

In regard to opera, Mr. Sorabji takes a view that we believe is being more and more held by musicians:

As for Covent Garden—no one among intelligent musicians to-day supposes that the lack of orgies of Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo *et hujus generis omnis* coupled with similar-brained operatic singers is any loss to *Music*. Of all forms of music with the exception of musical comedy, opera is perhaps the lowest.

A first performance of a new work of Delius is more than consolation for the happy absence of Galli-Curci's, Tetrazzini's, and the rest of the laryngologymnasts.

Perhaps there was a little excuse for Mr. Rogers, who was merely on a flying visit here. There was none, however, for Miss Kathleen Parlow, who in the same journal a few weeks later delivered herself of some statements that were—well, let us choose a long and polite word and call them inexactitudes.

To Kathleen Parlow [begins the article] the healthy growth of English music seems threatened by two cankerous spots . . . 'To me [she said] the low standard of English musical criticism is becoming a truly serious matter. This summer I religiously read the English critics, and you would be astounded to see the collection I made of serious statements and unforgivable errors. An example of what I mean is the wholesale and consistent belabouring that English critics gave to American artists.'

Now, if Miss Parlow read our critics as religiously as she says, she could hardly have missed the favourable opinions they expressed concerning the best of the American group—Reginald Werrenrath, Cecil Fanning, Sophie Breslau, Arthur Shattuck, Roland Hayes, Marcia van Dresser, Ethel Frank, and others. Naturally all our visitors were not tip-top, and equally naturally they were told so. On the whole, however, the American visitors had a 'good press,' and it seems to have been left for one of ourselves, so to speak, to suggest otherwise. If Miss Parlow felt so warmly about it in November, 1921, she must have been boiling in the summer of 1920. Why did she not, in the intervals of making her scrap-book of English critics' 'unforgivable errors,' drop a line to one of our journals and ask for fair play for the visitors? Perhaps because such a course would have been unpopular here, whereas to an artist setting out on a tour through the States the kind of thing we have quoted is distinctly helpful.

Having made one misstatement, Miss Parlow proceeds to support it by others:

England during the war had little music, and the visits of great artists there since then have been comparatively few; therefore the criticisms to me seemed to be occasioned by distemper. The cause is partly political, and partly because the critics resented the advertising methods of the Americans. But it seems to me that criticism should be above this. Most of the critics in England are reporters who go to music instead of, say, to an athletic event.

There is something in this last sentence, though not quite what Miss Parlow means. We are sure that Mr. Newman, for instance, would infinitely prefer an evening at the National Sporting Club to an average one at the Ionian Hall, and there are others of us whose fancy on an early summer's afternoon lightly turns from Queen's Hall to Lord's or the Oval. But we should not go there professionally, though our editors might do worse than let some of us change places with the sporting reporter occasionally. E.N. on a boxing match would, we are sure, be no less stimulating than when dealing with concerts.

However, let English critics be thankful for Miss Parlow's next remark: 'I do not believe that English

critics could be bought, as they can be in France.' To what extent English critics can be bought in France we know not, but we do know that they are not for sale on this side of the Channel—which is what Miss Parlow really means, of course. We leave her to settle with our French colleagues.

So much for Cankerous Spot No. 1. Miss Parlow is on safer ground when dealing with No. 2—the ballad concert. Still, she must not forget that England is not the only country with a fourth-rate song literature, and she will not be long in America before finding out that in the way of producing wishy-washy ballads America can give us a start and a beating. Perhaps when she has heard a few of the worst 'winners' she will tell *Musical America* about their cankerous spot. On the other hand, perhaps not.

But the best proof of Miss Parlow's want of accuracy is her remark on the English reception of Pizetti's Violin Sonata:

Last year Miss Parlow gave the first performance of Pizetti's new Sonata, which raised pandemonium among the critics. Speaking of this, Miss Parlow said, smiling: 'I suppose I'd better keep away from sonatas for a time. It is just as Sir Henry Wood put it to me, "the critics are constantly after you for something new, and then when you give it them, they are at you tooth and nail." As for the Pizetti work, despite the critics it is going to live.'

Now, as a matter of fact, of all the new works produced in London last year, few, if any, had a more favourable reception from the critics than this Sonata, so much so, that Mr. Scholes has during the past few days been moved to make an attempt to show that the laudatory critics and public were wrong. (He does this by quoting the motives, and calling attention to their poverty. But there are too many examples of fine works evolved from insignificant material to make this method other than risky. It is judging at the wrong end. The proof of the pudding lies in the eating thereof, not in a critical dissection and inspection of its ingredients.)

On the whole, it is not pleasant to reflect that a musician of Miss Parlow's standing will be touring the States for the next few months, shedding interviews such as the one we have quoted.

On page 55 appears an account of a remarkable performance of *The Messiah* at Oundle School. The idea of forming the audience into a kind of extra choir is one with great possibilities. It has been proved, we believe, that in the strongholds of choralism such familiar choruses as the 'Hallelujah' can be sung from memory by an average audience. Perhaps some enterprising conductor will experiment further on the Oundle lines, bringing in the audience at such phrases as 'And He shall reign,' 'Wonderful, Counsellor,' 'For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it,' &c. No doubt some of our composers will soon develop the possibilities of a broad theme sung by the audience against a faux-bourdon by the choir proper. After all it is only what many church choirs and congregations are now doing successfully with hymns. A start might be made by the use of material already well known, such as popular song refrains. We have received from Miss Carrie Tubb, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Norman Allin, and Mr. Edward Carwardine (of the L.S.O.) written impressions of the performance. All alike give glowing accounts of the thrilling results of the use of what may be called the *cantus firmus* choir, as well as of the choral

singing as a whole. It may be of interest to give particulars of the time spent in preparation, so here they are: chorus, nine hours; orchestra, sixteen hours; chorus and orchestra combined, three hours; full school chorus, three hours, forty minutes; full school chorus and orchestra combined, four hours; trebles alone, six hours; altos alone, five hours; tenors and basses together, three hours; audience-choir, thirty minutes. One two-hour full rehearsal with soloists. Total, a little over fifty hours—a very modest amount of time for so fine a result. We congratulate Mr. Spurling and his players and singers, old and young—especially the latter.

The Musician's Bookshelf

Mr. W. J. Turner's *Music and Life* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) has its somewhat dull title accentuated by a garish 'dazzle' wrapper that hits one in the eye. Let it be said at once that this coat of many colours is the true index to the contents. The title is so Smilesian in its ordinariness as to suggest that Mr. Turner, hard pressed as to the naming of his book, impatiently settled the matter with 'Title? Oh! any old tag you like. Call it *Travels in Siluria, Critical Evolutions and Revolutions, Music and Life*—stay! as the book contains a good deal about music, let's have the last.' And it was so. Really, of course, the volume is all about Mr. Turner and his relations and reactions to music and other arts. That is what makes it so well worth having. People who tell us that criticism is a purely personal matter, and therefore of no value, have grasped just half of the truth. Criticism is purely personal, and its interest lies in that very fact. To put it bluntly, the only critic who counts is the man with pronounced likes and dislikes, plus the literary gift that enables him to tell us all about them. If you think that this is an over-statement, ask yourself why we still enjoy reading what Johnson, Lamb, Hazlitt, and others wrote about Shakespeare. We probably don't agree with all their pronouncements—especially those of Johnson—nor do they add anything much to our knowledge of the poet or his works. But we shall go on reading their essays on Shakespeare even if we are never to see another performance of the plays, or even if we give up reading them. Nor does the interest—and therefore to a great extent the value—of criticism depend greatly on our interest in the subject. Take Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, for example. The volumes are mainly concerned with writers who are as dead as mutton. Not three out of a dozen educated persons could give anything like a complete list of the writers concerned. Yet the *Lives* being on the whole the best critical work Johnson ever did, and full of the strong common-sense and felicity of expression that made his conversation what it was, are even to-day second in interest only to that conversation as retailed by Boswell. Mr. Turner has immensely strong likes and dislikes, coupled with the gift of being able to write about them in a way that interests us all the time and annoys us most of it. For Mr. Turner lays about him with no respect for reputations. He is one of those levelling fellows who, for two pins, will even speak disrespectfully of the Equator. And perhaps Mr. Turner does us most good when he annoys us most. At such moments we badly want to discuss things with him, and as that is impossible we usually proceed to discuss them with ourselves. This is another way of saying that his

book stimulates thought, and when you come to think of it, that is an all-too-rare quality in a book on music. Books that tell us all manner of more or less unnecessary things concerning music are as plentiful as blackberries, whereas those that set us thinking about it are a far more rare and refreshing fruit.

The chapters in *Music and Life* are touched-up articles, most of which have appeared in the *New Statesman*. As is usually the case in such reprints, a few papers come through the ordeal none too well. This is natural enough, for the qualities that go to the successful making of a magazine article are often the very ones that are undesirable in a book. However, as most readers will not agree as to which essays should have been omitted, Mr. Turner is perhaps justified in having put them all in, just as the compiler of an anthology proves his selection to have been right by the fact that all his readers grouse about it, but no two grouse for the same reason.

Right here, as they say across the water, the reviewer's difficulty comes along. I had turned down pages on which were passages to be quoted or discussed, but there are so many of them that the thing can't be done without taking up a great deal more space than is available. I can only advise you to get hold of this annoying and rattling good book. If you don't find its two-hundred-odd pages the most engrossing you have read for many a long day your experience will be different from mine. Just now it rains books on 'musical appreciation,' and the defenceless reader is hard put to it if he wishes to avoid being told how to distinguish the cor Anglais from the bassoon, or how to make sure that the entry of the second subject doesn't escape him. Mr. Turner's book has little to do with such trivial and hindering facts as these. It deals with music, and as the author is a musician and a poet who can also write live and direct prose, shot with humour, it is calculated to do more to help a reader to enjoy and appreciate music than any of the avowed signposts, or even all of them put together. H. G.

SOME BOOKS FROM VIENNA

A batch of booklets reaches us from the Wiener Literaris du Anstalt, which forms part of a series entitled, *Theater und Kultur*, edited jointly by Richard Smekel, Hermann Bahr, and Hugo Hofmannsthal (it will be noticed that he has, democratically, dropped the 'Von'). In these the musical interest is secondary, but the parcel also includes a monograph on Hugo Wolf, by Edmund Hellmer, and a volume of *Reminiscences* by the well-known singer, Anna Bahr-Mildenburg.

Frau Mildenburg is a dutiful wife, and copies the somewhat pleonastic and, what used to be called orchidaceous style of her husband. But she is an interesting personality, and her reminiscences of her life on the stage make good reading. She made her first appearances under Mahler, at Hamburg, and went with him from there to Vienna; she throws a good deal of light on him. Far the most interesting pages of the book are those which are devoted to recollections of her stay in London, when she was here to give her well-remembered performances of Klytemnestra in *Elektra*. Her sketch of Dr. Ethel Smyth is life-like, and her judgment of the British public is worth reproducing. She said to Mr. Sargent when he was sketching her:

'You will not easily find a public so fond of music, with such an insatiable appetite

for music, as the British. They crowd everywhere where music is to be heard, they form the largest section of the public at any musical festival on the Continent, and the need for music penetrates to every class of society. . . . But their judgments on music are mostly undifferentiated. It is, so to say, music in general for which they long, yet this longing for music but rarely leads in a definite personal direction, and ready as they are to yield themselves to music as a whole, so little are they inclined to concern themselves with detail or to trouble themselves about fine shades, by which after all the degree of merit of a performance is ultimately fixed. . . . that the artist who makes a strong impression on them never owes this to any one detail in his work, but it is always the total impression on which they rely. And they have a very sure intuition of the sincerity of an artistic achievement. . . . they obviously think themselves to be not judges of art, but enjoyers of art.'

With this attitude she contrasts that of the Vienna public, which is critical first and last. A large part of the book is devoted to Frau Mildenburg's work in nursing the Austrian wounded.

Herr Hellmer speaks of Hugo Wolf with unbounded enthusiasm, but is not blind to his faults as a man. The book gives many details, believed to be hitherto unpublished, as to the origin of his madness. Hellmer saw the composer on the day before he had to be removed to an asylum, when he was under the delusion that he had been appointed Director of the Vienna Opera. There is an interesting account of Wolf's only interview with Wagner, when he was a mere boy. Wagner said he could give no opinion of the boy's music, adding, 'I am really no musician.' 'Oh, you are too modest,' replied Wolf. M. Stravinsky, by the way, has recently said, too, that Wagner was no musician. There is an interesting selection from Wolf's table-talk and candid remarks, from which I will select only one piquant remark about Brahms. He was defending him against a violent attack, and said he must not be condemned wholesale, but there was one quality that he lacked which was the mark of the truest greatness 'he could have no joy in his art—never and nowhere. He could lament loud enough, but exult never.' The German word *jubiliren* is practically untranslatable. The book will be welcome to the large number of Wolf lovers.

The other books may for the reason given be dismissed briefly. In his *Round about the Magic Flute* (*Rund um die Zauberflöte*) Max Pirker deals chiefly with the libretto, and with vast erudition traces its connection with the Vienna popular theatre, the aristocratic 'Barok Theatre,' philosophy and masonry, and shows how its influence has persisted even down to the librettos of Hofmannsthal. It must be confessed that so weak a butterfly hardly needs breaking on so large a wheel. It is difficult to believe that Schickeneder's play can really be a milestone in the road of civilization.

Richard Smekel's little book on Ferdinand Raemund, and Hermann Bahr's monograph on the Burg Theatre of Vienna, are of purely local interest, and deal solely with drama.

There is a good deal of general interest in Erwin Rieger's book on Offenbach and his Viennese imitators, and the writer's explanation of the way in which Offenbach, the German, became the very

embodiment of the Paris of the Second Empire, is instructive. Still, it was rather Meilhac and Halévy, his librettists, who were responsible. There is not much musical criticism in the book, but some good remarks on the music of Millöcker, Suppé, Strauss (Johann, not Richard), and even Lehar.

Smekel's collection of *Old Viennese Theatre Song*, taken from the most popular operettas, makes diverting reading. The book is somewhat flattering to our national vanity. There is nothing in it even remotely comparable to W. S. Gilbert, and even Adrian Ross need fear no comparisons with some of these Viennese writers, who, somehow or other, have achieved a cosmopolitan reputation. A. K.

TWO BOOKS FOR PIANISTS

To the many writings on the Pianoforte Sonatas of Beethoven Mr. C. Egerton Lowe adds a book *Beethoven's Sonatas*, No. 95 of Novello's Music Primers, 5s.)—a book primarily analytical and pedagogic, 'with hints on rendering, form, &c.' It is the strange fate of the thirty-two Sonatas to have become matter for pedagogy; a perverse fate, considering that of all keyboard music in the world this of Beethoven is least apt so to be subjugated, considering that of all music Beethoven's—and of Beethoven's the pianoforte works above all—can chime in only with the grown mind, the adult imagination.

Beethoven the imperfect and sublime, Prometheus in torment, deaf and frustrated, a boor and god-like—Beethoven is not a book to be put in the hands of young girls. Why, when Busoni is away we have hardly a pianist left who can actualise the music of the Sonatas. Who doubts but that, with a few obvious exceptions, the Sonatas will be less and less played? Naturally they will be strummed privately by those who do not read; for of course one must have them in one's head. There the Sonatas will live for ever, in men's heads rather than their ears. When you have the *Adagio* of Op. 106 well in your head do you ever crave to hear it? You hear it at your peril, and the divine music in your mind recovers only as the effect of the hearing fades.

It cannot be doubted that Mr. Egerton Lowe has them in his head, all the quiring thirty-two. He sets out to be sternly analytical: not so much to write a book as to collect useful information, which is here in quantity. But there is in him a lyrical vein, which as the catalogue proceeds comes frequently to light. The author is a single-hearted lover of the Sonatas, and as we glean informative hints on comfortable fingerings for this or that crabbed passage, we are also well infected with the author's enthusiastic wonder, as one fresh beauty eclipses another in the august procession; with his sense of triumph before the Sonatas of the middle period, with his awe before the 'last five.' So far is Mr. Egerton Lowe's analysis from suggesting one of the missing books of Euclid. He is a much-known and long-successful teacher, so one must bow, with however little respect, before the practical value of one singular proceeding he recommends. It is the association of a line or two of verse with a theme, and this 'is often of wonderful assistance in gaining the true rhythmical and metrical accents.' Here is an example from the C sharp minor Sonata, Op. 27:

Ex. 1.



Why drag in the Queen of the May? Here, alas, is a consequence of Beethoven's fate destining him to be a 'subject' in young ladies' boarding schools. And why drag in Joan of Arc? What had Joan to do with Beethoven or music of any sort? Mr. Egerton Lowe suavely recommends us to think of Joan of Arc in prison during the *Adagio* of Op. 110. But Joan, if she had music in prison, probably had Organum all in consecutive fifths, and we cannot imagine Beethoven going to that length, though (as this book does not fail to point out) Beethoven did not always shun that relation, *vide* the *Andante* of the *Sonata Appassionata*.

These are lapses, and Mr. Egerton Lowe honourably supplies a corrective by quoting what Beethoven himself replied to a foolish friend who wanted the 'meaning' of some movement. 'I have written the notes, it is for you to discover their meaning.' The notes of course *are* the meaning. It was not Beethoven but Schiller and Tennyson whose 'line' it was to write about Joan of Arc and the Queen of the May.

CHOPIN'S ORNAMENTATION

The second book is on *Chopin's Ornamentation*, by John Petrie Dunn (Novello's Music Primers, No. 96, 3s.). The author's chosen plot is smallish but judiciously tended. His excellent pages so well prove taste, thoroughness, and a devotion to Chopin that the reader asks that they be part of a general study of Chopin playing, on which there remains much to be said. Meanwhile Chopin's Ornaments—'pearls from diamonds dropped,' like Cordelia's tears—are significant in their least minutiae; of Chopin's essence, and yet commonly mishandled. Mikuli himself, Chopin's pupil and editor, said, 'Shakes he generally began with the auxiliary note,' and on this Mr. Dunn points out, first, that simple shakes are rare in Chopin; secondly, that, with a few almost self-evident exceptions, they must begin with the principal, not the auxiliary, note, else tautology or ugliness will result. 'So much for the trustworthiness of such traditions as we possess.' Mr. Dunn, then, deduces principles from internal evidence. His main principle is against anticipation; that is, transient shake (*pralltriller*), *acciaccatura*, *appoggiatura*, and the rest must nearly always 'come on the beat,' borrowing their time from the note ahead, not that behind.

This softening of the blows of the principal notes makes Chopin's melody pianoforte melody. The statement of the notes of a melody, however beautiful, does not necessarily make pianoforte melody, and we listen to the opening of the divine *Adagio* of Beethoven's Op. 10, No. 3, trying always to imagine it coming from an instrument that could truly rise to such a demand. The softening of the pianoforte's dull blows in Chopin's ornamentation takes us to the core of art—to the appropriateness of the material to the form, which is one solid principle at least amid the dubieties of æsthetics. Chopin knew his material—a knowledge that is a life-giving property to his work. His music was not like a house which is designed irrespective of whether it is to be carried out in wood or stone: there are such bad houses and bad music.

In the chapter on the *Arpeggio* Mr. Dunn judiciously recommends slight anticipation of an *arpeggio* for the left hand. On *Appoggiaturas*: 'When the note following an *appoggiatura* is identical

with the latter, the *appoggiatura* is anticipated.' The transient shake (*pralltriller*) may occasionally be anticipated when it stands over the first note of a phrase. Examples are given, thus the opening phrase of the A flat Impromptu. Illustrations in music-type are most generously scattered over the book. C.

MISCELLANEOUS

Received too late for notice last month, but still not quite out of season, is Dr. J. W. Phillips's *Carols: Their Origin, Music, and Connection with Mystery Plays* (Routledge, 6s.). The book is the outcome of a series of lectures given by Dr. Phillips at various times. The subject—always an attractive one—is dealt with in a human and popular way, with many musical and textual examples. Sir Frederick Bridge adds a Preface, and there are some pleasant black and white drawings.—The issue for 1922 of that useful annual, *A Calendar of Hymns Ancient and Modern and The English Hymnal*, is now obtainable (Humphrey Milford; and Mowbray 6d.).—*The Yattendon Hymnal* has long since made a high place for itself among hymn books that are also literature. Here is its text, under the title of *The Small Hymn Book*, edited by Robert Bridges (Humphrey Milford, 2s. 6d.). It contains just a hundred hymns, most of them being from ancient sources. In the case of some translations from the Latin the original is also given.—John Newton's *Sixty-five Don'ts for Church Organists* (Cambridge: Hefter & Sons, 1s.) suffers from several disabilities. Its title is ugly, and moreover makes us ask 'Why only sixty-five? and Why only "Don'ts," since there are so many "Do's" that still seem to be in need of a little propaganda?' A further flaw is the casual method of punctuation, and the general air of 'it doesn't matter how you say a thing so long as the thing itself is sound.' Of course it matters very much indeed. Sometimes it makes all the difference between intelligibility and the reverse. For example:

DON'T play *every* verse, cease playing at least once in every psalm and hymn, and not once only throughout the whole Psalter, for the 17th verse of Psalm 115 I think it is; it certainly is not verse 13 of Psalm 18!

Mr. Newton is given to the use of commas when semicolons are required—a trick he has perhaps caught from parish magazines. (These little journals are a law unto themselves in punctuation and English generally—a fact worth noting, as they are usually written or edited by Masters or Bachelors of Arts.) Mr. Newton's precepts are useful and sound as a whole. We part company with him here and there, however. For example, when he says 'DON'T sing the *Gloria Patri* full, but treat it as an ordinary verse,' he may be right from a rubrical point of view, but he is wrong from a musical one—which after all is important. The *Gloria Patri* is not a part of the psalm, but a pendant. Common-sense suggests that we should look on it as a kind of chorus. This aspect of it, as well as the need for an effect of finality at the close of a psalm, seems to call for full rather than antiphonal treatment. Moreover, in places where plainsong is used and the psalms are chanted antiphonally by cantor and choir, the treatment of the *Gloria Patri* as an ordinary verse will often lead to its second half being sung as a solo—a miserable

(Continued on page 37.)

The Night Wind.

January 1, 1922

PART-SONG FOR FOUR VOICES.

Words by LAURENCE BIKVON.*

Music by GEORGE RATHBONE.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Slow and sustained.

Soprano. *p* The night wind o - ver the great downs . . . Streams . . .

Alto. The night wind o - ver the

Tenor. *p* The night wind o - ver the great downs . . . Streams . . .

Bass. *p* The night wind o - ver the

Slow and sustained.

Accomp. *p* (For practice only.)

. . a - long, streams a-long the sky, a - long the sky ;

streams a - long,

great downs Streams a-long the sky ; . . In the sol-i-tude . . of the

. . a - long, streams a-long the sky ; In the sol-i-tude . . of the

great downs Streams a-long the sky ; In the sol-i-tude . . of the

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tenderly.

There is on-ly you and I, there is on-ly you and I. you . . and I.
 hill . . side . . There is on-ly you and I. . . . on-ly you and I.
 hill . . side . . There is on-ly you and I. . . . you and I.
 hill . . side . . There is on-ly you and I. . . . you . . and I.

Più mosso. *f* *cres.* *Slower.* *p*

The night wind leaps and rush-es. Black in the trees, that cry As
 The night wind leaps in the trees, that cry As
 The night wind leaps and rush-es. Black in the trees. the trees, that cry As
 The night wind leaps and rush-es. Black in the trees, that cry, in the trees, that cry

Più mosso. *f* *cres.* *Slower.* *p*

Molto cres. e poco accel.

if their tra - vail ech - oed . . . The world's e - ter - nal "Why?"

if their tra - vail ech - oed The world's e - ter - nal "Why?"

if . . . their tra - vail ech - oed, ech - oed The world's e - ter - nal "Why?"

As if their

As if their tra - vail ech - oed The world's e - ter - nal "Why?"

Molto cres. e poco accel.

Slow and sustained.

pp

Clouds have bu-ried the old moon, The moon. The sunk light

Clouds have bu-ried the old moon, The

Clouds have bu-ried the old moon, The

Clouds have bu-ried the old moon, The

Slow and sustained.

pp

Clouds have bu-ried the old moon, The

sunk light cow - ers shy ;

sunk night cow - ers shy, the light covers shy ;

sunk light cow - ers shy ; . . . In a world of stumbling and dark - ness . . . There is

sunk light cow - ers shy ; . . . In a world of stumbling and dark - ness . . . There is

sunk light cow - ers shy ; . . . In a world of stumbling and dark - ness . . . There is

tenderly.

I, . . . there is on - ly you and I, you and I.

on - ly you and I, . . . on - ly you and I.

on - ly you and I, . . . you . . . and I.

on - ly you and I, . . . you . . . and I.

ppp

ppp

ppp

ppp

(Continued from page 32.)

anticlimax, especially in the not infrequent combination of a jubilant psalm and a cantor who has seen his best days! In this and a few other matters we add a sixty-sixth 'Don't' to Mr. Newton's sixty-five: "DON'T be pedantic."—*The Canon Book* by Percy Dearmer and Martin Shaw (S.P.C.K., 6d.) is a collection of seventeen hymns and songs suitable for use at meetings and services of a non-liturgical nature. The melody is given in each case, and the vigour and quality of the music may be gauged from the fact that the tunes are drawn chiefly from the *English Hymnal*, the *Public School Hymn Book*, and the *Motherland Song Book*. The words are mainly such as may be conscientiously sung by a Communistic sceptic whose relations towards Christianity continue to be friendly.—A useful addition to the growing list of practical handbooks issued by *Musical Opinion* is *The Pneumatic Player: the Regulation and Repair of some Modern Types*, by Harry Drake (2s. 6d.). Mr. Drake discusses in detail the best-known types of player-pianos, ending with a chapter dealing with various defects and their remedy. H. G.

New Music

DR. SAINT-SAËNS'S NEW WORKS: SONATAS FOR WOOD-WIND

In his eighty-seventh year Dr. Saint-Saëns's neat and nimble pen flows on as blithely as it has done at any time since about 1850—*senectus non impedit*—and this interesting activity gives us a group of newly-published Sonatas, Opp. 166-168, for reed instruments and pianoforte (Durand, Paris). A gift of charming generosity in a direction rarely so blest. The venerated composer may be fancied as having cast his eye back over seventy years, inquiring whether there were not yet some modest section of our community left unenriched by his lifetime's largess. He long ago wrote solo pieces for the horn, and more recently for the tenor trombone. There was a trumpet part in one celebrated chamber work (Op. 65). But oboe and clarinet had been neglected, save for a Caprice on Danish and Russian Airs (with flute and pianoforte), and the bassoon had been neglected altogether. Each of the three instruments was accordingly endowed with a sonata.

Understand sonata in the least pompous sense. The clarinet's is the most extended of the three, and even so it disclaims any sort of relationship with the Clarinet Sonatas of Brahms's Op. 120. The French master indeed has not sought, because he was writing a 'sonata,' to put on the lips of the honoured instrument the soaring and discursive eloquence appropriate to the strings and pianoforte. Such a confusion of means may render the wood-wind a sad visitation in chamber music; but Dr. Saint-Saëns's sense of style leads him into no risks. The instrument here pipes its brief, appropriate strain, and ceases too soon to weary us with the inhuman simpleness and sameness of tone which still naively bespeaks the first woodwindmen—fauns and dryads of old Arcadia. With a handlight and sure the composer fits the rôle of each to its character, so a pastoral improvisation for the oboe (opening of second movement), a wooing appeal for the clarinet, opening and closing the second Sonata, and for the bassoon—the voice surely of Pan himself—two movements of honest

dignity separated by a 6-8 *Allegro Scherzando* of bassoonish fun. 'Cellists will seize on this last Sonata (Sonatina might have been the word), which only once or twice goes below the 'cello's C string.

C.

A PORTFOLIO OF MUSIC ANCIENT AND MODERN

Messrs. Sénart (Paris) have just issued the first portfolio of *La Musique de Chambre*, a half-yearly publication, which promises to constitute a first-rate library for the practising musician. This first issue consists of five sets:

Pianoforte music.—(a) Modern: the twelve easy pieces by Kœchlin, mentioned on another page of this number; works by Mompou, Déré, Bazelaire, Fourdrain, M. Maurice-Lévy, and Opol Ygouw. (b) Ancient: pieces by Ph. E. Bach, Le Bégue, A. L. Couperin, and E.-J. de la Guerre.

Songs.—Modern songs by Max d'Ollone, Déré, Pillois, Trémois, and others; arias by Dalayrac and Philidor.

Instrumental music.—Violin Sonatas by Le Guillard and Honegger, Violoncello Sonatas by M. Emmanuel and A. Ceillier, Kœchlin's first String Quartet and Jean Huré's second, Migot's *Mouvements d'Eau* for String Quartet, F. Bousquet's *Poème* for Pianoforte Quintet, a Pianoforte Trio by R. Gerhard, and various works by Vivaldi, Geminiani, San Martino, Dalayrac, and Baillot.

As regards the works for bowed instruments, the reviewer's task is complicated by the fact that they are issued in parts only. Kœchlin's Quartet is referred to on a previous page. Migot's *Mouvements d'Eau* looks very attractive, straightforward, and poetic. Huré's second Quartet is not a work which can be judged at a cursory glance; he is a fine musician but extraordinarily uneven, whose works call for particularly careful study. Honegger's Sonata is an impressive and thoughtful work, which will be reviewed shortly, together with the arrangement for pianoforte duet of his *Pastorale d'Été*, issued by the same publishers. Among the other examples of chamber music the Trio by Roberto Gehard, a pupil of Pedrell, calls for special notice. Earnest and scholarly, founded on fine themes reminiscent of Church music and folk-song, and carefully worked out, it is altogether classical in spirit and free from conventional tricks. Straightforward enough, though less original, is Laurent Ceillier's Violoncello Sonata, a pleasing instance of sound workmanship and balance.

To review a collection of this kind in a body is perhaps not the best way to be fair to all the works which it comprises—works which call for very different standards of appraisal.

The collection is planned so as to contain music which will appeal to various tastes and to various classes of singers and players; it is conceived and carried out in a spirit similar to that which directs the organizers of our Promenade Concerts. Some of the lesser items included may be quite good of their kind, and likely to do more than a little towards popularising the collection as it stands; yet one can hardly speak of them and of Kœchlin's or Honegger's contributions in the same breath. Let it be emphasised, however, that the portfolio contains a considerable proportion of really interesting things of various kinds, small or big. It is tastefully and carefully got up. The ancient works are edited by adepts such as Henri Expert, L. de la Laurencie, E. Bosquet, and others. M.-D. C.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC

The arrangements for two pianofortes of Albert Roussel's *Pour une Fête de Printemps* (Durand) will be very welcome to all those who have read accounts of that work's performance at Paris, in its original orchestral form. Roussel's music, which is always well constructed and substantial, reads very well in the arrangement, which should help to popularise that thoughtful and poetic work pending the time when it will be produced at one of our symphony concerts.

Florent Schmitt's two suites, *Antony and Cleopatra*, in pianoforte duet arrangement (Durand), are hard nuts to crack, but seasoned players should derive a good deal of fun from them, especially from the *Orgie et Danses* in the second. Other numbers like the beautiful *Le Tombeau de Cléopâtre* are easier to tackle. The music is instinct with a fine dramatic and poetic sense throughout, and is very characteristic of Schmitt. It is to be expected, therefore, like the composer's previous works, it will delight many, but exasperate more.

We may feel confident that with Saint-Saëns's *Feuillet d'Album*, Op. 169 (Durand), we are on safe ground, and that all will share that peaceful enjoyment which the piece invites.

If we want a little more excitement we shall easily derive it from Manuel de Falla's charming *Danse de la Meunière*, an excerpt from *The Three-Cornered Hat* (Chester). And should we incline towards a more introspective mood, a mood of tenderness and reverie, we shall turn with good purpose to Maurice Delage's *Schumann* (Durand), in which the pupil of Ravel—already known to us by his four delightful *Poèmes Hindous*—skilfully and fervidly attunes his fancy to that of the master to whom he is paying honour. M.-D. C.

ORGAN MUSIC

The taking of the various parts of a great cathedral as a basis for a set of organ pieces seems so obvious a thing to do that one is surprised it has not long since been done. Perhaps it has, but at the moment I can think of nothing in that line but Silas's excellent *Meditation in a Cathedral*, which, of course, is a good way off the idea. Here, however, is Henri Mulet with a set of ten pieces entitled *Esquisses Byzantines* (Paris: Leduc), bearing the inscription: 'En mémoire de la Basilique du Sacré-Cœur de Montmartre, 1914-1919.' The sketches are concerned with the *Campanile*, *Nef*, *Chapelle des Morts*, a *Chant Funèbre*, *Noël*, *In Paradisum*, &c., the result being a set somewhat above the average of the Leduc albums that we know so well. The idiom is not that of the Dubois or Guilmant schools, Mulet being rather a disciple of Franck, though he succeeds in capturing the chromaticism rather than the loftiness of the composer. (The *Chant Funèbre* recalls Franck startlingly, not only in its harmony, but in its main theme, which is practically identical with that of the slow movement of the Symphony.) There is some really original writing at times, and the conventional organ style receives yet another blow, especially in the delightful *Rosace* and the brilliant *Procession*. The piece descriptive of the nave has the right sense of impressive space, though it is short and on the quiet side, and the belfry piece gives us the swaying suggestion of bells instead of the more obvious imitations of chimes that are now getting rather well worn. The pieces vary considerably in

difficulty. The most exacting call for a fine organ and player, and all demand taste and fancy.

The collections of Twenty Short and Easy Pieces issued by Messrs. Novello during the past few years have been so popular, that there is no need to do much more than mention the appearance of a new volume—Set IV. As usual, the compilers have cast their net wide, drawing on W. H. Bell, Sterndale Bennett, Cui, Dubois, Elgar (a delightful little string *Elegy* arranged by John E. West), Gade, Gounod (*Judex*), Alan Gray, Hailing, Mackenzie, Mendelssohn (an arrangement of one of the best of the later *Songs without Words*), Rheinberger (a Trio), Luard-Selby, Smart, S. S. Wesley, John E. West (two of the best of his short pieces), and W. G. Wood. As there is something for practically every taste and for most stages of technical skill, the book, like its predecessors, is useful alike for study, voluntary, and recital purposes. H. G.

Gramophone Notes

BY 'DISCUS'

Apropos of the madrigal records discussed in last month's notes, I am glad to hear that the Gramophone Company has just issued a booklet entitled *Elizabethan Madrigals and English Folk-Dances* (No. 6 of the Education Series). It contains an article on the Madrigal by Dr. E. H. Fellowes, and the text of the examples so far recorded, together with brief biographical and other notes concerning the composers and the works. There is also a note from Mr. Cecil Sharp on English Country Dances, followed by particulars of the folk-dance records. This excellent pamphlet should be obtained by all those who are using the gramophone as a means of keeping in touch with the present great revival of this delightful old music. I understand that copies may be had free.

From a batch of new H.M.V. records I mention first the two 12-in. d.s. of the *Enigma Variations*. D578 gives us the Theme and Variations 1-5; D582, Variations 6-10. Presumably the remaining movements are on the way. I find the second of these two records far clearer than the first. However, the more I have to do with the gramophone the less dogmatic I am disposed to be. Records vary, and perhaps your D578 may be clearer than mine. Anyhow, the movements so far available have given me keen pleasure. The wonderful No. 7 (*Troyte*) retains an astonishing amount of the exciting quality that makes it one of the most stimulating things heard in the concert-room. The delicate *Dorabella* is also very successful. I should add that the performances are conducted by Sir Edward himself.

Saint-Saëns's popular G minor Concerto, played by Arthur de Greef and the Albert Hall Orchestra under Landon Ronald, is very successfully recorded on a couple of 12-in. d.s. No. D583 contains the first movement, and 584 the *Scherzo* and *Finale*. These two movements are amongst the best records of the brilliant type that I have come across.

Some composers 'record' well, just as do some singers. I have yet to hear an Edward German record that leaves much to be desired in the way of clearness. There is a reason for this, of course. German's music is not complex, and the scoring is of the right type for gramophone purposes—not too heavy and with plenty of telling passages for wood-wind. Well up to the standard is D 579, which bears on its two

sides the *Harvest Dance* from *The Seasons* and the *Valse Gracieuse* from the *Leeds Suite*, with German conducting.

Chamber music is represented by D 502 and o8099. The former is a d.s. of the *Largo* from Haydn's D major Quartet (Op. 76, No. 3), and the Minuet and Trio from Beethoven's A major (Op. 18, No. 5), played by the Catterall Quartet. The latter is a single-sided record of the Minuet from Mozart's Quartet in E flat, the performers being the Elman Quartet. All these movements come out well. So far as musical interest is concerned, however, the truly delightful Mozart is easily first.

Those in want of good violin records will find them in D581 (Isolde Menges playing Rimsky-Korsakov's *Hymn to the Sun* and Tod Boyd's *Serenade*): 3-07947 (Heifetz at his best in Sarasate's *Gipsy Airs*): and 3-07941 (the same player excelling again in the Canzonetta from Tchaikovsky's Concerto).

Why does the gramophone apparently jib at contraltos? I have heard records of our finest voices of this type, but in every case the result has been more or less of a caricature. There is evidently something in the timbre of a contralto voice that adversely affects recording, just as the quality of some instruments is at present an obstacle to perfect results. This is very hard on contraltos, from the point of view of gramophone royalties. Galli-Curci may thank her lucky stars she is a soprano. The contrast between the recording of the soprano and contralto voices could not be better shown than by 04393, a record of *I waited for the Lord*, sung by Alma Gluck and Louise Homer. The soprano comes out beautifully, both as to tone and words, but the contralto is strident and indistinct. It is, as I suggested above, a matter of timbre rather than of compass, for the disparity is no less marked when the two voices are singing the same notes.

After all, it is not unnatural that as the flute is perhaps the best of all instruments for recording, the voice that most nearly approaches it in character should also be successful. Hence the success of clear sopranos. Appropriately, the next record I take up is one of Galli-Curci singing *Io son Titania* from *Mignon*, with orchestral accompaniment. It is a typical Galli-Curci success, and among its most delightful moments are those in which the flute is also prominent, especially a brief passage towards the end where singer and flautist do a little back-chat, so to speak. The passage is worth noting because both voice and instrument are using middle and low notes—further evidence that on the gramophone timbre counts far more than pitch.

Last, but a long way from least, is a record of Caruso in *Rachel! quand du Seigneur la grâce tutélaire*, from *La Juive*. Fine, but far too powerful for a small room. You will want a soft needle, and perhaps a cotton-wool buffer as well.

The Music Club is faced with financial difficulties owing to deficient membership, which has not yet recovered from the effect of war-time. The present membership of two hundred and fifty must be doubled if the Club's activities are to continue. No other organization can so fittingly perform the Music Club's task of giving social entertainment—representative of our musical world—to distinguished musicians from abroad or at home. The subscription is only two guineas for ordinary members and one guinea for professionals, and the hon. secretary is Mr. R. K. Farebrother, 10, Berners Street, W. 1.

Music in the Foreign Press

VIOLINS OLD AND NEW

Le Monde Musical (November) publishes an account of the competition which takes place every year at Paris in order to compare modern violins with well-known specimens by old masters:

Seven modern violins, selected by ballot out of twenty-three submitted, were pitted against one by Stradivarius, one by Amati, one by Guarnerius del Gesù, two by Guadagnini, and one by Maggini. The same piece was played twice on all by M. Alfred Brun, professor of violin at the Paris Conservatoire, under conditions which made it impossible for both performer and audience to identify the instruments. A select jury of thirteen violinists, among whom was M. Brun, awarded the first place to the Stradivarius with 66 points, the second to a modern violin by Le Lyonnois with 61 points, the third to a Guadagnini with 46 points, and the fourth to another modern violin by Joseph Aubry with 38 points. But the ballot in which the whole audience took part gave first place to Joseph Aubry's violin with 1,090 points, the second to Le Lyonnois's with 1,040, the third to the Stradivarius with 1,000 points, the fourth and fifth to the Guadagninis with 822 and 790 points respectively.

The result of the competition confirms what the previous competitions had shown. After making full allowance for possible irregularity in the playing and for other accidental factors, it would seem that even for expert violinists the difference between old instruments and new is comparatively small. *Le Monde Musical* recalls that at Berlin, in 1907, Jacques Thibaud and Kreisler were unable to tell the tone of their own violins (a Stradivarius and a Guarnerius) from that of a modern instrument. In the present case the jury comprised, besides M. Brun, M.M. Maurice Kayot, Joseph Debroux, and Caremboit Senior, the violin-maker. All four placed modern instruments above the old ones or on a par with them.

GREGORIAN SONG IN FRANCE

In *Le Ménestrel* (November 25) Louis Laloy comments upon the Pastoral Letter from Cardinal Dubois enjoining that no other Gradual and Antiphony be used in the diocese of Paris than those published by the Benedictines of the Isle of Wight (formerly of Solesmes):

In the course of the Middle Ages plainsong came into contact with polyphonic music and gradually deteriorated. The soli were curtailed, the vocalises reduced or suppressed, the rhythms reduced to symmetry, and the modes disfigured by the introduction of sharps or flats with a view to facilitate accompaniment by the organ. Those errors, embodied in the so-called Medicean edition of 1614, were propagated throughout the 17th and 18th centuries, until a climax was reached with the Ratisbonne (or Regensburg) edition in the 19th. It is to Dom Guéranger, Dom Pothier, and Dom Mocquereau that the return to genuine tradition is due. Cardinal Dubois's Pastoral Letter, enforcing the application of the principles promulgated by Pius X. in his *Motu proprio* of 1903, comes as a further recognition of the invaluable service rendered to Church music by the monks of Solesmes.

AN OLD ORGAN

Le Monde Musical (November) contains the description of an organ, supposed to have belonged to Rheims Cathedral, or, at least, to be quite similar to one which stood in the choir of that

Cathedral until 1837. It is a chest of sculptured wood, 3-ft. high, 3½-ft. broad, and 5-ft. 4-in. long. The chest contains three hundred and forty-three pipes, divided into six stops.

LEFT

Coppel	...	8-ft. drone (wooden).
Flöte	...	4-ft. open (wooden).
Prinzipal	...	4-ft. diapason, first octave open (wooden), the remainder of metal.

RIGHT

Octave	...	2-ft. flute, open.
Quint	...	A Nazard, a fifth above the foregoing.
Mixtur	...	A double mixture stop, giving the ground-tone and fifth.

(Although the names are given in German, the instrument is not supposed to be of German manufacture.)

The keyboard comprises four octaves, from C to C. The pitch is normal, and the tone excellent.

MORE ABOUT THE FRENCH 'SIX'

In *Musica d'Oggi* (November) Henri Prunières writes:

The designation the 'Six' corresponds to nothing more than a label, a trade-mark for propaganda and advertisement purposes. Cocteau's manifesto, *Le Coq et l'Arlequin*, which is sometimes alleged to express the group's art theories, is at best a statement of Auric and Poulenc's views, coupled with Cocteau's own. Neither Milhaud, nor Honegger, nor Durey, nor Germaine Taillefer write music in conformity with Cocteau's tenets. Durey has withdrawn from the group, and the ideals of the remainder are so dissimilar, that one cannot help wondering whether others will not follow suit. On the other hand, composers such as Andrée Vaurabourg and Robert Casadesus are asserting tendencies similar to Honegger's and Milhaud's, so that the 'Six' can hardly be said to represent the whole of revolutionary tendencies in France. The group comprises at least one musician of uncommon merit—Honegger. Milhaud's music is a medley of excellent stuff and deplorably bad stuff. Poulenc is a born musician, as yet very immature. It is a pity that while such a fuss is being made around these 'Six,' other interesting musicians should remain ignored. For instance, Georges Migot, Roland Manuel, and, first and foremost, Charles Kœchlin.

HOW CONTEMPORARY MUSIC IS DIFFUSED

In the *Zeitschrift für Musik* (second November issue) Dr. Georg Göhler writes:

So far as contemporary music is concerned, even the educated musicians and music-lovers stand in need of expert professional guidance. What is it that plays the greatest part in bringing good new music to the buyers' notice? The composers generally believe that it is public performance. This may be true, to a degree, with regard to dramatic and symphonic works, but certainly not with regard to pianoforte pieces or songs. The best propaganda is that of the teacher who introduces modern works in his pupils' curriculum. The teacher may play an all-important part, and bears a heavy responsibility. It is a pity that among the best-known and most fashionable teachers, so many do not realise what their duty is in this respect, or lack the capacity to fulfil it. Many rely upon the old stock, and never think of teaching their pupils anything modern. The lack of enterprise and the ignorance of many retailers also does much harm. There should be in every big German town at least one retailing firm whose thoroughly competent staff would be able, not only to supply all information desired by customers, but eventually to direct their attention to the best in contemporary output.

These remarks may be found useful outside Germany.

AN OLD-TIME ORGANIST

In *Il Pianoforte* (November) Dino Sincero describes the life and activities of Francesco Landini (1325-97), the first of Italian organists.

ADOLF SCHREIBER

In *Der Merker* (November 15) L. Andro devotes a short article to ten songs by Adolf Schreiber recently published at Berlin:

Schreiber, we are told in a pamphlet by Max Brod, was born at Prague, and committed suicide at Berlin last year. His songs are described as instinct with delicate tenderness, proceeding from Brahms, but showing traces of more modern influences, and well worthy of attention. They are difficult, and call for the co-operation of a soulful singer and a responsive, poetically-gifted pianist. Many other songs by Schreiber remain unpublished, and he has left a number of bigger works, none of which has been published or performed.

M.-D. CALVOCORESSI.

London Concerts

THE GOOSSENS CONCERTS

The third concert (November 23) opened with the Bach-Elgar Fugue, played twice, and much better the second time than the first. Quasi-novelties were Holbrook's *The Wild Sea-Fowl* and Cyril Scott's *Aubade*, the former showing Holbrooke at his best, the latter so uniformly grey as to suggest anything but the right kind of morning feeling. Manuel de Falla's three Dances from the Ballet *El Amor Brujo* were heard for the first time here, and proved to be as spicy and brilliant in rhythm as we expected. Debussy's *Rondes de Printemps* and Rimsky-Korsakov's *Antar* Symphony completed a fine programme, brilliantly played.

Bach opened the ball again on December 12 with the delightful Suite arranged by Sir Henry Wood from the organ works. John Ireland has so little orchestral work to his credit that more than ordinary interest attached to the first performance of his *Symphonic Rhapsody*. It has fine rhythmical energy, and is full of the bracing roughness that marks his works generally. The middle section left us doubtful. Was the writing for the brass too consistently chordal and heavy, or did the playing make it seem so? The composer had a hearty reception. The interest in Malipiero's *Oriente Imaginario*, three studies for small orchestra, lay in the manner rather than in the matter. Stravinsky's Symphony for wind instruments, in memory of Debussy, and *Le Sacre du Printemps*, were the other items. The former gave us one more acute reason for regretting the French composer's death. It was received with rapture by the left wing of the audience. The right as a whole refrained from unseemly demonstration during its performance, only a few members coughing richly from time to time. The centre party found the work dry and monotonous—the unforgivable sin in music. We can, and do, endure and even enjoy the extremest of dissonance: the Wind Instrument Symphony will be a failure not because it is discordant but because it is dull to a degree attainable only by one of the despised classical composers on his offest of off-days. H. G.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

At the concert on November 28 interest was centred in Elgar's *Falstaff*. Mr. Coates gave a performance that made the most of the purple patches at the expense of the work as a whole. Its success with the audience, however, was unmistakable, and composer and conductor were called and recalled. *Falstaff* seems at last likely to take the place so long denied it. The rest of the programme consisted of *Leonora* No. 3, Rachmaninov's C minor Concerto (M. Pouishnov), and Scriabin's *Divine Poem*.

On December 5 a choral concert drew a crowded house. The Brahms *Requiem* and the Grail Scene from *Parsifal* at a sitting proved somewhat heavy fare. A group of small unaccompanied items would have provided the necessary relief, and would have enabled us to estimate the quality of the choir in a way that no work with orchestra can do—especially when the scoring is so persistent and aggressive as that of the *Requiem*. The classical composers and the worst type of organist join hands in their refusal to drop the accompaniment at times and give the voices a chance. These Philharmonic singers have decidedly 'come on.' They are alert, prompt in attack, and excellent in tone. The soloists were Miss Dorothy Silk, Mr. Herbert Heyner, and Mr. Norman Allin.

C. W.



Photo by)

GUSTAV HOLST

(Sydney J. Loch

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

Mr. Gustav Holst lives and works hard in the heart of London, and yet manages to be a recluse. Outside his special haunts—Hammersmith, the R.C.M., and Waterloo Road—he is personally unknown, and he is the last man in the world to court Press notoriety. It speaks then remarkably for his music, that—even when quite new, like his ballet music *The Perfect Fool* (Philharmonic Society,

December 11)—it 'goes home' not only with the knowing few but also with the bulk of an audience who mostly need some personal clue to the bearings of a new composer. Anyhow, *The Perfect Fool* brought Mr. Holst pretty well as much recognition as came to the hero of the evening's Concerto (the hero, the admirable Pablo Casals; the Concerto, Schumann's Op. 129). The ballet comes from an opera, we hear, a comic opera—but more we are left interestedly guessing. But with a number in it like this—quite on the bravest, soaring Russian scale—it must be a sort of its own. The brass first utters an unaccompanied Invocation, an utterance that runs through the three dances of Spirits of Earth, Water, and Fire. These are Holst in his full maturity of power, vitality, and invention. The mastery of it showed up crudities and 'holes' in the scoring of Victor de Sabato's symphonic poem *Juventus*, which indeed was palpably young. It was worth having, as earnest of the new Italians' brave intentions, though it did not outshine a good many of the doings at our Patron's Fund Rehearsals. Mr. Albert Coates conducted.

OTHER ORCHESTRAL MUSIC

The Queen's Hall Orchestra gave a symphony concert under Sir Henry Wood on November 19, with *Heldenleben* and Casals in a Haydn Concerto as matters of greatest importance. At the Robert Newman benefit concert of December 3 there was great violin playing by M. Toscha Seidel.

Mr. Edward Clark has opened a series of orchestral programmes at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, which, to judge from the empty seats, are rather too 'classy' for the neighbourhood.

Mr. Adrian C. Boult's Sunday afternoon concerts at the People's Palace have run their excellent course, although the necessary rule of crowded houses has not been observed. On November 27 the symphony was Schubert's C major and the British work Holst's *Beni-Mora*. Strauss's *Don Quixote* was given on December 11, with Bliss's *Mêlée Fantastique* and a work by Frederick Laurence.

W. MCN.

THE NOVELLO CHOIR

The concert given by the above choir, on December 13, provided an object-lesson of what can be accomplished by any choir which has the good fortune to be directed by a conductor of knowledge, enthusiasm, and taste. The choir itself consists obviously of average elements, yet from it were drawn effects that would have done credit to a body of far longer standing and greater pretensions. It is true that the acoustics of Bishopsgate Institute, where the concert was held, are specially good—perhaps better than those of any other hall in London—and this may have covered defects that would have been apparent elsewhere; but, as I heard it, I thoroughly enjoyed the performance of Mr. Harold Brooke and his singers.

The programme, one of quite rare distinction, included Sweetinck's *Hodie*, Madrigals by Weelkes and Wilbye, a Ballet of Morley (sung with engaging lightness), folk-song arrangements by Vaughan Williams (in one of these, *Just as the tide was flowing*, the rhythm was badly held up by over-expression of the words—almost the only instance of misjudgment that I observed), a cantata, *God so loved*, of Bach, and the Choral Fantasy on old carols, *Christmas Day*, by Holst.

Miss Dorothy Silk and Mr. Joseph Farrington lent valuable assistance as soloists. Miss Marguerite Swale was an excellent accompanist, and at the organ Mr. Harvey Grace provided occasional support and played solos. C. K. S.

THE BACH CHOIR

The opening concert of the forty-sixth season (December 14) found Dr. Vaughan Williams in charge for the first time. Three of the Church cantatas, *Jesus took unto Him the Twelve*, *Stay with us*, and *The Sages of Sheba*—formed the bulk of the programme, and showed us a side of Bach that is still too little known. There were no thunders or hammer strokes, but much quiet beauty. The choir after a rather tame start gave some excellent soft and *mezzo-forte* singing, and the longer the concert went on the better they sang. The instrumental side consisted of the genial fifth *Brandenburg* Concerto (Harold Samuel, W. H. Reed, and Daniel Wood), the E major French Suite (Harold Samuel), and an Organ Prelude (Harold Darke). The vocal soloists were Miss Lilian Berger, Mr. Steuart Wilson, and Mr. Clive Carey. H. G.

ORIANA CHRISTMAS CONCERT

The Oriana Madrigal Society, at its Christmas concert (Æolian Hall, December 15) seemed to have more than recovered from the general choral set-back of the dark years. The singing and the music that was sung were a pure refreshment to ears that, anticipating respite after three crowded months of concerts, might perhaps have been excused a certain jadedness towards any music whatsoever. Such music—Byrd's from the past, Holst's from the present—offered (with so much else) a reminder of one sure dwelling-place of the spirit of the art, which often, it must be allowed, appears to have fled from the main machinery of instrumental performances. The programme, the order of which again bore evidence of Mr. Kennedy Scott's fine taste, was sung through entirely by heart. The great Byrd was on the first page with three motets, *Cast off all doubtful care*, the *Lullaby* which is coming to be quite often sung, and then the grandly affirmative and exultant *This Day Christ was born* (six parts, from the 1611 book). Holst's *Ave Maria* (women's voices, eight parts) was one of the composer's first strong proofs of genius, and one can bear testimony that its manifold beauties have overcome the ordeal of a score of hearings at a competitive festival. The Oriana women's voices gave it the tone both rich and clear of a Tuscan altar-piece. Holst's *Four Songs from a Mediæval Anthology*, for voice and violin, were sung with rare truth by Miss Norah Scott Turner, only the violin line in *Jesu sweet* should have been firmer.

There were arrangements of old carols, both devout and jolly, by Vaughan Williams, Geoffrey Shaw, Kennedy Scott, and W. G. Whittaker, belonging to that body of new English part-songs which are not unworthy of the land that produced the madrigalists of 1600. *Corpus Christi* carol was by Peter Warlock, a newcomer, we fancy, in this field. His ancient text is sung by contralto and tenor solos, accompanied wordlessly by the chorus. Imagination was felt to be in the work, and also musical cunning. The mysterious text in itself approaches music, so evocative is it with the vaguest of verbal information; and the actual music with its latter-day methods managed to enhance its 'Gothic' mysteriousness. C.

OTHER CHORAL CONCERTS

In *The Music-makers* and *The Golden Legend* on November 26, the Royal Choral Society seemed determined to give of its best for the sake of Mr. H. L. Balfour, who was conducting in the place of Sir Frederick Bridge. There was some sensitive singing in Elgar's work, and the choir's volume of tone did good service in Sullivan's. The solo parts were taken by Miss Doris Vane, Miss Phyllis Lett, Mr. Walter Hyde, and Mr. Charles Tree.

Alexandra Palace Choral and Orchestral Society, under Mr. Allen Gill, did excellent work in *Judith* at the Northern Polytechnic on November 26. The choral singers seemed thoroughly familiar with the music, some of which is by no means easy.

Ealing Philharmonic Society (Mr. E. Victor Williams) opened its season with two performances of *Elijah*, on November 28.

The London Choral Society (Mr. Arthur Fagge) did strenuous work at Queen's Hall on November 30. The singers vociferated Burns for a hundred pages, in Mr. J. St. A. Johnson's setting of *Tam o' Shanter*. The task was hopeless. No choir or composer can do anything with such words. *King Olaf* followed.

The Crystal Palace Choral and Orchestral Society (Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock) has given *Tom Jones* and a miscellaneous programme. The latter—on December 10—included Wilbye's *Sweet Honey-sucking Bees* and Bach's *Sleepers, wake*.

M.

TO THE GLORY OF WILLIAM BYRD

When Dr. Fellowes put forth the three volumes of Byrd last year in his *English Madrigal School* (Stainer & Bell), we sanguinely hoped to see the fame of the old master—'never without reverence to be named of the musicians'—spread about like wild-fire. It has not happened quite so quickly, but the good work is on the way. The sextet of English Singers (Æolian Hall, November 30), chose motets and madrigals from the 1588 and 1611 collections, singing as they sat round a table, one voice to a part; absolute music! There would be much to say of details in the execution (good, and now and again touching on perfect felicity), but an urgent point is that this sort of thing be done more and more widely, even though with less accomplishment. This way music lies! It means the refinement of ear and brain, of the senses and the sensibility; it is the music of the sacred grove, which will give us the measure of the battering music of the circus.

Pure polyphony on this evening was relieved by dainty accompanied duets gathered from Purcell's garden, and by some of those modern English arrangements of folk-songs as unaccompanied part-songs—the happiest form, no doubt, into which our folk-songs can be cast, a form in which men like Holst, Vaughan Williams, and Whittaker, have done the jolliest, most cunning, and engaging things, like music of no other time or clime. C.

THE TUDOR SINGERS

A new group of performers, who are to be thanked for steering clear of the average recital rut. As an ensemble they are not uniformly good, and confirm the view that it's better to have one exclusively composed of category D singers than one which ranges over the alphabet.

Space demands a concise boiling-down of impressions: the over-weighting of the strings in the Byrd carol (what a lovely 'Amen' this work has!); the feeling that an immense amount of spade-work will have to be done before the madrigal makes its right appeal to a modern audience—and that far less conventional methods will have to be employed; that Mr. Gerald Cooper has found his true vocation as a harpsichord player; the unfairness of inserting *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* in the middle of things; Holst's lovely arrangement of a folk-song (*I sowed the seeds of love*), and the bottomless stupidity of another (*Bobby Shaftoe's gone to Sea*), which, of course, had to be repeated.

A separate and concluding paragraph for the Bach Chorale, *Awake us, Lord, we pray Thee*, from Cantata No. 22. Mr. Anthony Bernard, whose string orchestra accompanied, set much too fast a pace for my liking. Perhaps he felt it that way. This is one of those perfect creations where *tempo* markings avail nothing. Five interpreters might interpret in five different ways and all be right. The spirit endureth.

R. L.

MR. JOHN COATES

Even our enemies—perhaps, indeed, they more particularly—have recognised a fundamental national attribute of ours which, for want of a better word, we term 'humour.' Nothing, it appears, can uproot the British propensity to make play with the events of life—at a pinch, with death itself. Our fine frenzies are finest when they contain an element which, if it does not appear as comedy, at least bears witness to a keen sense of proportion. The existence of this trait is not a convenient theory, but a fact within the cognisance of all in everyday life as we live it. We are intolerant of the 'solemn ass.'

Some such reflections emerge on a leisurely consideration of both the matter and the manner of Mr. John Coates's English song recitals at Chelsea Town Hall. At the earlier ones, devoted to contemporary products, one could not always smother a sneaking suspicion that it was the gift of comedy, or proportion, or what you will, in the singer alone which lifted some numbers out of the ruck of asinine solemnity. Deficiencies of proportion, let alone humour, one felt, might have been conspicuous on dispassionate analysis of the material. They lacked flesh and blood. It was far otherwise when he came to deal, on December 1, with the period 'Purcell to Parry.' The very absence of the suspicion confirmed its previous substantiality, though, in instituting comparisons, allowances must be made for the fact that the twenty songs heard on this occasion were the cream of two and a half centuries. The peculiar facility which this singer possesses of placing his mind on intimate terms with those of his hearers was given full rein, and a degree of entertainment succeeded for which profound is not an extravagant term. One felt that one was listening to the very voice of Britain. What more typical and succinct expressions of the national views on sentiment could be found than Henry Purcell's *Knottling Song* ('Phyllis, without a frown or smile, sat and knotted all the while') in one manner; John Blow's setting of Edmund Waller's *The Self-Banished* in another; the immortal *Drink to me only with thine eyes*; Linley's *Autolycus' Song* from Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, or Parry's *Take, oh take those lips away*? But these are all love songs. True. The fact is that Mr. John Coates is

adept in every shade of the philosophy of love, and beguiles us into thinking that he is illustrating for us in a comprehensive fashion every phase of life. And who shall say that he is not justified? Is it not our own proverb that says 'It's love that makes the world go round'? Mr. Berkeley Mason's accompaniments were, as ever, masterly in their aptitude and flexibility.

H. F.

MISS STELLA MURRAY

Miss Stella Murray (Æolian Hall, December 3), a contralto from New Zealand, lately a pupil of Mr. Plunket Greene, gave peculiar joy to the listener who in these days pretty well abandons hope at a singer's 'first appearance.' Here was a voice, not prodigious but certainly full enough, truly even, and above all animated, flexible—not always lolling back in the usual contralto divan. Here, too, was a vivacious understanding, giving an intelligible picture to each song. Monteverdi, Dvorák, and some German songs were sung in English, English that really was acceptable as such. Mr. Harold Craxton left his accustomed place as accompanist for a few moments, and played some solos—Purcell and Arne. The playing was exquisite, matching the music. This is a field—old English harpsichord music—which Mr. Craxton is clearly called to cultivate further. He has it almost to himself, and he proves himself the right man.

C.

MISS DOROTHY SILK

Miss Dorothy Silk (soprano) has given 'concerts of old music' at Steinway Hall (November 19 and December 10), and more are to come—'old' music in one sense, no doubt, but the inherent youth of much of it, of Dowland, of Purcell's *Expostulation of the Blessed Virgin*, of Bach, really overrode the pedantic facts of date. Pepusch, of *Beggar's Opera* fame, of whom Mr. John Goss sang a solo cantata, is, on the other hand, old, and probably always was; a *vieille perruque*. Miss Silk's singing commands the regard of the musical—fine, dainty singing, the silvery utterance of a rare instrument. We applaud Mr. Goss's intelligence, and wish his technique matched hers. Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse's consummate playing of Bach (B flat Partita) on the harpsichord made an exquisite interlude at the second concert.

C.

MISS URSULA GREVILLE'S CONCERT

Miss Greville sung with notable skill and taste at Queen's Hall (December 16) in an exacting programme that included the *Queen of the Night* air, from the *Magic Flute*, Bliss's Rhapsody for soprano, tenor (Mr. John Coates), and orchestra, and airs from *Le Coq d'Or* and Stravinsky's *Rossignol*. Her voice and style, however, are better suited by smaller and more intimate surroundings; Queen's Hall and an orchestra were occasionally too much for her. Ansermet gave us some of the most vivid and finished orchestral playing heard in London for many a long day. A new work by Honegger, *Horace Victorieux*, was heard—probably outside as well as inside the hall, so noisy was it. But it had at least one merit lacking in post-*Sacre* Stravinsky—it was very much alive, even though it showed the fact by the primitive process of kicking.

H. G.

OTHER VOCALISTS

Among the other vocalists one remembers, first and foremost, Mr. Plunket Greene in *Dichterliebe* and songs of Stanford, and Miss Olga Haley in *Lieder*

and new English songs. Mr. George Baker takes high rank with his two recitals, and Mr. Gale Gardner showed gifts as a refined singer of English song. He introduced some new songs, with violin accompaniment, by Miss Phyllis Norman-Parker. One of these, *A Sussex baby-song*, is a gem. Madame Lily Payling had the advantage of accompaniment by Mr. Landon Ronald and his orchestra at the Royal Albert Hall on December 3. Others who have made good are Miss Una Bates and Miss Dorothy Moulton.

CHAMBER CONCERTS

The Catterall Quartet played Novacek, Howells, and Beethoven for the London Chamber Concert Society on November 22. A week later the Allied String Quartet gave Quartets of Ravel and d'Indy. At this concert M. Louis Aubert accompanied Mlle. Radiana Pazmoy in his rather superficial *Six Poèmes Arabes*.

The Classical Concert Society brought M. Siloti, Madame Adila Fachiri, and Mr. Felix Salmond together in two Trios at Wigmore Hall on November 29. All individualists, they made an excellent ensemble. The London Trio has played Ravel and Schumann in D minor. The Philharmonic Society Quartet continues to make Chelsea its centre.

The new Kruse String Quartet opened a series at Wigmore Hall on December 10. Prof. Kruse, a colleague of Joachim, will be remembered by some as one of London's musical leaders for many years.

VIOLINISTS

Close upon Mr. Sammons's interpretation of the Elgar Concerto came Kreisler's, on December 6. If one had not heard the first, he might never have felt a lack of warmth in the second. Kreisler gave superb violin playing and a beautiful exterior to the music. The Englishman was more intimate. A word of praise is due to Mr. Landon Ronald for his sensitive accompaniment to Kreisler's interpretation. Kreisler was at the Royal Albert Hall on December 11, and added a recital at Queen's Hall on December 16.

Among the violinists—apart from Kreisler—Mlle. Jelly d'Aranyi and her sister, Madame Fachiri, take precedence. Both gave recitals at Wigmore Hall, and showed that all-round faculty that will bring out all that a mercurial modern work contains and the next moment play pure Bach.

PIANISTS

Cortôt's playing of the Chopin Etudes at Wigmore Hall on November 26 was illuminating. It showed that these works could be greatly admired for half a life-time and still be incompletely understood. No other pianist from abroad has made such an impression as this during the month, although the closing recitals of Rosenthal's series fall within the period. Siloti gave an improvised pianoforte recital at Wigmore Hall on December 7 while the audience was waiting for a belated Casals to appear. When the violoncellist did arrive (an hour late) he played superbly. The afternoon was good value for money. Three recitals by Mr. Walter Rummel have shown his waywardness—a clever pianist, apt to reduce music to noise. Mr. Ralph Lawton, at two recitals, proved that he has far greater claims on the public than it acknowledges.

Of our own pianists Howard-Jones has been the most conspicuous, for he gave a notable performance of John Ireland's Sonata (the one which Lamond first produced) at Wigmore Hall on December 1.

There has been the delight of a recital by Harold Samuel—Beethoven, Schubert and Bach; Mr. Edward Mitchell has been steadily working through Scriabin at Central Hall, Westminster; Mr. Lamond introduced some typical Reger to a fairly small audience at Queen's Hall, in the form of Variations and Fugue on a theme of Bach, Op. 81.

Ireland's *For Remembrance* and *Amberley will brooks*, and J. B. McEwen's *Vignettes* pleased everybody as played by Miss Joyce Ansell on December 1. Miss Freda Cahill, on the same day, showed her liking for modern pianoforte music, English and foreign.

VARIOUS

For violoncello music we have been dependent upon, chiefly, Casals, M. Salmon, with his revived old music, and Miss Beatrice Harrison with a new Sonata by York Bowen (in F major). Almost a new-comer, Miss Marie Dare showed promise high above the average at Æolian Hall on December 6. She was completely at ease in Elgar's Concerto.

M.

Opera in London

BY FRANCIS E. BARRETT

CARL ROSA EXPERIMENTS: GILBERT AND SULLIVAN REVIVAL

On December 10 the Carl Rosa Company brought to a close what Mr. Alfred van Noorden in a valedictory speech described as 'the longest and most ambitious season of opera in English ever given at Covent Garden.' I fear, nevertheless, that no new ground has been broken. The season has shown that the public are quite ready to support opera in English, and by the public I mean those who come from the great majority and fill the upper circle and gallery night after night. This is the section of the public it is necessary to reach, and the Company may claim to have reached them, save when the bill was completely filled by an unfamiliar work, when the paying factor was not well represented. Still, as things are, we cannot expect miracles.

The features of the eight weeks' season have been the special performances of Wagnerian operas, including the major portion of the *Ring* and some not very well-guided endeavours to augment the répertoire. Three such examples have been seen. One was *The Angelus*, by Dr. E. W. Naylor, which gained the Ricordi prize twelve years ago, and was produced at Covent Garden; another was a short affair, *Thais and Talmaa*, composed by Mr. Colin M. Campbell, and the third, *La Chant Fatal*, by M. Georges D'Orlay. In turn they represent the cantata, the extended duet, and the illustrated, orchestral tone-poem; not one of them is an opera. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the British composer can learn what operatic style is since he hears so little opera, so it is not fair to blame him exclusively. Had Dr. Naylor's music, for example, been set to illustrate an English country-side story it might have passed muster, but as an illustration of a theme dealing with monks, magic herbs, visions, and mysteries, the whole tinged with the atmosphere of a religion that is not now the common religion of the English people, it misses its point. Mr. Campbell's work shows ability somewhat misdirected if he imagines that a prolonged duet in semi-darkness constitutes an opera. The effort of M. D'Orlay had

been heard before in concert form. It does not improve by being transferred to the stage, for though he can make his music boil in a way that might make it operatic, he can command no intermediary stages. He either gives us the coldest of cold water in the shape of commonplace tune that sounds like a Viennese waltz played too slowly, or he rants and roars in the manner of Strauss made familiar in his tone-poems. I am convinced that an English opera to succeed must deal with an English subject.

A NEW DON GIOVANNI

Actually the most satisfactory piece of work in the direction of grand opera during the month has come from the Old Vic., in the form of a new English version of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. It has been made by Mr. E. J. Dent, and the new form his enthusiasm for Mozart opera takes is particularly helpful. He has given a version of Da Ponte's book that can be understood by all. The effect is to make all the characters very much more like human beings, and to lead to an understanding of the story and therefore an appreciation of the music. As part of this new and helpful version the original *Finale* after the death of the Don is restored. Its effect is to remove the element of tragedy from what is in reality a comic opera. With the assistance of Mr. Clive Carey as producer and as the Don, Miss Vallings, Miss Winifred Kennard, Miss Muriel Gough, Mr. Sumner Austin, Mr. Arnold Beauvais, and Mr. S. Harrison, the production was received with delight by the audience, and their enjoyment, I felt, arose from the fact that for once they really understood what the opera was 'all about.'

SULLIVAN'S FIRST OPERA

A feature of the much-appreciated performance of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Princes Theatre was the revival, on November 28, of Sullivan's first opera, *Cox and Box*, written to Burnand's version of the famous farce. It was vastly appreciated, and everything was done by the exponents to win that approval. Mr. Sydney Granville as Cox, Mr. Leo Darnott as Box, and Mr. Darrell Fancourt as Bouncer, played the piece in the right spirit. It is interesting to note in the music the promise of the individuality that was afterwards to expand to such a wonderful vein. All there is of the later Sullivan is an occasional rhythm that was individual and the use of the chord of 6-4-2, which was in later years to become a hall-mark. In all else there is nothing to show that it is the work of the composer of *The Mikado*. The style freely parodies that of Italian opera of the day with which, as we know, Sullivan had a very intimate acquaintance, since he once held the position of organist at the Royal Italian opera. The audience took to the piece most kindly, and I do not blame them, since melody is becoming a more precious thing every day. *The Sorcerer* followed, so that there was an evening of early Sullivan, and one greatly appreciated. The following week *The Yeomen of the Guard* was put on, to the delight of a succession of crowded audiences, and at Christmas came *The Mikado*. In connection with these works I should like to mention—although really it is out of my province—the issue of an excellent little work, *Gilbert and Sullivan Opera: A History and a Comment*, by H. M. Walbrook. It was just what was wanted at this

time, when there are so many new adherents to the Savoy colours, and it has just the intimate touch that gives a new complexion to an old story. A Foreword, by Sir Henry Wood, hits the nail on the head, and I hope that some of the fingers of some of our 'moderns' may be imposed between that nail and Sir Henry's hammer. It will do them good.

Chamber Music for Amateurs

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur chamber musicians who wish to get into touch with other players. We shall be glad if those making use of the scheme will let us know when their announcements have borne fruit. Failing such notice, advertisements will be inserted three times.

Accompanist (lady) would like to practise with singer or violinist. London, S.W. district preferred.—M. G. H., c/o *Musical Times*.

Gentleman pianist wishes to meet three or four stringed instrumentalists with view to mutual practice of advanced chamber music.—L. R. A. M., c/o *Musical Times*.

'Cellist and viola players are invited to join a musical party (voices and strings). Rehearsal, Thursdays, 7-9. Central London.—Apply, 'ENTRE NOUS,' 43, Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

Soprano and tenor required for small party on quartet basis, with own orchestra. Practice room, New Oxford Street, Thursday evenings.—Write secretary, 12, Sandmere Road, S.W.4.

Lady pianist would like to meet 'cellist and violinist for practice.—L. B. B., 24, Acol Road, West Hampstead, N.W.6.

Pianist desires to meet violinist in Beaconsfield or Gerrard's Cross district for practice of violin sonatas, &c., classical and modern.—'DIGIT,' c/o *Musical Times*.

Young enthusiast would be glad to meet instrumentalists with a view to forming small orchestra. Rehearsals could be held at Slough or Windsor.—'DATCHET,' c/o *Musical Times*.

'Cellist. Good amateur wanted to join violinist and pianist for the practice of trios, classical and modern.—G. F. H., 224, Reddings Lane, Hall Green, Birmingham.

Amateur orchestra would welcome string and wood instruments at a South London Parish Church. Practice and one service weekly.—S. C. C., 59, Waleran Buildings, Old Kent Road, S.E.1.

Gentleman, baritone, would be glad to meet a capable pianist (gentleman) for mutual practice in Manchester or Hightown districts.—S. CARLTON, 57, Peter Street, Hightown, Manchester.

Violinist, violist, and harpist would give services. Church, orchestral, or chamber music.—Address, S. B. S., 6, Hauberk Road, London, S.W.11.

Lady pianist would be glad to meet capable violinist and 'cellist for chamber music practice.—Miss RITZ, L.R.A.M., 266, Elgin Avenue, W.9.

B. W. A. (North Finchley) is fond of playing pianoforte accompaniments, and would be glad to meet a singer (amateur or professional) for the purpose.—B. W. A., c/o *Musical Times*.

Amateur Orchestral Society in North London (Stoke Newington and Clapton) has vacancies for good instrumentalists. Second season commenced Monday, October 24.—Write for particulars to A. W. ROBINSON, 113, Brooke Road, N.16.

Orchestra (Brixton Brotherhood). There are vacancies for all stringed instruments, and cornet, flute, clarinet, and oboe. Rehearsals on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock, St. Matthew's Church Schools, Church Road, Brixton, commenced October 27.—Apply, E. G. MEDLEY, Free Press Office, Brixton Road, S.W.

Amateur solo violinists and amateur orchestras required to co-operate in musical recitals at St. John's, Clapham Rise, on the second Sunday evening in each month and on the last Monday evening of each winter month.—WALLACE G. BREACH, organist and choirmaster, 42, Honeybrook Road, S.W. 12.

Pianist, Leeds district, desires to meet violinist for practice of classical sonatas, &c., or vocalist for practice of classical songs, Wolf, Schubert, &c.—A. F., *c/o Musical Times*.

Ladies and gentlemen, all instruments, with good orchestral experience, are invited to attend the symphony rehearsals held every Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m., at the Philological College, 248, Marylebone Road, N.W. (near Great Central Station).—EDWIN C. WHITE, Principal.

Claremont Orchestra. — Required immediately, leading violin, 'cello, double-bass, brass, and wood-wind.—Write, V. B., 34, Frances Street, Battersea, S.W. 11.

Soprano singer, having recently studied in Italy, would be glad to meet accompanist for mutual study. Manchester or Altrincham district.—B. H., *c/o Musical Times*.

Mezzo-soprano, with some professional experience, would like to meet accompanist for practice. Crystal Palace district.—F. C. W., *c/o Musical Times*.

A string orchestra is being formed at the Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, Camden Town (near Mornington Crescent tube station, Hampstead Railway). Players of all string instruments are required; rehearsals will commence in the middle of January on Thursday evenings, 7.30-10.—Mr. WALTER YEOMANS, Director of Music Studies, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, N.W.

Young tenor wishes to meet a good pianist, lady or gentleman, for mutual practice. S.W. district preferred.—H. M. W., *c/o Musical Times*.

Violinist wanted to form trio or quartet to play chamber music. S.E. London district.—C. B., *c/o Musical Times*.

Wanted for Sunday evenings during the musical service, good amateur musicians (two violins, viola, and violoncello) to form a string quartet for Whitefield's Church, Tottenham Court Road, W. 1.—Apply, SPENCER SHAW, 690, Barking Road, Plaistow, E. 13.

South Hampstead and St. John's Wood, N.W. There are vacancies for good amateur instrumentalists in the Amateur Orchestral Society. Meetings on Thursday evenings in the Lecture Hall of the New College Chapel, Adelaide Road entrance. Low fees. Music provided.—Apply, WATSON HARDING, 6A, Upper Park Road, N.W. 3.

Church and Organ Music

MODERN ORGAN MUSIC

The *Yorkshire Post* of December 8 contained a long letter from Mr. H. Mathias Turton on the above subject. Mr. Turton says a good many things that need saying, so we quote the following passages :

Probably one of the strongest reasons why organ recitals are not very popular is that, whilst the audience at a concert is able to see the actual performance of a pianist or violinist, it is a rare thing to find the console of an organ sufficiently visible to allow any considerable view of the operations of the performer. There are probably scores of musical people at Leeds who have not the slightest idea that an organist has a keyboard on the floor of his instrument, on which he plays with his feet. The modern concert organist has, as a regular thing, to play highly elaborate and extremely rapid pedal passages which would tax a moderately good pianist to play with his left hand.

This ignorance of the public as to the technical demands of organ playing seems incredible, but it is true. When Mr. Pattman and his organ made their first appearance at the Coliseum a few years ago, the writer heard amazed comments all round, such as : 'Oh, look ! he's playing with his feet,' 'He plays on

two or three keyboards at the same time,' and so on. And probably most organists have taken uninitiated musical friends to their console, and have been amused at the surprise with which the uninitiated beheld rapid pedalling and stop-control.

The reasons for the lack of understanding and appreciation of the organ, compared with that of other solo instruments, are well put by Mr. Turton :

A century ago, the violin, as an instrument, was exactly what we see it to-day ; the pianoforte (thanks to such artist-manufacturers as our English Broadwood) was quickly approaching the instrument so familiar to all of us as the 'household orchestra' ; but the organ (from a mechanical point of view) was an unwieldy, clumsy, and hopelessly inartistic thing. On the Continent, especially in Germany, the art of organ-building had already reached considerable heights, and it is to this fact that we owe that amazing series of preludes and fugues, choral preludes, &c., which the mighty genius of J. S. Bach (1685-1750) gave to the world of music. We English people are so deliciously and absurdly conservative in our opinions that we often still think of the organ as a sort of religious machine, which patiently draws out Psalms and hymns on Sundays, not realising (as the Americans and the French have long since done) that it is really an instrument capable of affording an almost unlimited variety of tone and colour. It is safe to say that the art of the organist has simply leapt forward during the last three or four decades.

The repertory of the organ is often underrated merely because such composers as Beethoven and Wagner wrote nothing for the instrument. On this point, Mr. Turton says :

Some few years ago the well-known musical critic of the *Yorkshire Post* remarked, in one of his weekly articles, that 'very few composers of the highest class had written much organ music.' Possibly they were deterred by the inadequacy of the instrument as a means of expression (in performance). With the aforementioned improvements in mechanical construction we find to-day (especially amongst the French composers) a real desire to make up for lost time, and several musicians of the highest powers are writing organ works of a calibre not one whit inferior to the best work of composers for any other instrument, or combination of instruments. As an instance, the four Organ Symphonies of Louis Vierne show a command and knowledge of the resources of tonal art which place him at once amongst the great composers of our time. Incidentally they make tremendous demands on the executant, but their remarkable difficulty is quickly forgotten in the superlative beauty of the music itself. The music is not for the people whose idea of an organ performance is bounded by the excitement of 'Storms at Sea' (and elsewhere), with hymns for safe deliverance from same (usually tootled out on the vox humana stop), patrols, Russian, Turkish, and other varieties, things which artistically are on a par with the *Maiden's Prayer* and the *Battle of Prague*. No, the fact is that we have not discovered as yet that the organ (given, of course, a good instrument) is a solo instrument *par excellence*, and that there is a wealth of organ music of the highest class which ought to be heard, but is not.

As to players :

There are great concert organists (to mention off-hand such names as Lemare, Goss-Custard, Bonnet, Dupré, and Vierne) whose musical equipment is quite equal to that of great concert performers on other instruments.

This country is exceptionally rich in fine organ soloists at present. One need not think very hard to be able to add to the English names in Mr. Turton's group. There are Ley, Cunningham, Wolstenholme, Hollins, Ellingford, Darke, Walton, and others, who would take a place by pianists and

fiddlers of high rank but for the fact that they do their splendid work out of sight, and on an instrument about which most people know very little.

There can be no doubt that the organ, its players, and its music, are more honoured in France than in England, despite the fact that fine organs and organists are far more plentiful on this side of the Channel. Mr. Turton, after speaking of the excellence of the French school, says :

It is sincerely to be hoped that no one will see in this letter any attempt to extol French composers or organists at the expense of the English or other schools. No one rejoices more than the writer to see the younger school of English composers giving some attention to the organ. . . . We cannot, however, ignore the fact that France is leading the way at present in organ composition, and it would simply be absurd willfully to close our eyes to the immense importance of the organ music that is coming to us from France.

An excellent letter concludes with a word which we hope critics will take to heart :

One cannot see why there should be any greater sign of genius or musical culture in a new quartet or piano-forte work than in a new work for the organ ; but until English writers on matters musical are ready to estimate the musical value of new organ compositions in precisely the same degree, and with the warmly appreciative attitude they display towards the work of a new composer in any other branch of the art, so long will the great musical public remain unaware of what is being accomplished in the world of organ composition and organ playing.

VOLUNTARIES IN PARIS CHURCHES

Our readers may be interested in the following list of voluntaries played by the Paris organists on two recent Sundays (November 2 and December 4) :

La Trinité (Charles Quef)—Two Chorale Preludes, *Bach*.

St. Pierre de Montrouge (M. Blazy)—Choral No. 2, *Frank* ; Prelude in G, *Bach* ; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*.

St. Elizabeth (M. R. Blin)—Toccata in D minor, *Blin*.

St. Charles de Monceau (M. E. Lacroix)—Prelude, Fugue, and Variation, *Frank* ; Prelude, *Samazeuilh* ; Prelude, *Boëllmann* ; Pièce, *Palestrina* ; Pièce, *Laparra* ; Communion, *Gigout* ; Sortie, *Saint-Saëns*.

St. Steverin (M. Lambert-Monchagne)—Prelude, *Clérambault* ; Pastorale, *Frank* ; Imploration (from ten new pieces), *Dubois* ; Finale from fourth Sonata, *de la Tombelle* ; Benediction Nuptiale, *Dubois* ; ' Sur un thème Breton,' *Ropartz* ; Elévation et Marche Religieuse, *Saint-Saëns*.

St. Ferdinand des Ternes (M. Georges Jacob)—Toccata, *Mérule* ; Concerto in D minor, *Handel* ; Invocation, Menuetto, and Finale from first Symphony, *Guilmant*.

This list confirms an impression we have long had—that French organists draw very little on the music of other countries. *Bach* seems to be the only German organ composer for whom they have any use. One could hardly expect Reger to appeal to them, but the pick of Rheinberger and Karg-Elert is surely worth their attention. And it will have been observed that Bonnet and Dupré, when touring in this country, play no English organ music save a few short pieces by such old composers as Byrd or Purcell—works which, strictly speaking, are not real organ music, being written indifferently for any keyboard instrument.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS

The distribution of diplomas by the president, Dr. Charles Macpherson, to the successful candidates for Fellowship and Associateship will take place on Saturday, January 21, at 11 o'clock. Members and friends are cordially invited to attend. No tickets are required.

A Festival service under the auspices of the Canterbury Diocesan Choral Union was held at All Saints' Church, Maidstone, on November 12, two hundred and sixty choristers taking part. The responses were sung in the original version of Thomas Tallis in five parts ; the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis were Charles Macpherson's in D ; and the anthem was Luard-Selby's *New every morning*.

At Brighton Parish Church on November 22, on the occasion of the seventieth 'anthem and organ recital,' an Elgar programme was performed, consisting of *The Spirit of England*, the Prelude to *Gerontius*, and the Imperial March. Mr. Chastey Hector was at the organ. The recital was so much appreciated that it was repeated by general request on December 11.

An excellent performance of Brahms's *Requiem* was given at the Parish Church, Faversham, on December 14, by the church choir, augmented. Miss D. Nunn and Mr. F. Noakes (Canterbury Cathedral) sang the solos. The accompaniments were provided by two pianofortes and timpani. Mr. W. J. Keech conducted.

Mr. Henry Riding, who has completed forty-one years' work as organist of Chigwell Church, has been presented with an illuminated address, a cheque for £450, and a beautiful old picture of Chigwell Church and Dickens's 'Maypole.'

The *Hymn of Praise* was sung at Redland Park Church, Bristol, on November 25, by the combined choirs of Redland Park and Trinity Presbyterian Churches, totalling seventy, and a small orchestra. Mr. C. W. Casley conducted.

Parts 1, 2, and 3 of the *Christmas Oratorio* were announced to be sung at Albion Church, Ashton-under-Lyne, on December 18, with Dr. T. Keithley at the organ.

Dr. A. H. Mann, who has been organist at King's College, Cambridge, since 1876, and University organist since 1897, has been elected a Fellow of King's College.

Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion* and *Hear my Prayer* were sung at St. Stephen's, Bournemouth, on November 24, Dr. Holloway accompanied.

Mr. Herbert Hodge is giving a *Bach* recital at St. Stephen's, Walbrook, at mid-day on the third Thursday in each month.

ORGAN RECITALS

Mr. Paul Rochard, St. John's, Hammersmith—Concerto in G, *Bach* ; Pastorale, Recitative, et Corale, *Karg-Elert* ; Passacaglia, *Cyril Scott*. Kendal Parish Church (two recitals)—Sonata No. 1, *Guilmant* ; Prelude and Fugue in B minor and Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*.

Mr. Wallace G. Breach, St. John the Evangelist, Clapham Rise—Legend and Final Symphonique, *Guilmant* ; 'Starlight,' *MacDowell*.

Mr. H. Timothy, St. Vedast Foster, E.C. (four recitals)—'Wachet auf,' *Bach* ; Suite No. 1, *Borovsky* ; Cantilène, *Quef* ; Fugue in G minor, *Arébs* ; 'Holsworthy Church Bells,' S. S. Wesley ; Andantino, *Frank*. St.

• Augustine's, Highgate—Prelude and Fugue in D minor, *Bach* ; Prelude and Finale (Sonata in F minor), *Rheinberger* ; Toccata, *Dubois*.

Mr. D. E. Roberts, St. Andrew's Cathedral, Inverness (two recitals)—Fugue in C, *Bach* ; 'Finlandia,' Toccata, *Dubois* ; Sonata No. 4, *Mendelssohn* ; Choral Prelude, 'St. Anne,' *Charlton Palmer*.

- Mr. R. Meyrick Roberts, St. Lawrence Jewry (two recitals)—Choral Prelude on Croft's 136th, *Parry*; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Choral Song and Fugue, *S. S. Wesley*.
- Mr. Chastey Hector, Brighton Parish Church (three recitals)—Aubade, *Bernard Johnson*; Toccata, *d'Ervey*; Postlude on the 'Old Hundredth,' *Harvey Grace*; Prelude and Fugue in C minor, *Mendelssohn*. St. John's, Hammersmith—Grand Cortège, *Lemare*; Fugue in E flat, *Bach*; Diation, *Chastey Hector*; Bridal March and Finale, *Parry*.
- Mr. James M. Preston, St. George's, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne (four recitals)—Rhapsody, *Harvey Grace*; 'Curfew,' *Horsman*; Prelude and Fugue in C, *Bach*; Fantasy-Prelude, *Farrar*; Finale (Symphony No. 1), *Vierne*; Carillon, *Elgar*.
- Mr. Albert Orton, St. Mark's, Southampton—Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Sonata in F, *Silas*; 'Clair de Lune,' *Karg-Elert*. Claremont Central Mission, Pentonville—'Pomp and Circumstance' in D, *Elgar*.
- Mr. Fred Gostelow, Luton Parish Church—Fantasie-Symphonique, *Gostelow*; Sonata No. 2, *Mendelssohn*. Parish Church, Southend—Fugue in D, *Bach*; Funeral March and 'Hymn of Seraphs,' *Guilmant*. High Town Primitive Methodist Church, Luton—'Finlandia'; Toccata in D minor, *Holloway*.
- Mr. Andrew Dall, Dysart Parish Church—Fugue in G, *Krebs*; 'Curfew,' *Horsman*; Funeral March and 'Hymn of Seraphs,' *Guilmant*.
- Mr. A. E. Jones, Town Hall, Bolton—Finale (Sonata No. 2), *Guilmant*; March for a Church Festival, *Best*.
- Mr. Purcell J. Mansfield, Wellpark United Free Church, Dennistoun, Glasgow—Fugue in E flat, *Bach*; Concert Scherzo, *Mansfield*. Bar Congregational Church, Scarborough—Sonata No. 3, *Guilmant*; Cradle Song, *Mansfield*. Brixton Independent Church—Humoreske, 'L'Organo Primitivo,' *Yon*; Funeral March in A minor, *Grieg*. St. John's, Hammersmith—Sonata, *Reubke*; Coronation March, *Tchaikovsky*.
- Mr. Malcolm C. Boyle, St. Stephen's, Norbury—Toccata and Fugue, *Bach*; First movement (Sonata in E flat), *Rheinberger*; Sonata No. 6, *Mendelssohn*; Two Choral Preludes, *Bach*.
- Mr. J. Gray, Adam Smith Hall, Kirkcaldy—Suite in E minor, *Borowski*; 'Noel,' *Wolstenholme*; 'Pomp and Circumstance.'
- Mr. Bertram Hollins, Beckenham Congregational Church (two recitals)—Preludio (Sonata in E flat minor), *Rheinberger*; Prelude and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*; Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*; Evening Song, *Baird*; Pastoral Sonata, *Rheinberger*; Prelude on 'Old 104th,' *Parry*.
- Mr. Harold M. Dawber, St. George's, Stockport—Prelude, *Clerambault*; Psalm Prelude No. 3, *Howells*; Scherzo (Symphony No. 2), *Vierne*; 'Finlandia.'
- Mr. Henry Riding, St. Mary Abchurch, E.C. (four recitals)—'Sursum Corda,' *Elgar*; 'Farewell,' *Stanford*; Barcarolle, *Wolstenholme*; 'Gothic' March, *Salome*. St. Mary-the-Virgin, Aldermanbury (five recitals)—'In Memoriam,' *P. J. Mansfield*; 'Angel's Farewell' ('Dream of Gerontius'), *Désespoir*, *Quef*; Overture in C, *P. J. Mansfield*.
- Mr. Leitch Owen, Edge Hill Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Grand Chœur No. 2, *Hollins*; 'Pomp and Circumstance' No. 1.
- Mr. H. Goss Custard, Newcastle Cathedral—Étude Symphonique, *Bossi*; Pastorale, *Franck*; Prelude and Fugue in D, *Bach*; First movement (Symphony No. 6), *Widor*.
- Mr. H. A. Bennett, Newcastle Cathedral—Toccata in F, *Bach*; Choral Preludes by *Bach*, *Brahms*, and *Parry*; Sonata, *Elgar*; Fantasia and Toccata in D minor, *Stanford*.
- Mr. Eric Brough, St. Lawrence Jewry—Choral No. 1, *Franck*; 'Chant de Mai,' *Jongen*; Passacaglia, *Bach*; Rhapsody No. 3, *Howells*. Jackson's Lane Wesleyan Church, Highgate—Introduction and Passacaglia, *Rheinberger*; Three Choral Preludes, *Bach*; Choral Fantasia, Darwall's 148th, *Darke*; Marche Pontificale, *Widor*.
- Miss Emmie Bowman, Parish Church, Barkway—Choral No. 3, *Franck*; Villanella, *Ireland*.
- Mr. C. H. Trevor, St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta (three recitals)—Prelude and Fugue in A minor and Fugue in B minor, *Bach*; Adagio (Sonata No. 1), *Mendelssohn*; 'In Memoriam,' *Rheinberger*; Fantasia on 'St. Michael,' *West*; Finale in E flat, *Healey Willan*.
- Mr. Thomas Grosch, Highgate Unitarian Church—Duetto, *Rheinberger*; Gavotte and Musette, *Bach*; Triumphant March, *Faulkes*.
- Mr. R. Buchanan Morton, House of Hope Presbyterian Church, St. Paul, Minn.—Introit, *R. B. Morton*; First movement, Sonata Celtica, *Stanford*; 'In dulci júbilo,' *Karg-Elert*; Grand Chœur, *Franck*.
- Mr. Frederick J. Tarris, Barking Parish Church—Sonata in C minor, *Mendelssohn*; Prelude and Fugue in E minor, *Bach*.
- Mr. Claude A. Forster, St. John's, Forfar—Introduction and Fugue, *Mozart*; Fugue in C, *Best*.
- Mr. H. G. Bishop, All Saints', Worcester—Madrigal, *Lemare*; Rondino, *Wolstenholme*.
- Mr. G. W. Harris Sellick, St. Margaret's, Whalley Range—Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; 'Finlandia'; Prelude, *Clerambault*; 'Imperial March,' *Elgar*.
- Mr. George Pritchard, St. Mary's, Widnes (two recitals)—Overture in C minor, *Hollins*; Prelude and Fugue in G, *Bach*; 'Finlandia.' Victoria Road Wesleyan Church, Widnes—Finale (Sonata No. 4), *Mendelssohn*; Fugue in D, *Bach*; 'Curfew,' *Horsman*.
- Mr. G. Thalben Ball, Temple Church—Short Prelude and Fugue in F, *Bach*; Toccata and Fugue, 'The Wanderer,' *Parry*; Canzone, *Karg-Elert*; Allegro Appassionata, *Harwood*.
- Mr. A. E. Howell, Parish Church, Trowbridge—Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Allegretto Grazioso, *Frank Bridge*; Choral Fantasia, Darwall's 148th, *Darke*.
- Mr. H. A. Fricker, Canadian College of Organists' Annual Convention—Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Theme and Variations, *Bossi*; Epilogue, *Healey Willan*.
- Mr. J. E. Adkins, Preston Parish Church—First movement Sonata in D minor, *Rheinberger*; Minuet in C, *Smart*.
- Mr. John Pullein, St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow—Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Trumpet Tune and Air, *Purcell*; Psalm Prelude No. 2, *Howells*; Rhapsody in A minor, *Saint-Saëns*. Christ Church, Bala—Madrigal, *Lemare*; Gavotte, *Pullein*; Choral Preludes, 'Canterbury,' *Pullein* and 'Rockingham,' *Parry*.
- Mr. W. J. Lancaster, Bolton Parish Church—Ave Maria, *d'Arcadelt*; Caprice Héroïque, *Bonnet*; Nocturne, *Baird*.
- Mr. C. F. Waters, St. Saviour's, Croydon (two recitals)—Sonata No. 3, *Guilmant*; Andante Cantabile, *Widor*; Choral Melody, *Waters*; Prelude and Fugue in G, *Bach*; Sonata in F sharp minor, *Rheinberger*; Choral Song and Fugue, *S. S. Wesley*. Immanuel Church, Streatham Common—Prelude and Fugue in E minor, *Bach*; Fantaisie in E flat, *Saint-Saëns*.
- Mr. Herbert A. Carruthers, Park Church, Glasgow (two recitals)—Prelude and Fugue in A minor and Toccata in F, *Bach*; Fantasy Prelude, *Macpherson*; Sonata in F sharp, *Rheinberger*. St. John's, Hammersmith—Sonata No. 4, *Mendelssohn*; Variations on an old English Melody, *Stuart Archer*.
- Miss Christina Chalmers, St. Lawrence Jewry—Sonata No. 1, *Harwood*; Fugue in G, *Bach*; Prelude, *d'Indy*; Postlude, 'Old Hundredth,' *Harvey Grace*.
- Mr. Arthur Clements, St. Andrew's, Cheddar—Sonata in C sharp minor, *Harwood*; Prelude and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*; Overture to 'Occasional' Oratorio.
- Mr. C. E. Blyton Dobson, High Pavement Chapel, Nottingham—Fugue in G (Pastoral Sonata), *Rheinberger*; Grand Chœur, *Henniker*.
- Mr. Herbert Hodge, St. Nicholas Cole Abbey (three recitals)—Fantasia in F minor, *Mozart*; Prelude and Fugue on BACH, *Liszt*; and a *Bach* programme.
- Mr. William Ellis, St. Cuthbert's, Darlington—First movement (Sonata No. 1), *Mendelssohn*; 'Sleepers, wake' and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*.
- Mr. Arthur Ilaydn Leary, St. Cuthbert's, Darlington—Triumphant March, *Faulkes*; 'Finlandia'; Barcarolle, *Leary*; Funeral March and 'Hymn of Seraphs,' *Guilmant*.

Dr. Arthur Kitson, St. Cuthbert's, Darlington—Song of Triumph, *West*; Prelude and Fugue in E minor, *Bach*; Carillon, *Vierne*: Three Choral Improvisations, *Karg-Elert*.

Mr. Herbert Walton, St. Cuthbert's, Darlington—Concerto No. 5, *Handel*; Fantasia Rustique, *Wolstenholme*; Symphony No. 2, *Widor*; Fugue in G minor, *Bach*.

Mr. G. Bernard Gilbert, Town Hall, Stratford—Allegro Maestoso ('Water-music'), *Handel*; Allegretto, *Lemmens*; Festive March, *Bossi*.

Dr. H. C. L. Stocks, Holy Trinity, Leamington Spa—Fugue in G minor and 'Sleepers, wake,' *Bach*; Andante, *S. S. Wesley*; Evening Song, *Bairdow*.

Mr. Allan Brown, Wesleyan Church, Dartford—Mélodie in E, *Rachmaninov*; Fantasia on 'O Sanctissima, *Lux*; Finale (Sonata in F minor), *Rheinberger*; Finale, *Wolstenholme*. Jerusalem Chapel, Ton—Canon in B minor, *Schumann*; 'Finlandia'; Fugue, *Reubke*: Finale (Symphony in D minor), *Guilmant*.

Dr. R. Walker Robson, Christ Church, Crouch End (two recitals)—'Sleepers, wake,' *Karg-Elert*; 'Une Larme,' *Moussorgsky*; Prelude in B, *Scriabin*; Fugue in E minor, *Bach*; Basso Ostinato, *Arensky*; 'In Modo Dorico,' *Stanford*.

Mr. Cyril Pearce, St. Mary's Baptist Church, Norwich (three recitals)—Improvisation, *Rheinberger*; Scherzo (Symphony No. 2), *Vierne*; Sonata No. 5, *Mendelssohn*; Prelude in G flat, *Scriabin*; Finale in B flat, *Frank*; Allegro Maestoso (Sonata), *Elgar*; Three Preludes on Welsh Hymn tunes, *Vaughan Williams*; Rhapsody No. 1, *Howells*; Fantasy, after *Rheinberger*, *Harvey Grace*; and a *Bach* programme.

Mr. Arthur Sharp, St. Margaret's, Whalley Range—First movement (Sonata No. 6), *Guilmant*; Prelude and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*; Gavotte (Sonata No. 12), *Martini*.

Mr. Harry S. Greenwood, St. Agnes', Birch—Overture in C minor, *Hollins*; Allegro Cantabile, *Widor*; Grand Chœur in A, *Salome*.

Mr. H. C. J. Churchill, Central Hall, Westminster—Andante in B flat (Sonata No. 1), *Peace*; Gavotte in D, *Peace*.

Dr. Louis A. Hamand, Malvern Priory Church—'Elegiac Romance,' *Ireland*; Allegro Marziale, *Frank Bridge*.

APPOINTMENTS

Mr. Martin Kingslake, organist and choirmaster, St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street.

Mr. Albert Orton, organist and choirmaster, St. Saviour's, Paddington.

SPOHR AND HIS INFLUENCE

By C. À BECKET WILLIAMS

If there is any thing in the history of music of which one becomes more convinced as time goes on it is the immense influence which Spohr wielded in the last century. I am sure due recognition has not been paid to this, and perhaps I may be permitted in a few lines to call attention to certain aspects of the work of this composer which have quite probably escaped the reader.

Spohr was born at Brunswick in 1784, and was the son of a well-to-do physician. Like his friend and contemporary Mendelssohn, he thus had the doubtful advantage of affluent circumstances, and enjoyed a career more successful than that of most composers. His life was full of interest, but as I do not wish this to be a biography, I will merely finish him off, so to speak, by saying that he died in 1859, through a skating accident. The cause of his death is, I think, significant. He was always an energetic and vital man, traits hardly appearing in his music, which is apt to suggest the pale and the romantic.

I have already called attention to one likeness between him and Mendelssohn. They were very similar in other ways. For instance, they both wrote autobiographies. I have not read that of

Spohr, but it is said to be very amusing. They are both coupled in the public mind as pre-eminently writers of oratorios; both are considered by musicians to be essentially writers of 'sugary' music. The fact that both were great technicians and contrapuntists too often escapes notice. It is pretty generally believed that Mendelssohn had more influence than anyone on the later 19th century composers. But it is *not* generally acknowledged that Spohr must have had the greatest influence on Mendelssohn, who was born twenty-five years later, and came under Spohr's influence when the latter was at the height of his powers.

But undoubtedly the greatness of Spohr consists in his originality. He was most decidedly an innovator, and stands out as such in an age of conventionalists. Let us consider him briefly from this point of view.

Whether to his credit or not is beside the question, he practically 'invented' the luscious, sugary style which is so characteristic of him. He had a mania for chromatics and enharmonic changes, and these mannerisms are apparent in all his work. Think of his influence on our Stainers, Barnbys, Monks, and Dykes! What would the A. & M. Hymn Book have been without him? Perhaps stronger and less sentimental, but it takes all sorts to make a world, and I am not one of those super-spirits who scoff at all sentimentalism.

Spohr freely introduced the romantic element into oratorio. I refer particularly to the 'Last Judgment,' which is undoubtedly the greatest of his sacred compositions. Sobriety of style has always been regarded as an indispensable characteristic of sacred music of the highest order, and the introduction of this element of romance without detriment to the result is surely a remarkable tribute to the genius of the composer. May I suggest that 'Parsifal' and 'The Dream of Gerontius' owe not a little of their existence to this innovation?

Again, it must be remembered that 'programme music,' so-called, though not invented by him received a considerable contribution to its waning health by the production of his symphony, 'Die Weihe der Töne.' Also his opera 'Jessonda' shares with Weber's 'Euryanthe' the honour of introducing for the first time accompanied recitative throughout, in place of spoken dialogue.

He also invented various *forms* of composition, e.g., the double string quartet, the quartet concerto, the symphony for two orchestras, &c. He wrote a famous Method for the violin, and was himself a virtuoso on the instrument. And last, but not least, he was the first to direct an orchestra with a baton.

Is it not astonishing that a man who possessed the diverse genius of Spohr should cut such a small—I might say execrated—figure in modern musical criticism? Why is it? In his time he enjoyed a Continental reputation, and even musicians like Mendelssohn, Wagner, and that other neglected composer, S. S. Wesley, professed the highest admiration for him.

Probably his mannerisms upset people. Too many cakes make one dyspeptic, and Spohr was even a more sickly confectioner than Mendelssohn in this respect. Nevertheless, justice is not done him nowadays. There are many who say that they see in ultra-modern music the romantic element carried to its logical conclusion. If so, Spohr was the spiritual grandfather of Stravinsky. What an arresting thought!

Letters to the Editor

THE IMPORTANCE OF CORRECT PLACING OF THE VOICE

SIR,—In your issues for August and September last I read with interest the letters of Messrs. Tree and Keay on methods of so-called 'voice placing.' Since I retired from my literary and editorial work in London ten years ago, I have devoted most of my leisure to an investigation of Italian, French, German, Austrian, and Polish vocal methods, both theoretical and practical. I was already fairly familiar with English and American systems, not only as an author, but also as a public lecturer of thirty years' standing, using vocal and instrumental illustrations. I can therefore speak as one who has had considerable experience, and has sought in vain until quite lately for a vocal system which completely covers the ground and solves the problems which have hitherto baffled both students and teachers. I confess I was astounded at what Mr. Tree rightly terms the 'chaos' existing among the text-books and teachers; and I both saw and experienced some of the tragic results of this chaos in time, money, and the best years of one's vocal life wasted, not to mention the all too-frequent irreparable damage done in thousands of cases. I myself spent hundreds of pounds during nine years of futile search and effort, narrowly escaping complete ruin of what voice I had left at the hands of so-called *maestri* in Paris and Italy. I owe it to Siegfried Wagner's wise advice that I did not try Berlin in 1913. About eighteen months ago I saw in an American magazine an advertisement of a vocal academy in one of the principal cities, teaching a new method by correspondence. I quite expected it might prove to be one of the many quack systems existing in that country, but a little investigation dispelled that idea. The academy was opened in 1916, and is already working on a large scale. The principal has spent some twenty years in teaching and research in Europe, covering all the ground I had been over and much more besides. He has embodied his discoveries in a series of thirty lessons, making a book of six hundred and forty pages, and these are sent out at the rate of about one every fortnight, according to the student's progress, for a moderate inclusive fee. I began the course after I came to India, and completed it within a year, my previous experience enabling me, of course, to go fast and omit certain details. It solved all problems, and enabled me to locate and correct errors. For the first time in the history of vocal science the whole thing is placed upon a firm basis of unimpeachable scientific fact, and nothing but ordinary intelligence, a correct ear, and hard and patient work are necessary to attain the desired results.

One discovery of vital importance this authority has undoubtedly made, and that is that the really great voices are due to unusual strength in a certain muscle whose function in voice was not even suspected by previous writers and teachers, although it occupies a commanding central position in the vocal mechanism. Both the old Italian *maestro* Mancini and the eminent laryngologist Morell Mackenzie record their observation of certain exceptional voices which were entirely free from the usual breaks and registers. In these rare cases they said the singer was able to carry the full calibre of the middle tones (Mancini calls it 'chest-tone') to the top of the range. Morell Mackenzie says that this exceptional capacity seems to be a 'special gift of nature,' and does not attempt to explain how it is done. But a knowledge of the function of the muscle I have referred to effectually disposes of the 'gift of nature' theory, and reduces the problem to nothing more occult than the development of the right muscle by a simple exercise against a suitable resistance. Hitherto it has been taken for granted that the small muscles inside the larynx are the only ones that can stretch the vocal cords; but these are quite inadequate for the powerful stretching required in the production of big upper tones. For these a more powerful action outside the larynx is necessary, and this is performed by the muscle I have mentioned.

Every student knows that the most troublesome 'break' in the voice occurs at about upper F, above which it is

difficult to carry the full body of tone without great strain and tension. It is usual to avoid this by having recourse to the so-called 'head' register, in which, as Browne and Behnke correctly state, only 'the thin inner edges' of the cords are used, and the tone is consequently lighter and thinner. The explanation is that the aforesaid external muscle is not sufficiently developed to stretch the entire mass of the cords (which include three reinforcing ligaments) to the extent necessary for higher notes, and so recourse is had to the weaker muscles which can stretch only the thin edges. Caruso's laryngologist recently stated that he could deliver a high C sharp 'from the chest.' This was an example of exceptional strength in the external muscle which enabled him to stretch the whole mass of his cords up to the top of his range. He and other great singers were born with that strength; but now it can be acquired by anyone.

I spent years trying to develop the 'head' tone, but although I got the action correctly and reached high C, no amount of practice produced any real power or body. It was not until I learnt about the external cord-stretching muscle that I understood the reason for this. This muscle can be isolated, controlled, and developed by the will, like the fingers of a pianist, but the ligaments inside the larynx cannot, for their action is involuntary and subsidiary. There are, however, several sets of muscles, notably the powerful chewing muscles, which can, and usually do, interfere with the action of the right one. These have to be known and their action carefully eliminated.

Thus correct production is entirely divested of all mystery and uncertainty, and the development of a homogeneous tone to its fullest possibilities becomes a matter of simple calisthenics, given a normal musical equipment. And let me add from long and bitter experience that the usual scales and exercises are worse than useless if the wrong muscles are being used, for they serve only to fix bad habits. It is safer to base production on the speaking voice, as Mr. Tree does, than to try and 'place' the sung tone without exact knowledge of the vocal mechanism. The system I have briefly outlined in fact does this, and demonstrates that the speaking and singing tone must be produced in the same way, by the same muscles, or else one or the other is wrong. I have not named this all-important muscle because I consider it is my latest teacher's discovery, and I have paid for my own use of it. Let those who think it worth while do likewise. For them I have given the Editor the address of the institution.—Yours, &c.,

Lahore, India.

November 23, 1921.

BASIL CRUMP.

[In order to escape an avalanche of inquiries we give the name of the institution referred to by Mr. Crump, 'The Perfect Voice Institute, Chicago.'—ED., *M.T.*]

SIR,—Mr. Keay still does not publicly disclose his identity and still refuses to show publicly this 'classical method of voice production' he talks about. He has publicly attacked that simplicity I am advocating, which is merely the ease of obtaining the *bel canto*. I now therefore make Mr. Keay a sporting offer—I will engage a hall in London, give my lecture-recital in the usual way, and allow him forty minutes in which to show the public where I am wrong and where he is right. But he must sing half a dozen or so songs to prove that his own voice is, as he says, 'as fresh as in the late 'eighties.' He being the challenger must surely accept any reasonable conditions of the challenged, and I contend that having brought the matter up publicly he must in all fairness 'face the music' publicly. If Mr. Keay will send me dates from which to choose, I will immediately book the hall.—Yours, &c.,

14, Courtfield Gardens,
Kensington.

CHARLES TREE.

[The correspondence on this subject had been closed, and we reopen it to include the letter from our reader in India, and to allow Mr. Tree to issue his challenge.—ED., *M.T.*]

HAND DEVELOPMENT FOR THE PERFORMER

SIR,—That a comparatively new invention should provoke inquisitiveness and even incredulity, one can understand, but that a person should go to the length of forming an opinion and even delivering himself of the same in a musical journal without having had an opportunity for testing that which he is at pains to condemn, is surely, to put it mildly, not playing the game. The paper which has caused Mr. Head so much perturbation was read at Messrs. Novello's rooms in Warlour Street, at one of the meetings of the Musical Association, and not at the Royal Academy.

The 'Technique' stands on its own merits with or without the approbation of any musical institute. It is not a machine, and is not 'designed for the mastery of agility touches.' Its use is not confined to pianoforte students, but it aims to flex and develop the hands of all instrumental players. The statement that 'not one hand in five hundred is formed by nature for playing an instrument' is a quotation taken from no less a person than Von Bülow, but it is also my own opinion, based on experience. Mr. Head is surely confusing two positions of the hand—normal and extended—with 'forty-two easily classified (*sic*) touches.' Touch, and normal or extended hand positions, are hardly synonymous. Our contention is that ten minutes at the 'Technique' are worth two hours' finger exercises at the instrument—the desired result being that of full muscular development and control. I leave it to your readers to decide which method would be the more likely to produce an 'automata-like' player. Keyboard drudgery is actually detrimental to the æsthetic side of music, and the 'Technique' surely justifies its existence if it can be proved to be a valuable substitute for this drudgery. Schumann never used any actual apparatus, and the late Mr. Franklin Taylor told the writer that he fully believed that had Schumann used a 'Technique' he would have accomplished his object without injury to his hand. The distance at which Mr. Head lives does not preclude his becoming acquainted with the 'Technique,' for a great many 'Techniques' have gone to Australia, and we have a factory for their manufacture in New Zealand and an agent who is actively in touch with Australia.

Its merits do not rest on any claims I make for it personally. The opinions of such authorities as Lamond, Poussinov, Fryer, Spencer-Dyke, Reddie, Beringer, Walenn, and a host of others are so convincing, that even Mr. Head would do well to pause and experiment with it himself before offering his criticisms.—Yours, &c.,

December 7, 1921.

R. J. PITCHER.

PROVINCIAL NEWS IN THE MUSICAL TIMES

SIR,—In your December number you outline certain changes of policy regarding the records of provincial concerts in your columns. As a reader of your paper for fully half a century, I trust you will allow me to make one or two suggestions on this point. Under present conditions it is a wearisome task to attempt to read many of the contributions headed, 'Music in the Provinces.' Half-a-dozen or more will record the doings of a touring concert party whose only claim to notice is that a certain prima donna—the most useless member of the profession—has done her best to ruin local concert enterprise by raiding the big towns, taking away all the money available, and devoting in return a quarter or half an hour in poisoning the well-springs of the art, thus working incalculable harm to music itself and to genuine music-lovers. In this nefarious scheme you play an unsatisfactory part through devoting an appreciable portion of your available space to eulogizing her performances in the towns A, B, C, and succeeding letters of the alphabet. What have such concerts to do with music? Other events of real value to music are allocated only two or three lines. The promoters are thereby discouraged, and readers in other districts are misled as to the importance of the event. Would it not be better to ignore the speculative concerts (where money-making is the main object) altogether, and devote the space thus obtained to fuller records of real concerts? The readers of daily papers get full details of the money-making concerts: is it conceivable that any reader of the *Musical Times* at Bradford wants to read anything about the appearance of Madame Midas at, say, Birmingham or Bristol?

But there are musical institutions up and down the country which are doing notable work, and whose activities are followed with keen interest by music-lovers all over the kingdom. Record in fairly full measure such societies, and you are doing good work and will gradually increase your circle of readers and subscribers, while most certainly increasing your influence for good. Why devote more than a few lines to performances of familiar works anywhere? A performance of *The Messiah* or *Elijah*, *Carmen* or *Faust*, whether in London or Liverpool, should surely not receive more than a couple of lines in any serious music journal. The local daily press deals adequately with such every-day matters, and space thus gained would be really valuable if devoted to more enterprising efforts. Besides, all such performances are purely local in their influence and interest.—Yours, &c.,

S. MIDGLEY.

12, Oak Avenue, Bradford.

December 10, 1921.

TRAINING IN OPERATIC ART

SIR,—I was surprised to read in your December number that the excellent work of the Carl Rosa Opera Company had been achieved 'by people to whom the whole thing, as an art, is totally strange.' Further, to find it asserted that 'all this has been done "off their own bat," so to speak, because operatic art in this country is a branch our schools of music do not teach. The would-be operatic singer has to be thrown on the stage to sink or swim, supported only by such gifts as the gods may have endowed him with. He has no technique acquired in school to rely on . . . ' and so forth.

Your contributor may, of course, be using the expression 'as an art,' in some unfamiliar rhetorical sense, but if his statements are meant to be taken literally I must emphatically traverse every one of them. Operatic art a branch that the schools do not teach? This is indeed new hearing. I was under the impression that our schools of music all expended more time, skill, and money over serious opera than the limited demand justified. Certainly, of the two principal London musical institutions, one has taught it for ninety years, with an imposing list of brilliant students to its credit, and the other, during about a third of that period, has produced even more gratifying results in the way of semi-public performances of unfamiliar works. In the early 'thirties of the last century the Royal Academy placed before the world, fully trained, the two Seguin and their brides; during recent times there has never been a light or serious opera company without some members in it who have been trained, not merely as singers, but as operatic artists, within its walls. I refrain from giving names, for I should not know where to stop, but the D'Oyly Carte companies at least will not forget for how many brilliant artists they are indebted to the R.A.M., nor the Thomas Beecham Company (now being managed by an R.A.M. boy who has long made his mark), and the company which has made the 'Beggars' Opera' such a permanent success was at first almost entirely recruited from the same institution. To the Royal College, London owes some performances of Cornelius's *Barber of Bagdad*, Schumann's *Genoveva*, and other interesting operas, which challenge comparison with anything hitherto performed by the late Covent Garden Syndicate. Both schools, and also the Guildhall School of Music, have expended much money over the preparation of special stage accommodation in view of an expected 'boom' in opera, which thus far has not materialised. Meanwhile, it should be common knowledge that there is a sufficient, if not abundant, supply of adequately-trained operatic aspirants ready to step from the schools straight on to the public boards. Adequately trained, I say; the schools can, and do, give them proper technical training. An artist is made only by the experience which time, and time alone, supplies. Teaching institutions don't profess to stock geniuses.

I am not concerned to advertise anything or anybody, but I would ask Mr. Barrett to reconsider his words, and to do bare justice to the schools of music to which England is more heavily indebted than she is ever willing to admit.—Yours, &c.,

YOUR OLDEST CONTRIBUTOR.

13, Allion Road, South Hampstead, N.W.

December 3, 1921.

MUSICAL APPRECIATION

SIR,—I believe that the chief obstacle in the way of musical appreciation, so far as the average provincial concert-goer is concerned, is not so much lack of education or apathy as lack of acquaintance. We have heard a great deal about 'beastly tunes' and so on in the last few months, but I doubt whether the real reason for their popularity has yet been found. What appears to be the only satisfactory explanation is that these tunes, being simple and easily grasped, are at once apprehended and appreciated by the average 'unmusical' person, while more advanced works are rejected as 'too difficult.'

One of the most interesting and instructive occasions for the man who wishes to ascertain the real musical tastes of the masses is to mix among the enormous crowds that assemble at any of our great inland or seaside provincial towns, to 'hear the band' on Saturday afternoons or evenings. We all know the symptoms of rapturous enjoyment which pervade the crowd when the strains of 'The Lost Chord,' Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song,' Dvorák's 'Humoresque,' or even 'Un Peu d'Amour' are wafted on the breeze; the tapping toes that accompany the 'Sylvia' Pizzicato (usually played with fearful agility by a perspiring solo cornet); the murmuring voices that sing in undertones to the airs of 'The Gondoliers.' The superior critic may find it unworthy of his notice, but it is really of profound interest because the enjoyment is so obvious and so patently sincere. They are not trying to ape their more educated brethren; they are in their own element and completely free from affectation. And why do they like these works? Partly, no doubt, because they are tuneful, but chiefly, I am certain, because they know them as old and intimate friends.

And it is the same with concerts in a hall. We deplore the greater popularity of ballad concerts than that of more serious affairs. But the attraction of a ballad concert for the average man is the secure knowledge that the programme will contain at least one or two items that he knows, and that all the others will be so easy to grasp that he will always be able to recognise them after one or two hearings.

The only real remedy is repetition. The other day I attended a Beethoven concert at Edinburgh given by Lamond. The large audience was composed almost entirely of people who were evidently music-lovers rather than advanced musical experts. At the end of each of the three Sonatas, one heard such comments as 'Isn't that beautiful! I should like to hear it again.' There are many people who would willingly pay to hear great music repeated within a reasonable space of time from their first hearing. Is it too much to hope that one day a great artist—pianist, violinist, conductor, or organist—will announce a series of three or four subscription concerts of great music, the programme at each concert being exactly the same? It is only thus that the average musical amateur will really come to know and love the great masterpieces of music so that there shall be a popular demand for them. For the busy amateur who has no time to give long and detailed study to the scores of classical works, frequent hearing is the only method of becoming really familiar with such works. I believe, moreover, that the decrease in the size of an audience at such repeated concerts, caused by the absence of the dilettanti, the lukewarm, and the superior, would be more than compensated by the increase of real musical ardour and keenness, coupled with the sense of having achieved a real educational object.—Yours, &c.,

J. W. HUNTER BLAIR.

Faglescarrie, Haddington, Scotland.

November 14, 1921.

SCALES AND TONALITY

SIR,—Mr. Ainslie Hight, on pages 850-60 of the December issue, animadverts against Equal Temperament whilst adopting, for Just Temperament, 'the simpler ratio of the minor seventh (7/4)'—instead of its actual ratio 16/9. Apparently the fact was overlooked that this minute difference, 63:64 (which Helmholtz and Prout consider negligible), is nevertheless rather wider than the greatest difference between E. T. and J. T., viz., 1.666:1.681 at the

major sixth = 111:112. The ratio 7/4 is virtually an augmented sixth, 224/128 (225) where the minor seventh = 228.230/128. For your correspondent this surely is a very serious matter, for, if the ear is still to be more vitiated by J. T. than by E. T., wherewithal shall we be saved?

Something would appear also to have gone wrong with that part of the instruction where we are invited 'to feel the fourth (4/3) as the minor third of the supertonic (27/20).' Can Mr. Ainslie Hight have meant 32/27? There are obviously pitfalls in this field of knowledge.—Yours, &c.,

Chesham Bois.

GEORGE E. PRINCE.

December 8, 1921.

MODERN SCALES AND ACOUSTICS

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to the letter from Mr. J. E. Sainsbury in your December issue, in which he states that Prof. Rankine is 'at present experimenting at the Northern Polytechnic with apparatus by which he will be able to register the quality of a musical sound.' I must ask your courtesy kindly to correct this statement, as Prof. Rankine is on the staff of the Imperial College at South Kensington and has never carried out any experiments at the Northern Polytechnic. The confusion probably arose from the fact that he and I both read papers on the same day at the Convention of the Federation of British Music Industries held in 1920 at Scarborough.—Yours, &c.,

R. S. CLAY

(Principal, Northern Polytechnic Institute
Holloway, London, N.7.)

December 2, 1921.

WHY USE WORDS?

SIR,—The article by 'G. M. C.' contains many truths, but is yet not quite convincing. The writer says that he does not need to know German in order to enjoy a Brahms lied. No one does. The point is that such enjoyment is that of abstract music—not of a song *per se*. But it is the literary content of the song that supplies the composer's creative impulse, and this is handed on to the hearer, he the words banal or even 'Greek' to him. A song-writer has not laboriously to search for suitable words to set to his music, as 'G. M. C.' postulates. That is the method of the uninspired writer of pot-boiling stuff. Certainly neither Brahms, nor Schubert, nor Schumann, ever composed songs that way. 'G. M. C.'s' analogy of the picture and the frame is also a little unhappy. Artists do, in fact, paint to fit frames; but it is not the frame that inspires them: it is the phenomenon of nature to which their beauty-sense responds.

A song without words is therefore not a song proper. It is instrumental music—the voice being regarded as an instrument: and that is right and proper enough. Some years ago—in the days of your predecessor, Sir, I think—I submitted an article to the *Musical Times* on 'Wordless Opera.' But I was before my time; the 'difficulty of vocables' put the idea out of court. 'G. M. C.' disposes of that difficulty easily enough, and he also points out that in opera the eye co-operates with the ear, and thus apprehends the dramatic element. This was my point in the suggestion of wordless opera: words are substituted by pictures. Except by a fortunate accident, words are not much heard in opera; but the action is obvious to all, and by action I mean not only movement, but passion and emotion. Thus the necessary 'programme' for the music is secured. Opera is appreciated in no other way. The words are negligible except in the brilliant case of Gilbert and Sullivan—where, however, the objective is not upon the high plane of grand opera of the Wagner type.

That music and action can run in double harness without mutual disqualification is beyond dispute. Music need not be the handmaid, as in the cinema: it can be the mistress, as in the ballet. Let the thing be tried. If any composer would care to look at a scenario for wordless opera which I prepared when writing the aforesaid article, I should be flattered in acceding to his request. But I maintain that wordless songs are anomalous.—Yours, &c.,

Walden, Cheam, Surrey.

F. C. TILNEY.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

SIR,—It may interest you to know that now records of the old English Madrigals are procurable I was able recently to give a modest little gramophone recital of old English music to a few guests, much to their delectation. With the exception of Nos. 1, 4, and 6, it was possible to follow the music from printed copies, and with the help of Dr. Walker's book, Mr. Davey's book, and a copy of old Thomas Morley's book, we spent an enjoyable evening. We barred scratching of matches and the entrance of refreshments at importunate times, and I dislocated the wires of the night-bell—to my great content. I give you the programme of the music:

Solo Harpsichord	(1) 'Nobody's Giggle'
	(2) Three English Folk-Dances	Mrs. GORDON WOODHOUSE.
Song	'Have you seen but a whyte lillie?'	MISS ALMA GLUCK.
Madrigals	(1) 'Lullabye'	Byrd
	(2) 'Silver Swan'	Gibbons
	THE ENGLISH SINGERS.	
Solo Harpsichord	Gavotte	Purcell
	Mrs. GORDON WOODHOUSE.	
Song	'Arise, ye subterranean winds'	Purcell
	MR. ROBERT RADFORD.	
Solo Violoncello	Sonata in G minor	Eccles
	MR. W. H. SQUIRE.	
Song	'The lass with the delicate air'	Michael Arne
	MISS ALMA GLUCK.	
Part-songs	(1) 'When for the world's repose'	Mornington
	(2) 'By Celia's arbour'	Horsley
	THE GRESHAM SINGERS.	
Song	'Tom Bowling'	Dibdin
	MR. HARRISON.	
Part-Songs	(1) 'Hail, smiling morn'	Spofforth
	(2) 'Come, let us join the roundelay'	Beale
	THE SHEFFIELD CHOIR.	

The gramophone was an old horn-type, but with a 'top-hole' sound-box. You will naturally say, 'Ah, yes! A programme of old favourites.' Yes, I grant it; but it is a beginning, and it is not going to be the end.—Yours, &c.,
Seascale, Cumberland. R. T. RICHMOND
November 23, 1921. (Country Doctor).

THE MUSICAL PRESS

SIR,—You have intimated that my complete reply to your remarks of last month is too long, and has reached you too late, for inclusion in the present issue. Rather than hold over that full reply until your next issue I suggest that you insert this briefer one now. Personal friends as we are, it is, I think, distasteful to both of us to have a public discussion long continued—especially one on a point of ethics.

I am still quite opposed to 'dealing discreetly' with the reviews of goods advertised, 'making concessions however slight,' 'passing over the feeble ones,' and so forth. Pass over all feeble music if you like (as the *Music Student* does, or tries to do), but treat advertisers and non-advertisers exactly alike. This is a British way, and, I personally feel, the only honest way.

You make the point that any expression of this sort on my part is 'mere rhetoric' because (you say) the *Music Student* does not review music. But it does review books, and many authors and publishers could witness that it does so very bluntly and with no distinctions as to advertisers or non-advertisers. In reply to your suggestion I send you privately the name of a firm whose advertisements we completely lost by our policy of straightforwardness; but it is fair to say that this is, so far as I know, the only case, publishers as a body being quite sportsmanlike enough to appreciate the value of impartial reviewing.

Your strictures upon 'The Month's Best Music' are fully answered in the letter for which you have no room. Here I wish only to say that this feature is entirely in the hands of a very well-known musician, whose name is given at its head, in whom we have always had the greatest confidence, and whose reputation can take care of itself. The omissions of certain information mentioned by you are, as you know, unusual—probably due to a slip on the part of printer or proof reader. The lists do not vary in standard, according to the quality of the month's output, as you suggest (this would be absurd), but they do vary in length

according to that quality—all the way from a third of a page to a full page.—Yours, &c., PERCY A. SCHOLLES.

[We are at one with Mr. Scholes in a desire to end this 'much ado about nothing.' Meanwhile, we are not a bit ashamed of our slight and benevolent bias in favour of our clients. It is as British as the Scholesian ideal; it need be no less honest; and it is a good deal more human. We need hardly say that our 'strictures upon "The Month's Best Music"' were concerned with the system, not with the compiler of the list. In fairness to the *Music Student* we add that Mr. Scholes has convinced us that this system was not adopted with a view to evasion of any kind. We continue, however, to doubt its utility, for the reasons given in our December issue.—ED., *M. T.*]

Sharps and Flats

Mr. Algernon Ashton's prophecy of the future remembrance of those 'three of the most sterling musicians that have ever lived,' Hummel, Clementi, and Czerny, would have had more appearance of *vraisemblance* had he added that they will be remembered by people like Mr. Ashton.—*Kaikhosru Sorabji.*

She is touching every human motion in her song. At times she seems to sing away care; then, gently wooing an elusive strain that is almost fairylike, crescendoes into tragedy, going into a crashing climax that diminishes into an ending—searching, yearning, and wistfully sad. . . . What a sensation she would make in America with a little advertising!—*Charles Chaplin.*

I am convinced that we stand at the threshold of an overwhelming reaction in favour of German music in this country. It will go too far. It will do a lot of harm. But the reaction itself is not altogether unreasonable.—*Francis Töte.*

Heldenleben was preceded by the Bach-Elgar Fugue and followed by Holst's *The Planets*. It was a sandwich with the meat outside.—*Edwin Evans.*

The Bach-Elgar Fugue in C minor is a typical example of vandalism and bad taste, theatrical, pretentious, and pompous, recalling other public demonstrations of the instrumentator.—*Leigh Henry.*

I think we must admit that there is hardly any really great singing, and little enough good singing to be heard. . . . We have, of course, a few great singers, but they are passed or passing, and there do not seem to be any to take their places.—*N. B. S.* in *Musical News.*

Does 'N. B. S.' live in the backwoods of Mayfair that he dares to say that there is no good singing to-day? I am a little surprised that in a paper so sound as yours you should print such remarks as 'We have, of course, a few,' &c.—*Ursula Greville* in a letter to the Editor of *Musical News.*

Sabatini's Youth is the sort of work that makes you wonder why some people take to music when there is such a scarcity of good clerks and commercial travellers. . . . How many of these poor souls the critic meets with in a year's work. . . . Rarely does he show. . . . what he feels. . . . though I confess that one alleged singer a little while ago made me say, when I was asked my opinion of her, that I thought she would have made an excellent wife for Landru.—*Ernest Newman.*

Mr. Josef Holbrooke won considerable success at Munich with his orchestral concert of his own compositions on November 24. He conducted his *Bronwen* Overture and *Fantasia Wild-Fowl*, and was pianist in the *Gwynn-ap-Nudd* Concerto. The programme included Goossens's *Tam o' Shanter*.

Barclay's Bank Musical Society gave a choral and orchestral concert at Queen's Hall on December 15. Mr. H. W. Pierce conducted the choir in part-songs and madrigals, and Mr. H. J. Rouse conducted the orchestra in Wormser's *L'Enfant Prodigue* Suite, MacCunn's *Land of the Mountain and the Flood*, and Coleridge-Taylor's *Bamboula*.

G. E. R. Musical Society and Miss Dorothy Clark gave Brahms's Alto Rhapsody at Hamilton Hall on November 30. Dr. Stanley Marchant's setting of Arthur Locker's *Ode by a Christmas Pudding at Sea* was given for the first time.

Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times* of January, 1862 :

GIFT-BOOK, NEW.—Songs and Tunes for Education, edited by JOHN CURWEN. The Harmonies by JAMES TULLIE, Esq., Organist of Westminster Abbey. The Pianoforte edition in handsome cloth binding, with gilt title, price 2s. 6d. This work is the fruit of the Editor's residence in Germany. He collected books of music for young people in every town he visited. With the aid of Mr. James S. Stallybrass, the whole of this collection was analysed, and the choicest translated or adapted for English use. The Editor, however, never preferred a German piece when an English one would do as well. He aims to educate the feelings and sympathies of childhood by the habit of singing good songs. This he considers the proper office of music in schools. He takes care that the three school ages (childhood, boy- and girl-hood, and youth) are suited with songs on the following subjects: Country Scenes, the Seasons, Fancy and Humour, Kindness to Animals, Home Sympathies, Patriotism, Industry, Integrity, Religion, &c. There are two hundred and sixty-seven songs. This work will doubtless supersede the Editor's widely-known 'School Music' and 'School Songs.'

ORGAN PLAYING.—It is much to be regretted that in this great Metropolis—so rich in many things, so poor in more—there can be maintained no organ of the first-class in a locality more suitable than a factory, and more accessible than a church, which might on certain days of the week be exhibited by the best players as a settled attraction of London. This, it may be recollected, the 'Apollonicon' was for many years.—*Athenæum*.

WANTED, an ORGAN for a congregation of a thousand. Apply, giving dimensions, &c., to Ezra Miller, Grocer, Sunderland.

Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths:

A. W. MARCHANT, Mus. Doc., Oxon., at Stirling, on November 23, aged seventy-one. His book of *Five Hundred Fugue Subjects and Answers* was typical of the energy and thoroughness that for many years he put into valuable editing and compiling for the benefit of students. His text-books, too, were of great worth. His career as a church organist took him to Mansfield, London, Denver (Colorado), Sevenoaks, Huntingdon, Dumfries and Stirling. He composed music for church choirs and male-voice choirs, a number of two-part and three-part vocal pieces, and voluntaries.

CHRISTINE NILSSON (Dowager Countess de Casa Miranda), at Stockholm, on November 22, aged seventy-eight. As Madame Nilsson retired from public singing before her fiftieth year, it is only the older generation that will remember her great impersonations of Violetta, Marguerite, Ophelia (in Thomas's *Hamlet*), and Elsa. Her singing especially appealed by its charm and intensity combined with perfect coloratura.

GILBERT H. BETJEMANN, at the age of eighty-one. Violinist (in the Covent Garden orchestra of 1856) and teacher, he was a man of many friendships and had many memories of notable people of the last century. For some years, in his later life, he conducted the Highbury Philharmonic Society.

H. B. BRANDRETH, on December 3, at the age of fifty-two. As general manager of Carl Rosa Opera he did valuable work in developing and co-ordinating the work of the Company, and he endeared himself to all who came in contact with him.

JOSEPH LAUDY, founder and proprietor of Laudy & Co., music publishers. He was born at Sittard (Holland) in 1802, and came to London in 1886. He was for some years in charge of the foreign music department at Messrs. Novello's, at that time in Berners Street.

J. GEORGE MORLEV, on November 22, at the age of seventy-four. A maker of harps, he was moreover an enthusiast and an artist, and he had a wide circle of friends in the profession.

IVAN CARYLL, born at Liège in 1861, the composer of *Little Christopher Columbus*, *The Duchess of Dantzic*, and many successful Gaity pieces, often in collaboration with Mr. Lionel Monckton.

ROBERT TURNBULL, music critic of the *Glasgow Herald*, on November 17, aged fifty-five. His all-round knowledge, his breadth and penetration, and his clear, happy style, infused his writing with much literary charm.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS died at Algiers on December 16, at the age of eighty-six. An article dealing with his career will appear in our next issue.

ENGLISH SACRED FOLK-SONG

The new session of the Musical Association opened auspiciously on November 1 at 160, Wardour Street, with a paper by Dr. Charles W. Pearce, Director of Studies at Trinity College of Music, whose subject was 'English Sacred Folk-song of the West Gallery Period (circa 1695-1820).' After alluding to folk-song in general, the lecturer defined sacred folk-song as melodic settings of 'psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs,' which, having been continually on the lips of the people, became treasured in their minds and stored in their memories. Its origin took us back a long way. Dr. Pearce was inclined to believe that some phrases of ecclesiastical song may have become sufficiently popular in various ways to have been sung or hummed by the people. Ritual song was succeeded by the stately metrical tune of the Day and Ravenscroft period. A generation or two later a fresh type came into existence, in which the tunes were more free in rhythm, more florid in their melodic outline, and brighter and more cheerful in their general tonal atmosphere. This particular school of English sacred folk-song flourished during the century and a quarter from the death of Purcell to the death of George III.

The Wessex novels of Thomas Hardy contained many references to the Church music of that period. In 'The Loudicean' one of the characters recognises that an old tune, 'New Sabbath,' appertained to

'... the old west gallery period of Church music anterior to the great choral reformation and the rule of Monk—that old time when the repetition of a word, or half-line of a verse was not considered a disgrace to an ecclesiastical choir.'

The allusion here was to the late Dr. W. H. Monk, the first musical editor of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' His so-called rule—although largely anticipated by Turle, Goss, and Hopkins—was that which he persistently carried out of reducing the music to one dead level of rigidly uniform rhythm. Several tunes originally written in triple time were ruthlessly cut down to duple. All word-repetition and part-imitation were abolished; the square-cut four-part harmony was unrelieved by a rest for any voice. The 'great choral reformation' was the abolition of the west gallery choir of mixed-voices and unskilled orchestra, and the introduction of a more or less inefficient choir of men and boys in the chancel, accompanied by a harmonium or small pipe-organ.

The lecturer said he wanted to suggest that some of these old tunes were possible or even suitable settings of the mediæval office hymns translated by Neale. Sung to their proper plainsong melodies, many of which were extremely florid in character, these ancient hymns failed somehow to secure congregational participation. Sung to standard tunes—such as 'Melcombe'—the unfamiliar words challenged unfair comparison with popular hymns which by traditional usage had a prior claim to association with the well-known music.

Very often these old florid tunes had their orchestral preludes and interludes, and many of them finished with a vociferous Doxology. Such a tune was 'Falcon Street,' by Isaac Smith (1740 (?)-1800). Obviously the orchestras would vary considerably in the number and character of the instruments used from time to time. The return of some

bandsman invalided from the wars might have temporarily brought a trumpet into the west gallery for a Sunday or two. At any rate, in many of the old tune-books published during this period we found melodies distinctly founded on the familiar trumpet-harmonic series, as for example in 'Portsmouth New,' though, like many tunes of the present day, it really suited only the first verse of the hymn.

Let us take, say, ten tunes of the period, such as 'St. Bride's,' 'Bedford,' 'Rockingham,' 'St. Magnus,' 'St. James,' 'Melcombe,' 'St. Stephen's,' 'Abridge,' and 'Wareham,' which are constantly sung somewhere or other. They represented a home-made art-form as essentially English in its individuality as the glee and the anthem, and there was no need for us to worship the German chorale, which after all owed so much of its present popularity to the glamour of a great name like that of J. S. Bach. We had no name of that magnitude to back up our traditional sacred folk-song of the west gallery period; and indeed it was only within the last few years that prominent musicians—like the late Sir Hubert Parry—had recognised the fitness of so many of these grand old tunes of ours for choral prelude and other treatment for the organ after the manner of Bach. If we placed by the side of the above ten English tunes, ten German chorales selected from the 'English Hymnal,' we should be compelled to admit that the smooth, graceful elasticity of our native productions completely put into the shade the Teutonic stiffness and angularity of the square-cut melodies made in Germany.

After alluding in considerable detail to many tunes and tune collections, Dr. Pearce went on to animadvert severely on the present fashion of employing secular folk-song—especially that of Welsh origin—in the place of hymn tunes written as such. The 'English Hymnal' was full of secular importations. This practice conjured up most undesirable associations. Would it not be in every way better to make a more liberal use of sacred west-gallery melodies?

Illustrations to the paper were contributed by a small choir of ladies from Trinity College of Music, and there was a discussion in which the Rev. W. J. Foxell (chairman), Dr. Spooner Lillingston, Mr. Theodore Walrond, Dr. Froggatt, Mr. Herbert Westerby, and the lecturer took part.

A NOVEL PERFORMANCE OF *THE MESSIAH*

It is not often that a public school undertakes the production of a big oratorio, and if it does so, it is probably with the aid of a select choir, a very small orchestra or the organ alone providing the accompaniment. The idea of giving every boy in the School a part in the production is, to say the least of it, uncommon, if not hitherto unknown; and twenty years ago such an idea would have been laughed at. Yet this is what has actually been done at Oundle School, on Sunday, December 11, with a performance of *The Messiah*, in which every single boy in the School—some five hundred and thirty strong—had his part to play: surely a sign of the more important position accorded nowadays to music in the life of a big school.

A performance of *The Messiah* was first suggested by Miss Carrie Tubb (Mrs. Oliveira), whose son is in the School: and she not only promised herself to assist, but also undertook to bring other soloists. The performance having been decided on, Mr. C. M. Spurling, the director of music, hit upon and developed the idea of giving the audience a part in the singing.

At first the idea was almost staggering, but the apparently impossible was undertaken, with an amazingly good result. Both choir and orchestra threw themselves with spirit into their work, and soon began to get a real grip of it. What presented a somewhat bigger problem was the training of the 'non-choir,' i.e., all boys not in the choir or orchestra. Certain passages in some of the choruses had been chosen, in which they were to join as well as the regular choir—passages like: 'Wonderful, Counsellor . . . ' in 'For unto us a Child is born,' and 'King of Kings and Lord of Lords' in the 'Hallelujah' chorus. But the 'non-choir' responded

nobly, and soon knew its parts well. Of the actual performance a short account will perhaps suffice.

The first chorus, 'And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,' was sung with a good grip and swing, the 'non-choir' coming in with considerable effect in such passages as 'For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it' and 'All flesh shall see it together.' Of the solos it will not be necessary to speak in detail—they were given by Miss Carrie Tubb, Miss Margaret Balfour, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Norman Allin, and were immensely appreciated by the audience. The orchestral accompaniment was good throughout, but exceptionally so in Miss Carrie Tubb's solo, 'Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion.' The audience was greatly delighted by Mr. Norman Allin's reading of 'Why do the nations?' and 'The trumpet shall sound,' in which Mr. John Solomon played the trumpet solo. The other choruses sung were 'Oh, thou that tellest,' 'For unto us,' 'Glory to God,' 'Surely He hath borne our griefs,' 'And with His stripes,' and the 'Hallelujah.' The 'non-choir' took part in all of these, except 'Oh, thou that tellest' and 'Surely He hath borne our griefs.' The interpretation of the choruses was extremely good on the whole. They were a little spoilt by a tendency of certain parts to hurry—notably the tenors in 'And with His stripes'—and the reverse in a small section of the 'Hallelujah' chorus; but apart from these slight faults the choral singing deserves high praise. The entry of the 'non-choir' in the 'Hallelujah' chorus at 'King of Kings and Lord of Lords' produced a remarkably telling effect.

At the close of the performance the headmaster, Mr. F. W. Sanderson, addressed the audience. He expressed great gratification at the result produced, and complimented all those who had taken part. In recalling Miss Carrie Tubb's suggestion to him that the School should undertake *The Messiah*, he warmly thanked her and all those present for their help, and went on to express his gratitude to the conductor, Mr. C. M. Spurling, without whose indefatigable energy and direction the wonderful result could never have been secured. He also thanked the organist, Mr. G. W. Brewster (senior mathematical master), for the help he had given both in the performance and at the practices. Mr. Sanderson thought those present would be interested to know that the total time devoted to practices had been only about fifty hours. He also mentioned the fact that the performance had been transmitted to any stations within range by wireless telephony. A concert of gramophone music given in the Hall that afternoon had been heard at The Hague, two hundred and twenty miles away, and he hoped the evening's performance had likewise been heard. He named in this connection the boy who had worked untiringly at the wireless apparatus, H. L. Fletcher. Bouquets were then presented to Miss Carrie Tubb and Miss Margaret Balfour, and cheers were given in turn for the other principals. Miss Carrie Tubb addressed a few words to the audience, saying how extremely pleased she was with the result achieved. Mr. Ben Davies, speaking on behalf of the other soloists 'owing to his extreme youth,' told the School how pleased he was to be there helping in the production of this great work. He said he was sure they would always find pleasure in recalling the fact that they had sung in *The Messiah*, and he added, 'you will never forget this wonderful, majestic music.' Finally he congratulated every one upon the amazing result secured by so short a time of practice.

A. S. MACPHERSON.

THE ART OF THE BALLAD

By GERRARD WILLIAMS

Did you know that it is a very difficult thing to write a sentimental ballad? Until very recently I had imagined, from the profusion of the genus and from other symptoms, that to turn out best-sellers was far from being anything of an artistic achievement, and I dare guess that such has been your opinion also. Now, however, I have been converted, and the instrument of my conversion has been the perusal of an article on the subject in an esteemed contemporary. I

find that it is necessary for the ballad writer not only to possess the art of the every-day poet or composer, but also, through many tribulations, to be able to place his finger accurately on the pulse—sorry! I mean pulse—of the great public; and I am astounded at the realisation of the vast number of super-artists who have achieved this dual goal. But perhaps—this in your ear—there is a big conspiracy afloat to prove that we really are a musical nation, and the never ending stream of these popular songs is actually the output of a small handful of the elect writing under many different names?

The article in question deals mainly with the writing of the lyrics, but there are a few general observations provocative of deep thought. First, the would-be ballad writer must 'study the style of the popular ballads of recent times'; he will then discover that 'while there is much diversity of style and individuality in the different pieces, they are one and all imbued with simplicity and natural charm.' When he has passed through this difficult and laborious apprenticeship he is up against a burning problem, to be solved only by further travail, as to whether the words or the music should be written first. Our author is of opinion that only a 'talented minority' have the 'dual gift of poetry and music,' and that in any event most composers prefer to take the lyric as the first step. He then definitely confines himself to consideration of the difficulties in writing or selecting the lyric. In this matter there is not the blessed and easy-going freedom permitted in the case of ordinary songs; the ballad lyric is hedged round with all kinds of restrictions and essentials. There should not be more than three verses and a chorus; corresponding lines *must* be of equal length, as any irregularity of metre disturbs the rhythm of the music; a refrain should be sought for having a different metre from that of the verses. Clearly no small talent is needed to surmount such obstacles—any but the finest artists would be floored every time. Even the subject is arrived at by strictly defined laws; it must have a definite message (not too original, though), and contain 'a strong love interest, a human touch all through, and perhaps a note of pathos.' The lyric is of great importance, for 'no vocalist of any standing would condescend to sing a ballad the words of which were of a poor standard, no matter how beautiful the music might be.' *Sic transit* another common delusion—that such questions were a matter largely, if not entirely, of *£ s. d.*

It might have been thought that the difficulties already enumerated were sufficient, but our author goes on to remark that the demands of the music are even more exacting than those of the lyric. After a few generalities (referring to the various approved methods of composing—on paper, at the pianoforte, on the violin, &c., with a 'singer to try over the air before you go any further'), he leaves us with the promise of a subsequent article and expresses the hope that what he has already written may be of some value.

It is; so much so that I have succumbed to the temptation to try and anticipate some of the points in his next article. I may probably be wrong (I have not served the necessary apprenticeship), but I should like to try.

First, select a simple key in which to write, and from the collection of ballads which you have made during your study of the popular style choose a quantity in this key. This will give you an ample diversity of chords and progressions which you will be safe in using. If these ballads happen also to be in the same rhythm as the lyric you are setting, your task will be somewhat easier. But try not to let this last question bother you too much; you must remember that if necessary triple time can always be converted into quadruple by (for instance) repeating a crotchet in each bar or changing it into a minim. You will find there are two methods of working, dependent on whether you prefer to compose at the pianoforte (or on the violin, &c.) or on paper. In the former case you will have carefully to memorise all your chosen examples so that you can start playing at any given point; then take from them various fragments, fitting these together mosaic-wise to suit your lyric; and finally transfer the result to paper bit by bit. In the latter case you can dispense with the memorising and copy your assorted fragments straight on to the paper. This last is not so simple as it appears, for you

will probably find, when you come to play what you have written, that it will not fit together as well as you could wish and will need considerable re-shuffling of its component parts. It must be remembered that the air must be sufficient unto itself without any artificial aid from the accompaniment, and that you are restricted in the accompaniment to a definitely limited number of progressions (as exemplified in your models) to which the fitting together of your fragments must conform. As regards the air, there are also certain principles to be observed, chief of which perhaps is the necessity for a long-held high note at the end; and it has been found from experience that this is most effective on some such word as 'and,' 'of,' or 'the.' This is a hall-mark of success, and is one of the greatest factors in finding for the ballad its 'way into every home in England, from the lordly manor to the humble cottage.' The publisher looks at it lovingly, whether the ballad be otherwise good or bad, and it is often the touchstone in deciding whether he shall accept or reject a manuscript.

When you have surmounted all these difficulties, and the many others which our contemporary will shortly disclose, send a fair copy of the result to Charing Cross Road, or some other quarter where 'winners' are turned out, and then sit down and gather in your royalties till the time is ripe for another effort.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

An orchestral concert was given at Queen's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, December 7, the Principal conducting. The concert opened with Tchaikovsky's *Pianoforte Concerto* in B flat minor, the first movement of which was played with brilliancy and vigour by Miss Olga Thomas, while in the remaining two movements Miss Dorothy Rivett showed that she was the possessor of much musicianly feeling as well as an excellent technique. An interesting performance was that of the first movement of a *MS. Violin Concerto* in D, by Paul Beard—the composer playing the solo part. The work is one of considerable promise, the solo instrument being written for with both knowledge and skill. The vocal items included a *Recit. and Air* by Handel (Miss Dorothy Collins), *Hiawatha's Vision*, by Coleridge-Taylor (Mr. Roy Henderson), and *L'Adieu* from Tchaikovsky's *Joan of Arc*, sung with much dramatic power by Miss Hilda Neale. The other instrumental pieces were Elgar's *Cockaigne Overture*, of which the orchestra gave an admirable reading, and a lively *Rhapsody on Ukrainian Themes* for the pianoforte by Liapounow, brilliantly played by Miss Anita Harrison.

The Lent term opens on Monday, January 9. A course of four lectures upon the history of music during the middle of the 19th century will be given by Dr. H. W. Richards. The first lecture will be on Wednesday, January 25, in the Duke's Hall.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The following new subjects have been added to the Associateship examination for 1922: (1) *Pianoforte accompaniment*, (2) *elocution and declamation*, (3) *the teaching of aural training, sight reading, and musical appreciation*.

An excellent spirit pervades the work done by the operatic class. It is so arranged that different casts appear at different performances of the same opera; most of the operatic students thus get to know the work in its entirety. The third Act of *Carmen* has been given in the Parry Theatre in this way, the members of the two casts providing their own dresses and make-up. In the use of this latter they have been instructed by Mr. Cairns James. Mr. Adrian C. Boulton conducted the orchestra, which consisted of College students, and the opera was produced by Mr. Clive Carey.

The following have been awarded Exhibitions: Joan E. Spink, Lily E. Parker, Edna M. Garrard, Nora B. Townend (pianoforte), Henry S. Taylor (composition), and Lillie W. Morrison (violin). The London Musical Society's prize for singing has been obtained by Ursula J. Gale, and the Edmund Grove Exhibitions by Helen T. Young (organ) and G. M. Corry Smith (pianoforte). M. J.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

A most useful course of lectures by Mr. Alec Rowley on 'Music Teaching for Children' including 'Musical Appreciation,' have during the term covered the ground indicated by the following headings: General principles of teaching; Teachers' difficulties; Pupils' faults; Use of pedals in pianoforte playing; Expression; Graded pieces, &c. Teachers attending this course were given facilities for the practical application of their note-book and memory knowledge by means of the classes conducted by Dr. Warriner on Saturday mornings, the syllabus of which included lessons to children (instrumental and vocal) under supervision. Identical opportunities will recur from term to term, as it is proposed to continue both lectures and classes.

The first fortnight of December was a particularly busy one. In addition to the preparation for the usual fortnightly concerts at the College, students who were members of the chamber music class, the choir, and the dramatic class, worked hard for what proved a much appreciated combined concert at Steinway Hall; and it was quite delightful to watch the earnest interest taken by the members of the orchestral class (with the student soloists) in the finishing bi-weekly rehearsals for their Queen's Hall concert which took place on December 8.

On December 7 a pianoforte recital was given by Mr. C. Budden-Morris, a professor of the College.

The following awards have been made: Grosvenor Gooch Prizes, Alfred Gibbs and Gilbert V. Sutton; Messrs. Chappell & Co.'s Prize to May Gough; Talent medal to Lilian Mann; Nasmith medal to Frank Idris Bilbe; and the Dando medal to Francis J. Britton. This last medal results from a gift by the parents in memory of their daughter, a former scholar of the College. These prizes and medals will be presented on the occasion of the inaugural address to be given by Dr. C. W. Pearce, on January 11, who has chosen for his subject 'A Jubilee retrospect of the Foundation and Growth of Trinity College of Music, 1872-1922.' As may be gathered from this title, the College is now about to celebrate the fiftieth year of a successful career as a teaching and examining body.

The evidence of success in the matter of its scheme of Local (pupils') and Higher (teachers') examinations is accumulative, for we find that at centres both at home and abroad the number of candidates presenting themselves has increased from year to year. For instance, at the recent distribution of certificates which took place at Brighton, under the presidency of Councillor F. Mott Harrison, it was stated that at the March examinations a record for the centre had been made, and that far from this being in any way attributable to the lowering of musical knowledge standards or slackening of examiners' methods, the exact opposite was the fact. It was the high standard of musical training and the consequent value of the awards that had earned for the College examinations the esteem in which they were held by teachers and students of music. In this connection an interesting and far-reaching innovation may be cited. It consists of the practice of sending a selected few of the College scholarship holders to such functions as that mentioned above, with the special purpose of performing examination syllabus music. This was done recently at the Portsmouth centre, where Dr. C. W. Pearce gave a short introductory address.

Other centres at which influential meetings for the distribution of certificates have been held, were Birmingham (where Dr. E. F. Horner attended on behalf of the College), Glasgow, Southport, and Golders Green, London (where Sir John McClure, chairman of the College Corporation and headmaster of Mill Hill School, presided).

It is with pleasure that we record Mr. Alfred Mistowski's success in obtaining the D. Mus., Oxford, degree, for his early training was gained as a scholar at Trinity College.

The Mewton Choir, Melbourne, gave an excellent programme of unaccompanied music, under Mr. W. A. Laver, on November 9. The composers represented were Morales, Dowland, Morley, Wilbye, Atterbury, Purcell, Bach, Coleridge-Taylor, Bantock, and Elgar.

Music in the Provinces

BELFAST.—It is generally believed here that the Philharmonic Society's performance of the Choral Symphony, on November 25, was the first in Ireland. In any case, the performance was a good one, which reflected great credit on Mr. Geoffrey Brown, the conductor. On December 10, after a performance of *The Messiah* by the Philharmonic Society, Mr. Brown was presented with a clock and a sum of money in appreciation of his work.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Choral Union sang Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens* and Elgar's *The Spirit of England* on November 19, with Miss Emily Breare as soloist. The Orchestra played the *Kosamunde* Overture and Ravel's *Pavane for a Dead Infanta*. Mr. C. W. Perkins gave an organ solo—a Fantasia by an almost forgotten composer, C. E. Stephens. Mr. Richard Wassell conducted.—The City Orchestra's programme on November 27 included Gluck's Overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto (Mr. Paul Beard), extracts from Sullivan's *Tempest*, and Charpentier's *Impressions of Italy*. Mr. Appleby Matthews conducted.—Mr. Rutland Boughton's *Bethlehem* was given its first concert performance by the City of Birmingham Choir on November 28. Mr. Appleby Matthews conducted, and the soloists included Miss Dorothy Silk, Miss Mary Foster, and Miss Dorothy D'Orsay.—On December 3, the Choral Association, under its conductor, Mr. Joseph H. Adams, gave Boito's *Mephistopheles*, with Mr. James Howell, Mr. Walter Otley, Mr. Ronald Brooke, Madame Parkes-Darby, and Miss Mary Macqueen as soloists.—On the same evening the City Orchestra included in its scheme a couple of works by Arthur Bliss—*Rout* (Miss Grace Crawford) and the *Storm Music* written for *The Tempest*, conducted by the composer.

BOURNEMOUTH.—At the Symphony concerts during the past few weeks Mr. Dan Godfrey has given, in addition to more or less familiar works, Francesco Picciati's Pianoforte Concerto, *Poema Gregoriano* (with the composer at the keyboard), a new Pianoforte Concerto by Arthur Hinton (Miss Katherine Goodson), Malipiero's three Studies for small orchestra, Grieg's *In Autumn*, Sullivan's *Masque from The Merchant of Venice*, Svendsen's *Norwegian Carnival*, and the *Intermezzo* from *The Boatwain's Mate*, Dr. Ethel Smyth receiving a warm welcome on coming forward to conduct the last-named. Among the soloists who have been heard are Miss Marie Hall, Mlle. Juliet Folville, Siloti, Arnold Trowell, Albert Cazabon, and Lamond. Miss Vera Horton and Mr. Franck Mullings sang in a concert devoted to works by Granville Bantock.

BRADFORD.—Mr. William Baines gave a recital of his own compositions on November 24, at the Mechanics' Institute, the event being under the auspices of the British Music Society.—A young local pianist of promise, Mr. Geoffrey Tankard, played to a large audience on December 1 in an exacting programme, including Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Chopin's *Funeral March* Sonata, and a couple of Paganini-Liszt Studies.—At the Subscription Concert on December 9 Mr. Hamilton Harty obtained fine performances of the *Götterdämmerung* *Finale* (with Miss Agnes Nicholls singing the part of Brunnhilde), Strauss's *Don Juan*, Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade*, and Elgar's *Introduction and Allegro* for strings.

BRISTOL.—Verdi's *Requiem* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* were sung by the Choral Society at its second concert on November 19, with Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Phyllis Lett, Mr. John Coates, and Mr. Robert Radford as soloists. The orchestral work was the *Unfinished* Symphony. Mr. George Riseley conducted.—The New Philharmonic Society (Mr. Arnold Barter) drew a large audience to Colston Hall on December 3, when, as usual, the programme was off the beaten track: Bach and Saint-Saëns pianoforte duets by Misses Irene Scharrer and Myra Hess, some Boughton songs by Miss Dorothy Silk, and a couple of choral works, Walford Davies's *The Five Sayings of Jesus*, and Handel's *St. Cecilia's Day*. Miss Silk and Mr. Steuart Wilson were the

soloists. To mark the twenty-first birthday of the Society, and to show appreciation of Mr. Barter's work on behalf of modern music, the members have presented him with a grand pianoforte.

BROMLEY.—The Choral Society was in good form at its concert on November 29, when it was heard in an Elgar programme—*King Olaf*, and a couple of choral songs from the *Bavarian Highlands*. The soloists were Miss Sophie Rowlands, Mr. Walter Glynn, and Mr. Joseph Farrington. Mr. Frederic Fertel conducted.

CARLISLE.—On November 17 the Choral Society, with a band and chorus of two hundred and fifty, gave a successful concert in the Drill Hall, Dr. F. W. Wadely conducting. Miss Agnes Nicholls was the soloist in Schubert's *Song of Miriam* and Mendelssohn's *Hear my Prayer*. The main choral item was Elgar's *The Black Knight*. The orchestra played the *Eroica*.

CROSSHILLS.—The Choral Union sang *A Tale of Old Japan* and Stanford's *Songs of the Fleet* on November 26. Soloists: Miss Flora Woodman, Miss Emilie Chapman, Mr. William Laycock, and Mr. Frederick Taylor. Mr. Clement Waddington conducted a very successful concert.

DUBLIN.—Bach provided the bulk of the programme of a concert given on December 8 in aid of St. Ultan's Hospital—the B minor Violin Sonata (Captain Watson, violin, and Mrs. Ellen Duncan, pianoforte), the Concerto in E, and 'Slumber, Beloved' from the *Christmas Oratorio*, sung by Miss Baird, who also gave a group of songs by Mallison.

EDINBURGH.—The Dunfermline Choir (Mr. James A. Moodie) gave a finished performance of madrigals and part-songs in Usher Hall on November 19, the programme including Wilbye's *Thus saith my Chloris bright* and Walmisley's *Sweete Flowers*. Among the solo items was a Bach Prelude and Fugue for organ, played by Mr. H. T. Collinson. —The Paterson Orchestral Concerts opened their season on November 14, when the Scottish Orchestra under Mr. Landon Ronald gave a Beethoven programme, with Mr. Rosenthal as soloist in the *Emperor* Concerto. The second concert was devoted to Brahms and Wagner, and the third presented a more varied scheme—Beethoven's eighth Symphony, Rubinstein's D minor Concerto (Mr. Josef Hofmann), Ravel's *Mother Goose*, and works by Schubert, Turina, &c. The following week was again a blend of classical and romantic—a Mozart Symphony and Violin Concerto (Miss Jelly d'Aranyi), Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain*, Holst's *Beni Mora*, &c. Mr. Julius Harrison conducted the third and fourth concerts. —The Amateur Orchestral Society entered on its fiftieth year's work on December 6 with a concert at Usher Hall, Mr. Paul Della Torre conducting good performances of the *Magic Flute* Overture, Weber's *Jubilee* Overture, Grieg's Pianoforte Concerto (Mr. J. J. Imlay), and a work of his own, *The Death of Hercules*, the latter making a very favourable impression. —On the same evening the Edinburgh Trio (Mr. John Petrie Dunn, Mr. W. Watt Jupp, and Mr. Bernard Beers) gave a Beethoven concert, playing to an appreciative audience Trios in G major, E flat, and B flat. —The Bach Society had a crowded room on December 10 for its second concert of the season. The programme consisted of the Organ Toccata and Fugue in D minor, the Overture in D, and a couple of Church cantatas. Mr. Douglas Dickson conducted.

GLASGOW.—The Choral and Orchestral Union gave its fourth popular concert on December 3, at St. Andrew's Hall, a crowded audience showing keen enjoyment of fare that included Mozart's Symphony in C, the *Magic Flute* Overture, Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (Miss Jelly d'Aranyi), and Holst's *Beni Mora*. Mr. Julius Harrison conducted.

HASTINGS.—Purcell's *Dido and Æneas* was sung with great success on December 7 and 8 by the girls of St. Mary's Convent School, Baldslow.

HUDDERSFIELD.—The Holme Valley Male-Voice Choir gave its annual concert at the Town Hall on November 19, singing splendidly in Jenkins's *The Assyrian came down*, Walford Davies's *Storm Joy*, Boughton's *Little Billie*,

German's *O Peaceful Night*, Hegar's *Phantom Host*, &c. The soloists were Miss Megan Foster and Mr. Allen Fransella. Encores came thick and fast. Mr. Irving Silverwood conducted.

KEIGHLEY.—The Keighley and District Orchestral Society opened its season with a successful concert, playing Berlioz's *Marche Hongroise*, the *Egmont* Overture, Eric Coates's *Summer Days* Suite, a selection from *Iolanthe*, &c. Mr. Arthur Lloyd conducted, in the absence (through illness) of Mr. J. B. Summerscales.

KENDAL.—A successful recital was given in the Town Hall on December 1 by Mr. Osmond Davis, tenor, and Mr. Gerrard Williams, assisted by Miss Sybil Cropper. The programme consisted of five groups of songs and a group of Gerrard Williams's pianoforte works. Encores were frequent, so much so that Mr. Williams by request played a second group of solos.

KIDDERMINSTER.—The Choral Society deserves credit for getting off the beaten track and choosing such a work as Hamilton Harty's *Mystic Trumpeter* for its concert on December 1. Mr. James Coleman sang the solo. The orchestra played the *Hebrides* Overture, the *Entr'actes* from *Rosamunde*, and (with Mr. A. Chatfield at the keyboard) Guilmant's Organ Concerto. Mr. J. Irving Glover conducted.

LEEDS.—The Choral Union gave a splendid performance of *Hiawatha* on November 16, conducted by Dr. Coward. The soloists were Miss Caroline Hatchard, Mr. Sydney Coltham, and Mr. Arthur Cranmer, and the Leeds Symphony Orchestra rose to the occasion with the chorus. —Mr. Eugène Goossens was in charge of the Leeds Saturday Orchestral concert on November 19. The orchestra was heard to great advantage in the *Egmont* and *Prince Igor* Overtures, the *Peer Gynt* Suite, and Mozart's G minor Symphony. Mr. John Dunn gave a fine performance of the Elgar Violin Concerto, and some solos.

LINCOLN.—At the Lincoln Musical Society's annual concert on November 23, *Carmen* was very successfully performed under the direction of Dr. G. J. Bennett. The band and choir numbered two hundred and fifty. There was an overflowing and enthusiastic audience. At the final rehearsal of the chorus, Dr. Bennett was presented with a cheque for £50, in recognition of his twenty-five years' devoted service as conductor.

LIVERPOOL.—At the Philharmonic Society's concert on November 29, Mr. Eugène Goossens conducted a comprehensive programme ranging from Bach and Cherubini to Manuel de Falla (*Three-Cornered Hat* Suite) and Ravel (*La Valse*). M. Siloti joined the orchestra in the fifth *Brandenburg*, and also played the Schubert-Liszt *Wanderer* Fantasia. Mr. Mullings sang a group of Bantock songs. —The Post Office Choral Society did good work at its concert on December 7, singing especially well in Bantock's *Cruiskeen Lawn* and Elgar's *Weary Wind of the West*. The singers drew on Handel for the first half of their programme—a string of extracts from *The Messiah*. Mr. Arthur Davies conducted. —At the Crane Hall recital on the same evening Miss Monica Scott sang songs by Frank Bridge, Martin Shaw, Herbert Hughes, and other native song-writers. Miss Ethel Atwood accompanied, and played solos. —Humour in choralism is sufficiently rare to make the concert of the Wallasey Musical Society, on December 10, something of an innovation. Having sung the kind of music one expects such societies to sing, it proceeded to unbend with a chorus called *The Pump* (C. T. West), in which is satirised a parish council debate, with interruptions said and sung. Further amusement was caused by a performance of Roddie's *Jamie Shaw*, in which the words 'Jamie Shaw, lend me your saw,' are treated *alla oratorio*. Mr. Wilfred Shaw conducted. —The Rodewald Society's concert on December 12 was provided by the Catterall Quartet, which gave excellent performances of Quartets by Hadyn (G major), Franck, and Howells (*Lady Audrey* Suite).

MALVERN.—Mr. F. H. Shera conducted the opening concert of the Orchestral Society on December 1, capital performances being given of works by Mozart, Schumann, Howells, Vaughan Williams, and Quilter.

MANCHESTER.—Casals was evidently the main attraction at the Hallé concert on November 17. He played the Schumann Concerto and a Sonata by Sammartini-Salmon, with the inevitable Bach extra. The orchestral items were the *Barber of Seville* Overture, Casella's *Le Couvent sur l'Eau*, and Beethoven's fourth Symphony. Mr. Hamilton Harty conducted. The C. W. S. Choir concert on November 24 was notable for fine choral singing in Bantock's *Villon* Ballade and Balfour Gardiner's *Cargoes*. Miss Dorothy Silk and Mr. Harold Williams sang solos, and the Catterall Quartet played some Beethoven and Tchaikovsky. At the Hallé Concert on November 24 the Symphony was Tchaikovsky's No. 4. Mr. Josef Hofmann was the soloist in Rubinstein's D minor Concerto, also playing a group of pieces by Rachmaninov, Chopin, and Liszt. At the Brand Lane Concert on November 27 Sir Henry Wood conducted a programme that included the Overture and Venusberg music from *Tannhäuser*, the *Meistersinger* Overture, *Till Eulenspiegel*, the *Emperor* Concerto (M. Moritz Rosenthal), the *Peer Gynt* Suite, &c. Mr. Baguley Walters conducted the New Mills Subscription Concert on November 30, the programme including Tchaikovsky's fourth Symphony, and solos by Miss Olga Haley and Mr. Archie Camden (bassoon). Mr. Granville Bantock conducted his *Omar Khayyam* (Part I) at the Hallé concert on December 1. The soloists were Miss Phyllis Lett, Mr. Frank Mullings (who owing to illness was unable to sing more than a small part of his rôle), and Mr. George Parker. Mr. Hamilton Harty was at the pianoforte, and also conducted the performance of Beethoven's C minor Symphony that completed the programme.

MORLEY.—The Choral Society, assisted by a contingent of the Leeds Symphony Orchestra, sang effectively in *Samson*, on November 30, with an adequate group of soloists, and conducted by the Society's trainer, Mr. John Groves.

NEWCASTLE.—The V.M.C.A. Choral Society, two hundred strong, gave a good performance of *Elijah* on November 23. Mr. James M. Preston skillfully supplied the accompaniments on the organ, and Mr. Arthur W. Lambert conducted. The Newcastle and Gateshead Choral Union opened its thirty-fourth season on November 30, singing three movements of Bantock's *Vanity of Vanities*, Bach's *Come, Jesu, come*, and some Handel choruses. Miss Margaret Fairless—a native of Newcastle—played the Franck Sonata (with Miss Annie Eckford), and a group of solos. Mr. James Preston played organ pieces, and Mr. W. G. Whittaker conducted. The McConnell Wood Northumbrian Select Choir gave its second subscription concert on December 6, being heard to great advantage in part-songs by Elgar and Coleridge-Taylor. Mr. W. McConnell Wood conducted. The Glee and Madrigal Society gave its last concert of the year on December 8, before a crowded audience. It was a happy thought to mark the centenary of Callcott by singing a group of his glees. Mr. R. W. Clarke conducted. The Philharmonic Orchestra, at its concert on December 11, delighted a large audience with a varied scheme that included Vaughan Williams's *Wasps* Overture, the *Unfinished* Symphony, and Beethoven's G major Pianoforte Concerto (Miss Annie Eckford). Mr. Edgar L. Bainton conducted.

NOTTINGHAM.—Admirable choral singing was heard at the Albert Hall on December 3, when the two choirs trained and conducted by Mr. William Turner—the choir of the Philharmonic Society and the Ladies' Choir—joined forces at his annual concert.

OXFORD.—The Sheldonian Theatre was filled on December 4 when the Bach Choir, under Sir Hugh Allen, gave excellent performances of Bach's *Come, Jesu, come*, and Mozart's *Requiem*. Mr. Maurice Besley took charge during a spirited performance of Handel's G minor Organ Concerto, with Dr. W. H. Harris at the keyboard.

PORTSMOUTH.—The Philharmonic Society flew at high game on December 8, when it was heard in Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony*, but the excellence of the performance showed that the singers had not been unduly ambitious. The programme included also Stanford's *Songs of the Fleet*. The soloists were Miss Grace Crawford and Mr. Clive Carey. Mr. Hugh Burry conducted a fine evening's work by all concerned.

RAUNDS.—The Wesleyan Choral Society (conductor, Mr. W. W. Hall) successfully presented *Elijah* on November 17. The soloists were Miss Florence Mellors, Miss Edith Furnedge, Mr. Leonard Lovesey, and Capt. Horace Stevens.

RIPON.—The evergreen *Maritana*, eked out by miscellaneous items, received an excellent concert performance by the Choral Society on December 9. The principals were Madame Mabel Tomlinson, Miss Emily Fieldhouse, Mr. John Perry, Mr. Reginald Shackleton, and Mr. E. Woodhouse. Mr. R. Pfaff conducted. The hall was packed, and many people were turned away.

ROCHESTER.—Beethoven's Choral Symphony was introduced to this part of Kent on November 23, when the Choral Society gave an admirable performance under the baton of Mr. Hylton Stewart. Mr. W. H. Reed was the leader of the orchestra, which included a contingent from the L. S. O. The soloists were Miss Florence Mellors, Miss Elsie Chambers, Mr. Hubert Eisdell, and Mr. Samuel Mann. The programme was completed by *Leonora* No. 3 and *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast*.

SALISBURY.—A Choral Society of about a hundred and fifty voices has recently come into being. It gave its first performance at the Cathedral on December 7 to an audience of three thousand, Dr. Alcock conducting a fine performance of *The Hymn of Praise*. The new choir, which has the backing of the Orchestral Society, has started its career in most auspicious style. Something of what is due to Dr. Alcock was expressed at the final rehearsal when he was presented with a cheque from the members of both societies.

SHREWSBURY.—The Philharmonic Society opened its third season on December 8 with *The Golden Legend*, Mr. F. G. Rowland conducting. The solos were sung by Miss Laura Evans-Williams, Miss Elsie Chambers, Mr. John Terry, and Mr. Harold Williams. The band was drawn chiefly from the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra.

Musical Notes from Abroad

BERLIN

The eighth Fortbildungskursus für Schulgesang in the old Meistersinger town of Nuremberg was visited by teachers, organists, choirmasters, and chorus-masters, along with academic and practical musicians from all parts of Germany, as well as from Sweden and Finland, who sought and obtained instruction and suggestions. He who came not as a fanatic adherent to any method but as an inquirer, returned satisfied and the richer by what he had seen and learned. The director of the course was Oberlehrer Joseph Schubert, singing-master at the Girls' High School at Nuremberg.

The Protestant Church Music Society for the province of Saxe has held a large Church music Festival at Halle. The chief attraction was the performance of a new play, *Der Thomaskantor*, by Arnold Schering. The author chooses Bach's fifty-third birthday for the time of the action. This permits the introduction of the Cantor's wife, his children—especially Friedemann and Philipp Emanuel—his friends, pupils, and enemies. Intense historical study was demanded in the writing of the play, and the Leipzig life and

atmosphere of 1737 have been reproduced. The musical portions are all chosen from Bach. The work was presented by professors and students of the University of Halle.

Musical culture at Darmstadt has progressed for three years under Herr Balling, and concerts are now well attended and economically run. At his last concert Herr Balling produced two novelties. An Orchestral Suite from Richard Strauss's *Bürger als Edelmann* was sometimes easy to follow and sometimes puzzling. Its dramatic basis seemed to spoil it as concert music. A Violin Concerto in G minor, by Arnold Mendelssohn, proved a valuable addition to the repertoire. It has sincerity, melody, and life. Herr Drumm (leader of the orchestra) played it magnificently.

A Life of Brahms, by Walter Niemann (Berlin: Schuster & Löffler), is new in so far as the author has written a fearless critical study. The book contains an arresting biography and a valuable analysis of Brahms's works.

In performing *Ariane et Barbe-bleu* of Maeterlinck and Dukas the Aachen town theatre did not so much desire to build bridges as to show characteristic specimens of Western art. This work is interesting, but it does not warm. The German does not love gentle contours; he longs for dramatic life.

A novel experiment was made at the last concert of the Berlin Philharmonic Society, by providing all string players from the first violin to the contra-bassist with instruments that had been improved according to the Ohlhaver Veredlungsverfahren. The inventor, who does not divulge the process, claims that he can give to any ordinary fiddle the tone-quality of the old Italian violins. He has on several occasions submitted his invention to professional players, with, in almost every instance, astonishing results. At the above concert it had to be acknowledged that the string tone was, at any rate, not less powerful than when the members of the Society played on their accustomed instruments.

Bayreuth is in danger of being a thing of the past. The festival plays that before the war had achieved a high degree of perfection, cannot be carried on unless funds are forthcoming to lighten the responsibility of Wagner's descendants. The sum of three million marks is urgently needed if the performances are to be renewed in the summer of 1923. Those who purchase 'Patronatscheine' from the Richard Wagner Verein, Leipzig, will enjoy special advantages.

Another appeal comes from Eisenach, where the house in which Johann Sebastian Bach was born is in urgent need of restoration. It is feared that it may be necessary to pull it down unless money is immediately subscribed for repairs. The house, built in the 17th century, contains the Bach museum, with its many priceless treasures. Contributions towards a restoration fund should be sent to Prof. Straube, organist, Leipzig.

F. ERCKMANN.

PARIS

Despite the deplorable conditions prevailing—which are accurately described in the quotations from Louis Laloy and L. C. Battaille in last month's *Musical Times* (page 838)—concerts of all kinds are taking place in ever-increasing numbers. The wealth and variety of modern works performed speak volumes for the faith and industry of concert-givers.

At the Concerts Colonne the principal modern works have been: *Le Conciliabule des Fleurs*, a short tone-picture by D. V. Fumet; Fanelli's *Impressions Pastorales*; Pierné's *Paysages Franciscains*; and *Le Chant de Schéhérazade*, by Mario Versepuy. The excitement caused a few years ago by the 'discovery' of Fanelli, who was living unknown and poor in a suburb of Paris, and the subsequent performance of excerpts from one of the numerous symphonic works he had written, will perhaps be remembered. Whether he is interesting as a precursor only, or whether his works will survive, is difficult to decide from the five pieces now performed. Pierné's *Paysages Franciscains* proved very delightful.

At the Concerts Lamoureux were played on December 10 three fine Chorals by Kœchlin, and on December 4 a Suite by Nivard. Among other examples of contemporary French music recently performed have been Ravel's *Tombeau de Couperin* in orchestral form and d'Indy's Trilogy *Wallenstein* (Paxeloup), and Louis Aubert's *Habanera* (Conservatoire).

Koussevitzky's concerts at the Opéra have provided a good deal that is attractive: among other things Honegger's *Horace Victorieux* (its reception in the Press was very mixed), a fine choral work written in memory of the heroes of the great war by Kastalsky, and Moussorgsky's *Rout of Sennacherib*.

It is when turning to recitals and chamber concerts that one finds it difficult to omit no event of importance. The Parent Quartet at the Salon d'Automne, the Œuvre Inédite at the Salle Touche, the Revue Musicale at the Vieux-Colombier, the Heure Musicale at the Salle Gaveau, the Société Musicale Indépendante (S.M.I.) at the Salle Pleyel, the Samedis Musicaux at the Salle Albert I., along with countless soloists or groups in every concert hall large and small, are doing excellent work, and it is impossible to acquire the remotest idea of the true musical life of Paris unless one follows all these events pretty closely.

To show how difficult and how important it is to do so, a few of the contemporary works, French and foreign, performed recently, may be named: Grassi, Pianoforte Suite, *Les Aquinoxes* (Œuvre Inédite); Milhaud, Violin Sonata (Parent) and *Poèmes Juifs* (Bertha Albert); Roussel, songs, pianoforte pieces, and chamber works (Parent); Poulenc, *La Hestiaire* (Revue Musicale) and *Le Gendarme Incompris* (Wiener concerts); Migot, *Mouvements d'Eau*, for string quartet, and *Blair Fairchild*, *Persian Songs* (S.M.I.); Marcel Bernheim, *Poèmes Arabes* (Heure Musicale); A. Kulmann, Violin Sonata (Samedis Musicaux); Bartók, Pianoforte Suite, Op. 14 (Wiener concerts); Schönberg, *Pierrot Lunaire* (Wiener concerts—the method rendered famous by Bülow's duplicate performance of a Brahms Symphony was, not unwisely, resorted to); and, on various occasions, works by new-comers such as L. Bousserrez, G. Bas, A. Tansman, Marguerite Canal, &c.

As regards British music, the list is not particularly rich. Let us record, however, a performance at the Salle Pleyel of Ireland's Pianoforte Sonata, by Lawton.

Excellent concerts have been given by Blanche Selva (pianoforte works by Bord-s, de Séverac, and Albeniz); Vera Janac-pulos (French and Russian songs, Koussevitzky's Concerto for double-bass, played by the composer); the Chanteurs de Saint-Gervais (choral music and part-songs, ancient and modern); Jane Küllerath (contemporary French songs); Yvonne Péan (contemporary French songs and chamber music). Considerable interest attached to the concert given in order to introduce new bowed instruments constructed by a French luthier, Léo Sir. These are intended to take place above and between the usual five, and comprise a 'super-soprano' whose pitch is higher by one-fourth than that of the violin, a mezzo-soprano, a contralto, a tenor, and a baritone (both playing one octave lower than the viola), and a bass playing two octaves below the violin. The new timbres thus provided have induced composers such as Milhaud, Mariotte, Honegger, and others to write works where those instruments are used together with violin, viola, and violoncello. More cannot be said within the compass of this column.

A. BOLD.

ROME

The Augusteum (the city's chief temple of art, as Romans love to style it) fell on evil days when it was lent to the Fascists for their third congress at the beginning of November. These earnest politicians had a grand time in the theatre. They built fires on the stage, and fed them with the gilded seats of the orchestra stalls, shattered electric lamps in the dome with revolver shots, and explored the inner mysteries of the organ. The total damage has been estimated at about two hundred thousand Italian lire, and naturally, the opening of the winter concert season has been delayed. Nevertheless, it was hoped to begin on December 13; and the *cartellone* has been published, with

announcements of promised visits from Nikisch, Albert Coates, Walter Bruno, Vaclav Talich (the Bohemian), Kurtwangler, Carl Flesch and Albert Spalding (violinists), Rosenthal and Casella amongst the pianists, and Bossi and Nadia Boulanger amongst the organists. Mr. Coates's visit promises to be interesting, seeing that he is to conduct works of Purcell, Delius, and Holst. And apropos of Purcell, the organist of the Lateran confided to me recently that he is preparing a programme of organ music of English composers of the 16th and 17th centuries. A good sign of widening views—may good fortune wait upon his venture.

The programme of the Costanzi also promises many good things. The novelties announced for the season are *Romeo and Juliet* of Zandonai, *La Grazia*, of Michetti, *Isabella Orsini*, by the Florentine maestro, Renato Brogi, and *Emiral*, by Bruno Barilli, the well-known critic of the *Tempo*. The Italian operas represented will be *Tosca*, *Falstaff*, *Rigoletto*, and Puccini's *Trittico*, *Andrea Chénier*, *Barbière*, and *Hallo in Maschera*, along with Mascagni's *Marat*. Foreign opera will include *Die Meistersinger* and *Tannhäuser*, *Rosenkavalier*, and *Boris Goudonov*. Amongst the conductors to visit the Costanzi are Fritz Renier, of the Dresden Opera, Mascagni, Zandonai, and two new Italian maestri, Vincent Belleria and Gabriel Sanfina.

LEONARD PEYTON.

TORONTO

The season here is now safely under way, musician, music-lover, and the general public having had ample opportunity during the past two months to satisfy variable or precise taste, as the case may be. From a novelty point of view, the Scotti Grand Opera Company's production of Leonini's *L'Oracolo* (first performed at Covent Garden in 1905) and Massenet's *La Navarraise* attracted a good deal of interest. The intensity of characterisation displayed by Antonio Scotti himself in the part of Chim Fang will not easily be forgotten. The other operas given were *La Tosca*, *La Bohème*, and *The Barber of Seville*. Alice Gentle, Joseph Hyslop (Chicago Opera Company), Stracciari, Martino, Mario Laurenti, Queena Mario, Anna Rosella, Italo Picchi, and Angeles Ottein were worthy of particular notice.

Chamber music has been specially favoured by the first appearance in this city of the Letz String Quartet (in conjunction with the new Chamber Music Society) and the second of the London String Quartet, which is on tour in America. Most interesting was the difference in programme and style of the two bodies—the one delicate, artistic, and dainty, yet giving a sound reading of the works, the other bold, manly, yet refined, with a masterful interpretation as remarkable as it was perfect. The English critics need have no fear that this Quartet is deteriorating. In its present condition it will always satisfy an appreciative audience.

The first two of Mr. Campbell McInnes's Nine O'clock recitals were particularly well attended and appreciated. The series of four comprise 'The Art Song from the 15th to the 18th century,' 'Folk-Song (Traditional Ballads, Songs, and Melodies of the British Isles),' 'The Polyphonic Period (Bach),' and 'Schubert's song-cycle, *The Winter's Journey*.' Both as an education and as a lesson in interpretation this series is creating a deep impression.

Concert recitals have been given by Madame Louise Homer and Miss Cora Chase, Madame Galli-Curci, Henri Czaplinski (of the Hamburg Conservatory), Ferdinand and Madame Fillion (of the Toronto Conservatory), Paul Kochanski, Arthur Friedheim (of the Canadian Academy), Madame Helen Stanley and Edmund Burke, Madame Lazzari and Bauer.

A concert under Mr. Damrosch on November 9 provided Rachmaninov's second Symphony, *Le Rouet d'Omphale*, *Tannhäuser*, and the *Andante* from the String Quartet in A (Op. 8, No. 5) of Beethoven. Miss Bertha Crawford, a promising young Toronto *coloratura*, showed a distinct and unusually refined style in the hackneyed 'Caro Nome' from *Rigoletto*.

In conclusion a few words about the new Chamber Music Society would perhaps be of interest. At the end of last season the organization was formed under the presidency of

Mr. Vincent Massey, and the direction of the leading musicians of the city, both professional and amateur. Local artists are to be heard in all except two concerts each season. This year the Letz and the Flonzaley Quartets are the visitors. It is a rule at each general concert that a work of a modern British composer be heard. Last year Frank Bridge and Dr. Healey Willan were the favoured. A practice room and library are in course of preparation.

Rehearsals of the following organizations are now in full swing: The Mendelssohn Choir (Mr. H. A. Fricker), the National Chorus (Dr. Albert Ham), and the Oratorio Society (Dr. Edward Broome).

NEW YORK

While certain minds are exercised with the question 'Who will take Caruso's place?' it would seem that his share of popularity has fallen upon the soprano, Amelita Galli-Curci, whose first appearance at the Metropolitan made a sensation.

The more critical music crowd waited for the premiere of Korngold's *Dead City*, presented at the first matinée. This opera was first heard at Vienna about two years ago, and since then it has been given a number of times in smaller cities on the European continent and has met with partial but not overwhelming success. The same verdict has been pronounced at New York. For a boy of twenty it is certainly a remarkable composition, but its remarkable qualities are principally disclosed by his knowledge of *how to do it* and not by what he has done. His erudition is boundless. He shows an intimate acquaintance with the great masters of composition who have preceded him, but originality on his part is not the result. A master of orchestration, he has twined and intertwined phrases and ideas of one composer after another in a marvellous way, with no clear and definite idea of Korngold himself left on one's mind. The vocal part of the score is tremendously difficult. The rôle of Marietta was so well sung and acted by Mlle. Marie Jeritza (who created the part at Vienna) that one must acknowledge the success of the new singer to be far greater than that of the opera itself. The rôle of Paul (the lover who sees in Marietta a reincarnation of his dead wife) was entrusted to Mr. Orville Harrold, who did wonderfully well considering his various handicaps, not the least of which was his being unaccustomed to sing in the German language.

The *Dead City* was the first opera to be given in German at the Metropolitan since that tongue was barred in 1917, and it was quickly followed by a performance of *Tristan und Isolde*, given also in German. Its fine performance last year in English will be remembered. The cast of last season reappeared—Matzenauer, Gordon, Semlach, and Whitehill, two Americans and two Germans, and Miss Gordon had to re-learn her part, having never sung Brangäne except in English. To those who, like the writer, believe that every opera should be given in the language of the country where it is performed (as is done in Germany and in Italy), it seems a great pity to put *Tristan* back into German again. Perhaps it was done to satisfy the clamour of the German element among music-lovers; but Germans who make their home here should first and foremost be Americans, and make no demands and ask no favours of that kind.

In the concert halls the two pianists who have attracted the most attention are not newcomers, but old favourites reappearing after long absences. William Bachaus last played here eight years ago, and although he then received almost unstinted praise from his most critical listeners, yet he has climbed still higher on the ladder of fame. His sincerity and modesty remain unchanged, and are even more remarkable in the face of almost insurmountable technical difficulties which he conquers with absolute ease as if the word 'difficult' was unknown to him.

Ernest Schelling returns to us after an absence of four years of war duty, but neither the roaring of guns nor life in the trenches has dulled his brain nor stiffened his fingers. He was an artist of the first rank before he left us, and his forced retirement from his pianoforte has but served to increase his artistic ability. In his able playing of compositions by Bach, Schubert, and Chopin he also showed

that he possesses a rare sympathy with and understanding of Spanish music. He was heard in compositions by Enrique Granados.

A Caruso Memorial Concert was given at the Metropolitan Opera House on the afternoon of Sunday, November 27. The house was sold out at opera prices, and the receipts—about 12,000.00 dollars—were given to the Verdi Home for Aged Musicians at Milan. A bronze bust of Caruso was unveiled and presented to the Metropolitan, on behalf of Mrs. Caruso. (It is sad to have to confess that the bust bears no resemblance to the great tenor.) M. H. F.

Miscellaneous

At Timaru, N.Z., on October 13, the Orpheus Choir, under Mr. A. W. V. Vine, sang Elgar's *After many a dusty mile*, Lee Williams's *Song of the Pedlar*, and many other part-songs.

The Index of Volume lxii. (January to December, 1921) of the *Musical Times* is now ready, and can be had, post free, by subscribers, on application to the publishers.

H.R.H. Princess Beatrice has been pleased to accept a copy of Madame Agnes Larkcom's book, *The Singer's Art*.

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ALBERT SAMMONS

The Musical Times

AND SINGING-CLASS CIRCULAR

FEBRUARY 1 1922

BRITISH PLAYERS AND SINGERS:

II.—ALBERT SAMMONS

Perhaps the most interesting phenomenon about contemporary British music is the gradual breaking down of long-standing prejudices which impeded the way of the active musician and gave rise to those facetious legends about England—the country which supports the largest number of concerts and is the best customer of the musical publisher—being ‘not musical.’ The first prejudice to go concerned pianoforte playing. After Lamond, Fanny Davies, and Leonard Borwick it was no longer possible to suggest that English fingers could not perform nor English brains understand great classical conceptions. Then came the turn of composition, and the triumphs of Elgar amongst the dictators of musical taste in Germany at the beginning of the century set finally at rest another mischievous fallacy. The last prejudice to fall related to violin playing, and this achievement is undoubtedly due to Albert Sammons.

Albert Sammons comes of a family of musicians. He learnt to play the violin from his father and his brother. Apart from a few lessons from Ferdinand Weist Hill, and half-a-dozen lessons from John Saunders, he has never had advice or instruction from anybody. He owes his present eminence mainly to natural aptitude and to his unusual powers of observation, as his playing amply demonstrates, for he has none of the tricks of style which enable the listener to identify the particular school to which the player belongs. That is perhaps one of the reasons why, on the whole, recognition has come to him long after it was due. There is this to be said for Continental institutions: the machinery for ‘spotting’ talent or genius at an early age works more efficiently than it does with us. A single excellent performance of Goldmark’s Violin Concerto was enough to establish the young Rose high in the opinion of his countrymen. Nor was it long before Willy Hess or César Thomson, excellent though not supreme players, were honoured in their own country as they deserved to be. Albert Sammons instead began his career in the ranks of the orchestra. He was not long there—fortunately, for our credit’s sake. Sir Thomas Beecham, who had engaged him, had a quick eye and ear for a good player, and when he made his arrangements for the next season he offered Sammons the leadership, which was accepted.

SAMMONS AS ORCHESTRAL LEADER

Never before had a British orchestra had such a leader. It was not only that his great technical skill enabled him to play with exceptional charm of tone and finish the solos which fell to the

lot of the ‘first fiddle.’ Sammons possesses all the other qualifications of a leader which are infinitely rarer than the ability to play a little solo effectively. A leader must, above all things, be a good musician, and understand not only his own instrument but the difficulties and problems of all his colleagues, for he is often asked to act as deputy for the conductor, and always acts as liaison officer between the conductor and the most important orchestral department—the strings. Sammons’s early and close connection with music and musicians must have given him special advantages in this respect. It is sometimes of distinct benefit to be *un enfant de la balle*. But still in another sense Sammons made an ideal leader. There are some violinists who appear to be playing to themselves; there is the second class of those who give an impression of playing merely for the sake of the audience; yet a third class exists—less numerous—of violinists whose playing affects first and directly their own colleagues. The best orchestral leaders are all drawn from the last category. Sammons has in an unusual degree the power of making his individuality felt in such a way as to inspire other players to do their best. This phenomenon may be noticed when he plays accompanied by the orchestra under a good conductor. It is evident when he leads a quartet. It was one of the features of his term of leadership of the Beecham Orchestra. Monteux, who conducted the first Russian Ballet, knew him at once for what he is, and engaged him to lead the Dieppe Symphony Orchestra in 1914. It was of course inevitable that so distinguished a soloist should, in time, abandon the leader’s desk and devote all his time to solo work; but our orchestral loss is irreparable.

While he was with the Beecham Orchestra Sammons had also one or two exceptional opportunities for proving his worth as soloist. When *Ariadne auf Naxos* was first given in London under Sir Thomas Beecham the important and difficult task assigned to the solo violin was performed by Sammons in a way that delighted all who knew what good playing is. Accepted as a leader of very exceptional skill, Sammons had yet to be acknowledged as a soloist. His gifts were known and appreciated by the few, and his performance of Saint-Saëns’s B minor Concerto at a Patron’s Fund concert at the Royal College of Music was so successful that he was asked to play it again in the presence of the composer at a concert which was patronised by the King and Queen. But some prejudice had still to be overcome before he could come into his own. The London String Quartet however—which Sammons led for nine years—showed for the first time that in this field, as in many others, British instrumental players were equal to the best that the Continent could produce.

THE LONDON STRING QUARTET

The London String Quartet was a challenge to public opinion. Quartet playing has long been

regarded, and justly, as a field reserved for the aristocrats of the instrumental world. The dash and the tricks of style which count for so much on the platform when a meek accompanist or a humbled orchestra follow the soloist's dictates are as nothing when it comes to quartet playing. The leader is matched by performers of equal or very nearly equal skill. The repertory consists almost entirely of music which on account of its rarer beauty and depth must always appeal much more to the select few than to the many. Its performance demands, above all, finish of execution and perfection of detail, for there is no chance whatever of a flaw passing undetected. Thus when Messrs. Sammons, Petre, Warner, and Warwick-Evans first appeared before the public as a quartet they were claiming right of admission into the very citadel of the most exclusive classicism. And they were appealing to exacting judges. Seekers after sensationalism are never attracted by string quartets. The success was immediate and decisive. The exclusive judges frankly and liberally acknowledged the great merit of the four young English performers. Only as soloist Sammons yet had to wait for his opportunity. That opportunity came with the War.

SAMMONS IN THE GUARDS

The events of 1914 are so recent in the memory of all that there is no need to recall the parlous conditions of music after war was declared. Music, which later gave solace to so many weary warriors and restored health to a few—its possibilities as healer have only begun to be appreciated—was set aside for a while as a luxury, and the first concerts were tolerated rather than welcomed as a demonstration that business could be carried on as usual in spite of the worst the enemy could do. When later it became evident that music could still claim a share, however modest, in the life of the community at war, another difficulty sprang up—who could take the place of the performers Germany used to supply not gratis, indeed, but in such large quantities? It was then that Sammons came to the fore and revealed himself to the great public. Every appearance brought home more definitely the fact that he is not merely a good, but a master violinist. He played the Elgar Concerto ('the best violin music in existence,' said Sammons), which nobody had touched after Kreisler, in a way that enthralled the composer as well as the audience. He brought out the Delius Concerto, playing from memory and with ravishing ease a composition more difficult to memorise and, in some ways, more difficult to play, than any other work in existence. He himself believes that the concert at which the King and Queen were present marked an epoch in his career. But it is certain that the great public only realised his qualities after the memorable performance he gave of Elgar's Concerto, under the conductorship of the composer, at Queen's Hall. That event set the seal on his reputation.

When it became evident that victory was only possible if we had on our side not only right but also the big battalions, Sammons joined up, having the honour to be chosen for the Grenadier Guards. He passed well the medical test, but when training at Caterham Camp became intensive a marked tendency to rheumatism revealed itself. He was sent amongst the musicians, and given a clarinet to play upon. History does not say whether he excelled with this instrument as he does with the violin, or whether the sergeant-major offered him assistance in deciphering musical notation. Later he went with the band to Paris, and the Parisians had the pleasure of hearing one of the greatest violinists of his time play the clarinet.

COMPOSER AND TECHNICIAN

Comparatively few people who are not violinists or quartet players know Sammons the composer. Yet his *Fantasy* Quartet won the prize at a Cobbett competition, and has been very warmly received in the concert-room. Sammons, however, is modesty itself about his compositions. In showing the score he will himself point out the sections he considers least successful, and yet he undoubtedly possesses one qualification for writing great music—he knows when it is wise to stop. 'When I wrote it at first,' he will tell you, 'the Quartet lasted twenty minutes. In its final form it lasts just seven.' If all young composers adopted and practised this method of ruthless curtailment new music would excite less suspicion, and be more generally welcomed than it is. He has written besides some widely-known studies for the violin embodying the fruit of long observation and vast experience. These have the merit of giving in synthetical form all that the violinist needs. Owing nothing to tradition, and being thus, so to speak, a non-party man, Sammons is not blind to the error of most violinists who believe that only one path—their own—leads to victory, while all the others lead incidentally to disaster. 'Could Ysaye,' asks Sammons, 'be a greater violinist than he is if he held his fiddle as Prof. Auer says it must be held?' It is no use upholding dogmas with a man who has climbed and tested unaided every step of the ladder right up to the highest.

If it is true that every excellent performer is born to his art or his instrument, this is true of Albert Sammons in a special way. He is the born violinist *par excellence*, devoted to his instrument and everything connected with it, a generous appraiser of others' great qualities, but also a shrewd critic, whose remarks on Kreisler or any other master violinist are never inspired by bias but always by that most rare gift—common sense.

F. B.

An Opera by Dr. Cyril Rootham entitled *The Two Sisters*, will be performed at the New Theatre, Cambridge, on February 14. The cast will include Miss Gladys Moger, Miss Dorothy Giles, Mr. Steuart Wilson, and Mr. Clive Carey, and Mr. D. D. Arundell will conduct.

THE EMMANUEL MOOR PIANOFORTE

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

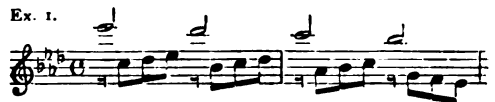
The present article was sketched out, but not actually written, for this month's number of the *Musical Times*, and was intended to help to prepare the way for the first public demonstration in London of the new Emmanuel Moor pianoforte by Prof. Donald Francis Tovey, which I had been given to understand was to be some time in February. The date was, however, changed to January 9, and before this article was written the January number of *Music and Letters* had appeared with an exhaustive article on the subject by Prof. Tovey himself. To that article I beg to refer the reader as the best possible statement of the nature and possibilities of the new instrument, so far as performance is concerned. Prof. Tovey has had more days alone with the new pianoforte than I have had hours; and though the rudiments of special technique necessary for it suggest themselves to you with surprising rapidity, and though you realise in the first ten minutes of your personal acquaintance with the instrument a number of the ways in which it is going to expand the resources of the player as well as remove some of his everyday difficulties, naturally the longer you experiment with the instrument the more you learn about it. Prof. Tovey's playing of a number of works at the Aeolian Hall demonstration showed that he had mastered a great deal of its special technique. The trouble is not in the nature of the two keyboards themselves, but in our having to do consciously at first what, in ordinary pianoforte playing, is done sub-consciously: we have to be fighting down, at every moment, the impulse to do things in the old way. But one soon learns to think in terms of the two manuals, and to adjust one's fingering accordingly; and children who begin their pianoforte practice on the new instrument will know none of the little troubles that the grown-up experiences with it at first.

My only object in this article is to draw the attention of a wider public to the Moor pianoforte, to send every one to Prof. Tovey's admirable article, to question or supplement one or two of his conclusions, and to consider, briefly, the possibilities of the instrument from the point of view of the composer. It is natural that at first it should be discussed mostly from the performer's point of view. But it is evident that an instrument that does so much for the player can do quite as much for the composer. No sensible person supposes that all we are going to do with it is to play ordinary pianoforte music on it with less trouble, or other sorts of already existing music that are either very difficult or quite impossible on the present pianoforte. Sooner or later composers will begin to write direct for the Moor instrument, which, it is no exaggeration to say, offers them a far greater expansion of present resources than the pianoforte of Chopin offered him in comparison with the harpsichord.

For the benefit of people who may still not have seen any accounts of the new instrument, let me briefly say what it is, and what one sees at the first glance it can do. It has two keyboards, one higher than the other, the upper one sounding note for note an octave higher than the lower, which latter, of course, by itself gives us just the usual pianoforte. A middle pedal couples the two mechanisms, so that, with this pedal, anything played on the lower keyboard is doubled at the octave higher. On the lower keyboard, each white note has, at the end furthest from the player, a little raised 'step,' about an inch long, and the same height as the black keys. By this means certain stretches across the two keyboards become easier than if the lower white note were struck in the usual place. (Incidentally I may remark, for the benefit of those who like firework effects, that this line of white steps makes a chromatic *glissando* the easiest thing in the world.) By a simple device, worked in less than a second, the instrument becomes, to most intents and purposes, a harpsichord. Its tone, of course, is not an absolute reproduction of that of the true harpsichord: Prof. Tovey's excellent description of it is 'a generalised harpsichord tone.' But it is quite near enough to the original to make it certain that no one with the right instinct for the older music will go on playing it on the pianoforte when it can be played so much in the character of the original on the Moor cembalo.

Anyone can see, merely from a description of the new instrument, that it can do a great deal that the present pianoforte cannot, but I have been surprised to find, in conversation with even musical people, that though they recognise this in the abstract, they cannot fully visualise it in the concrete. At the risk of labouring the elementary, therefore, let me give an example or two of things that become, with the two keyboards, as simple as a five-finger exercise; this, for instance:

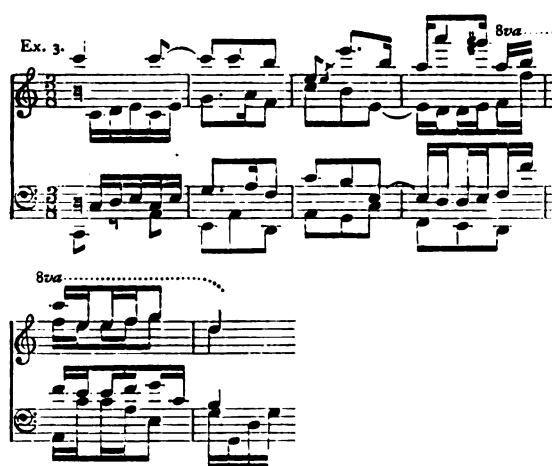
Ex. 1.



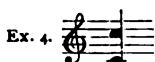
or this, from Elgar's Quartet:



As Prof. Tovey not only pointed out but proved at his demonstration, a single pianist can now play most four-hand music: about one bar in ten pages, he said, is all that will escape him. Whole pages of string quartets become quite easy. This passage, from the Elgar Quartet, looks pretty fearsome to the present-day pianist:



but it is all as easy as wink on the Moor pianoforte, except for the right hand in bar 3. For completeness' sake I ought to add that the two A's in the bass clef in bar 2 are only possible by relinquishing the lower one on the lower keyboard before striking the higher one on the higher keyboard.* (The reader will remember, of course, that the higher A does not lie an octave distance away from the other, but is the note immediately above it on the higher manual. The instrument does the transposing.) As there is only one set of hammers and strings for the two keyboards, it is evident that a note cannot be sounded afresh in a higher octave so long as it is being held in a lower one. Before I had seen the Moor pianoforte—having only read of it—I was curious to know whether the action was double or single, for obviously, if it were double, some new problems of resonance would be set up for both performer and composer. It may be true, for instance, that this:



played with the pedal coupler on, will, so far as the mere notes are concerned, give us this:



whether the action is double or single. But in the former case the central C will obviously be louder than in the latter case, for it alone of the three notes will be struck twice—once by the finger, as the highest note of Ex. 4, and again by the coupling mechanism, as the octave of the lowest note of Ex. 4. This thickening of inner notes would have to be reckoned with by both composer and player; sometimes it would suit their purpose, sometimes it would not. So long as the mechanism remains as at present:



* Of course we can play both A's in the usual way on the lower keyboard if we like.

cannot be struck on the upper keyboard (on the key lying immediately over



on the lower keyboard); so long as it is being produced from the latter by means of the coupler. But Mr. Moor tells me that for the instruments that the Æolian Company is about to make he has invented a double escapement that will permit of this sort of repetition.

It is not my purpose to discuss in any detail points of technique pure and simple, if only for the reason that I have not had time enough at the instrument to grasp much more than the rudiments of these. But we have only to experiment for an hour with it to realise that certain points of technique are not merely technical: they concern the composer quite as much as the player. Theoretically, you get the same result whether you play a passage in octaves in the old way or play it in single notes on the lower keyboard and turn on the coupler; but in practice the results are often by no means the same. A certain suggestion of difficulty, we may almost say, is inseparable from the proper effect of certain passages. Prof. Tovey has touched upon this in relation to Liszt's *Campanella*. On the Moor pianoforte this can be played with ease at three or four times its proper pace. But to do so is, in a sense, to give the listener something rather different from what Liszt meant him to hear, though the actual sounds may all be the same. Undoubtedly some of the charm of the *Campanella* comes from the sense of doing a difficult thing and doing it thoroughly well; just as the interest of a tight-rope performance comes from the fact that it is a tight-rope the lady is walking on, and that at a perilous height, and it would not be the same thing if the rope were an inch thicker and only a couple of inches off the ground. As Prof. Tovey puts it:

'... the true technique of the *Campanella* is a set of graceful and precise muscular movements... the impression conveyed by the music is undoubtedly that of wide, accurate, and rhythmic leaps. Consequently any method of performance which destroys the muscular action and touch suggestive of that impression destroys the whole point of the piece; nobody, for instance, has ever dreamed of so futile a thing as to arrange it for four hands.'

It may seem absurd that our way of playing a thing, our overcoming of certain difficulties in it, should have anything to do with the meaning of the music, but so it is in many cases. Let us take an example with which every student of the pianoforte will be familiar—this passage from the C minor Study of Cramer:



Make this easier, and you nullify it; its very effect depends on the element of adventure in the rapid ticking-off of some of the awkward intervals. This can be done only by means of certain flying pressures: and it is these pressures that give the awkward notes just the piquancy the composer has planned for. Even out all the notes by mechanism, and the charm of the passage has gone.

It seems to me that this often subtle association between the idea of a passage and the way the composer has calculated on it being played on the ordinary pianoforte will force itself more and more on the performer's attention as he becomes familiar with the Moor pianoforte. Perhaps even Prof. Tovey is inclined to make too light of it. I imagine he goes too far when he says that with the new instrument 'I do not think you will have much use for *martellato* octaves again'; and 'when you have heard the kind of octaves produced by Mr. Moor's coupler, you will realise that there is little or no æsthetic value in any kind which the coupler, or certain other resources of the new instrument, cannot produce.' It is quite true that much octave playing is unnecessarily ugly: but it by no means follows that every octave passage will sound just the same with the coupler as it did when played in the usual way. Some passages certainly sound better—infinately smoother and more musical. But with others the very meaning of the composer (as in the Cramer case just cited) is indissolubly bound up with the technical means he had in his mind. At his demonstration, Prof. Tovey played in the ordinary way an octave passage from one of the Chopin Polonaises (I forget at the moment which it was, but bars 26, &c., of the F sharp minor Polonaise will illustrate the point), and then showed how much more easily it was done in one part plus the coupler. But as he did so, the ejaculation came spontaneously from several people near me, as it did from myself, 'But it's not the same!'

It certainly was not, and I doubt whether it can ever be made the same. The fire and the pride of the passage depend in part on the special muscular tensions involved in octave playing, and on the octave fingering: substitute for these the fingering and the pressures of one-part playing, and it seems to me impossible to get the same effect

You may delude yourself that you are getting it more easily than you will your hearers.

Until composers begin writing specifically for the duplex coupler pianoforte, we shall of course have to play the existing music upon it: sometimes in order to simplify the normal difficulties of this music, sometimes in order to reproduce works that are beyond the scope of two hands on the ordinary pianoforte, sometimes to give our favourite music a scope that the present medium cannot give it—as when we 'score,' as it were, a Bach organ prelude or fugue for the Moor pianoforte. But it will be a very little time before both performers and composers discover that the expansion that the duplex coupler pianoforte can give to all music will not invariably suit the music. History shows that people have been always curiously slow to realise that a new instrument *is* a new instrument, not an old one in a new guise. The tendency is always to delight in the tone or the resources of the new instrument, but to play it and write for it at first in the manner of the old. It was not, for instance, until it was realised that the violoncello was not merely another sort of viola da gamba that players worked out its special technique and composers learned how to exploit its special possibilities of expression.

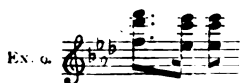
The Moor pianoforte is partly the old pianoforte, partly a quite new instrument. Like all instruments, it will do thoroughly well only what thoroughly suits it. It will be very accommodating when you ask reasonable things of it, and very stubborn when you become unreasonable. A very slight acquaintance with it will, I think, bring it home to the performer that the coupler pedal must be used with discretion. We cannot double harmonic notes as we like. So far as I can see, even Prof. Tovey has failed, in the first few days of his experience of the pianoforte, to recognise this fact. He quotes the theme of Chopin's A flat Polonaise:



which, with the coupler, would sound thus:



whereas Chopin, when he expands it to the octave, writes it thus:



'I believe' [says Prof. Tovey]. 'that after a little acquaintance with the instrument, the conviction will grow that if Chopin is going to turn in his grave at future performances of

his works, it will be at performances which reject the coupler in a passage of this type, rather than at those which use it.'

I am afraid I cannot follow Prof. Tovey here. To me it seems that Chopin's way of expanding the resonance of Ex. 7 is right, and the coupler's way would be wrong. The lower notes of the lower thirds in Ex. 8 bring, for me, an alien element into the original idea. They draw a thick and rather clumsy line under the melody; they deprive it of that sort of clean-limbed motion that is in Ex. 9 no less certainly than in Ex. 8. I believe that even if Chopin had had a coupler pianoforte he would have deliberately refrained from writing the passage in its *fortissimo* form, as at Ex. 8. And numberless other instances could be cited of music becoming subtly changed by a too consistent doubling of inner notes.

Similar problems confront us when we begin to utilise the new possibilities of expanded harmony through the cross use of the two keyboards. In many cases the carrying of an outer part up into a higher octave or down into a lower one will not essentially alter the mental effect of the harmony: we merely feel that this is taking big strides instead of little steps, but that it is in essence the same. But there are cases in which this sort of expansion of the harmony gives rise to an interval that is theoretically the same as the original, but is instinctively felt to be æsthetically something slightly different. Here is a passage, for instance

Ex. 10.



that can quite easily be played thus on the new pianoforte:

Ex. 11.



and, for the most part, it sounds delightful in this form; the thirds and sixths and diminished fifths in the right hand please the ear even more as tenths and thirteenth and twelfths. But these tell essentially the same tale as the thirds, &c. With the *seconds* of Ex. 10, however, the case is rather different. Their piquancy becomes something like harshness in the ninths of Ex. 11; their acid tang is charming in a small dose, but just a little grating in a large one. I am not contending for a moment, of course, that a composer will not be able to use these expanded dissonances. The point I am urging is that he must use them with

a clear sense of the effect he wants to make—he must think in terms of them; whereas if they come upon him by accident in the course of an innocent and more or less automatic expansion of a narrower harmonic scheme they may say something rather different from what he intended. It is worth noting that the asperities of the ninths in Ex. 11 are much more pronounced on the pianoforte than on the harpsichord—a matter, evidently, of different overtones. A new sort of 'scoring' will be possible for the pianoforte in the new instrument, but the principles of it will have to be worked out in strict conformity with the unchangeable nature of pianoforte tone: analogies drawn from other instruments or from the orchestra will be misleading. But the composers will soon get to the root of this as of other matters when once they begin composing for the new pianoforte. They will first of all seize eagerly upon the most obvious advantage the instrument offers them—the opportunities for a more spacious polyphony. Bach's *clavier* counterpoint, as we have all discovered to our cost, is sometimes more effective for the eye than for the ear. It is not only that the parts sometimes run awkwardly for the fingers, as here and there in the E flat major fugue in the First Part of the *Forty-eight*. Occasionally there comes a passage in which the smooth flow of the parts can only with difficulty be made distinct to the listener, not merely on account of the fingering but because of the congestion of the harmonies—as in bar 15 of the third of the *Three-Part Inventions*. The Moor pianoforte will help both performers and composers in two ways in affairs of this sort. The added keyboard makes it unnecessary for the fingers of the two hands to get in each other's way, as they sometimes do on the single manual; and the ease with which big intervals can be spanned will make for a more spacious and more sonorous polyphony than has ever before been possible on the pianoforte.

A NOTE ON THE MIND'S EAR

BY PHILIP HESELTINE

I.

Of the mind's eye we hear, colloquially, often enough; the mind's ear, however, is a phrase less familiar to us, and upon the nature and workings of the mind's ear psychologists have as yet shed little light. But the mind's eye and the mind's ear are cognate instruments of imagination possessed to some extent by everyone. Visual and auditory memory are universal. In retrospection, the mind's eye and ear look backward into the past; but in creating and imagining, the same organs (if they may be so-called) are employed to look forward into the future, to span the gulf between the known and the unknown. The faculty of mental audition—that is to say, the ability to think in sounds as easily and as logically as most people think in visual images or in concepts—is still mysterious; and *how* music is composed is still a

matter for inconclusive discussion. It is not primarily an æsthetic question. The real significance of a work of art is not affected by any knowledge we may possess of its composer's methods of work. Let the painter, if such be his pleasure, hold his brush between his toes, so long as traces of this idiosyncrasy be not apparent in the finished picture. But methods of work have a perennial fascination for the curious; and apart from that class of being for whom an artist's personality is more engagingly revealed in anecdotes about his habits than in his work, there is no doubt that the study of methods and the resultant attention paid to sketch-books and variorum readings may yield results of considerable educational and psychological value.

Many people are prone to forget, by reason of music's dependence on time for its realisation in sound, that the term 'composition' has exactly the same meaning when applied to music as it has in relation to a painting or a piece of sculpture. A musical composition is a rhythmic entity, and should, like a picture, be viewed æsthetically as a whole, though we can contemplate it as such only in retrospect. Rhythm, in its strict sense of the ordered co-relation and interdependence of parts in the fashioning of an harmonious and organic whole, is the all-important factor. But the very word rhythm has been so debased by musicians that this, its true and only vital signification, is now hardly understood by them. There are, however, a few notable exceptions, as, for example, Prof. Tovey, who in a recent lecture insisted that logical design in music was far more dependent on the sense of movement (by which is obviously meant not the mere physical movement, but the flowing lines that define the relationship of parts to the whole, and make the whole more than a mere agglomerate of parts) than on thematic development. He might have added that it is still less dependent upon—indeed, incompatible with—that rigid pre-conceived idea of 'form' which corresponds but too closely to that of the dramatist who exclaimed, 'And what is a plot good for except to bring in good things?' This of course applies equally to so-called abstract music poured like blancmange into rigid shapes, and to that kind of 'programme' music in which sequence of ideas takes precedence of their relation and imposes on them a no less rigid shape.

A musical composition, then, must be conceived as a rhythmic embodiment of a state of mind or of soul, conditioning its own form into which it will flow inevitably and spontaneously from start to finish as though it were improvised without a break. It should be seen whole (or rather overheard, if this word be not taken in too literal a sense) at the outset as clearly as a painter sees before him the vision to be embodied on his canvas. It cannot be asserted that this is what does happen in every case, but it is the ideal of the act of conception by a mind in which the creative musical faculty were developed to the fullest possible extent. But between the vision and its

externalisation comes the problem of technique, the problem of methods, the problem of detailed execution, the vast and impossible-seeming problem of making every bar, every note relevant and necessary to the scheme of the whole. In some this process is largely unconscious, almost automatic; others must make immense efforts in its achievement. The mind works in a variety of ways in different individuals for the accomplishment of large aims not dissimilar in themselves. And, as has been said above, the result alone matters from the artistic point of view.

II.

There are some who maintain that the mind cannot conceive and hear with the inner ear combinations of sounds which the physical ear has not already heard—experimentally, at any rate (this applies as well to score-reading as to score-writing). Hence the very prevalent belief that every composer must rely to some extent upon the pianoforte, or some other experimental instrument, in the process of composition. This implies that although he may know the kind of sound he requires, he does not hear it accurately with the inner ear. The poet might make similar use of a dictionary. And in the process both might light upon something more than they were looking for—an inspiration of the kind celebrated in the legend of 'the lost chord.'

It is possible that some composers, like most students of text-book harmony, do not actually hear with the inner ear the sound-combinations which they write on paper, but arrange them in accordance with some logical but extra-musical plan. (Blancmange again, but this time with fortuitous ingredients.) The fugue form, for instance, might easily be abused in this way, and yet nobody but the composer himself could tell, when the work came to be performed, whether in actual sound it expressed his intentions or not. Many a young composer must have had the disquieting experience of listening to an entirely strange and unfamiliar work—written, however, by himself.

The general public clings to the notion that composition is impossible without the aid of the pianoforte, or some other keyboard instrument. This belief was recently fortified by a pronouncement from Dr. Vaughan Williams (whose methods of composition have, it is rumoured, led to complaints from his neighbours); and Mascagni has even made use of an ingenious instrument which notates automatically whatever is extemporized on the pianoforte to which it is affixed. The composer who cannot play any instrument, and the music-lover who claims the ability to read a score, are still generally regarded with a certain scepticism and incredulous contempt. When Berlioz was found wandering about the mountains, note-book in hand, sketching his *Overture to King Lear* he was arrested as a spy, and his protests that he was not making notes in a secret cipher were received with ridicule by the police.

It is well known,' they said, 'that music cannot be composed without a pianoforte.' Berlioz we know could not play the pianoforte. But his case provides no rule, and the fact remains that a great deal of music, especially at the present time, is either extemporized at the keyboard or else is built up of fragments discovered, more or less fortuitously, at the pianoforte and afterwards unskillfully glued together.* There are many musicians in whom thought and the means of expression are not at one—that is to say, in whom thought is unclear, imperfectly realised, for thought is not thought until it is embodied in some potential form of expression. Hence, as in a prophet's mantle, wrapped in the mood that surrounds the elusive thought, they experiment with sounds at the keyboard until they light upon a passage that seems by some subtle affinity to evoke what their minds have been unable to define. These extemporizing composers are, in extreme† cases, but little removed from the appreciators of the music of others—people who, on hearing a particular passage, will exclaim to themselves: 'Ah, that is what I have always felt, only I could never express it.' But the public cannot wholly rid itself of its romantic ideas about the faculty of improvisation. The musician delivering his message 'in profuse strains of unpremeditated art' is too fair an image to be effaced by facts. And indeed it does seem at first sight that improvisation is a more spontaneous outpouring of the emotions than the more deliberate and slow-footed process of composition on paper. The magical power of sound is amply attested in legendary lore—Orpheus himself, for example. And such words as *enchantment* and *incantation* themselves bear witness to the power of tonal formulæ if not to that of spontaneous song. We cannot figure to ourselves the nature of such music of legendary power, but we feel somehow that it could not have been written down without losing its peculiar potency: or perhaps that it could not have been written down at all—like music heard in dreams, convincing and overwhelming when it is heard, but vanishing without a trace on waking, or at most leaving but a banal and mocking memory of itself in the mind. To the non-musician spontaneity no doubt seems incompatible with conscious elaboration in form and structure. Mozart, however, has left it on record that his greatest joy in composition was to overhear a work in his mind complete in all its parts and details in a single moment of time—in much the same way as one might survey the moon, through a gigantic telescope, spread out as a map before one's eyes. To some this simple utterance of Mozart will seem incomprehensible; to others it will appear as a practical reconciliation of those seeming opposites—spontaneous unity of design and elaborate multiplicity of detail. Logical coherence in music is not wholly

dependent upon such abnormal clarity of vision as was Mozart's; it is not impossible that without this faculty of instantaneous conception a great work may be executed, either *ex improviso* upon an instrument, or with travail and heavy labour upon ruled paper. But the ultimate quality of rhythmic logic can only be achieved by a mind that functions naturally in a logical and orderly manner; and it is this quality that distinguishes a fine organic work from disconnected fragments strung together in an inconsequent medley. Still, a glamour hovers over extemporization; and indeed the extemporization of a master may have qualities for which we might search his written compositions in vain. And when we read accounts of the improvisation of Beethoven or Liszt, we cannot help feeling, perhaps unreasonably, that for all their rich legacy of written works, we have yet missed something of their spirit that can never be recaptured.

SAINT-SAËNS AS I KNEW HIM

BY HERMAN KLEIN

'Why is it, *Maitre*,' I once asked him, 'that you love slipping away from your friends and lying *perdu* where no one can find you for weeks or even months at a time?'

'Because,' he answered, 'there are times when I feel that I must have solitude—to be alone and think and dream; above all, to work just when the humour takes me. I like good company, but I like hard work still better.'

'But what if some day you should slip away and never come back?'

'Oh! I am bound to come back.' Then, with a shrug of the shoulders, 'Only if I do not bring myself it won't be my fault!'

And precisely in this fashion it was to happen. Soon after witnessing the revival of his *Ascanio* at the Opéra at Paris towards the middle of November, he went off quietly to Algiers, his favourite spot for escaping the detested fogs and wintry cold. It was not to work this time, but to take a rest—a long rest. For he died there very peacefully on the morning of Friday, December 16, nine weeks after celebrating his eighty-sixth birthday. A week later they took him back to Paris, and on Christmas Eve, amid all the pomp and circumstance of a State funeral, buried him at the Montparnasse cemetery, after singing a Mass before a vast congregation at his old Church of the Madeleine, where he had officiated as organist for nineteen years (1858-77).

Charles Camille Saint-Saëns, membre de l'Institut, Grand' Croix de la Légion d'Honneur, Commander of the Victorian Order, Mus. Doc., *honoris causa*, of the University of Cambridge, &c., was born at Paris on October 9, 1835. A musical prodigy of the most amazing type, he could play early Mozart and Haydn well and compose capital waltzes and galops at the age of five. Six years later—for three of them a pupil of Stamaty—he

* Notable examples may be found in the work of Cyril Scott.

† At the other extreme we see Beethoven experimenting with thematic fragments *on paper*.

made a brilliant débüt as a boy pianist at the Salle Pleyel. At the age of fourteen he entered the Conservatoire and studied the organ under Benoist, composition and orchestration under Halévy. In 1851 he carried off the *premier prix* for organ playing; two years afterwards, when eighteen years old, he was appointed organist of the Church of Saint-Merry. Meanwhile, he was beginning to earn a reputation as a pianist and composer. Ere long his fame grew world-wide, especially after his cantata, *Les Noces de Prométhée*, had won the first prize at the Paris Exposition of 1867; though, as an operatic composer, not until some years later, when his *Timbre d'Argent* was produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique and his *Samson et Dalila*, through the good offices of Liszt, at Weimar. The extraordinary story of the rise to popularity of the latter work is too familiar to need to be recounted here.

His other operas are little known outside France. They include *La Princesse Jaune* (Opéra-Comique, 1872), *Etienne Marcel* (Lyons, 1879), *Henry VIII.* (Paris Opéra, 1883), *Proserpine* (Opéra-Comique, 1887), *Ascanio* (Paris Opéra, 1890), *Phryné* (Opéra-Comique, 1893), *L'Anctère* (Monte Carlo, 1906), *Déjanire* (Monte Carlo and Paris Opéra, 1911), and the one-act opera, *Hélène* (Monte Carlo and Covent Garden, 1904). To their composer it was always a matter for wonder that the English public, who made so much fuss over him and his music whenever he visited us, did not insist upon having most of these operas produced in London, instead of giving nothing but *Samson*. Well, if *Henry VIII.* had succeeded better at Covent Garden in 1898, things might have been different. Ten years later another French school had come into vogue.

When Saint-Saëns began touring immediately after the Franco-Prussian War he was a delightful pianist—in fact, with Alfred Jaëll, quite at the 'top of the tree' among his compatriots. Both used to appear every season at the Musical Union, whose refined concerts (directed by the late John Ella) were held in the middle of the floor of St. James's Hall, the subscribers and their friends being grouped in a circle round the performers. Amid these *intime* surroundings—the most perfect ever devised for listening to chamber music—I heard Saint-Saëns play several of his early works, including the Pianoforte Quartet and the Trio in F, long before I had the privilege of being introduced to him at my parents' house by my old master, Manuel Garcia. His music at that period had about it a strange, exotic ring, a touch of newness that suggested Berlioz rather than the modern German school, yet not exactly reminiscent of either. In short, it sounded original.

Original, too, was the man himself. He could be the soul of politeness, yet he was often brusque and impatient to a degree, and never hesitated to deliver himself of an emphatic adverse opinion, uttered generally with a rapidity, a *staccato* jerkiness, that made him difficult even for a

Frenchman to understand. He knew more English than he would admit, but my efforts to make him converse in or write it rarely succeeded. One of his jokes was to sign formally a long letter in French, 'Your obedient servant, C. S.-S.'

He was not much over forty when I first knew him (myself being little more than a youth), and I recollect noticing that he had never shaved. All through life, indeed, his dark, neatly-trimmed beard always looked shapely, even when it had turned grey; while his piercing eyes, which seemed to penetrate to one's very brain, never lost a vestige of their fire. His pen, like his tongue, could combine a charming ready wit with a pungent irony and spirit of satire which spared nothing and nobody that roused his ire. I often felt glad that he had quickly taken a liking for me, and later in life, when I saw how few people he really cared for, I was proud to be reckoned among his intimate friends. If genuinely fond of anyone it was surprising how affectionate he could be for so undemonstrative a man. His letters prove this, and I possess over a hundred of them.

His was the most versatile mind that I ever encountered in a musician. There seemed to be no great subject that he had not studied, no great question that he had not pondered deeply. Had he not been a famous composer and a distinguished artist, he might have been the Sainte-Beuve of music in his own epoch. His many clever writings show that he had a brilliant pen; they also prove that he rarely if ever allowed his prejudices, strong as they were, to override his commonsense. If he had a weakness it was for tremendous speed in everything. He talked, wrote, composed, read a thirty-line score, corrected his proofs, got through rehearsals, walked on and off a platform, all at the same consistent *allegro*, yet without undue haste or a trace of carelessness. He would travel by the fastest express, and he loved our London hansoms; but he drew the line at the Paris taxis because he knew they were not safe.

To realise the universality of his genius and his abnormal capacity for hard work, it is only necessary to glance at the long list of his compositions included in the recently-published biography of Saint-Saëns by my friend, Arthur Hervey. That he could write in any style we all know, but he had too much imagination, too much resource, too rare a wealth of melody to stoop to plagiarism. When in the early days he was accused (stupidly) of borrowing from Wagner, his answer was:

'I admire deeply the works of Richard Wagner in spite of their bizarre character. They are superior and powerful, and that is sufficient for me. But I am not, I have never been, and I shall never be of the Wagnerian religion.'

For many years Saint-Saëns stood in the van of French musical progress. Withal he respected and obeyed tradition, he hated sensationalism, he

despised eccentricity and pose. For this reason—for no other that I can conceive—it has become a habit with certain writers in this country to disparage and belittle his talent. In France they know better. To prove this, let me quote some sentences from the eloquent oration pronounced over his grave by the gifted composer and critic, Alfred Bruneau :

‘The enormous, formidable, mighty life-work that he leaves behind brings him into direct relation with the great classics of whom he is the last descendant. Like them, he approached every kind of music with equal mastery—was he not the Mozart of his time, the boy-prodigy, and the prodigious man also?—and he trod all the paths of his art with the same sureness. Tradition attracted him more than innovation. To defend it when threatened he fought with a vivacity, a courage, a violence that was extraordinary. If he would not consent as a composer to alter the customs established by his predecessors, if he refused to overthrow the existing harmonic system, his creative rôle was marked no less by exceptional magnificence, his lion’s claws cut no less deeply, no less incomparably, in every score that he wrote. *Samson et Dalila*, *Le Déluge*, the Symphony in C minor—those three splendid peaks, with innumerable lesser heights—have won in universal estimation a place that they will hold so long as beauty lasts, so long as orchestras and choirs shall gather together to move and charm us.’

That is a very fine eulogy, and I think it is true. Certainly it is shared by the whole—or very nearly the whole—of musical France. Even his most extreme ‘futurist’ countrymen thought no less of him because he openly combated their views. They may have feared such a ‘born fighter’ (*de tempérament batailleur*), as M. Bruneau described him, but they also admired him as a splendid Frenchman.

He would often tell me how sincerely and deeply he was attached to this country :

‘I can never forget how I was received when I first came to London, a refugee from Paris during the siege of ’71. I was just starting my series of symphonic poems with *Le Rouet d’Omphale*. But it was to England that I naturally looked later on as the field for my choral works. I was happy when *La Lyre et la Harpe* was given at Birmingham, and my 18th Psalm at Norwich. One likes to be appreciated in the home, *par excellence*, of oratorio.’

He was to have his disappointment in this direction before he bade us his final farewell; but never, to my knowledge, did he retract the opinions expressed in his *Portraits et Souvenirs*, apropos his visit to Cambridge in 1893 to receive his doctor’s degree. Here they are :

‘Since I have been studying England I have always found it eager for music, patient in listening, reserved in its appreciation, interested in the art, and quite capable of welcoming with enthusiasm the works and artists that have been able to please it. The British public is polite to the point of applauding when it is bored; but what nuances there are in its applause, how easy to sift the truth when one is not too anxious to cherish illusions!’

And again :

‘These fêtes at Cambridge have left behind one of the happiest impressions of my artistic career. I have come back confirmed once more in the belief that the English love and understand music, and that the contrary opinion is a mere prejudice.’

On one point, perhaps, he formed a wrong idea. He thought because, as he said, English appreciation had been responsible for some of the masterpieces of Handel, Haydn, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Gounod (omitting, curiously, Beethoven’s ‘Choral’ Symphony), that it demanded, at least in oratorio, a partial adherence to certain stereotyped forms and methods of treatment adopted by those composers. When he took in hand, after many years of indecision, my biblical text of the oratorio, *The Promised Land*, which he wrote for and conducted at the Gloucester Festival of 1913, I distinctly suggested to him that this was not the case. He understood, but did not heed my warning. Whilst looking over the score with him at the Grosvenor Hotel, he saw me smiling at the Handelian passages where Moses brings forth water from the rock. His remark was characteristic :

‘*Que voulez-vous ?* To properly illustrate, must not music be realistic? Handel and Mendelssohn thought so. So did Gounod, with his descending chromatic scale, when Mephistopheles at the Kermesse brings wine out of the cask. This incident appeals to me in the same way.’

Obstinacy was one of the *maitre’s* failings, and he paid for it in this instance by setting some of the critics against a work that the world will one day estimate at a higher value. Nevertheless he did not mind that so much as he did the fact that one or two of them had printed their adverse criticisms before hearing the music. He mentioned this to Sir Hubert Parry when we met him in the street, just after the full rehearsal of *The Promised Land* in the Cathedral. Genial, lovable Sir Hubert thus made reply :

‘Don’t let it annoy you, *cher docteur*. You have put much beautiful music into your score, and I have thoroughly enjoyed listening to it. For a man of your years it is a marvel. Remember we cannot applaud in a Cathedral, but have no fear about the ultimate verdict.’

A night or two later he gave an exquisite performance of the Mozart Pianoforte Concerto in B flat—the same work that he played at the 'Saint-Saëns Jubilee Festival' which I had had the honour of organizing at Queen's Hall in June of the same year—and was recalled to the platform quite half-a-dozen times. The memory of that evening was the pleasantest reminiscence that he carried away from Gloucester. After all, applause is the very salt of the artist's existence.

Saint-Saëns was then seventy-eight, and still a wonderfully healthy, clear-headed man for his years. I found him looking remarkably well the following summer, when I assisted him to descend from the train at the busy station at Namur, in Belgium. I had gone there on purpose to meet him on my way to Switzerland with my wife and some friends. We had been spending the day at Dinant (poor Dinant!), and though none of us knew it, it was the actual eve of the Great War. As we drove together up the long hill leading to the Hôtel de la Citadelle (three weeks later a mass of blackened ruins) the *maitre* told me how he had just come from Brussels, where the King and Queen of the Belgians had promised him to arrive at Namur in time to hear him play at the 'joyeux festival' about to begin there.

Alas! the King and Queen were never to come; the Festival was never to be held; for next day the Belgian mobilization began. Yet, as we sat together after dinner in the palm garden of the doomed hotel, refusing to believe that if there were really to be war the Germans would dare to invade Belgium, I was to enjoy the most delightful chat (very nearly two hours of it) that I ever had with the venerable *maitre*. What marvellous form he was in! Too often inclined to be reticent in company, that night he unbent and held forth with eloquence upon every imaginable subject, musical and otherwise. His only offensive epithets were for '*ce chien de Kaiser*,' whom he declared to be a *charlatan et poseur* of the first order. He admitted that he was Chauvinist to the core, and had gradually grown to hate the Germans, though there had been a period in his life when he liked them immensely.

Then his thoughts reverted to Bayreuth, and he described with rare gusto and humour the ceremonial manners of the Wagner family—Frau Cosima in particular—on the occasion of a reception at Wahnfried. His imitations were most amusing; they ranged from personages to instruments, and he brought out some extraordinary varieties of tonal effect when producing *leitmotiven* from the *Nibelungen*. Yes, he still had great admiration for Wagner as an orchestrator, but could never forgive him for the outrageous burdens that he imposed upon the human voice; he could have avoided them had he pleased. Finally, speaking of the younger school of French composers, the venerable musician declared that he saw great talent and originality in the works of Debussy, and referred with affection to Gabriel Fauré, Vincent d'Indy, Alfred Bruneau, and

Gabriel Pierné. For the rest, he was only afraid lest eccentricity and extravagance should get the upper hand.

On the following morning Saint-Saëns left Namur for Aix-les-Bains, whilst I rather foolishly persisted in going on to Switzerland and Italy, with the result that I got back to England only with great difficulty three weeks after the outbreak of war. The last time I saw the dear *maitre* was at his apartment in the Rue de Courcelles in September, 1920. He was then growing rather feeble. Somehow I feel that I shall always miss him.

STRAVINSKY AND PURE MUSIC

BY BASIL MAINE

Suppose I am a painter. I paint, say, a portrait of a lady in *toilette de bal*, with her jewels. My portrait resembles the person painted. None the less, it is painted for the pleasure of painting, despite its subject. . . . The same thing applies to all my works. In *The Rite of Spring*, for instance, the pretext of the prehistoric birth of Spring has suggested to me the construction of the work that I have called *The Rite of Spring*. The 'pretext' I choose is but a pretext, like the painter's pretext for painting. . . . The 'Rite' exists as a piece of music first and last. . . .

And these words of Stravinsky as pretext have suggested to me various ideas which I find to be mostly differing from his own. The idea behind these statements is an old one, but it appears in a new and original guise. It is the old question of absolute and programme music over again, but it is presented in a new and striking way when music played as an accompaniment to a Ballet (or, as Stravinsky would have it, a Ballet danced as an accompaniment to a musical work) is classified as absolute music by its composer. If he would have us believe that *The Rite of Spring* is absolute music, why does he throw us entirely off the scent by performing it together with a Ballet, where we are naturally led to interpret the music in the light of what we see before our eyes as we hear it played? I must confess I felt a little injured when I read Stravinsky's words, especially as I had achieved some success (undoubtedly purely imaginary) in my small efforts at interpretation; in fact, I felt that the Ballet and the music were so wonderfully unified in spirit that I could not bear to think of them apart. (This, by the way, was exactly what I felt when I first saw and heard *L'Oiseau de Feu*.)

I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear or touch or taste the tones.

And then to be told that this is pleasure obtained under false pretences, and that I must begin all over again! But, no! Let me try my weapons!

In the first place, we make a grave error when we attempt to divide all music into two such water-tight compartments as pure music and programme music: to the making of artificial groups and to the assigning of capital letters there is no end, and although we are persuaded that we are helping ourselves to think clearly by

such methods, they tend to become a tyranny and a snare and delusion. Even such a small composition as a song or an organ fugue cannot be definitely placed in either one or the other of these groups. A song would appear at first sight to belong quite clearly to the programme music class: the influence of the words on the music must necessarily outline a programme to be followed more or less rigidly, but the very fact that no two composers would set a given poem in the same way proves that, even in a song, music must retain a certain element of absolutism; that is to say, an element of absolute independence of outside influences, so that even if the music were divorced from the words, it would still give pleasure as music, although not such a satisfying pleasure. As an instance of this, I am reminded of a pianist of my acquaintance who can derive the utmost pleasure from playing the pianoforte parts of Roger Quilter's songs without the voice-part sounding at all; in fact, he went so far as to prefer them thus—as sound-pieces for the pianoforte! Again, it is quite true that an organ fugue must stand or fall on its merits as music, so that its absolutism would seem to be as undisputed as that of William the Conqueror. This seeming truth would be complete, but for a very disturbing element which can never be eliminated from the human mind—the law of association. The curious workings of this law will always prevent any such thing as exact definition, especially in matters of art. The human craving for a 'programme,' for something tangible and mentally picturesque, is seen on every hand: even in the most absolute forms of music the irreverent foot of man will intrude, confident and clumsy, so that we get such anomalies as *Moonlight Sonata*, 'Giant' Fugue, &c. The desire for 'knowing what it's all about' is as strongly inherent in the human blood as party feeling, and this desire is so persistent that often enough, rather than remain ignorant, human mentality will prefer a fabricated knowledge, which is a worse state of mind than the first. Rather than wait for the light, we like to construct our own little magic lanterns which nearly always distort our vision; and this is true not only of theology and history, but of the arts as well. Some critic more enlightened than the mere rank and file will tell us that the counterpoint in the 'Wachet auf' Organ Prelude represents the gay, heedless world. Who cares? It may represent that picture to him, while to another it may conjure up the restless strivings of the soul: association is necessarily subjective. But this is a little beside the point. The point is that even in the case of the most absolute music, human weakness cannot resist wild attempts at interpretation, so that it is clear that the law of association upsets all our calculations about absolute music. Strictly speaking there is no such thing: the most definite thing that can be said is that some music is more absolute and some is less. The truth is that in all music the elements of absolutism and association are present together;

moreover it is just as impossible to compose absolute music without being disturbed by subtle associations as it is to hear it, so that whatever Stravinsky may say about *The Rite of Spring* existing 'as a piece of music first and last,' we can be quite certain that there were ideas—however subconscious—which called the music into living form, and if those ideas are different from the actual ballet, then it is Stravinsky's duty to point out the differences to the choreographer, so that there can be some degree of unity in the performance.

As it is, the audience is put in a very unfair position: after having interpreted the music in the light of what happens on the stage during the performance, it is told by no less a person than the composer himself that its interpretation is quite wrong—that the ballet is a mere 'pretext'—that the music's the thing—and that the only way to arrive at the composer's real intentions is to ring down the curtain and listen with oriental abstraction. Why then take us to the theatre to hear *The Rite of Spring*?

But we know that the audience is right and that Stravinsky is wrong: *The Rite of Spring* does not exist as 'a piece of music, first and last'; it will admit of as many interpretations as there are people to hear it.

THERE AND HERE: A RETROSPECT AND COMPARISONS

BY M.-D. CALVOCORESSI

To revert to music after a complete intermission of about seven years must be in any circumstances a curious experience. And to revert to it in surroundings different from those in which one had previously worked, missing many things which had become a matter of course, and encountering many which one had not been accustomed to take into account, makes the experience doubly strange and instructive.

Looking backwards at the close of the year 1921, I wonder whether I have derived from it all the benefit that was to be expected. I feel that consideration of the numerous and important points of comparison which it has provided ought to yield something useful and stimulating not to myself alone: and that, were it possible to disengage the teachings of the facts brought to notice, the result ought to be one from which as much might be learnt—though, of course, in a different direction—as from Mr. Rorke's welcome and delightful little book, *A Musical Pilgrim's Progress*. The method would be very much the same. It would consist, in Mr. Rorke's own words, in 'describing sincerely from the beginning one's successive impressions and adventures, and discussing, not in the abstract, but on the basis of an actual individual experience,' the differences noticed, their causes and their consequences.

Better, perhaps—because more independent of any personal bias or method of thought—simply to describe things as they struck me, and try to

disengage only their broadest and most obvious moral.

* * * *

Various things had long since led me to believe that music, by repute the most international of arts, is in fact the least, and spreads far more slowly, far more fitfully, than any other. On that point my conviction is firmer than ever. From country to country (it would be more accurate to say from centre to centre) the differences not only in taste, but in outlook, in methods of approaching music and dealing with musical questions, theoretical and practical, in the results of musical culture, are truly surprising. A centre, or group of centres, often is the stronghold of knowledge, tenets, admirations, and dislikes, of which not the faintest trace may be found elsewhere. Paramount importance is ascribed in one place to things which in another are ignored, denied, or pooh-poohed. Obvious instances are, among many others, the fact that before the war Germany knew very little of contemporary French music, and was not particularly willing to consider earnestly what little she knew. France, on the other hand, ignored or rejected, among composers of other countries, precisely a number of those whose works were most popular elsewhere, and pinned her faith to a few others whom she was almost alone to believe in. Read a number of essays or books on musical questions by British writers, then a number by French writers, by German writers, and so on—I mean books by thinkers and not by mere compilers; compare methods and scope of criticism in various countries; you will soon realise how many, and how great, the differences are. It is only natural to infer that countries have far more to learn from one another than they are generally aware; and that a comparison between their respective musical ethics and politics will afford food for thought and lead to certain useful results.

Had I to establish a comparison between the British musical public and the French, I should begin by emphasising that both comprise an immense majority of concert-goers and other consumers of music whose attitude is essentially passive, who expect from music nothing but the shallower kinds of emotion, an easy pastime, something that will tickle, thrill, or lull them a while. Whether they find what they want in one kind of music here, and in another kind there, matters little; it is among the minority of keen music-lovers that the instructive differences should be sought. And the principle of those differences, I think, can be summed up in one sentence: The British music-lover has a wider range of interests, the French is remarkable for greater intensity. Whereas the music-lovers of this country have evinced a measure of interest for the greater number of composers brought to their notice, the French have concentrated upon a few, and deliberately ignored the rest—thus rendering themselves liable, perhaps, to an impeachment for

narrowness. It is clear, for instance, that composers such as Brahms, Brückner, Mahler, Hugo Wolf, are little known and little liked in France. A careful investigation will show that the pre-war popularity at Paris of Richard Strauss rested mainly not with the public of French music-lovers, but with the foreign colonies which constituted a large fraction of the public which bought seats for concerts. Tchaikovsky has never been taken seriously in France, and I shall be greatly surprised if Scriabin ever is.

A survey of concert programmes will suggest that the Paris concert-goer is not only less catholic in taste than the concert-goer in this country, but more steadfastly determined to get what he wants and nothing but that. Programmes like those of the Promenade Concerts would be quite impossible in Paris. The prospect of having to listen to excerpts from *Pagliacci* or *Mignon* would keep away those to whom the names of Brahms or Strauss or Franck or Ravel might have been attractive; and such names in turn would be a deterrent to those who would have come to hear Leoncavallo or Ambroise Thomas. And I should feel safe in predicting an empty hall to ninety-nine out of a hundred recital-givers misguided enough to resort to the practice (in my opinion, altogether unaccountable) of advertising their recitals by means of leaflets embellished with their portraits, but vague or silent as to their programmes—as often happens here.

Granted that the French music-lovers are more definite as to their preferences, the question remains: Of the omnivorous appetite or the fastidious palate, which is it that betokens the more genuine keenness and holds up the better hope of improvement in taste and receptiveness? However much abstract reasoning may lead me to admit the claim of the former, I cannot help feeling that the reply would be wrong. It might be right, perhaps, under ideal conditions: but in practice, let us remember that there is a limit to the elasticity and power of assimilation of the human mind and sensitiveness. The boundary line is difficult to determine, and will be drawn differently by different people. But few, I think, will incline to deny that a liking for certain kinds of music is felt to be incompatible with a liking for certain other kinds; and that the co-existence of incompatible likings betokens not elasticity, but lack of discrimination. I for one should say that people who like both Wagner and Puccini, or Mozart and Ambroise Thomas, can hardly be worthy admirers of Wagner or Mozart. I should conceive them as indifferent to all the finer qualities of music, and out merely for the meretricious thrills, sentimental or melodramatic, which some people can derive even from the least meretricious music.

But even from a less summary point of view there is a good deal to be said in favour of concentration as a means of achieving the highest standard of understanding and penetration; the capacity to select may serve as good a purpose as

the capacity to include. What the French may be thought to have sacrificed by ignoring certain aspects of musical art, they have perhaps made up by their steadfastness and thoroughness in other directions. For instance, they have learnt from assiduous intercourse with the music of innovators such as Liszt, Borodin, and Fauré, a good deal which has remained overlooked elsewhere. Of course I am not suggesting that they have never erred in the exercise of the right to select.

* * * *

With regard to interest in native music, and more especially in the contemporary output, the sole point that need concern us is the practical way in which that interest is shown. I have described elsewhere* the methods of dispensing official encouragement to musicians, and I hope that what I said suffices to show that in the policy pursued with regard to opera-production, we have a clear instance of what to avoid. The provision of free professional education for musicians of all kinds is in itself excellent; but there may be reasons (which I shall some day try to investigate) why the system, which works well in France, might do as much harm as good in countries where the regime of musical life is different. As to institutions such as the Société Nationale de Musique and the Société Musicale Indépendante, they are altogether excellent, and I am convinced that if something similar were organized here, the benefit to composers, music-lovers, and practising musicians would be enormous.

The object of these Societies is to ensure performance of new works by composers native and foreign. An annual subscription entitles members to tickets for all concerts given by the Societies, and gives them the right to submit works for consideration to a committee elected by themselves. The programmes include a considerable proportion of works by foreign composers who are not members, and interpreters are found whenever the composers do not provide them.

Naturally enough, no organization of that kind can achieve perfection. It might be said with reason, for instance, that despite the existence in France of two rival Societies for the diffusion of contemporary music, British music is far less known in France than French music here, where nothing of the kind exists; and that even with the existence of both the Société Nationale and (since 1911) the Société Indépendante, so great a French musician as Charles Kœchlin may have kept on working for thirty years without being known to more than a handful of music-lovers. Into the various causes of such shortcomings (greatly outweighed, I hasten to add, by many services rendered to musicians of all countries) I do not intend to go. With reference to the position as regards British music, I believe myself justified in saying that, so far as the Societies I am referring to are concerned, it is very unlikely that any

British work submitted would have received less serious consideration than others; and if few were performed, it is probably because few were brought to the Committee's notice.

I am quite aware that although there is no systematic organization here for the production of contemporary music, we hear quite as much of it as in Paris. I have had, in fact, many occasions to admire the initiative of concert-givers in London. When I recommend the foundation of a Society working on lines similar to those of the Société Indépendante and the Société Nationale, I am thinking of the countless advantages which would accrue from the co-ordination of so great an amount of available energy and the creation of a centre, the lack of which makes itself felt in many ways.

Here the unknown composer, or the music-lover who has discovered the existence of a work which he deems worthy of performance, would certainly welcome the possibility of submitting music in the most impersonal, business-like way, to a committee which, after considering it, would be enabled speedily to ensure performance, instead of having to approach, perhaps, one performer or group of performers after another, or keeping the manuscripts unheeded for years.

In this country, where so many important music-centres exist outside London, and where concert tours are far easier to organize than in France, I can imagine a society of this kind extending its range of action by leaps and bounds, and rendering most signal services.

The concerts given by the Societies in question are not of the kind that appeal to the lazier or more passive fraction of the public. To follow them entails no small amount of hard work, and sometimes of boredom. But after considering the advantages of the scheme, no earnest music-lover, nobody who has the welfare of British music and the progress of musical education at heart, would grudge the labour and occasional effort.

The object of those concerts is, first and last, to introduce new music—nothing submitted being eliminated unless it falls short of a reasonable minimum in mere craftsmanship. For that reason, all works performed may receive a proper amount of attention, and there is no temptation (not infrequent among harassed or careless writers of concert notices) to dwell upon questions of execution and ignore the vital issue, *i.e.*, consideration of the music.

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This remark brings me to the last point I have to consider: a sore point to one who, like myself, has followed with keen interest the musical life of France. It may be that on either side of the Channel people who write concert notices fail to devote their best attention to what has the first claim to it, *viz.*, to new works performed. But in France, many of the music-critics of daily papers live in blissful ignorance of almost everything that

takes place except what their editor expects them to notice, *i.e.*, first performances of operas and other musical plays, and Sunday symphony concerts. The fault does not lie with them: for, were they conscientiously to write up recitals and concerts of new music, they would only be providing fodder for the editorial waste-paper basket. Indeed, were one to take up the files of any one of the big Paris dailies say from 1900 to 1914, it would be impossible to extract from them materials for the merest *aperçu* of the musical life of Paris during those years. Since the war, matters have improved somewhat, but there is room for further improvement; and those responsible for the destinies of the French Press might well take a leaf from the book of their British colleagues.

A comparison between the higher forms of criticism here and there would be fruitful only if carried down to the utmost details, and from the point of view of pure philosophy. On the whole, the man who loves a subject, and devotes long labour and loving care to its treatment, is very much the same in all countries. Books such as Grove's *Beethoven*, Ernest Newman's *Hugo Wolf*, Romain Rolland's *Musiciens d'Aujourd'hui*, Laloy's *Claude Debussy*, La Laurencie's *Rameau*, Carraud's *Alfred Magnard*, the *Mozart* by E. J. Dent or the *Mozart* by de Wyzewa and de Sainte-Foix, Hadow's *Studies in Modern Music* (to name but these few) appear now in one country, now in another. We can but wish that there were more of them, and that such as exist should everywhere receive the attention which they deserve.

In that respect, this country has so far done better than France. I know many translations into English of good French books on music, but no single French translation of an English book into French. Articles appearing in French musical periodicals receive more attention here than articles published in England do in France—a fact of which I was most forcibly and pleasantly made aware some ten or eleven years ago, when an essay which had cost me some pains appeared in a French periodical to remain unnoticed there (save, I think, by one critic, the late Gaston Carraud), whereas it was extensively discussed in the London journals—the *Musical Times* among others.

Insularity in criticism is probably all the more dangerous for being so difficult to detect. Admitting, for instance, that a good deal of the adverse criticism to which the works of a composer are submitted abroad is exactly similar to the adverse criticism available on the spot, there may be, besides, a certain number of points not yet considered and worthy of being tested. Quite recently I found mentioned, in articles by British writers on Debussy, points which may be right or wrong, but which seem to have occurred neither to Debussy's French admirers nor to his detractors. Among the younger composers of to-day at least one, Arthur Honegger, is taken very much in earnest by French critics of tested ability, while very casually dismissed by British critics of no

lesser standing. I am not adducing the case as one of insularity at either end, but simply suggesting the *audi alteram partem*, even if it be more difficult for purely practical reasons.

On single points such as the above, or on more general matters, greater interpenetration is bound to do some good. That, I believe, is the sole moral of the various things I have been considering.

NEW LIGHT ON EARLY TUDOR COMPOSERS

BY W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD

XXIV.—THOMAS APPLEBY

Considering that there are Masses, Magnificats, and Motets by Thomas Appleby—all of a good quality—it is surprising that his biography has hitherto proved so elusive. Even the new edition of Henry Davey's *History of English Music* (1921) dismisses his career in one sentence: 'Thomas Appleby also appears in the latter set of part-books; he was organist of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1539.' It is almost needless to add that neither Burney nor Hawkins throws any light on this remarkable organist and composer. Fortunately, the publication of the valuable *Lincoln Chapter Records*, admirably edited by Canon Cole, affords us much desired information as to Appleby, who was for two periods organist and Master of the Choristers of Lincoln Cathedral. I take this opportunity, also, for expressing my sincere thanks to Canon Cole for his kindness in forwarding me the transcripts of all the Chapter Acts bearing on musical appointments from 1520 to 1560.

The name of this Tudor musician appears variously as Appleby, Appelby, and Appulby, but it will be more convenient to adhere to the spelling 'Appleby.' He was probably a native of Lincoln, born *circa* 1499, and educated as a chorister in the Cathedral, afterwards proceeding to Oxford. Be this as it may, he must have displayed unusual musical ability, and at the age of thirty-six he appears as acting-organist of Lincoln Cathedral in 1536, owing to the ill-health of Robert Dove, Vicar-Choral.* According to the Chapter Records, the said Dove received but 40s. for playing the organ at the Mass of the Blessed Virgin, and 20s. 8d. for playing at the Jesus Mass. His death took place in April, 1537, whereupon Thomas Appleby was provisionally appointed his successor.

By a Chapter Act of April 23, 1538, Appleby was confirmed in the joint-offices of organist and Master of the Choristers of Lincoln. However, he held the position only for a little over a year, as in July, 1539, he was induced to take the post of organist at Magdalen College, Oxford, being replaced at Lincoln by James Craue in the joint-offices of organist and 'Master of the Song,' with the salary and fees attaching to both offices, and with a gratuity of 13s. 4d. annually on condition that during his life he, or his deputy, 'shall duly and diligently instruct and teach the choristers both in the science of singing, namely, plainsong, pricked song, faburden, discant, and counterpoint, as well as playing the organ,' also teaching certain apt choir-boys 'to play

* A namesake, Thomas Appleby, was Vicar of Braintree in 1535.

on the instruments called Clavichords, said boys to provide Clavichords at their own proper cost and expense.' These Letters Patent of James Crawe are dated October 4, 1539.

Two years later Thomas Appleby returned to Lincoln (being replaced at Magdalen College by John Sheppard), and on November 21, 1541, his Letters Patent were drawn up in somewhat the same form as those of James Crawe. In the Chapter Act it is stated that the said Thomas Appleby was unanimously reappointed to the joint positions 'vacant by the dismissal of Master James Crawe,' and that, as a mark of favour, he was to be given a suitable chamber 'situated over the outer gate of the Choristers' House.'

Evidently Appleby must have given satisfaction to the Chapter, for he held his post during the remaining years of Henry VIII., and also under Edward VI. and Queen Mary, although adhering to the ancient faith. The following extract from a Chapter Act of February 12, 1558, testifies to the esteem in which he was held:

On 12 Feb., 1558, the Sub-dean and Chapter, assembled chapterwise, for the good and faithful service rendered by Thomas Appleby, skilled in the art of music, unanimously granted to him the office of Seneschal or Procurator of the House of Choristers, and Collector of all farms, payments, and emoluments belonging to them, immediately after the death, dimission, &c., of Thomas Paget, the present Seneschal, to be held during their good pleasure.

Six months later, on August 18, 1559, we learn from the Chapter Acts that Thomas Appleby 'was admitted to the office of Seneschal of the Choristers, vacant by the dimission of Thomas Paget, according to a certain grant made to Thos. Appleby by the Chapter.'

'Dimission' evidently meant 'resignation,' for, on the same day, Thomas Paget, Seneschal, was appointed to the office of Sacrist, being also admitted Vicar-Choral.

Appleby was now an old man, and though he still played the organ the Precentor relieved him of the duty of teaching the choristers. This we learn from a Chapter Act of September 19, 1559, when Roger Dalison, Precentor, was appointed 'Master and Supervisor of the Choristers, poor clerks, and boys on the foundation of Bartholomew Burghersh.'

I have failed to meet with any record of Appleby after the year 1560, and evidently he died at the close of the year 1562, as in February, 1563, the illustrious William Byrd was appointed his successor. Through the courtesy of Canon Johnston, Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral, I am enabled to give the exact date when Byrd was officially appointed in place of Appleby, a date unknown to previous investigators, although the usual authorities give us 'about the year 1563.' From the Chapter Acts the date of Byrd's appointment to Lincoln is given as February 27, 1563, when the composer was in his twenty-first year.

Appleby's compositions may be dated as between the years 1535-50, and though doubtless many of them have been lost, sufficient remain to appraise his merits. The Peterhouse MSS. contain a Mass and a Magnificat by him, while the British Museum, Add. MS. 17,802-5, includes a fine Mass. It does not appear that he composed anything for the English Service, and in fact his creative period was long before the reign of Elizabeth. His twenty-one years' connection with Lincoln continued the good tradition established by Thomas Ashwell, which was developed by his successor, Byrd.

THE CURSE OF THE CONCERT PROGRAMME

BY ROBERT LORENZ

I don't mean, of course, the programme to a symphonic poem, which has been proved over and over again to be a most fallacious document. The programme I refer to is the menu or bill of fare of any ordinary concert in any ordinary place. Here are two texts which bring out respectively the serious and comic sides of the question:

(1) 'Before the concert began I was in a fever. I kept on saying to myself, "I am going to hear the fifth and seventh Symphonies." I regarded myself with the most ridiculous self-adulation; I smoothed and purred over myself—a great contented tabby-cat—and all because I was so splendidly fortunate as to be about to hear Beethoven's fifth and seventh Symphonies.'—*Barbellion's Diary*.

(2) 'The Société Indépendante, in order to protest against the (alleged) prejudiced attitude of concert-goers and critics—or, to put it more charitably, in order to prove that opinions on new works were often influenced by the composer's name—gave a concert, the programme of which remained silent as to the authorship of the works produced, with the result that most of the critics refrained from mentioning the affair at all.'—M.-D. CALVO-CORESSI, *Musical Times*, April, 1921.

The first text echoes emotions that are often buzzing about in the soul of the average musical enthusiast in this country. Those who are temporarily under their sway regard them as their dearest possessions—as qualities which distinguish them, the idealists, from the ordinary run of humanity. I was a victim to this sort of thing once, so I can sympathise with the Barbellions' probable annoyance at my showing them up as a nuisance and a hindrance to musical progress.

Now what does such an one do when he knows he is going to hear the fifth and seventh Symphonies? It depends, of course, largely on the extent of his musical knowledge, but the one who usually gets afflicted in this way is an out-and-out amateur who has heard these works a good many times, loves them dearly, and picks up a few more snatches after each performance. Well, all day long he tum-tum-tum-tums or tum-tum-tum-tum-tums to the mingled amazement and annoyance of fellow-workers and tubers. Yes, but that's not the worst of the business by any means: these tum-tums are always those of some particular conductor—and woe to to-morrow's if he doesn't tum-tum in just that particular way. Being a new man he probably won't, and then the logical result of this 'enthusiasm' is seen in its full glory. After two bars our friend is thoroughly outraged, and though he may fool himself that he is listening to the music, he is actually carrying on with frenzied concentration a heated mental comparison between the particular conductor on the podium and his one and only. Now the splitting of hairs over the only very slightly different readings of different conductors (particularly where the classics are concerned) is one of the most vicious phases of present-day musical life, and though the modern virtuoso conductor is certainly to be blamed for having encouraged it in the first instance, his admirers are only a little less culpable. Perhaps the worst result of this working oneself up

into a C minor-cum-Nikisch mood is that it destroys altogether that delightful sensation of 'coming' upon music which is the supreme joy of the sensitive music-lover. Were I to set out now on a ramble and could in the course of an hour or so have things like the opening bars of Mozart's G minor Symphony, of *Götterdämmerung* (even on the pianoforte), and the Brahms Clarinet Quintet—to name a few familiar favourites only—wafted over to me in succession from various houses, I should have tucked away more spine-creeps and musical stimuli into my system in that one hour than I should in a year in a concert-hall under the existing system. If, however, programmes were not announced, and the element of surprise were given free rein, why then I wager that the opening of the fifth Symphony would fall so like a bomb-shell on an unexpectant audience that all thoughts of conductors and their readings would be crowded out from brains already nearly bursting with musical emotion.

There would, of course, be many comic incidents. We all know that there is no more amazing mass of hypocrisy and sentimentality to be found anywhere than in our concert-halls, and one is quite safe in saying this here, as the worst offenders rarely read musical journals. But how it loves its names, and how the pressure of its plaudits is cunningly adjusted to some pre-ordained order of precedence in the case of both composers and artists! Picture, then, this helpless flock confronted with a novelty—no, no, that would be too cruel!—let us say an unfamiliar item by a famous defunct. Can't you see the sheep looking anxiously around for a shepherd—oh, just *some* one who'll tell them whether to applaud; it's so dreadfully difficult to know! In time professional shepherds would spring up, ardent champions of various composers, whose success would depend on how quickly they could make their hit after a performance, or the extent to which they had managed to wireless their feelings to their neighbours during its progress. I am afraid there is another reason why novelties would have to be ruled out of the scheme, at any rate until a reliable nucleus of shepherds had been formed. As things are at present, composers of 'novelties' always buck themselves up with the certainty that a sentimental public will applaud them irrespective of its real feelings. But under the new system the majority of the public would probably not know that a novelty was being performed, and perhaps express no feelings whatever. Imagine, then, the mortification, not to say the indignation, of the composer of *The Children of Don Quixote* if his Prelude met with such a fate. Yet he, methinks, would come 'soarin' in regardless' as a famous conductor once remarked to his double-basses!

Seriously, there's something in all this, and I am only joking about it because there is very little chance of it happening—in my time, at any rate. And yet there could hardly be a better time than the present to start a revolution of this kind. We're in the soup all round, and big issues have matured from soup before now. If the L.S.O. will announce a series of eight symphony concerts for 1922-23—just that, without any particulars except in regard to novelties—I am prepared to bet that they'll do a roaring trade. But go slow, and don't start—like Mr. Holbrooke—offering £10 to anyone who can spot unfamiliar outsiders. Above all, don't in the first flush of success suggest carrying out the new idea in

opera as well. There are limits to all forms of human endurance, and I would not have even my worst enemy exposed to the torture of not knowing whether he was going to hear *Parsifal* or *Nail*.

SOME INNOVATIONS IN CRITICISM

Circumstances have enabled—or forced—me to take a detached view of musical criticism during the last few months, and perhaps some of the conclusions suggested by my dispassionate survey may not be without interest.

One thing has pleased me greatly—and that is the almost universal abandonment of the ex-cathedra 50,000-ton survey of the year's music. How bore some it used to be to write, and how difficult to read! It used to remind one of the old Oxford saying that lectures are cut-and-dried things: cut by the men and dried by the lecturers. A feature of the short—in some cases almost sportive—summaries I have read, was the varying degree of importance attached to the very newest phases of music. One very important daily did not even mention them, while in others, not unnaturally, they bulked very large, and we were told that they had passed out of the realm of controversy. That seems, indeed, to be the opinion of the writer first mentioned, but not in the sense intended by the others.

It is pleasant to notice that the number of criticisms the sole object of which is apparently to show the readers what a devilish clever fellow the writer is, is on the decrease, and that there is a corresponding increase of those who strive to tell us something about the music or the performances which are the subject of the article. This is entirely as it should be. There are still too many signs of malign sub-editorial activity, which results in obvious gaps in the chain of reasoning, and suggests that the copy has been 'handled' by a gentleman who does not know the difference between a double-bassoon and double counterpoint. I suppose it is inevitable. I know that the very able men who write the really important parts of daily papers—such as the reports of football matches and the fashions—are groaning under the same infliction. Why then should the mere musical critic complain to the high heavens?

An innovation that has struck me with some force is the growth of a penchant for what may be called 'zoological' criticism. I do not mean criticism like that of the member of parliament in a once famous novel, *Ten Thousand a Year*, who did immense service to his party by shouting 'Cock-a-doodle-do' at critical moments. That might in some cases be quite a useful way of settling a musical controversy. The newest school of thought, would, perhaps, object to it on the ground that it imports the quite undesirable element of 'emotion' into music. But that is neither here nor there. What I mean is something quite different. I mean the habit of crediting composers with the cerebral apparatus of the lower animals. Not long ago I read somewhere that Wagner and César Franck had the mental equipment of anthropoid apes. Elsewhere I was told that a certain composer had the brain of a hen. This school of critical thought finds it even more effective to say that Beethoven had not the intelligence of a wood-louse. One of those who now worship *The Sleeping Princess* asserted that Tchaikovsky had no brain at all—so possibly the remark was intended as a compliment to Beethoven.

The rule of the game seems to be to take the greatest composer and compare him to the smallest animal. An expert in zoology might draw up a useful table for the critics of this school. If you begin with Beethoven=wood-louse, you would, through numerous gradations, arrive at the other end of the scale, and find the author of the worst 'best-seller' compared to the fox terrier, the horse, or the gorilla, whichever is the brainiest of the three. Where would our friend the donkey be, and what composer would most aptly be compared to him?

I am afraid I myself would come very low down in the scale of cerebral equipment, for I cannot for the life of me see what good that kind of comparison does to any. It does not even tell us how clever the writer is. Quite the reverse. A. K.

Occasional Notes

Hearty congratulations to Dame Ethel Smyth and Sir Landon Ronald on the distinction they have so thoroughly earned.

In last month's 'Occasional Notes' we dropped a little aside concerning Mr. Percy Scholes's *prae-mortem* inquest on the Pizetti Violin Sonata. Our readers will remember that Mr. Scholes, feeling that the Sonata was not nearly so good as most people thought it to be, set out to justify his opinion by quoting some of its material and pointing out the poverty thereof. We remarked that this was judging at the wrong end. The proof of the pudding, we said, is in the eating of it, not in a critical dissection and inspection of its ingredients.

Mr. Scholes discussed the matter in the *Observer* of January 8, and raised some interesting points. He said he was careful in his examination of the Sonata to show that the weakness lay in the treatment of the themes as well as in the themes themselves, and he was specially careful to do this 'because,' he added, 'I knew that perhaps nine musicians out of ten at present hold the view I myself once unthinkingly held—that in music not the text but the sermon is what matters, and that numbers of master-pieces exist, evolved from insignificant material.' He went on, 'I am prepared to make this assertion: There do not exist cases where a first-rate piece of music has been fashioned out of poor or insignificant material.' Obviously, other things being equal, the best music results from the best material. There are, however, so many examples of fine music made from poor themes, and poor music from good, that Mr. Scholes's assertion strikes us as being bold to rashness.

Mr. Thomas Dunhill took this line in a letter to the *Observer* the following week. He asked if Mr. Scholes had ever heard or studied 'Beethoven's astounding Variations on a theme by Diabelli. If so [he went on] it would be interesting to know whether he regards the variations as less than "first-rate," or the theme as other than poor and insignificant.' We have not heard these Variations for a good many years, and no copy is handy, so we express no opinion. Instead, we turn up Parry's article on 'Variations' in Grove, where we find the work fully discussed, and described as being among 'the finest and most interesting [variations] in existence.' If Parry is right, Mr. Scholes must pronounce the Diabelli Waltz to be a good deal more significant than it appears to be. (Since the above was written, he has stated—*Observer*, January 22—that he regards the Diabelli theme as 'a quite excellent one'.)

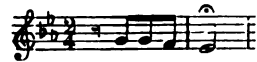
Mr. Scholes rightly distinguishes between simplicity and insignificance. He quotes the opening subjects from Beethoven's fifth and *Eroica* Symphonies as examples of themes simple but significant.

Here he raises a question that demands for its discussion more elbow-room than is afforded by a mere 'Occasional Note,' or even a string of them. We can do little more than open it. If these themes are significant, are they not so chiefly because of Beethoven's treatment of them? The first:



by far the more arresting of the two, is merely the yellow-hammer's call, and until Beethoven took it in hand nobody thought of it as possessing any significance worth mentioning. No doubt letters to the newspapers of the day recorded the tremendous fact that our old friend 'Constant Reader' had heard the yellow-hammer for the first time that season, just as assiduous Daily Mailites let a waiting world know that they have heard some specially enterprising and impatient cuckoo. But nobody thought of it as 'significant'—that is (as Mr. Scholes says), 'charged with actual and potential meaning.' Beethoven, we are told on good authority, used to extemporise on it, just as others have toyed with the cuckoo's call. The composer having adopted it as a motto theme for his C minor Symphony, and worked a kind of miracle with it, the bird's pipe has become 'Fate knocking at the door.' It is now one of the most tremendously significant of musical subjects, but its significance is quite fortuitous.

Mr. Scholes suggests that had the theme been changed to:



it would have been so weakened that even Beethoven could have made nothing great out of it. Arguing from an hypothesis is perhaps fruitless, but we may point out that as a good deal of Beethoven's most striking use of the theme is derived, not from the intervals, but from the rhythm, the alteration would matter very little. Indeed, so far from weakening its germinal possibilities, it would have increased them. Had the yellow-hammer sung:



Beethoven would probably have done a great deal with some such derivative as:

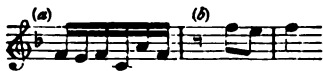


which appears to contain more possibilities than:



However, our main point is that Beethoven has evolved a great movement from a theme that in itself was of no importance, though, thanks to the composer, it is now one of the most suggestive in music. We have not space to consider the *Eroica* subject. If we had, we should merely show that much of what we have said about the C minor theme may be applied to this also.

Bach inevitably comes into a discussion of this kind. Mr. Scholes mentions some fugue subjects, both strong and weak, and is convinced that good fugues are never produced from poor subjects. We almost agree with Mr. Scholes here, because a fugue depends, far more than does a free movement, upon the quality of its subject. A sonata movement is so largely a matter of development that a long work may be concerned far more with the derivatives of the subjects than with the subjects themselves, whereas the essence of the fugal form lies in its insistence on the subject, presented (usually without change) in a constantly varying polyphonic texture. To revert to Mr. Scholes's simile of the sermon and text: in a free movement the matter may be discursive. One thing brings up another, and the preacher may follow and develop the most promising of them, though the relation to the text may escape any but the closest observer. In a fugue the text may be left for a brief space (the episode), but the discourse must constantly return to it, showing it in a new aspect, either through its relations to other constituents (counter-subjects) or by regarding it from a fresh point of view (inversion, augmentation, diminution). Even the episodes are as a rule not entirely free, being in a well-behaved fugue derived from the subject or counter-subject. A fugue, then, cannot fairly be brought into the argument, though we should have no difficulty in showing that even here Bach has more than once or twice done wonders with trifling material. Leaving strict fugues we will draw Mr. Scholes's attention to one Bach movement only, choosing one that happens to be largely fugal and canonic—the Organ Toccata in F. As was shown by a writer in this journal a few months ago, the whole of this gigantic movement of four hundred and thirty-eight bars is derived from these two insignificant motives:



(We may even regard *b* as an augmentation of the first half of *a*.)

The fact is, the composer more than any other creative artist, has this power of evolving something from nothing, and as a general rule the greatest composers are those who have this power in the greatest degree. Nothing in *Abt Vogler* is truer or more easily applied to this question than the well-known lines:

I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound,
but a star.

Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought;
And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow
the head!

Strauss's visit to London roused far less interest than might have been expected. Comparing the half-empty Albert Hall and the absence of anything like the scenes that marked Kreisler's return, one is left with a fair idea of the relative importance of performers and composers in the public eye. As the Albert Hall had been filled a few evenings before at very high prices for the Cook-Carpentier prize-fight we may draw further deductions. Clearly, in order to fill such a vast place, one must be either a pugilist or a prima donna. The writer of a letter to one of the daily papers, expressing a hope that there would be no 'mob-worship' of Strauss, need not have

worried himself. There was neither mob nor worship. The reports of the concert were respectful and dignified. Only one was gushing, that of Hannen Swaffer in the *Daily Graphic*. Headed 'Herr Strauss's Triumph,' it told us that Strauss 'blushed with nervous pride when he took his stand in front of the orchestra.' Mr. Swaffer must have been sitting at the great man's feet in order to observe this. Another report says that the Herr was singularly impassive and unconcerned, even a trifle bored. That was our own impression. If his colour did rise, the glow may not have been nervous pride, but annoyance at the rows of empty stalls that met his eyes. Mr. Swaffer gave us also the astonishing news that 'Strauss is the oldest living composer.' As he is still on the right side of sixty, he is a long way off being that. An emotional half-column ends thus: 'After last night there is no word about German art and German music that is left to be said. The war is, indeed, over.' Still dimly remembered, however, and likely to be for some time yet, though we do not suppose people were kept from attending the concert by any anti-German feeling. It was probably something far more fatal—indifference to the man and his music.

We are glad to read in the excellent Journal of the Federation of British Music Industries that the propaganda work of the Federation is prospering. As many of our readers probably know, this part of the Federation's activities consists in the placing at the free disposal of the Press articles on musical subjects of general interest. The articles are written in the right simple and readable style, and we repeat the suggestion we have already made—that readers who have any influence with their local press should help along the cause of native music and music industry by getting such articles inserted. In the January Journal appears the announcement that one of the most useful of the articles—that on Music in Industry—is to be published in an organ that is used as an 'inset' to five hundred parish magazines. This is something like propaganda, and Mr. H. B. Dickinson, who is responsible for both loading the gun and firing it, is to be congratulated. Any readers who wish for information about these articles should write to Mr. Dickinson at the Federation Headquarters, 117-123, Great Portland Street, W.1.

Though a liking for the funereal in music is less common than it was, some people still have it badly. In the Journal aforesaid we read of an old lady who went to a gramophone dealer for some records for Christmas:

'As she arrived in a bath-chair with an escort of three attendants, room was found for her with some difficulty. She heard three records, of which one was a hymn and one a carol, and finally departed with the record of her choice, the *Dead March in Saul*.

There is, we believe, some sort of society for preserving ancient monuments. Is it not time musicians started something of the kind to take care of the work of great composers? We are moved to ask the question by two desecrations that lie before us—*That Meister Rag* and a Faust Fantasy Fox-Trot bearing the hideous and silly

title *Mefoxtroteles*. The former takes the Prize Song from the *Meistersinger* and debases it thus:



We have recently commented on the fact that the 'winners' of Charing Cross Road are usually the work not of a composer but of a small syndicate, one member writing the tune, another adding what purports to be harmony, a third scoring it, and one more (sometimes a couple) fitting some words to the result. We should have imagined that so simple a process as spoiling a masterpiece might have been managed single-handed, but it appears that here again the limited amount of intelligence required is not to be found in one head. Anyhow, two were employed, those of Claude Marx and Basil Davis.

Mefoxtroteles is a perversion of the song 'Gentle Flowers,' from Gounod's *Faust*. This is what W. H. Norman makes of it:



We need hardly add that in both cases the arrangements bristle with blatant vulgarities. The scarcity of original ideas in the quarter from which these things come has long been patent. But is the fact a justification for stealing other people's and spoiling them?

There appears to be some legal means of preventing the public performance of parodied versions of such ballads as those of (say) Teresa del Riego. Surely it should be possible to protect the living music of dead composers as well as the dead music of living ones.

We now propose to do a little stealing on our own account. *Punch* of January 18 contained a batch of musical howlers and comments that ought to be preserved in a musical journal, so we lift them with thanks:

Piano to suit beginner, with legs.—*Scotch Paper*.

Surely hands would be even more useful.

From a school magazine:

Perhaps the *hors d'œuvre* of the evening was —'s first violin solo.

A very natural error, attributable, no doubt, to his use of the sordine.

'LEAGUE OF NATIONS.'

Viscount Grey, K.G., will speak at the Colston Hall, Bristol, on Tuesday, January 10th, at 8 p.m. Groan Recital at 7.30.—*West Country Paper*.

We are glad to say that the hostile demonstration did not come off.

There was loud applause after Mr — had rendered *Petit Sweet Deconcert* on the violin.—*Local Paper*.

It is hoped that the *Entente* will survive this shock.

From an Indian band programme:

Two melodies from the League of Nations:

(a) 'Dream Bubbles' (Ager)

(b) 'What about it' (Darewski).

We fear Lord Robert Cecil will not be pleased.

Which of our enterprising chamber music parties will give us the first performance of Alois Hába's String Quartet on the Quarter-Tone System? The composer's preface tells us that the work is the result of long study and research. The quarter-tone is no novelty, of course. Some Oriental music has it, and we may occasionally hear specimens in our own concert-rooms, though our singers are a long way off anything like a system. Hába uses the signs ♭ and ♮, the first raising a note a quarter-tone, the second lowering it. The drawback of the first is that it looks too much like a flat rather the worse for wear. It seems to us that it would be safer to invert it, thus ♮. It is impossible to gain much idea of what this Quartet sounds like by looking at it. The work of the music reviewer has been getting harder for some time past, owing to the complexity and chromaticism of so much modern work. To the mental hearer an ordinary classical orchestral full score is child's play by the side of a good deal of recent music written for chamber combinations or even for pianoforte solo. If composers are going to hand out quarter-tones as well, we shall have to do what we really ought to be doing now in most cases—wait for a performance before writing our review. If Hába used his new resource sparingly we could get along fairly well, but he simply peppers his score with it. Readers who wish to test the 'mind's ear' (dealt with by Mr. Heseltine on page 88) should tie a wet towel round their brow and get to work on this Quartet. (Universal Edition, 6,418.) Here is a taste to start with—the last three bars of the work:



The Musician's Bookshelf

A MUSICAL PILGRIM

A little book from the Oxford University Press, *A Musical Pilgrim's Progress*, by J. D. M. Rorke, proves peculiarly attaching. It is by a self-declared 'outsider' and 'non-musician,' and records different stages in the love for music of one who had no musical schooling and hit on this vein by accident. Such a case is common enough—the case of those for whom music was not found, but who found music for themselves; and the first few pages of the book will start many a reader delving in his memories for the initiatory, deciding experience. (Mr. Rorke indeed challenges us all so to delve, and so this reviewer for one will unearth from memory a small boy, proud to be entrusted with the fiddle-case of a musical aunt, and suddenly smitten outside the rehearsal chamber of an orchestra of amateurs by a Hungarian Dance of Brahms. What an intoxication, how supernatural!)

For Mr. Rorke it was Chopin, the *Funeral March*,
'... in a Church organ-loft, I having been conscripted with another boy to blow because the regular blower was drunk. We toiled in a rapture. ...'

an experience reinforced at Oxford by a fellow undergraduate's performance on the violin of the E flat Nocturne. In a dozen years the 'pilgrim,' with the aid of the pianola, passed through stages of Chopin, Wagner, Debussy, and Tchaikovsky to his goal of beatitude in Beethoven.

Such a case is not uncommon, no doubt, but Mr. Rorke is someone uncommon, for this 'non-musician' struck a vein not only of the appreciation of music but also of a gift for writing about it. The tale of his stages interests, though not of itself matter for a book. But his delightful writing and the expression of acute feeling and thought make a book well worth having. Quite apart from the circumstances of his introduction to music, his appreciations of Chopin, Wagner, and Beethoven are pages of rarely beautiful criticism. Thus in a searching analysis of the charm of Chopin's music for the 'beginner,' he notes:

'It often has the quality of narrative—narrative of incident and adventure, in which anything might happen except a dull page, as against the self-determined and inevitable course of a narrative of character. To many a beginner, indeed, it has the quality of narrative as against the quality of preaching; the Nocturne or Ballade is like a splendid short story; the typical sonata movement more like a sermon, with much expiation on heads and sub-heads of the text.'

And here we come upon a peculiarity of this sincere 'amator,' a peculiarity which persists to the end of his confessions: that all his delight is in the matter of the music rather than in sheer sound. He gets his Chopin and Wagner out of the pianola, and when in the later pages he holds his breath with awe on his 'pinnacle' of Beethoven's music of the third period, we are not told from what sort of performance the ecstasy sprang, or from what manner of transcription, or whether it was from the printed page or the lodgment of the music in his memory. Here is Mr. Rorke with Chopin and a pianola:

'The first big taste came when I hired a cabinet-player for a month, with unlimited access to a music-roll library. All through the hot August of the Coronation year, with the rest of my people at the seaside, I played Chopin from morning to night in my shirt-sleeves, and, I'm afraid, missed the procession. No scenery and no wild adventures could have given me such a gorgeous and exciting holiday. When at a tremendous climactic moment I drove myself, stool and all, over backwards, and leapt to my feet to get into position again, I pitied from my heart the dull life of a cannibal chief or a big-game hunter.'

Wagner took him as Wagner takes everyone, like a fever, and we read him with pleasure in seeing our common experiences recorded; with pleasure, too, in his fine original observations. This is suggested by the Prelude of *Tristan and Isolde*:

'It is at the moment of opening that the composer has his chance, whatever he can make of it. It is then he is most a creator. There is silence, and, as God said "Let there be light," he says "Let there be sound." The conductor gathers his forces; the pianist holds his hand for a moment; there is stillness, wonder, expectancy; the ear of the listener is at its most sensitive, his mind a white sheet of paper. At that moment there is something of the miracle of birth, if it is only a little cool fugue subject that writes itself in single notes. Never will soft "6-4" chord sound so touching, nor harsh chord so devastating. How the abrupt announcement of the "C minor" brings one's heart to one's mouth! But in all music has that opportunity for the opening ever been so perfectly seized and filled full as by the first restless yearning phrases of *Tristan*? They are like the slow waking of some mortal on a strange planet—and strange enough world in truth it is, this elemental realm of love and death, for Mr. Smith and Miss Brown (who are having an evening at the theatre), and all the rest of us, in pit and stalls and gallery; and yet, strangest of all, a world which is theirs, too, and ours.'

The pilgrim does not rest in Wagner. *Parsifal* was not good enough—it came to this. The perception of this 'non-musician' notes that here Wagner's thought and philosophy point to ways that Wagner's music cannot tread. Wagner's music, so magnificently adequate to the conflicts of Love and Death (*Tristan* and *The Ring*), for all its straining 'never in *Parsifal* attains the point of Faith, in spite of all the place that is given to the word.' Is there a sublimer music, a music to meet the case of the *Finale* of *Parsifal*? Mr. Rorke's answer is, Beethoven, and to his chapter on the late Sonatas and Quartets we recommend the reader without more incitement—only adding that even for one who has breathed the *adagio* of the Cavatina of Op. 130 there may remain peaks not negligible. Bach is barely mentioned by Mr. Rorke, and the heavens of Byrd and Palestrina not at all. It is true we can't very well perform Palestrina on the pianola.

Dr. Ernest Walker writes a Preface, and, falling in with the author's challenge for confessions, the historian of *Music in England* gallantly recalls a *Marche des Troubadours*, by Henri Roubier, and a *Gondellied*, by Theodor Oesten, as having been his soul's awakeners.

C.

REAL DANCING

Dancing differs from most of the arts in that it reached its highest developments in skill and significance centuries ago. Its decline was inevitable. With the gradual loss of its religious and ceremonial associations went most of its dignity and a good deal of its technique. This is a dancing age, but it can hardly be said that popular dancing is notable either for beauty or skill. What dancing was and what it might still be is shown in Edward Scott's *Dancing for Strength and Beauty* (George Allen and Unwin). Mr. Scott would have us go back to some of the dances of old—his book bears the sub-title, *Renasant Dancing*—and he succeeds in putting us out of conceit with the fox-trots and shimmies and other more or less unseemly gambols with which the floor of our suburban *palais de danse* quivers. Not that the old dances were lacking in fling. For proof, look at Mr. Scott's illustrations of the galliarde and at the photographs of 'Lively Steps of Tudor Dances,' and above all at that of the *saut majeur* of the volta. The last-named (a note tells us) 'was the caper in which Queen Elizabeth jumped higher than her cousin Mary'—and, thanks to the ample skirts of the period, must have made a parachute-like descent. Mr. Scott devotes a long and valuable chapter to 'The real *menuet de la cour*,' and shows that the conventional stage minuet is the *unreal* one. Lengthy consideration is given also to the waltz and to classic dancing. One small musical point: Mr. Scott is not quite sound when (in the chapter on 'Art and the Public') he says:

It is a fact that not a few people pretend to admire Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, when in reality their tastes incline towards quite a different form of music. There are those who will bore themselves by listening to fugal intricacies and contrapuntal combinations which they are quite unable to appreciate, when, if the truth were known, they would rather be enjoying light operatic selections, and some would even prefer ragtime!

There may be a certain amount of humbug in musical life, but at present it does not take this form. Mr. Scott's words apply to a state of things long since past. To-day nobody has any scruples in avowing a distaste for 'the three B's,' or in fact for every composer save those of the Ayer-Gideon-Tate-Darewski brand. Our concert public may be small, and it may lack discrimination, but we may be sure that, to a man, it goes to performances of good music because it really wants to, and not in order to acquire a reputation for 'culture.'

Mr. Scott claims much for dancing as an aid to health and even beauty, and he claims convincingly. Altogether a capital book, full of information, and written on a high note of enthusiasm that should make many a middle-aged reader (anxiously observant of his circumference) gird himself, and see whether Dancing will not do more for him than Diet, and do it far more pleasantly.

H. G.

Musicians will remember Mr. Charles T. Smith's striking book, *The Music of Life*, published a few years ago, which threw light on the possibility of producing, through a well-planned curriculum of music in elementary schools, intelligent listeners, knowing good music from bad, and equipped, from participation in fine music themselves, for fighting their artistic battles in the world that lies outside school.

Mr. Smith has now put forth another volume, *The School of Life* (Grant Richards, 6s.), in which he

describes his experiments in the evolution of a school system of a new type. Briefly, this consists in linking up all the activities of the school—scientific, literary, and artistic—so as to enable the children to reproduce, by means of plays, ceremonials, literary and historical dramatisations, scientific demonstrations, and the like, the main incidents in every epoch of civilisation. The activities of the world would be divided into, say, nine epochs, through which the whole school would move in monthly periods. The highest standard in the school would represent the dominant cultural force or race in each epoch, the remaining standards representing, in descending order, the other nations in the descending order of their cultural importance. The evolution of the whole of civilisation would be covered every year, and as the child was promoted a standard each year, he would continue throughout his school life to play his part as a member of one of the higher civilisations until he had taken part in as many of the periods as his time at school allowed. But when his time came to leave school, what then? Mr. Smith envisages the children being encouraged to provide their own organizations for similar performances in social clubs and continuation schools, and the requisitioning of the assistance of parents in the movement, so that the school would in time be looked upon as a social centre and adult communal institute.

The details of these schemes must be studied in the book itself. They are fascinating, with the fascination of a thing that may be very far off, but that we feel in our bones is right.

The first part of the book is devoted to a full explanation of Mr. Smith's wide-flung but perfectly practicable scheme. Then comes the astonishing account of his production—at the Glengall Road Council School, in the Isle of Dogs, down Poplar way—of no less a work than Mozart's *Magic Flute*. How this task, that to the outsider appears perfectly appalling, was carried through may be read in Mr. Smith's very human, sympathetic, and charming pages. The vindication of this bold production was found in the fact that some very eminent critics went to Poplar to hear the performance, and came away marvelling at it and full of enthusiasm.

There is high but not heavy thinking in this little book, and an optimistic outlook on human nature—'dockers, labourers, miners, engineers, and kindred gentfolk'—that is cheering. How much more cheering to the inhabitants of the Isle of Dogs has been the influence of this kindly, far-seeing dominie, who has striven, with wonderful success, to bring music and kindred arts to the brightening and enriching of so many drab lives.

W. R. A.

 VERY MUCH AT HOME WITH GREAT COMPOSERS

No doubt there are many people whose interest in a musical work is quickened by a picture of the composer in his habit as he lived. We need not smile superiorly at them. It is an amiable and human trait, and as such is not without its value. Evidently it is a powerful factor in American musical life, if we may judge from Charles D. Isaacson's *Face to Face with Great Musicians* (New York and London: D. Appleton & Co. Two volumes, 8s. 6d. each). The work consists of sixty short sketches of musicians (chiefly composers), more or less cast in the form of imaginary conversations,

thirty to a volume. Mr. Isaacson tells us that they were written for him to read to his audiences (he is an enthusiastic musical missionary, giving popular concerts of good music), and it is obvious that they are better suited for oral delivery, a few at a time, interspersed with music, than collected into two fat volumes. Moreover, a speaker is apt to seize on the picturesque details of a composer's life, and it so happens that as a rule those are just the things that are either apocryphal or unimportant, or both. Mr. Scott has not been overawed by the difficulty of putting words in the mouths of his great musicians. He even makes some of them talk American, with startling effect, as, for instance, when Handel, disgusted at the opposition in London, remarks, 'Now I am through,' and later, having written *The Messiah*, he says to his Dublin friends, 'We will produce it right here in your city.' Haydn, describing his early trials, says, 'And then there came a little storekeeper who hardly knew me, and loaned me enough to run my own apartment.' And thus the austere Cherubini to the youthful Berlioz, 'Fine, my boy . . . I better be careful or you will be showing me about music.' Auber, the septuagenarian, is great fun. Here are a few flowers of speech from his reminiscences: 'Jac has on a very big amour. Look at him blush! . . . I'm young; look at me. I'm spry. . . . When I think back, way back to the day I first went into that queer old building. . . . No, siree! Not for me. . . .', During a chat with Franck in the organ-loft at St. Clotilde we jump to hear, 'Anyway, last night was great. Nobody can deny that, eh, boys?'—from d'Indy, of all people!

The public likes its great musicians gushed over, as well as chatted about, and Mr. Isaacson has the right kind of thing on tap:

'See that gentleman sitting back there in the inner room—there, right past the alcove? That pale, sad-faced esthete, that sickly, beautiful-faced knight of melancholy! That is Chopin. Oh, what a conflict rages beneath that quiet exterior—what passions, what loves, what sorrows, and yet what fairy-like joys! What poems of exquisite finery and delicate melody have been written by those artistic hands! What bitter, damning, roaring, pæans of hate have issued underneath the flashing of those pitying eyes. . . . See with what a languor he opens and closes his eyes, with what Oriental and feminine grace he strokes his chin.'

And so on. The idea at the back of these volumes is excellent. It is a pity the author was unable to develop it without gushing, and turning so many of the great composers into New Yorkers. However, he meant well. He might apply to himself the astonishing phrase he puts into the mouth of Meyerbeer: 'I'm human, I'm just a living little man. But in the big I'm all for Art.' H. G.

LESSONS WITH LESCHETIZKY

A book, like a piece of music, may show bad workmanship, and yet be not without value if its subject-matter be good. Here, for example, is Ethel Newcomb's *Leschetizky as I knew him* (New York and London: Appleton, 18s.), an untidy piece of book-making, yet with few uninteresting pages. The author spent some years as pupil, and later as assistant of Leschetizky, and jotted down particulars

of his methods, with a good deal of his conversation and comments. This material she dishes up, untidily, as I have said, but not without spirit. Pianoforte students and teachers will here find valuable hints, especially on the interpretative side. Despite its obvious failings, the book succeeds well enough to suggest a profitable task for some of our young people now studying with great teachers. A bit of Boswell's gift, and a habit of noting daily the most illuminating remarks heard during lessons: here are two simple ingredients that with care in the preparation should give us an educational book of great practical value. Unfair to the teacher? Not a bit. If he is dead or retired he won't mind. If he is still teaching he is more likely to gain than to lose pupils through such a book. Miss Newcomb shows us both how to do it, and how not to do it; the main point is that she shows it can be done. H. G.

LONDON STREET CRIES

Having done good work by unearthing, editing, lecturing on and conducting performances of old London street cries, Sir Frederick Bridge puts the seal on his efforts by bringing his data together in book form—*The Old Cries of London* (Novello, 7s.). The nine chapters and Appendix of which the book consists deal with: *London Lackpenny*, the famous old poem which gives so minute a description of life in the London of 1400 (the poem is printed in full, with the original spelling); 'The Music of the Cries'; Weelkes's *Humorous Fancy*: Rounds, and a Freeman's Song; Orlando Gibbons's *In Nomine*; Deering's *Fancy*, *What d'ye Lacke?* W. Cobbold's *Fancy*, *New Fashions*; 'The Cries of Later Years,' and Some Additional Cries and Tradesmen's Songs. The musical value of some of these old cries has been recognised by those who have made acquaintance with Sir Frederick's edition of the Fancies of Weelkes, Deering, and Gibbons. The Blacking Seller's cry, quoted in the Appendix, will be new to most people, and is so vigorous and well-constructed as to suggest the hand of one of our best old song-writers:



The effective sequence points to the skilled composer rather than to a folk-song origin. Sir Frederick has drawn on the Print Room of the British Museum for his numerous illustrations. Some are excellent specimens of old engraving, and all are quaint and amusing. The frontispiece is a finely printed coloured plate reproduced from a unique painting on glass, entitled 'The Dentist, or Teeth Drawn with a Touch.' Though it is later in date than the cry 'Touch and goe! Ha' ye work for Kind-Heart the Tooth Drawer? Touch and goe!' Sir Frederick reasonably considers that the use of

the word 'touch' implies a connection. The plate shows the dentist gripping the victim's tooth with a pair of forceps large enough to negotiate a tusk. He is evidently enjoying himself immensely, while the damsel who completes the group watches the operation closely with amused interest. Not many readers of the book will leave this picture in its place. They will want to see it framed and hung.

An interesting point in regard to the musical examples is that they have been set up by the Oxford University Press in the type used for the Oxford Hymn Book—type 'based upon the fount for which punches were cut in Oxford about 1683 by Peter de Walpergen.' Its use here is a happy thought. The book as a whole, with its pleasant treatment of a fascinating subject, its fine print, and its wealth of illustration, is a delight both to handle and to read.

H. G.

ESSAYS ON CONTEMPORARIES

A well-produced and handy series of booklets has been started by Messrs. Chester—*Miniature Essays* (6d. each). Twenty-three are announced, nine of them dealing with British composers. The three so far published are on Bax, Goossens, and Stravinsky. We are left guessing as to the author. The essays are in both French and English, so we hope they will be read by our neighbours across the Channel, who appear to take little interest in modern music that is not home-made. That the essayist draws the eulogistic stop early, and leaves it out, need cause no complaint. In the past we English have been chary of writing about our composers while they were still alive and able to profit by encouragement and criticism. We have generally waited till the call was for elegy rather than eulogy. Probably our young composers are not greatly concerned as to their standing with the next generation. Why should they be? They are hardly human if they don't care far more about contemporary appreciation. We hope these Chesterian booklets will be widely read.

H. G.

FOR SINGERS AND OTHERS

A new work of considerable importance to teachers and students of singing and physical education is H. H. Hulbert's *Eurhythm: Thought in Action. The Principles and Practice of Vocal and Physical Therapy* (Novello). Dr. Hulbert is well-known as a lecturer and writer on voice, breathing, and physical education, and the theories advanced in the present work—which was begun in 1911—are, we are told, the outcome of practical work carried on for years in connection with vocal and physical therapy.

'Eurhythm' [writes the author in a Preface] 'is a term signifying perfect harmony. Harmony of mind and action, of impression and expression, is the poetry of movement and life. It includes principles that should animate life itself and all forms of education, mental, physical, and artistic . . . Thought in Action makes individuals intellectual units, and . . . is the one and only way of getting that harmony of mind and body that is indispensable for artistic movement.'

In the chapter on 'Physique and Artistic Movement,' the writer criticises our methods of physical education. There is too much of the element of drill, with its resultant inartistic, jerky movement:

'The jerky, vigorous stamp of the feet of bodies kept rigid while marching is untrue to nature and eurhythmics, and this unnatural

artificiality in physical development is altogether unscientific and harmful . . . Although it is claimed that the educational gymnastics taught in our English schools are based upon strictly scientific principles, it will be found on careful investigation that those principles are the unscientific principles of antagonism in movement, rather than the scientific principles of co-ordination in movement which is the true basis of eurhythm and natural science. . . . Flexibility of body and masterly, graceful, and purposeful control of movements should be made the basis of all physical education. . . . Physical education would then assist vocal culture and dancing, and all accomplishments and games of skill.'

The chapter on 'The Poise of the Body and Tonicity' contains much that the singer should know. Incidentally we here discover that the author is obviously not enamoured of the quality of voice peculiar to our highly-trained choir-boys. Under the heading 'Tonality of the vocal apparatus'—tonicity being a term to indicate that the tension is proportionate to the purpose of the action—we read:

'While voice is being made, the walls of the vocal apparatus must be held in a certain state of tension varying with the pitch and tension of the note. Over-tension causes rigidity and under-tension flabbiness. Rigidity causes a hard tone and flabbiness a breathy tone. . . The *coo*-ing, breathy tones of children, taught to bring the head voice into the chest voice (although the sounds freed from the harshness produced by rigidity are more pleasing to the ear), are not musical, and cannot convey the real meaning of the music. . . . To the lover of real tone, the flutiness, so noticeable in the singing of some highly-trained Church choirs is almost as distasteful as the raucous but more hearty singing of those who have had little training. . . There is present in nearly all choirs, trained and untrained, either hardness or breathiness due to a too rigid or too flabby vocal apparatus. If the vocal apparatus is in a state of tonicity, the voices are musical, and beautiful tone, which alone is able to express the appreciation of a cultured mind, is present.'

Most of us have suffered at times from the *coo*-ing or hooting of imperfectly trained choirs, but many will probably feel that the author's criticism cannot fairly be applied in the case of our best Cathedral and Church choirs. On the other hand it must be admitted that too many choir-trainers would appear to concern themselves exclusively with the purely negative problem of eradicating harshness, and it is rare indeed to find a choir where the tone is musical, and yet has a real 'edge' to it. We are convinced that there are few choirmasters who would not materially benefit by a careful perusal of this thoughtful and suggestive chapter.

The subject of breathing is very thoroughly and clearly treated. The harmful effects of the crude, forcible methods too often adopted in the practice of so-called 'deep breathing' are pointed out, and the systematic practice of medium and short breathing is urged. A feature of this chapter is the attention given to the many and varied functions performed by the abdominal muscles. The part taken by these muscles, and the correct action of the diaphragm during breathing for voice according to

(Continued on page 112.)

Come, and let us return.

ANTHEM FOR THE SEASON OF LENT FROM "THUS SAITH THE LORD."

Joel ii. 12; Hosea vi. 1.

Music by GEORGE GARRETT, Mus. Doc., M.A.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Andante con moto. $\text{♩} = 96.$

ORGAN. Sw. Diap. & Prin. Ped.

SOLO TENOR. RECIT. *espress.*

Thus saith the LORD, Turn ye e - ven to

add Oboe. Diap.

me with all your heart, and with fast - ing, and with

Andante con moto.

weep - ing, and with mourn - ing.

Andante con moto. $\text{♩} = 96.$

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

Come, and let us re - turn, . . . re - turn un - to the LORD, . .

ALTO.

TENOR.

Come, and let us re - turn, . . . re - turn un -

BASS.

Come, and let us re - turn . .

Come, and
add 4 ft.

Ped.

let us re - turn . . un - to the LORD,

to the LORD, let us re - turn un - to . . the LORD, . . to the

un - to the LORD, come, and let us re - turn un - to the

let us re - turn un - to the LORD, come, and let us re -

add Oboe.

cres.

come, and let us re - turn,

mf

come, and let us re - turn, . .

LORD, . . re - turn . . un - to the LORD, let us re - turn

LORD

come, and let us re - turn,

turn,

come, and let us re - turn,

come, and

Gt. Org.

Gt. Org. Sw. coup.

L.H.

add to Gt.

Come and let us re - turn, re - turn . . . un -
 un - to the LORD, . . . let us re - turn un - - to
 Come, and let us re - turn to the LORD, . . . re - turn
 let us re - turn un - to the LORD, and let us re - turn . . . un - -

rall. *più lento.* *pp* *cres.*
 - to the LORD; . . . for He hath torn, . . . and
rall. *più lento.* *pp* *cres.*
 the LORD; . . . for He hath torn, . . . and
rall. *più lento.* *pp* *cres.*
 un - to the LORD; . . . for He hath torn, . . . and
rall. *più lento.* *pp* *cres.*
 - - to the LORD; . . . for He hath torn, . . . and
rall. *più lento.* *pp* *cres.*
 Sw. Diap. *pp* *Ped. cres.*
 He will heal . . . us; . . . He hath smit - - ten, . . . and
pp *cres.*
 He will heal . . . us; . . . He hath smit - - ten, . . . and
pp *cres.*
 He will heal . . . us; . . . He hath smit - - ten, . . . and
pp *cres.*
 He will heal . . . us; . . . He hath smit - - ten, . . . and
pp *cres.*
 Sw. *pp* *Ped.*

a tempo primo.

He will bind us up. Come, and let us re -

He will bind us up, He will bind us up.

He will bind us up, He will bind us up.

He will bind us up, He will bind us up.

Sw. *a tempo primo.*

turn, re - turn un - to the LORD, un - to the

Come, and let us re - turn, re - turn un - to the

Come, and let us re - turn

Come, and let us re -

Ped.

LORD, come, and let us re - turn,

cres. LORD, let us re - turn un - to the LORD,

mf Come, and let us re - turn, let us re - turn to the

turn un - to the LORD, come, and let us re -

Gt.

Gt.

to Gt.

come, and let us re - turn, . . . come, and let us re -

come, and let us re - turn, un - to the LORD, . . .

come, and let us re - turn, . . .

LORD, . . . come, and let us re -

turn, . . . come, and let us re - turn, . . .

4 ft. add Reeds Sw.

turn, . . . let us re - turn un - to the LORD,

un - to the LORD, . . . come, and let us re - turn,

turn, . . . come, and let us re - turn un - to . . . the LORD,

come, and let us re - turn . . . un - to the LORD,

dim. let us re - turn . . . un - to the LORD.

dim. let us re - turn . . . un - to the LORD.

dim. let us re - turn . . . un - to the LORD.

dim. let us re - turn . . . un - to the LORD.

8 ft. Gt. Sw. Diap. Sw. p

to Sw.

(Continued from page 106.)

the views of the author, receive close analysis. A description is given of an interesting experiment bearing on this point conducted by the author, while examined under X-rays by Dr. Lyster (the eminent X-ray specialist, who lately died a martyr to science).

Another chapter for singers and speakers deals exhaustively with the sounds of the English language. Particularly thorough is the treatment of diphthongs. The writer considers that

'The neglect of the proper pronunciation of the musical English diphthongs is so remarkable that it can be stated without fear of contradiction that no educated English person can pronounce them properly unless he has been carefully trained to do so by someone possessing the gift of an ear sufficiently musical to detect their real value.'

The book includes a description of the articulatory apparatus and of the larynx, and a chapter on hygiene for voice-users. There are numerous illustrations, and the large number of practical exercises scattered throughout the work include, besides physical and health exercises, exercises for pronunciation, ten for breathing, four for soft palate, several for the tongue, twelve for the lower jaw, and several for the lips.

Dr. Hulbert is to be congratulated upon the completion of a work which should prove a valuable text-book for serious students of voice and physical training.

G. G.

A BOOK ON SAINT-SAËNS

The brilliant and caustic old Frenchman and his neat, nimble art have the soberest of commentators possible in *Saint-Saëns*, by Arthur Hervey (London: at The Bodley Head, 6s.). A great deal of Saint-Saëns's music is like the talk of any clever, voluble Frenchman—even when it does not mean very much, the manner remains agreeable. But a strange expounder of such an art is Mr. Arthur Hervey, who gives the impression of speaking reluctantly, says as little as he decently can (142 pp.), and almost avows a mistrust of words. Concerning French composers younger than Debussy and Charpentier, 'it is,' Mr. Hervey casually declares, 'yet too early to speak.' Is it?

It is possibly better never, either late or soon, to speak at all about music, so helplessly after all do words seek to define that which is essentially ultra-verbal. But, the problem once tackled, there are no prohibitions against earliness or lateness, and all that matters is how it is done and the degree of sympathetic interest you manage to pass on. Saint-Saëns, himself a charming writer, did not say 'Concerning Rossini, Meyerbeer and Gounod, it is already too late to speak.' Concerning them he wrote, he was interested in them, he interests us. (A pity, by the way, that the translation of his papers, published last year by Mr. John Murray, was in such wretched English.)

Not, we gather, that Mr. Hervey is not interested in his subject. He professes indeed almost unmitigated admiration for the busy composer's remarkable output, even to the point of appreciating some aspects of *The Promised Land* (Gloucester Festival, 1913—a date which the printer with unconscious irony makes '1813'). No music-type is used, and a reader ignorant of Saint-Saëns's actual work

might, if credulous, take him for a first-rate genius, or, if sceptical, for the merest epigone. 'Saint-Saëns is indeed absolutely unique, and has no counterpart' (p. 29). 'The incomparable' someone once dubbed Max Beerbohm, who with his own biographer pleaded (oh, in vain), 'Note that I am *not* incomparable. Compare me. Compare me as an essayist (for instance) with other essayists. Point out how much less human I am than Lamb, how much less intellectual than Hazlitt, and what an ignoramus.' The artist who indeed should be incomparable, absolutely unique, without counterpart, is no matter for criticism. Either he moves on the plane of patent medicines and portfolios of the World's Best Music, or he is a god. Comparisons are odious, but subtract them from criticism, and this is the sort of thing left (Mr. Hervey's account of Saint-Saëns's Op. 92):

'It is modern in spirit though classical in form, and contains various innovations of the highest interest to the musician. One can readily realise that the composition of this work must have been a labour of love.'

Mr. Hervey sketches the plots of Saint-Saëns's thirteen operas, and in an appendix makes a catalogue of the compositions. C.

New Music

PIANOFORTE MUSIC

Cyril Scott's *Inclination à la Danse* (Elkin) has an impetus that is too often lacking in his music. Its harmonic flavour is sharper, and its rhythm more incisive. We could do with more Scott of this kind. Alec Rowley's graceful talent is shown to great advantage in his Six Improvisations—charming two-page pieces of moderate difficulty (Winthrop Rogers). *Moods*, a valse by Gerrard Williams, is in popular style, with some characteristic touches and a little too much repetition. *Ginger-(k)Nuts* is a fox-trot by Sydney Rosenbloom, better than its silly title, quite as jolly as the average fox-trot, and more musicianly. I hope more composers of the Rosenbloom and Gerrard Williams calibre will adventure into the field of popular dance music. At present it is almost monopolised by platitudinous vulgarians. Both these pieces are published by Paxton & Co.

Three sets of pieces by MacDowell have just been issued by Winthrop Rogers—Six Idylls (after poems by Goethe), Six Poems (after poems by Heine), and Four Pieces. Though not as a whole the best MacDowell, they are too good to be neglected by those who have a liking for the composer's music. They were first published in 1898 by Hainauer, Breslau. How far we have travelled since then is shown by an alternative passage in the *Humoreske*. The original gives us a few bars of consecutive fifths in the left hand. Below is printed a version in which the fifths are absent, a foot-note explaining that the alterations 'are specially recommended to those who find the strict style of the successive fifths too humorous.' The original is a very harmless flight compared with what our fifth-mongers of to-day can manage. H. G.

A NEW EDITION OF BEETHOVEN'S PIANOFORTE SONATAS

A complete edition of Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas, published in single numbers, is no light undertaking. When, however, the editorship is

placed in the hands of musicians of the standing of Mr. F. Corder (editor-in-chief) and Messrs. Carlo Albanesi, T. A. Matthay, and Oscar Beringer, the success of the venture should not be in doubt. The Newman Practical Edition (The Newman Publishing Co.) is excellently got up and clearly printed. Each Sonata is prefaced by a page of editorial notes giving practical advice to the student. For purposes of reference the bars are numbered line by line. Some of these references are a little vague, and occasional mistakes occur (in the first Sonata, bar 102 should be bar 107). Students will appreciate the many helpful suggestions given, though, possibly, out-and-out Beethovenites will be shocked at some of the recommendations. Compared with the over-edited foreign editions upon which most of us were brought up, the music stands out with almost startling clearness owing to the elimination of unnecessary phrasing marks and fingering. Occasionally, indeed, the fingering might have been a little less sparingly used. Altogether this is an edition which will be welcomed by students and teachers alike. G. G.

PIANOFORTE DUETS

Excellent fare of an old-fashioned tuneful type is contained in four books of *Celebrated Ballet Music of the 17th and 18th Centuries* (Augener), ostensibly for sight-reading, and useful for that purpose, but also well worth playing for its own sake, seeing that the composers drawn on include Lully, Rameau, Gluck, Méhul, Gossec, and other old French worthies. The music is mostly easy. Dennis Arundell's Nursery Tunes (Goodwin & Tabb) are free treatments of *Girls and Boys come out to Play*, *There was a Lady loved a Swine*, *The Miller of Dee*, and *Over the Hills and Far Away*. The title-page tells us that the treble is easy, but it is distinctly awkward in several places, owing to the cross-rhythms with the secondo, and also because the positions are sometimes inconvenient. The duets seem to have been inspired by Quilter's *Children's Overture*, but the treatment is far less happy, some of the harmonies being decidedly far-fetched. Surely we ought to be able to be simple and natural in dealing with nursery rhymes!

Those of us who heard Germaine Tailleferre's *Image* in its original version for eight instruments found a good deal of it piquant. An arrangement for pianoforte duet shows that the flavour lay in the instrumental colour. On the keyboard it shows itself to be decidedly small beer. The simultaneous use of two or three tonalities will not disguise poverty of thought, and the trick itself (which is far less clever than it appears to be) soon wears thin. On page 4, for example, the primo player is distinctly in G, the right hand of the secondo no less distinctly in E flat minor, and the bass in C major. But as all three constituents are puerile the total effect can hardly be otherwise. The trick is used to much better purpose by Casella in his *Pupazzetti, 5 musiche per marionette* (Chester). These make one wince at times, but players who get the hang of them and acquire the knack of treating the dissonances rightly will end by enjoying them, and will have at their fingers' end something to wake up the dullest audience. The *Lullaby* has real charm, and the *Polka*, at anything like the right pace, is a stunning success. (In bar 3, by the by, the two B's should be G's.) H. G.

CHAMBER MUSIC

Messrs. Augener's new edition of Tchaikovsky's famous Trio, *A la Mémoire d'un Grand Artiste*, bears evidence of the popularity this work enjoys, for it is of course inconceivable that so shrewd a publisher should embark on such an undertaking (it runs to about ninety pages) without having first ascertained what the public demand is likely to be. This being the case, it must be admitted that the situation encourages unusual hopes for music. On the one hand we have our moderns attracting a good deal of attention and receiving, on the whole, as much encouragement as was extended in days gone by to a Chopin, a Berlioz, or a Mozart. On the other side there is a large public ready to welcome the very things the moderns attack. Thus both Peter and Paul have their admirers and their supporters. This is the best of all possible worlds.

Tchaikovsky's Trio is perhaps the most typical work of its class. It embodies all the chief features of the Tchaikovskian school—its deep-seated sentimentality, the preponderance of the lyrical element, the long preparation to what purports to be a terrific climax. The limitations of the medium prevent the cloaking over of weaknesses in the work as easily as when the composer has at his disposal the resources of the orchestra. You can study Tchaikovsky's merits and demerits more easily in this Trio than in almost any other work of his. The death of Nicholas Rubinstein had moved him deeply, and the elegiac section of the Trio, if lacking in dramatic force, is nevertheless arresting, as all sincere expressions are. But even the sorrow he felt could not make him forget the tricks of the trade. He wept hot tears over the grave of his friend, but that did not prevent him from picking the best of handkerchiefs to wipe his eyes afterwards. Perhaps it was merely an act of routine, but it is a great pity he did at all, for the gesture was bad. There is nothing so fatal to effect as an anticlimax, and Tchaikovsky is guilty of more than one horrible anticlimax. After taking us slowly and laboriously over the hill, when we reach the summit he dismisses us with rhetorical flourishes. This Trio is a case in point. After the long preparation of the *Variazione Finale* comes the central theme played *fff* in unison by the strings. At first the noise made by the pianoforte does give us something like a thrill, but how soon that first impression fades, leaving us cold, critical, unsatisfied. It is only a little better than the appalling anticlimax in the *Finale* of the 5th Symphony, where, after a great display of barbaric strength and splendour, we are led to a climax worthy of Donizetti at his worst. The best features of the Trio are those which give an irresistible, popular appeal to his songs and to his symphonies—individuality and Byronic pathos.

Widely different in texture and outlook is the Trio in A minor for pianoforte, violin, and 'cello by M. Max d'Ollone (Durand). The composer has obviously heard that the seventh added to the common chord adds spice to harmony. There is no harm, of course, in making use of rich and sonorous harmonies, but this cold-shouldering of simple, straightforward statements, this insistence on calling a spade an agricultural implement, is rather apt to become a trifle monotonous, especially when, as in this case, the breezy harmonic treatment is at variance with the sophisticated treatment of the melody. Organic weakness is inevitable in music that attempts to serve two ideals.

F. B.

SONGS

One of the best of the new songs sung by John Coates at his recent recitals was Malcolm Davidson's *A Christmas Carol*, a fine setting of three stanzas from Masfield's *Christmas Eve at Sea*. It has just been published by Winthrop Rogers, for both low and high voice. The low voice should be one with a good top F. Another excellent song by the same composer is *Sorrow of Mydath* (Winthrop Rogers), words again from Masfield, the song-writer's friend. It calls for expressive singing of the intense type. Ivor Gurney is one of our most promising song-composers, with a fund of melody that has much of the naturalness of folk-song, and a knack of writing pianoforte parts full of interest, but not suggestive of a pianoforte solo to which an apologetic voice-part has been tacked on. *The Bonnie Earl of Murray* is a vigorous setting of an old Scots ballad. The music is almost entirely diatonic. *The County Mayo* is wistfully expressive, with a tune that owes something to folk-song, and a beautifully written accompaniment. Save in the third verse the music is mainly diatonic. Both these songs are for medium voice, and both are published by Winthrop Rogers. From the same house comes Janet Hamilton's *The music that love made*, an expressive affair in which the pianist has rather the more interesting part. Josef Holbrooke's *A Lake and a Fairy Boat* (Enoch) shows the composer in an unusually light and pleasing mood. A singer with a good control of the high notes can make a lot of it, especially of the beautiful cadence to each verse. A delightful song. Arthur Bliss's *Two Nursery Rhymes* (Chester), are as sprightly as we expect from the composer. The first is for soprano, clarinet, and pianoforte; the second for soprano and clarinet. At the end of No. 1 the singer and clarinettist are directed to 'hold on to their trill and note as long as possible'—a test of endurance that may lead to sporting rather than musical interest.

Louis Durey's *Le Bestiaire, ou Cortège d'Orphée* (Chester) is an album of twenty-six songs, delightful little fancies both as to words and music. Here is a procession of the animals we know, with some we don't know, from the flea to the elephant—just a kind of epigram about each one, set to slender, suggestive music, sprinkled with fashionable pungencies. The temptation to quote words and music is strong, but cannot be yielded to beyond a couple of the texts. The king of beasts cuts a poor figure:

O lion, malheureuse image
Des rois chus lamentablement,
Tu ne nais maintenant qu'en cage
A Hamburg, chez les Allemands.

And here is the new 'Song of the Flea':

Puces, amis, amantes même,
Qu'ils sont cruels ceux qui nous aiment.
Tout notre sang coule pour eux.
Les bien-aimés sont malheureux.

It is to be hoped that an English version of these songs may be forthcoming, though the translator will have no easy task in a good many cases. H. G.

Camille Saint-Saëns was a subscriber to the *Complete Edition of Bach* so far back as 1854, when his name appears among the list prefixed to the fourth volume. He and the late Dr. W. H. Cummings, who began even earlier with the second volume, were the last survivors of the original band of enthusiasts who supported the vast undertaking till it achieved finality in 1899, after almost half a century.

Gramophone Notes

BY 'DISCUS'

In its present state of development the gramophone does its best work when it gives us reproductions of familiar music rather than novelties—at all events, so far as orchestral works are concerned. The loss of a few details matters little in the case of a well-known score, because the mind instinctively supplies the deficiencies. Not that there are many in the two orchestral records received from H.M.V.—the Scherzo from the *New World Symphony* (Sir Landon Ronald and the Albert Hall Orchestra) and the *Meistersinger Overture* (Albert Coates). In the former we miss something of the electrifying power of the drum part, and in the latter the passage wherein the three subjects are combined loses a trifle by reason of the bass being a wee bit indefinite at the start. But these are small faults in two of the best orchestral records I have so far heard. Both are 12-in. d.-s.

Last month I spoke of the comparative failure of the contralto voice from a recording point of view. But a record of Madame Kirkby Lunn singing Elgar's *Like to the Damask Rose* is so good that I must take back something of what I said. This is an unusually distinct reproduction of an excellent bit of singing. (12-in.)

Here is a batch of operatic records, well up to standard: *Dio, che nell'Palma infondere*, from *Don Carlos* (Giovanni Martinelli and De Luca, 12-in.); *Sempre libera deggio folleggiare*, from *La Traviata* (Galli-Curci, 10-in.); and a 12-in. d.-s. with *Be mine the delight*, from *Faust* (Walter Hyde and Robert Radford), and the *Spinning Chorus* from *The Flying Dutchman* (the Grand Opera Company).

Mr. Robert Radford is heard to splendid advantage in *Revenge, Timotheus cries*. On the other side of this 12-in. he gives us Herbert Sharpe's *The Mahogany Tree*, which suffers from a lack of robustness in the male-voice chorus.

The pick of all these vocal records are undoubtedly the two of Chaliapin—Koenemann's *How the King went to War*, and Moussorgsky's *Song of the Flea*, both in Russian, and with orchestral accompaniment. Though the first is unfamiliar, its drift is easy to grasp, thanks to the vivid contrasts in the music and the finely expressive singing. *The Song of the Flea* is already familiar through Rosing's frequent performance of it. Chaliapin sings it with much more variety of tone-colour than does Rosing, and his sardonic laugh is something not to be missed. So, too, is Rosing's, but here again Chaliapin has a greater variety. It is a boon to have such fine records of this noble voice and dramatic style.

A few instrumental records call for little more than bare mention, the music being, as a rule, a good deal less important than the performance: a 10-in. d.-s. of Miss Isolde Menges playing Tod Boyd's *Samoan Lullaby* and Brahms's *A flat Waltz* (from Op. 39); a 12-in. d.-s. of Moiseiwitsch doing his best with the rather poor G flat Waltz of Chopin, a charming little *Finlandish Dance* of Palmgren, and an effective *Arabesque* of Leschetizky; and a 10-in. of Elman playing his own arrangement of a Country Dance by Beethoven.

Just as I am closing this column I find yet another record, evidently one that has come to the wrong address—a 10-in. d.-s. of two songs from the 'Co-optimists' entertainment, with Mr. Walter Jefferies singing Ivy St. Helier's *Coal Black Mammy*, and

Melville Gideon's *The Old Nigger*. I am glad to make their acquaintance because they shed light on a question a few correspondents have written to me about. Some of us are perhaps a trifle too ready to blame the gramophone for the indistinctness of the words in vocal records. But that the fault lies chiefly with the singers is proved by these two excellent records, in which all the words come out clearly. Nor is it a case of a comic vocalist with no voice, who speaks rather than sings. Mr. Jefferies has a good voice, and, though he leaves his note occasionally in order to make a point, he is no less distinct in passages where he is giving us 'straight' singing. The fact is, too many of our serious singers make a fetish of tone, and sacrifice text and interpretation to it. As Mr. Newman, discussing a kindred question, wrote in the *Manchester Guardian* recently, they 'lay' a pet note pretty much as a hen lays an egg. What ought to be a mere factor in the expression of the idea at the back of the song becomes a distracting physical operation. Such singers will not amend until poor enunciation is received in the concert hall as it is in the variety theatre—with the 'bird,' not the bouquet.

London Concerts

DR. RICHARD STRAUSS

Dr. Richard Strauss conducted some of his early works at the Albert Hall (January 17), having come here from the United States, where he seems to have been made much of, mayors and millionaires paying him public and private homage. London could not be expected to rise quite to this pitch, and it turned out that the Albert Hall was rather too big for the purpose. Without verging at all on failure the concert, it must be admitted, took place with a certain flatness of effect. For one thing, there is the disproportion between that hall and any normal orchestra. For another, Dr. Strauss banked on three old symphonic poems (*Don Juan*, *Till Eulenspiegel*, *Death and Transfiguration*) all well established in popularity. This made for safety, but not for excitement. If the applause, kindly enough, was no more it must be that the young folk were not there applauding.

They, it appears, respond languidly to the show of energy put up by Strauss's music. A hollowness is detected in his emotional protestations. This imposing structure of the 1890's is not on the whole wearing well; it seems to have been put together too much for immediate show, good stuff and shoddy used indiscriminately, and the good is threatened with being undermined by the decay of the other. How Strauss blusters from the moment he has really nothing to say! Partly, too, it is the fault of the celebrated literary attachments, no doubt, which at first enhanced the vividness of the music. But the arts descend at their peril to anecdote, for what stales so soon as an anecdote? *Till Eulenspiegel*, although as music profuse with irrelevancies, has the most of inherent character, and *Death and Transfiguration* the worst pretence and tawdriness.

The London Symphony Orchestra was the English element in this concert. Several of the best known of Strauss's songs were sung by Miss Ethel Frank in that highly elaborate and considered style of hers which somehow makes us think of some great modern scholar inditing faultless verse in an ancient language—never less than admirable, but not so much captivating. C.

BRAHMS AT QUEEN'S HALL

Sir Henry Wood's Saturday afternoon symphony concerts at Queen's Hall are being devoted nowadays to music that has long since proved its worth, which is a virtue but not the whole of virtue in such an institution. English orchestral music finds no place, or hardly, under this order. (And for the moment most other orchestral concerts are from necessity or convenience in the same way.) Thus on January 14 Sir Henry Wood, giving us the third Symphony of Brahms, followed by his Violin Concerto, even packed the corners of the programme tight with related music (Beethoven's *Leonora* No. 2, and a Suite in F sharp minor of Dohnányi). Thus the afternoon was wanting in the element of the brilliant, the playful, and the picturesque.

The performance of the Concerto, however, rose above ordinary levels. The soloist was young M. Toscha Seidel. He had been heard two or three times before in the last six months, and still so masterful an execution made a surprise; he had hardly been reckoned a violinist of that stature. The eloquence of the reading became vehement, but there was to be felt enough conviction to support this, not to speak of all the technical power to carry it out. The Suite of Dohnányi had been heard at the 'Promenades.' It is on a largish scale, and in some ways derives from Brahms; good, sound material, firmly chiselled by a highly competent rather than sensitive hand. The leader of the orchestra on this occasion was Miss Doris Houghton. C.

MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE

In London, of a Sunday afternoon, opportunities for indulging a musical taste at trifling expense were probably never more numerous than at present. We have the choice of the four leading symphony orchestras in Britain—and, therefore, presumably in the world. And if East had of late a cogent reason for undertaking the journey from Whitechapel to Kensington and paying eightpence—or more, according to circumstances—for admission to the Albert Hall, in order to greet West on an occasion for congratulation, attendance at the People's Palace, Mile End, on the following Sunday, January 15, suggested that West might—and, in some cases, does—find many occupations less profitable and pleasurable than returning the compliment. The Stepney enterprise has frankly educative aims, and offers sixteen hundred seats at a shilling, and a large number at two shillings (plus tax in each case). At these prices concerts of symphonic music are to be provided till Easter by the British Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Adrian C. Boult. If the performance under notice is a criterion, the music will be played with an efficiency unexcelled anywhere. A cardinal point, this, by which alone the recent decision to hold the concerts weekly instead of fortnightly, as hitherto, will be justified. One may bring instruction in music (or any other matter) to the doors of the people, one may print for their benefit, as here, brief instructive notes on musical form and standard composers in a programme sold at the nominal price of twopence, but, failing their entertainment in the truest sense, the response must not be expected to be encouraging or sustained.

It is clear that no fears need be entertained on this score. The audience was numerous and appreciative, not least of the conductor's forewords, illustrated by quotation of the leading musical themes by the band, incongruous as an occasional flippancy might

appear in remarks generally sound and scholarly. But when he took up the baton, the fancy of neophyte and initiate alike was freed. No truer compliment can be phrased. The sunny formality of Mozart, characteristically displayed in the *Don Giovanni* Overture, Beethoven's monumental trick of genius by which a simple, almost commonplace sequence of notes is, as in the fourth Symphony, transformed by rhythm into a subject of vital significance—these wonders were unfolded with the sure touch of the artist. Nor were the late George Butterworth's folk-song *English Idylls* or Wagner's essay in tender sentiment, the *Siegfried Idyll*, treated with less sympathy. Warming one's intellectual consciousness at these sacred fires, bodily consciousness of the frigid conditions prevailing outside—and, to a certain extent, inside, the Hall—was for the time being happily lost. H. F.

MR. ARTHUR BLISS'S SONGS

Miss Anne Thursfield, Miss Jelly d'Aranyi, and Mr. Leonard Borwick took part in the Classical Concert Society's seventh concert (Wigmore Hall, January 18). The violinist and pianist began with Elgar's Sonata Op. 82, making as may be guessed a performance of no feeble quality. The violinist's style even proclaimed her too outspokenly as indomitable and unafraid, and there were tender phrases of Elgar which, in the eye of fancy, appeared like a small, shy boy submitting to the grip of a stalwart nurse. Later Miss d'Aranyi played two pieces by Charles Szymanowski, who is the pride of the modern Polish school. *Arcthusa's Fountain* displayed her remarkable technique, and a Tarantella the characteristic raw vigour and life of her playing, but these interesting pieces rise well above mere display-music. They, together with others performed not long ago in London by the composer and M. Kochanski, 'supply a felt want,' as the saying goes, in the way of highly-wrought modern violin music other than in the sonata and concerto forms. In the *Arcthusa* there are analogies with researches of the pianoforte-writing of the Debussy period.

Miss Thursfield's songs included a new set of three, on poems of Walter de la Mare, by Arthur Bliss—'Romantic Songs' they are called, but 'romantic' is not applied in the sense usual in music. They are more noticeably sprightly and whimsical. Mr. Bliss's sprightliness is a quality of his own which cuts sharply across the usual sort of manufactured sprightliness ('Rustic Merry-making,' *Allegro vivace*, 2-4 time!). His quips have a Puck-like uncertain flicker and mysterious poesy. The three songs are tiny. It argues a considerable talent that so defined a picture has been etched within this brevity. The composer accompanied, and of the third song, 'The Buckle,' a repetition was required. C.

CHORAL CONCERTS

The Carol concert given by the Royal Choral Society on December 17 was, as usual, a pleasant and popular function, interesting alike to musicians and others. There was a motet for double chorus *Now once again our hearts we raise*, founded on an ancient chorale, Bridge's *A Babe ys borne I wys*, Ravenscroft's *Remember God's goodness*, and Parry's rattling *Welcome Yule*, besides well-known traditional tunes and a number of well-chosen solos sung by Miss Laura Evans-Williams, Miss Olga Haley, Mr. John Coates, and Mr. Harry Dearth. In the

absence of Sir Frederick Bridge through illness Mr. H. L. Balfour conducted.

Happily restored to health in the new year Sir Frederick conducted *The Messiah* on January 7, when the solo parts were taken by Miss Carrie Tubbs, Miss Phyllis Lett, Mr. William Boland, and Mr. Norman Allin.

The Oriana Madrigal Society took a typical programme to the Hampstead Conservatoire on January 10, and did it justice under Mr. Scott's guidance. The concert was the beginning of a suburban campaign, for the Society had arranged to repeat the programme at Blackheath on January 17, and at the Northern Polytechnic on January 19.

The Dulwich Philharmonic Society gave an expressive performance of *The Dream of Gerontius* at the Crystal Palace on December 17, Mr. Martin Kingslake conducting. The soloists were Miss Doris Manuelli, Mr. John Adams, and Mr. Dan Richards. M.

CHAMBER MUSIC

Six of the Dolmetsch family gave old music on old instruments at the Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, on December 17. The recorder, lute, and cithara were brought into action, and all joined in a *Fantasia* for six viols by William Byrd.

Music of Brahms and Dohnányi was played on December 19 by the Meredyll Pianoforte Quartet—Miss Bessie Rawlins (violin), Mr. Raymond Jeremy (viola), Mr. Emile Dœhaerd (violoncello), and Miss Marguerite Meredyll (pianoforte).

The concert of the Incorporated Society of Musicians at Queen's Hall on January 4 was carried out by the Wynn Reeves String Quartet—heard in Borodin's Quartet in D and Hurlstone's *Fantasy Quartet* in A flat—and by Mr. Philip Wilson, who gave 16th century songs, accompanied on the harpsichord by Mr. Gerald Cooper.

The Snow String Quartet, at Æolian Hall on January 10, was at its best in the Quartet of Elgar. On January 12, at Wigmore Hall, the London Trio played Arensky's work in D minor in obedience to a plebiscite.

Schönberg's Sextet was played by the Philharmonic Quartet, with Mr. Ernest Tomlinson and Mr. Gauntlett, at Chelsea Town Hall on January 12. It sounded less startling after an interval of several years, and its beauty and strength stood forward more clearly.

Arnold Bax's G major Quartet was played by the Kruse String Quartet on January 14. The Spencer Dyke party was excellent in the Debussy Quartet on January 16, at Wigmore Hall. M.

RECITALS

Brief mention must suffice for the December recitals which occurred too late for inclusion in my January list. Saturday, December 17, was a day of pianists. Mr. Samuel was at Wigmore Hall; Miss Myra Hess was at Queen's Hall, giving her farewell recital before an American tour; in the evening Miss Lilian Mackinnon played Scriabin, including the fifth Sonata. Mr. John Coates sang Christmastide songs, ancient and modern, English and French, at Chelsea Town Hall on December 20, before a delighted audience. One felt that the recital ought to have been given at Queen's Hall as well as at Chelsea. Two violinists showed distinct ways of

being excellent—Madame Fachiri on December 20 and M. Thibaud on December 31.

In the early days of 1922 no recital has been more interesting than Prof. D. F. Tovey's, at Æolian Hall, on January 9, when he showed what could be done with the new Duplex-Coupler pianoforte. This instrument is discussed elsewhere in this issue. Prof. Tovey did not stand as an expert, having had little practice in the new technique. The demonstration was all the more convincing. A week later, M. Max Pirani gave a recital on a duplex-coupler, but his enthusiasm outran discretion and his doubling became tiresome. He forgot the old graces of pianoforte-tone.

Among players on the ordinary pianoforte Miss May Bennett deserves commendation for the brightness, vigour, and intelligence of her playing at Æolian Hall on January 17, and for keeping her tone within bounds. She played a Sonata by Carlo Albanesi, some Scriabin—very effectively—and Chopin.

Miss Sarah Fischer, a newcomer, from Canada, showed unusual gifts and great versatility at Wigmore Hall on January 11. Of other vocalists who have appeared, Madame Adelina Delines led the way, and Miss Mignon Trevor, Mr. William Denys, and Miss Florence Parbury followed. M.

MR. STERNDALÉ BENNETT'S CONCERT

A crowded audience at Æolian Hall, on December 30, laughed long and loud while Mr. T. C. Sterndale Bennett sang about a score of his own droll songs. None the less—perhaps all the more, by reason of the contrast—they enjoyed Mr. Felix Salmond's playing of solos by Couperin, Pianelli, Glazounov, and others, and Mr. George Baker's two groups of songs (Frank Bridge, Vaughan Williams, Ireland, &c.). This excellent concert of humorous fare, relieved by serious music, suggests that our recitalists might well reverse the process frequently, and help themselves and their hearers by the inclusion of a few items not merely light, but actually funny. H. G.

The Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestra was not too ambitious, on December 15, in choosing Elgar's *Cockaigne*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture, Haydn's Symphony in C, and Howard Carr's *The Jolly Roger*. The Orchestra played in professional style under Mr. Joseph Ivimey.

Opera in London

Grand opera (save at the 'Old Vic.') having disappeared from our midst with the close of the Carl Rosa season at Covent Garden on December 10, the taste for that particularly satisfying form of entertainment has had to be content chiefly with the Gilbert and Sullivan performances at the Princes Theatre. And very attractive they have proved to be. The present generation has taken very kindly to them, so kindly in fact that the German 'musical' pieces have one and all had to shut up shop. This is one of the good things that Gilbert and Sullivan speaking from their graves have accomplished; another is that they have helped the public to show that it still possesses good taste, and that melody and wit in combination are still preferred above all other kinds of material that has had to form its musical pabulum. I prophesy that much will come of this season of Gilbert and Sullivan, and that we shall shortly see

a development of our light opera which will bring satisfactory results.

Grand opera representation in the meantime remains in the crucible. Foreign artists we must hear. The gramophone will not satisfy for ever; we must see and hear the great lights of the Continent, if only to show us how much better are our own people. Just at the moment we are at the opening of a new page in that worn and frayed volume entitled 'Grand Opera in London,' and time alone will show what will be the first words written thereon.

In the meantime there can be no question about the popularity of such light opera as we possess. The Gilbert and Sullivan works have been given to overflowing audiences, and will continue to do so until the first week in April. The last seven weeks of the visit—that is, from February 20—will be a *répertoire* season whose effect will be to induce those who went occasionally to go every night, as they will see a different work each time. All through Christmas the attraction was *The Mikado*, which proved irresistible. It was very well done with the aid of Mr. Darrell Fancourt (as the Mikado for the first time), Mr. Henry Lytton, Mr. Leo Sheffield, Miss Gilliland, and Miss Bertha Lewis. In due course *H.M.S. Pinafore* reappeared, and then the ever-attractive *Iolanthe*, which went uncommonly well. The truth is that the London atmosphere agrees thoroughly with the pieces—it is their native air, we must remember. Their exponents, too, seem to be getting acclimatised, and with them the orchestra and its painstaking conductor, Mr. Geoffrey Toye, who is gradually acquiring the real Sullivan balance whose secret Frank Cellier knew so well. I hope and trust that the end of it all will be that we shall have Gilbert and Sullivan back permanently in London before very long. F. E. B.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

On January 19 some of the original songs hitherto omitted from the Lyric Theatre version were introduced. There are nine of them, and all were received with acclamation. The delightful old opera should be 'still running' for a long time yet. C. W.

Chamber Music for Amateurs

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur chamber musicians who wish to get into touch with other players. We shall be glad if those making use of the scheme will let us know when their announcements have borne fruit. Failing such notice, advertisements will be inserted three times.

Pianist desires to meet violinist in Beaconsfield or Gerrard's Cross district for practice of violin sonatas, &c., classical and modern.—'DIGIT,' c/o *Musical Times*.

Young enthusiast would be glad to meet instrumentalists with a view to forming small orchestra. Rehearsals could be held at Slough or Windsor.—'DATCHET,' c/o *Musical Times*.

'Cellist. Good amateur wanted to join violinist and pianist for the practice of trios, classical and modern.—G. F. H., 224, Reddings Lane, Hall Green, Birmingham.

Amateur orchestra would welcome string and wood instruments at a South London Parish Church. Practice and one service weekly.—S. C. C., 59, Waleran Buildings, Old Kent Road, S.E.1.

Gentleman, baritone, would be glad to meet a capable pianist (gentleman) for mutual practice in Manchester or Hightown districts.—S. CARLTON, 57, Peter Street, Hightown, Manchester.

Violinist, violist, and harpist would give services. Church, orchestral, or chamber music.—Address, S. B. S., 6, Hauberk Road, London, S.W.11.

Lady pianist would be glad to meet capable violinist and 'cellist for chamber music practice.—Miss RITZ, L.R.A.M., 266, Elgin Avenue, W.9.

B. W. A. (North Finchley) is fond of playing pianoforte accompaniments, and would be glad to meet a singer (amateur or professional) for the purpose.—B. W. A., *c/o Musical Times*.

Pianist, Leeds district, desires to meet violinist for practice of classical sonatas, &c., or vocalist for practice of classical songs, Wolf, Schubert, &c.—A. F., *c/o Musical Times*.

Ladies and gentlemen, all instruments, with good orchestral experience, are invited to attend the symphony rehearsals held every Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m., at the Philological College, 248, Marylebone Road, N.W. (near Great Central Station).—EDWIN C. WHITE, Principal.

Claremont Orchestra.—Required immediately, leading violin, 'cello, double-bass, brass, and wood-wind.—Write, V. B., 34, Frances Street, Battersea, S.W.11.

Soprano singer, having recently studied in Italy, would be glad to meet accompanist for mutual study. Manchester or Altrincham district.—B. H., *c/o Musical Times*.

Mezzo-soprano, with some professional experience, would like to meet accompanist for practice. Crystal Palace district.—F. C. W., *c/o Musical Times*.

A string orchestra is being formed at the Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, Camden Town (near Mornington Crescent tube station, Hampstead Railway). Players of all string instruments are required; rehearsals commenced in the middle of January on Thursday evenings, 7.30-10.—Mr. WALTER YEOMANS, Director of Music Studies, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, N.W.

Young tenor wishes to meet a good pianist, lady or gentleman, for mutual practice. S.W. district preferred.—H. M. W., *c/o Musical Times*.

Violinist wanted to form trio or quartet to play chamber music. S.E. London district.—C. B., *c/o Musical Times*.

Wanted for Sunday evenings during the musical service, good amateur musicians (two violins, viola, and violoncello) to form a string quartet for Whitefield's Church, Tottenham Court Road, W. 1.—Apply, SPENCER SHAW, 690, Barking Road, Plaistow, E. 13.

South Hampstead and St. John's Wood, N.W. There are vacancies for good amateur instrumentalists in the Amateur Orchestral Society. Meetings on Thursday evenings in the Lecture Hall of the New College Chapel, Adelaide Road entrance. Low fees. Music provided.—Apply, WATSON HARDING, 6A, Upper Park Road, N.W. 3.

Accompanist (lady) will give services to a teacher or choral society for (say) two evenings a week in return for use of room (preferably in West End) for pianoforte practice twice weekly. Afternoons or evenings.—M. B., *c/o Musical Times*.

Orchestra (Stockwell Philharmonic Society). There are vacancies for good string and wood-wind players.—Write, Hon.-Secretary, 153, Clapham Road, S.W.9.

A lady (amateur vocalist) would like a good accompanist for practice one or two evenings a week, and offers instruction in singing in exchange. Moseley or Edgbaston district preferred.—141, Stratford Road, Birmingham.

Vacancies for players of violin, viola, violoncello, and clarinet, in good orchestra. Practice room near Oxford Street.—CONDUCTOR, 15, Eleanor Road, E.15.

Violinist desires to join quartet or trio for practice of classical and modern chamber music. Manchester district.—Apply, 'GAMMA,' *c/o Musical Times*.

Gentleman, tenor vocalist, well-trained amateur, desires to meet a good pianist for mutual practice. Fond of the classics.—D. G. T., 83, Uplands Road, N.8.

Amateur instrumentalists, all parts, required in the formation of an orchestra at St. Philip's Church, Kennington Road, S.E., in connection with monthly recitals and service accompaniments. Fine modern organ.—F. A. EUSTACE, 42, Dawnay Road, Wandsworth, S.W.18.

Young enthusiast in chamber-ballet would like to hear from others interested in order to form party. Croydon and South London.—C. B., *c/o Musical Times*.

South London Philharmonic Society.—There are vacancies in the orchestral section for violas, wood-wind, and brass players. Rehearsals, Friday evenings, at Lewisham. Works under rehearsal, *Spectre's Bride* (Dvorák), fifth Symphony (Beethoven), &c. Conductor, William H. Kerridge.—Apply, JOHN W. WATERER, 19, Adelaide Road, Brockley, S.E. 4.

Wanted.—North London Amateur wind and string players to collaborate in introducing good orchestral music at monthly services at an Islington Free Church. Alternate services are devoted to a specific composer (February—Haydn), whose life and works are appropriately discussed from pulpit. Rehearsals on Thursdays.—Write, WILL F. JAHNOW, Unity Orchestra, Unity Church, Upper Street, N. 1.

Tenor and baritone required to join really good alto and bass to complete male quartet. Objects: The mutual study, enjoyment, and performance of the best vocal quartet works. Only enthusiasts for this type of music need apply. West London district.—E. H., *c/o Musical Times*.

Amateur string quartet would like to meet tenor vocalist in order to study Vaughan Williams's *Wenlock Edge* and similar works for voice and strings.—'KEEN,' *c/o Musical Times*.

Two ladies, violoncellist and pianist, would be glad to meet violinist, for trio practice, classical and modern.—Mrs. MATHEWS, 21, Ladbroke Gardens, 3, Ladbroke Court, W.11., where practices would take place.

Church and Organ Music

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS

PASSED FELLOWSHIP, JANUARY, 1922

H. Bentley, Halifax,	B. J. Orsman, London.
T. A. Davies, Dowlais.	(Lafontaine Prize.)
P. G. Dore, Chichester.	H. E. West, London.
F. Green, Macclesfield.	(Turpin Prize.)
A. E. B. Hart, Nottingham.	R. J. Wyeth, Epsom.
E. E. Lawrence, Georgetown.	

PASSED ASSOCIATESHIP

H. J. Andrews, Brentwood.	J. A. Mallinson, New Mill.
H. E. Atkinson, London.	(Lafontaine Prize.)
H. J. Austin, Lewes.	H. Marsden, Thurgoland.
W. J. F. Avery, London.	T. P. Miles, Westcliff-on-Sea.
C. Borrow, Felstead.	H. W. Mills, London.
B. W. M. Chapman, London.	W. Neill, Edinburgh.
G. A. Costain, Liverpool.	L. D. Paul, London.
R. F. J. Darch, London.	T. A. Rushworth, Manchester.
E. M. Dent, London.	(Sawyer Prize.)
L. Dorsett, London.	S. Shaw, London.
T. Evans, Moss.	P. B. Tomblings, Exeter.
Miss L. M. Harris,	G. A. Trash, Edinburgh.
Spinney Hill.	P. E. Underwood, Gloucester.
C. E. Hobbs, Bridgwater.	M. Unwin, Brimington.
Miss M. Hosie, Aberdeen.	G. F. Walker, Elland.
S. Kerry, London.	

THOMAS SHINDLER, Registrar.

THE ORGANS OF LAMBETH PARISH CHURCH

BY ANDREW FREEMAN

So far as music is concerned the history of Lambeth Parish Church has not been unduly exciting, but its existing Annals, which commence in 1504, bear witness to the labours of two celebrated organ builders of bygone times, whilst at least one of its organists, James Coward, achieved something more than parochial fame.

The earliest mention of an instrument is an entry of *x.s.* 'pay' to S. wyllm Argall for the organys.' This was in 1517-18. Sir William seems to have been one of the assistant clergy of the church, for his name occurs many times in the account book between 1515 and 1522, though only this once in connection with the organ. For this reason, and because of the indefinite nature of the entry already quoted, it is quite impossible to decide whether he is entitled to inclusion in the long and honourable roll of English organ builders. The fact that there were others who bore the same surname, including a certain 'goodwyffe Argall' who busied herself in gathering 'monies of the parrysōn' for the tryndelle lyte a fore the rōde' and other church work, suggests that the said William may quite possibly have been born and bred in Lambeth.

Nearly forty years elapse before we meet with any further references to things musical. Then, in the time of Philip and Mary, about the year 1554, we come across several items of some interest:

Itm paid to vj syngngmen on trenite Sunday evyn iij.s. iiij.d.

It to Ms. Spryngwell & Smythe for syngng in the precession that daye, xij.d.

It paid to Edward Smyth syngngman for hys quarter wage dewe at Mychellmas the yere aforesaid, iij.s. iiij.d.

Item paid to the orgyn maker for mendyng of the orgyns in the moneth of August for soder, lether, fyer, and workmanshipe, vj.s. xd.

The first two entries refer to the custom of walking in procession each year, on Trinity Sunday evening, 'to sent mare overes'—one that might well be revived, since the church of St. Mary Overy, now dedicated to St. Saviour, has become the Cathedral Church of the Diocese of Southwark.

In the two succeeding years we find Smyth or Smythe still in receipt of iij.s. iiij.d. a quarter for his services as 'syngngman,' and we also meet with two entries of xij.d. 'paid to the orgynmaker for hys fee this yere.'

About this time there appear to have been two pair of organs, for in the year 1565, amongst the Receipts, apparently for certain goods sold, there is an 'Item for an olde paire of organs xxxs.' whilst other entries in the same and succeeding years prove that an instrument remained in the church in active use. The remaining extracts, given below, all refer to this instrument. They are also of note since they show that it was for some time in the care of John Howe, one of the most celebrated builders of the period, and because they bring to light the name of another craftsman, one Harry Lythe, whose identity seems to have been recovered from oblivion by the discovery of this single trace of his work.

1564-65 (?). Itm for mending one of the organ pipes, iij.d.

1566-67. It p^d to the organ maker for his fee, xij.d. (Similar entries 1568-69 and 1569-70.)

1567-68. Itm p^d to father How for his fee for kepinge ye organs for one yere, xij.d.

Itm to father How for mending of the organs the xix of September, iij.s.

1574. Itm payd to Harry Lythe for mendyng the organs, xs.

From this year till 1645, when the first book of accounts comes to an end, I have not come across a single reference to the organ.

For considerably over a century Lambeth Church was apparently without an instrument. The first indication of a better state of affairs is an expenditure of half-a-guinea, on July 25, 1700, for 'watteridge [i.e., ferry-boat] and

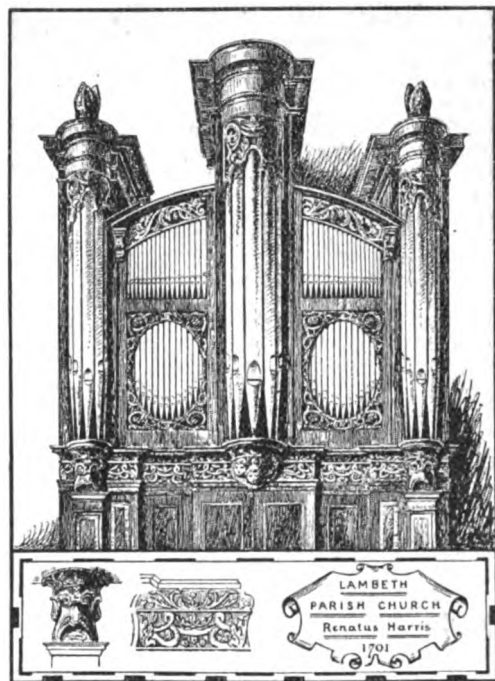
expenses when some gentlemⁿ went to Mr. Harris to treat with him about the Organ.'

The result of this visit was that Renatus Harris was given an order to build a new instrument. This was completed about the end of April, 1701, and an organist installed, though it was not till July 21 that the appointment of the latter was confirmed. On that day 'Mr. Richard Brown was unanimously chosen, . . . and it was likewise ordered that he shall have for his salary twenty pounds p. ann., his Salary to begin from Low Sunday the 29th of Aprill last.'

Low Sunday, 1701 (or possibly Easter Day), was probably the date on which the organ was opened, for on Saturday, April 26, 5s. was 'expended with Mr. Harris & Mr. Brown about the Organ,' and a like sum given to the organ-builder's men. Other indications of its completion are contained in such extracts as the following:

1701. May 2. Expended with the Justice & 5 other gentlemⁿ that came over to try the Organ, 14s. 3d.

May 19. pd Mr Thorey p. Bill when the organ was tryed by severall gent. from London. 9li. 15s. 9d.



On April 26, 1702, £1 11s. 10d. was spent 'on Severall gent. that sung an Anthem in the church,' and on August 27 £1 5s. was 'Expended with Justice Marsh & Justice Isaacson [Lambeth has always taken a delight in doing things decently and in order] when they went to agree with Mr. Harris about the Bazoorn stop of the Organ.'

The following Minute of Vestry bears directly on this addition to the resources of the instrument and indirectly on the mode of payment of the main account:

1702. Dec. 3. Ordered Whereas there is in the hands of Mr. Symon Lemon a certayne sume of money wch was collected of the inhabitants of this prsh towards paying for the Organ now placed in Lambeth Church; And also whereas there is money still due to Mr. Renatus Harris for the Bassoon stop in the sd Organ; It is this day ordered in vestry that the prsent overseers of the poore doe pay into the hands of Mr. Symon Lemon such sumes of money as remayne now in the hands of the sd overseers as appears by their Auditt, and his receipt shalbee their discharge, and that the sd Mr. Symon Lemon doe pay into the hands of Mr. Justice Marsh what he hath collected of the sd pishoners towards the sd. Organ together with what hee shall receive of the prsent Overseers, and also what hee hath received of the late Overseers.

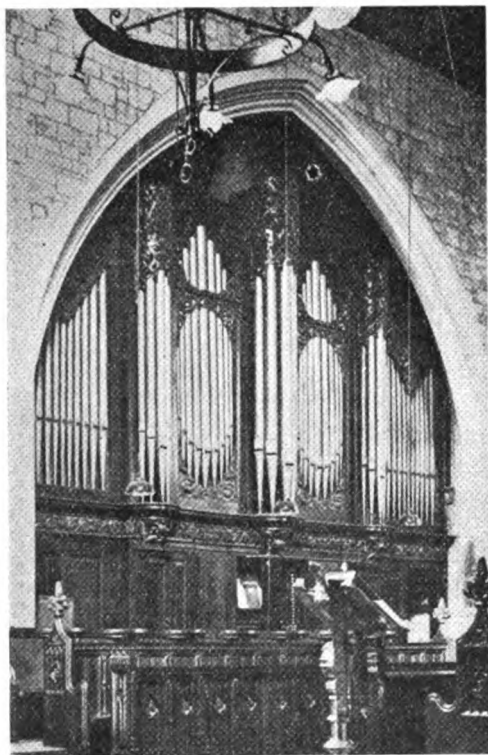
And that Mr. Justice Marsh wilbee pleased to settle accounts wth the sd Mr. Harris and pay him in full for the sd Organ.

The total cost of the organ does not appear.

Renatus Harris had charge of the instrument at a salary of £8 per annum till the year of his death, namely, 1724,* when his son, John Harris, took over his office at a salary of £6. An entry on April 13, 1744, establishes, within a few weeks, the date of John's decease:

By cash pd Mr. Byfield Exors to Mr. Harris $\frac{1}{3}$ Salary due at Xmas last, £4 10s.

Byfield (the Elder) who was, of course, John Harris's partner, did not succeed to the office of organ keeper. That position was conferred on a person named John Hitchcock, who was followed at Michaelmas, 1755, by an equally obscure personage indifferently styled John Maiden and James Meaden. The last-named was still holding the position in 1765-66. After a short gap in the accounts we



find John Byfield (the Younger) in charge of the instrument—from 1773 to the close of the book, 1778-79.

The only other item of interest about this time refers to the payment of £20 for 'Repairing and beautifying the Organ and Organ Case.' This was in 1766.

From 1779 to 1802 there is a gap in the accounts, but there is reason to believe that some considerable improvements were effected in the early part of this period. A writer in *Musical Opinion* of January, 1899, quoting from some unnamed book or document, says that in 1778 'a public subscription was made for adding a Swell and other improvements to the organ,' while a Service List, issued at the reopening of the organ in April, 1879, states that the instrument was 'built by Hiram Smith, about 1776.' Taken together, these two statements seem to suggest that about this time (probably 1780), either an entire Swell organ was added, or, that Swell shutters were fitted to the box containing the Echo organ—supposing that the original

organ contained an Echo.* Hiram Smith presents rather a difficulty, not because he is practically unknown as an organ builder—for there are others, even in this account, who seem to be mentioned nowhere else—but because the younger Byfield, who had charge of the organ from 1773 to 1779, and, also in 1802-03, would seem the most likely person to have done the work.

In 1803-04 England appears on the scene as organ tuner in the place of Byfield,† and at the same salary, namely £6. His successor, a Mr. Truin, held the office from 1815 till 1818. During the first two years of this period Truin was paid £72 8s. 3d. for repairs, in addition to his ordinary salary. Next came William Jones, at £8 per annum, and then, in 1838-39, Mary Jones, presumably his widow.

From 1839 till the end of the book, 1850, there is only one reference to things musical. This was in 1845, when we find the cryptographic entry, 'April 15, by Walker. Gothic Columns, Organ, £6 5s. 3d.' It probably refers to the provision of additional supports to the organ loft. It also serves to mark the beginning of Messrs. Walker's long connection with the Lambeth organ.

Towards the middle of the 19th century the church became unsafe, and it was decided that the fabric was too far gone for it to be put right by mere repair. The consequence was that with the exception of the fine 14th century tower the walls were taken down to within a few feet of their foundations, and what was practically a new church was built. The old materials were used so far as possible, and the old ground plan kept, but in style there was little in common between the two buildings—decorated Gothic taking the place of Perpendicular.

Advantage was taken of the rebuilding of the church to reconstruct and enlarge the organ. Up to this time it had retained its original appearance,‡ but now its outward form was sadly changed, and its character altered from Renaissance to what was thought to be Gothic. Practically all the woodwork above the impost was swept away, and two double-storied flats of small pipes replaced by single flats of larger pipes. The case was also extended considerably on either side. All this was done under the guidance of Mr. P. C. Hardwick, the architect of the church.

The organ was reopened on Tuesday, February 3, 1852. The choirs of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and of Westminster Abbey attended. Dr. Elvey, of St. George's, Windsor, presided at the organ, assisted by Mr. J. Coward, organist of the church. Mr. Turle, organist of Westminster Abbey, also helped on this occasion.

The instrument, rebuilt by Messrs. Walker, contained the following stops, at this time:

GREAT ORGAN (CC TO G)

	No. of Ft. Pipes.			No. of Ft. Pipes.	
Bourdon (CC to B) ...	16	12	Principal... ..	4	56
Open Diapason, Large ...	8	56	Flute	4	44
Open Diapason, Small ...	8	56	Twelfth	2½	56
Stopped Diapason, Bass ...	8	12	Fifteenth... ..	2	56
Stopped Diapason, Treble ...	8	44	Sesquialtera ...	III.&II.	154
Mixture	II. & I.	98	Horn	8	56
Furniture	II. & I.	98	Clarion	4	56
Trumpet... ..	8	56			

SWELL ORGAN (TENOR C TO G)

Double Diapason ...	16	44	Fifteenth... ..	2	44
Open Diapason ...	8	44	Sesquialtera ...	III.&II.	118
Stopped Diapason ...	8	44	Trumpet	8	44
Dulciana	8	44	Hautboy	8	44
Principal... ..	4	44	Clarion	4	44
Twelfth	2½	44			

* Some of the stops of the present Swell organ have pipes of three different dates. The oldest portion is from fiddle G up (presumably c. 1780 or 1700). These were extended to tenor C (in 1852 ?) and subsequently (in 1879) to CC.

† Byfield lost another stop about the same time. The Vestry of St. Andrew Undershaft, having found that he had 'neglected to attend to tune the organ,' in their church, decided to employ him no longer, and proceeded to elect England in his stead. Byfield was then an old man. He had looked after the organ at St. Andrew's from the death of his father in 1757, a period of exactly forty-six years.

‡ Harris was rather fond of this design—three semicircular towers, two double-storied flats, with the cornices of the flats forming curves convex to the line of the impost—for he used it several times with but slight variation. Well-known instances are: 'Popish Chapel,' Whitehall (now at St. James's, Piccadilly); St. Andrew Undershaft; St. Lawrence Jewry (since altered); St. Bride, Fleet Street; and Christ Church, Newgate Street (since altered).

* Rimbault says he died in 1715, but this is an error. Letters of Administration of his estate were taken out on February 11, 1725, by his sons John and Renatus. His death occurred in 1724—probably in August or September.

CHOIR ORGAN (CC TO G)

	No. of Ft. Pipes.		No. of Ft. Pipes.
Open Diapason ...	8 44	Principal... ..	4 56
Stopped Diapason ...	8 56	Flute	4 56
(Probably, as now, in halves.)			
Viol di Gamba ...	8 44		

PEDAL ORGAN (CCC TO D)

Pedal Pipes ...	16 27	Fifteenth... ..	4 27
Stopped Diapason ...	16 27	Sesquialtera ...	111. 81
Principal... ..	8 27	Opficleide ...	16 27

COUPLERS

Swell to Great.
Choir to Pedals (the list gives
"Choir to Great").
Great to Pedals.
Octave coupler to Great.
Pedal octave coupler.

Twenty-seven years later there was a further reconstruction when the Swell was carried down to CC, new couplers and new keyboards added, and the following substitutions made:

On the Great.

Wald Flute 8-ft. in place of Stopped Diapason, Treble.
Harmonic Flute 4-ft. " " Twelfth.
Horn Diapason 8-ft. " " Furniture.

On the Swell.

Voix Celeste 8-ft. " " Twelfth.

This work was carried out by Messrs. Walker at a cost of £230. The reopening took place on Sunday, April 27, 1879.

Up to 1906 the organ retained its original position in the West Gallery, but in this year it was brought down by Messrs. Walker, and re-erected in the Howard Chapel on the north side of the chancel. A set of dummy zinc pipes was added to make a frontage to the north aisle, the bellows re-leathered, new blowing action fitted, and a certain amount of renewal effected, the cost being £240.

In March, 1918, when the present writer was appointed priest-organist, the organ was in a deplorable state of dirt and disrepair. Cleaning was a necessity, for until this was done, tuning was useless if not impossible. In addition the wind pressure was unsteady, the stop-action defective, and cipherings frequent, while the reeds were coarse and blatant and the diapason tone very weak. A 'war-time' renovation was accordingly decided on, and the work entrusted to Messrs. Hunter & Son, of Clapham. New pipes of large scale and thick metal were substituted in the large open diapason of the Great, from tenor C sharp up; the pipes of the horn and clarion on the same manual were 'scrapped'; a new horn was made, and the old Harris trumpet (of almost pure tin) converted into a clarion. New shallots and tongues were provided to all the other reeds, and the whole of the metal flue-work re-voiced. The addition of a tremulant to the Swell, and of three pneumatic pistons, added to the resources of the instrument—the latter making the organ rather more manageable than it had ever been in the past. The cost of this work was £137 15s.

Of the original front pipes only fifteen now remain *in situ*. These are in the three towers, and belong to the small open diapason. Nineteen others (belonging partly to the same stop and partly to the principal) which were formerly in front are now inside the case over their respective sliders. They still retain their gilt. Together with other small pipes (probably dummies, and now destroyed), they were removed from their position 'in prospect' in 1852, when Mr. Hardwick remodelled the case and spoilt it. Their place was taken by pipes belonging to the large open diapason: others, belonging to the pedal principal, were at the same time placed in the wings.

Practically the whole of the case below the impost is old and even some of the carving in the upper portions. All the old work (of oak) is excellently wrought.

The key-action (which was not touched at the 1918 renovation) is dilapidated—indeed the whole of the mechanism is worn out beyond possibility of repair—but it must be confessed that, when due allowance is made for its date and condition, the instrument sounds very effective. A few of its stops are really quite good, and one or two of them even beautiful. There are still some hundreds of Harris pipes in use, including the small open diapason, principal, and clarion (= trumpet) on the Great, which are of almost pure tin.

THE ORGANISTS

1701. Richard Brown. Buried at Lambeth, May 21, 1710.
1710. Strangeways Simpson.
1725. James Scott.
1738. William Godfrey. Pensioned at Christmas, 1776. Buried at Lambeth, January 11, 1785.
1785. Charles Lockhart (deputy-organist, 1776-85). Buried at Lambeth, February 18, 1815, aged 70.
1815. William Henry Warren. Resigned.
1825. John Edwick Long. Buried at Lambeth, May 26, 1842, aged 57.
1842 (?) James Coward. Resigned in 1866. Organist of the Crystal Palace from 1857 till his death, January 22, 1880.
1866. — Benstead.
1868. F. Kinke.
1879. T. Merton Clark. Resigned.
1882. C. E. Miller.
1883. Ernest Slater. Subsequently organist of Calcutta Cathedral. Afterwards Mus.D. (Cantuar.) and F.R.C.O.
1886. Alfred E. Izard.
1889. T. Merton Clark. Reappointed. At present organist of St. Mary's, Balham.
1911. Percy Scaife, Mus.B. (Dunelm.), F.R.C.O. Resigned.
1918. Andrew Freeman, B.A., Mus.B. (Cantab.), F.R.C.O. Assistant-curate and organist.

ST. COLUMBA'S CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

As part of a War Memorial at St. Columba's (Pont Street, London, S.W.), the Kirk Session decided on the rebuilding of the organ. The specification was approved by Dr. Charles Macpherson, and the work of rebuilding has been carried out by Messrs. Rushworth & Dreaper, of Liverpool.

The dedication took place on December 18, when a recital was given by Dr. Macpherson.

The specification of the organ is as follows:

PEDAL ORGAN

	Ft.		Ft.
1 Open Wood ...	16 4	Octave Wood ...	8
2 Violone ...	16 5	Flute Bass ...	8
3 Sub-Bass ...	16 6	Opficleide ...	16

Couplers:

- 1 Swell to Pedal.
2 Great to Pedal.
3 Choir to Pedal.

CHOIR ORGAN

(Enclosed in separate Swell-Box)

1 Geigen Diapason ...	8 4	Flauto Traverso ...	4
2 Lieblich Gedackt ...	8 5	Clarinet ...	8
3 Dulciana ...	8 6	Orchestral Oboe ...	8

Tremulant.

Couplers:

- 1 Octave } Acting also
2 Sub-Octave } through
3 Unison Off } Unison Couplers.
4 Swell to Choir.

GREAT ORGAN

1 Double Open Diapason ...	16 7	Wald Flöte ...	4
2 Open Diapason I. ...	8 8	Twelfth ...	24
3 Open Diapason II. ...	8 9	Fifteenth ...	2
4 Hohl Flöte ...	8 10	Mixture ...	3 ranks
5 Dolce... ..	8 11	Posaune (heavy pressure)...	8
6 Principal ...	4		

Couplers:

- 1 Swell to Great.
2 Choir to Great.

SWELL ORGAN

(On increased wind pressure)

1 Lieblich Bourdon ...	16 7	Flageolet ...	2
2 Open Diapason ...	8 8	Mixture ...	2 ranks
3 Stopped Diapason ...	8 9	Contra Fagotto ...	16
4 Echo Gamba ...	8 10	Cornopean ...	8
5 Voix Celeste... ..	8 11	Oboe... ..	8
6 Gemshorn ...	4 12	Vox Humana... ..	8

Tremulant.

Couplers:

- 1 Octave } Acting also
2 Sub-Octave } through
3 Unison Off } Unison Couplers.

The accessories include 5 Thumb Pistons to Great, 5 to Swell, 4 to Choir, and 5 to Pedal.

The wind is generated by a 'Discus' rotary blower and electric motor.

LONDON SOCIETY OF ORGANISTS

There was a good attendance of members and friends at St. Mary's, Vincent Square, on January 14, when Mr. Godfrey Sceats and his choir gave a recital, and Mr. Sceats read a brief paper on the accompaniment of plainsong. The choir sang unaccompanied music by Tye, Elgar, and Sceats. The organ solos were drawn from Ropartz's collection of short pieces, *Au pied de l'Autel*, and Karg-Elert's Choral Improvisations. In the course of his lecture, Mr. Sceats, after discussing the *pros* and *cons* of plainsong, gave practical advice. We quote the main portion of it:

'It is not a good plan to play plainsong accompaniments to the Psalms from printed harmonized transcripts. There are scarcely two verses of a Psalm which should be accompanied in exactly the same way. The best results are secured by playing from the words only—such as the small edition of the *Manual of Plainsong*, in which the syllable on which the note of recitation is quitted is printed in italic. The organist can then watch carefully the words without the added distraction of a harmonized chant, and plan his accompaniments usually so that a fresh chord is given to a stressed word or syllable. He will—in avoiding as a rule all chords (fundamental chords, as distinct from chords heard from the movement of passing-notes, &c.) except the common chord and its first inversion—discover that he can secure almost infinite variety without impairing the psychological value which diatonic and especially modal accompaniments possess. The use of modern chords is not *wrong*; it is simply a question of taste, and a good musician will usually play a good accompaniment whether modal or not. To the extent to which his accompaniments are *not modal*, to that extent will they be liable to bring out less perfectly the archaic quality of the plainchant, and be open to the charge of anachronism. This would not be an absolute offence against the art, but the aesthetics even of modern melodies having a strongly modal character would surely demand a modal accompaniment as a rule. So long, also, as the accompaniment is very quiet, there is nothing necessarily wrong in changing chords at weak (unstressed) points in the recitation. Last year, at an Abbey where plainchant is exceptionally well performed, I heard an expert accompaniment *occasionally* displace all the stresses in a verse—very quietly, to be sure—with excellent and altogether charming effect. (But the *stresses* of English become *quantities* in Latin, and this is a reason perhaps why it did not matter so much.) The rule is necessary in general practice because otherwise the singers would derive much less assistance from the accompaniments than they have a right to expect. We have had an opportunity for hearing another kind of accompaniment to plainchant—fa-burden, which may be described simply as a vocal accompaniment with a different top line. There are no rules for accompaniment in this form except those of musical grammar—correctness and dignity of harmony, preferably with some regard also to counterpoint. The freedom of rhythm of the plainchant must be preserved; and rather more freedom may be exercised in the harmony than we should allow in a strictly modal organ part.'

The lecture was followed by the annual general meeting, when the balance sheet (highly satisfactory) and report were presented. A large number of new members have joined during the year, and many meetings, recitals, and social events have been organized. The hon. treasurer and hon. secretary were re-elected, and to fill the vacancies created by the resignation of members of the Council under Rule 6, the following five were elected out of nine candidates: Messrs. H. L. Balfour, Reginald Goss-Custard, Harvey Grace, Herbert Hodge, and Dr. Sydney Scott. The president for 1922 is Mr. E. Stanley Roper.

COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL

The committee appointed by the City Council to manage Colston Hall (which was recently acquired by the city) has unanimously appointed Mr. Ralph Morgan to the post

of municipal organist. Mr. Morgan has done fine work on behalf of organ music at St. Mary Redcliff, where for years past regular recitals of the best music have attracted large gatherings. We hope he will be equally successful at Colston Hall, where, judging from the sparse attendances at recent recitals by various brilliant players, a great deal of missionary work needs to be done. Mr. Morgan will now have under his charge two of the finest and most interesting organs in the country—St. Mary Redcliff with eighty-seven stops, and Colston Hall, with a hundred and thirty stops.

On December 12 a recital was given in Nenagh Church, Co. Tipperary, by the Band of the 2nd Battalion North Staffordshire Regiment, assisted by Mr. F. C. J. Swanton, the organist. The band played the *Unfinished Symphony* the first movement of Beethoven's second Symphony, &c. Mr. Swanton's organ solos included Bach's 'Great' G minor, the Prelude and Angel's Farewell from *Gerontius*, and Choral Preludes by Bach, Parry, and Stanford. An effective item was Bach's 'Sleepers, wake' Prelude, arranged for strings, brass, and organ.

Mr. Alan May gave a lecture on Old English Carols at the City Temple on December 29, with Mr. Thomas Dunhill in the chair. The illustrations were drawn chiefly from the Cowley Carol Book, and were sung by an unaccompanied quartet. There was a large audience. Mr. Allan Brown opened the proceedings with a short recital, playing seasonable pieces by Bach, Guilmant, and John E. West.

Organ news from Spain is so scarce that we thank Mr. C. J. Colborn for a note to the effect that at Gerona, on December 30, the Rev. José M. Pedro, organist of the Cathedral, gave a recital at the Municipal School in memory of two recently deceased French composers, Deodat de Séverac and Saint-Saëns. He played the former's fine Suite and the latter's three Rhapsodies on Breton melodies.

The organ at the Congregational Church, South Woodford, enlarged and reconstructed by Mr. Alfred Kirkland, was recently dedicated, Mr. Archibald Farmer giving a recital. His programme included Borowski's Sonata, Muffat's Passacaglia, four Chorale Preludes of Bach, Barie's March, and a Toccata by Reger.

Mr. E. H. Lemare's first recital as municipal organist of Portland, Maine, drew an audience of over three thousand, 'standing room only' being the portion of a good many. Mr. Lemare played the 'Great' G minor, his own *Summer Sketches*, Hofmann's *Scherzo*, the *Ride of the Valkyries*, and an improvisation.

We hear with pleasure that the Pope has been pleased to confer on Dr. Grattan Flood the title of Chevalier, in recognition of his services to Church music.

ORGAN RECITALS

- Mr. Harold M. Dawber, St. George's, Stockport—Dithyramb, *Harwood*; Sonata, *Reubke*.
 Mr. T. Keynes, St. Gabriel's, Bounds Green—Sonata in E minor, *Rheinberger*; Fugue No. 2, on BACH, *Schumann*; Finale (Symphony No. 6), *Widor*.
 Mr. R. Ellis Roberts, St. Luke's, Battersea (three recitals)—Prelude and Fugue in D minor and Toccata in F, *Bach*; Sonata No. 3, *Guilmant*; 'Le Cygne,' *Saint-Saëns*.
 Mr. Bertram Hollins, Beckenham Congregational Church—Overture in C minor, *Hollins*; Sonata No. 2, *Mendelssohn*; Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*.
 St. Lawrence Jewry—Preludio (Sonata in E flat minor), *Rheinberger*; Fantasia in E minor, *Silas*.
 Mr. J. A. Sowerbutts, St. Lawrence Jewry (two recitals)—Preludes on 'Christe Redemptor,' *Parry*, 'Martyrs,' *Wood*, and 'Bryn Calfaria,' *Vaughan Williams*; Psalm Prelude No. 1, *Howells*; Choral, *D. de Séverac*; Canzone in E minor, *Rene Vierne*; Prelude and Fugue in E flat, *Saint-Saëns*.
 St. Stephen's Walbrook—Rhapsodie, *de Bertier*; Scherzo (Symphony No. 4), *Widor*; Meditation, *Harvey Grace*; Final in B flat, *Franck*.
 Mr. Harry Wall, St. Michael's, Stockwell—Adagio (Sonata No. 3), *Bach*; Andante, *Silas*; Marche Triomphale *Karg-Elert*; Fantasy on Two Christmas Carols, *West*.

Dr. M. P. Conway, St. Stephen's Walbrook—Passacaglia in C minor, *Bach*; Legend, *Harvey Grace*; Improvisation, 'In dulci jubilo,' *Karg-Elert*; Prelude and Fugue in G minor, *Dupré*; Elegiac Prelude, *Jongen*; Rhapsody on two French carols, *Ropars*.

Mr. Frank E. Charlton, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross—Overture in C minor, *Hollins*; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Prière et Berceuse, *Guilmant*.

Mr. Paul Rochard, Kendal Parish Church (four recitals)—Prelude ('Dream of Gerontius'), *Larghetto* with Variations, *Wesley*; Symphonie No. 5, *Widor*; Prelude and Fugue in G, *Bach*; Sonata, *Reubke*.

Mr. J. A. Gaccon, Bristol Cathedral—Sonata in A minor, *Borowski*; Variations on an Original Theme, *Stuart Archer*; Prelude to 'The Deluge,' *Saint-Saëns*.

Mr. C. E. Blyton Dobson, High Pavement Chapel, Nottingham—Allegro Pomposo, *Bellerby*; Romance, *Lemare*.

Dr. R. Walker Robson, Christ Church, Crouch End (three recitals)—Rhapsodie sur deux Noëls, *Gigout*; Pastorale, *Pierre*; Chant Pastorale, *Dubois*; Fantasia in G, *Bach*; La Demoiselle Elue, *Debussy*; Kieff Processional, *Mousorgsky*.

Mr. Purcell J. Mansfield, Paisley Abbey—L'Organo Primitivo, *Yon*; Funeral March and 'Hymn of Seraphs,' *Guilmant*; Introduction and Fugue, *Reubke*. Alexandria Parish Church—Symphony in E minor, *Holloway*; Improvisation—Caprice, *Jongen*; Concert Overture in C minor, *P. J. Mansfield*.

Mr. Arthur H. Egerton, Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal (two recitals)—Sonata in the Style of Handel, *Wolstenholme*; 'Sleepers, wake,' *Bach*; Noel, *d'Aquin*; In dulci jubilo, *Buck*; Prelude and Fugue in D, *Bach*; Pastorale Symphony, *Corelli*.

Mr. J. H. Lilley, Wells Parish Church—Question and Answer, *Wolstenholme*; March on a Theme of Handel, *Guilmant*.

Mr. H. Cyril Robinson, St. Mary's, Haverfordwest—First movement Symphony in C minor, *Holloway*; Preludes on 'Rhosymedre' and 'Hyfrydol,' *Vaughan Williams*; Capriccio, *Ireland*; Lament, *Harvey Grace*; Third movement, 'Sonata Britannica,' *Stanford*.

Mr. W. E. Kirby, St. Luke's, Southport—Voluntary in D minor, *Blow*; Toccata in A, *Purcell*; Larghetto in F sharp minor, *S. S. Wesley*; Allegro maestoso from Organ Sonata, *Elgar*; Dithyramb, *Harwood*.

Mr. Thomas J. Crawford, St. Stephen's Walbrook—'The Princess' (A Fairy-Tale), *Frank Bridge*; Evening Melody, *Crawford*; March of the Meistersinger; Shepherd's Fennel's Dance.

Mr. H. C. Warrilow, St. Clement Dane's, Strand—Choral Prelude, *Bach*; Canzona in B flat, *Wolstenholme*; Overture in C, *Hollins*. Armitage Hall, National Institute for the Blind (two recitals)—Choral Song and Fugue, *Wesley*; Intermezzo (Sonata No. 4), *Rheinberger*; Postlude in D minor, *Stanford*; Impression No. 1, *Karg-Elert*; Grave and Adagio (Sonata No. 2), *Mendelssohn*.

Mr. W. Wolstenholme, Armitage Hall, National Institute for the Blind—Rhapsody No. 3, *Saint-Saëns*; Prelude and Fugue in D, *Bach*; Fantasia in E, *Wolstenholme*.

Mr. H. V. Spanner, Armitage Hall, National Institute for the Blind—Pastoral Sonata, *Rheinberger*; Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*; Prelude and Angel's Farewell ('Dream of Gerontius'); Fantasia on Darwell's 148th, *Harold Darke*.

Mr. Sydney Jones, St. Clement Dane's, Strand—Sonata No. 2, *Mendelssohn*; Minuet and Trio, *Wolstenholme*.

Mr. Cecil G. Brown, Cricklewood Presbyterian Church—Choral Prelude, *Bach*; Adagio, *Guilmant*; Prelude on 'Old 104th,' *Parry*.

Mr. W. J. Lancaster, Bolton Parish Church—Two Choral Preludes, *Bach*; Psalm Prelude No. 2, *Hawells*; Chorale Prelude, 'Hanover,' *Parry*.

Mr. Fred Gostelow, St. Alban's Tabernacle Baptist Church—Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Meditation, *Gostelow*.

Mr. Albert Orton, St. Saviour's, Paldington (two recitals)—Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Andante in F, *S. Wesley*; Sonata No. 4, *Mendelssohn*; Church Festival March, *Rust*.

Mr. C. H. Trevor, St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta (five recitals)—Toccata and Fugue in D minor and Fugue in Dorian mode, *Bach*; Rhapsody in A minor, *Saint-Saëns*; Preludio and Intermezzo, *Rheinberger*; Prelude in F, *Stanford*; 'Now thank we all,' *Karg-Elert*; Voluntary in A minor, *Orlando Gibbons*.

Mr. Leitch Owen; Edge Hill Parish Church—Prelude, *Smart*; Allegretto and Romanza, *Wolstenholme*.

Mr. A. E. Jones, Town Hall, Bolton—Offertoire on Christmas Carols, *Guilmant*; Overture, 'William Tell.'

Mr. James M. Preston, Stocksfield Wesleyan Church—Fantasia and Fugue, *Rest*; Pastorale, *Claussman*; Capriccio, *Ireland*.

Mr. Frederick J. Tarris, All Hallows', Bromley—Imperial March, *Elgar*; Fantasia in F, *Rest*; Mélodie Lyrique, *Borowski*.

Mr. Ezra Edson, Primitive Methodist Church, Ripley—Grand Chœur, *Guilmant*; Prelude and Fugue in G, *Bach*; Réverie and Cantilène, *Quef*.

Mr. Francis Crute, St. Agnes', Kennington Park—Gothic Suite, *Boilmann*; Curfew, *Horsman*; Last movement Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*.

Mr. G. Bernard Gilbert, Town Hall, Stratford—Sonata No. 6, *Mendelssohn*; Requiem Æternam, *Harwood*.

Mr. B. J. Maslen, St. Stephen's, Lansdown—Prelude and Fugue in G, *Bach*; Scherzo, *Bairdshaw*; Sursum Corda, *Ireland*; Preludes on 'St. Peter,' *Darke* and 'Old 104th,' *Parry*.

Mr. Cyril S. Christopher, Wednesbury Parish Church—Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Fantaisie in E flat, *Saint-Saëns*.

APPOINTMENTS

Mr. R. J. Cooper, organist, All Saints', Sudbury, Suffolk.

Mr. W. H. Davies, organist and choirmaster, St. Mary's, Hulme, Manchester.

Mr. Arthur H. Egerton, organist and choirmaster, All Saints', Winnipeg.

Mr. W. Meacham Haley, organist and choirmaster, Leyton Parish Church, E.

Mr. A. Martin Hawkins, organist and choirmaster, St. Andrew's, Westminster.

Mr. Frederic Lacey, organist and choirmaster, Parish Church, Thornton Heath.

Mr. Richard V. Seddon, organist and choirmaster, Parish Church, Sutton, Surrey.

Letters to the Editor

MR. YEATS AND A MUSICAL CENSORSHIP

SIR,—Composers who, having succumbed to the temptation of setting to music some of the lyrics of Mr. William Butler Yeats, desire to reap such benefit from their work as may be afforded by publication, must realise that between themselves and the public there exists a censor, the appeasing of whom might be more accurately termed a game of chance than a game of skill.

Two London publishers having expressed great reluctance even to consider manuscripts of Yeats-settings on account of the trouble this censorship had already given them, I called on Mr. Yeats and explained the matter to him. He informed me that his object in establishing a musical censorship (which is, of course, quite independent of his publishers) was not to prevent composers from setting his poems to music, but to make them careful in doing so. The idea was apparently born of his horror at being invited by a certain composer to hear a setting of his *Lake Isle of Innisfree*—a poem which voices a solitary man's desire for still greater solitude—sung by a choir of a thousand Boy Scouts.

Some months later I wanted to publish some Yeats-settings of my own, and it occurred to me that the publishers' reluctance to look at them might be overcome if the MSS. were submitted with the censor's august imprimatur already upon them. I therefore wrote to Mr. Yeats for the address of this individual, which he sent

me, adding that he was 'very much obliged' to me for 'finding so friendly a way out of the difficulty.' The censor, however, thought otherwise, for after my songs had been ruthlessly turned down, I was informed that 'no songs should be sent unless they have first been accepted by a publisher.'

I wrote asking if I might be allowed to know in what respect my unfortunate little songs had offended, and suggested that much trouble and annoyance would be saved if the censor would reveal the principles to which musical settings of Mr. Yeats's lyrics are expected to conform.

To the more personal query no reply was given. It appeared, however, that insuperable difficulties prevented compliance with my 'admirable suggestion,' because,

'however carefully principles are laid down . . . so much in art must always be a matter of individual feeling. For instance, might it not be perfectly possible to follow every given rule, and yet for the general atmosphere and character of the music to be utterly unsuited to the poetry it was intended to enhance?'

But unless 'individual feeling' is controlled by some principles, criticism becomes a mere matter of caprice. If the music of a song were so flagrantly at variance with the poetry with which it is associated, it would not be impossible for any capable critic to show the reason why. (Mr. W. J. Turner might go further, and praise it for being so!)

Mr. Yeats himself is, on his own confession, completely insensitive to music. If he were not, a great many settings of his poems—which, since they are to be had in print, have presumably been passed by his censor—would cause him considerable pain. But however great an aversion he may have to the very idea of his beautiful rhythms and cadences being distorted to suit the fancy of any Tom, Dick, or Harry who pays the publishers their fee for the use of the poem, it is not, I think, unreasonable on the part of composers to request that he shall appoint as his censor some competent musician who will be consistent in his judgments and articulate when they are called in question.

I enclose, Sir, for your inspection two of the rejected MSS. with the request that if you find the 'general atmosphere and character of the music to be utterly unsuited to the poetry' you will not print this letter.—Yours, &c.,

PETER WARLOCK.

SCRIABIN'S MUSIC AND THE THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL

SIR,—It is with considerable astonishment that I observe, in the preliminary programme of the next Three Choirs Festival, that it is proposed to perform Scriabin's *Poem of Ecstasy* in Gloucester Cathedral. Without advocating a narrow division of music into two definite categories of 'sacred' and 'secular' according to the subject-matter with which it is associated, it will, I think, be generally admitted that there is music of a kind which, however admirable some people may find it in the concert-hall, is nevertheless quite unsuitable for performance in a place of Christian worship.

The fact that this work of Scriabin's is associated with a so-called theosophical 'programme' may have given rise to an impression that it is a work of religious character. This, however, is very far from being the case. It is thoroughly morbid, erotic, and sensational in the worst sense of these terms, and its performance at Gloucester would create a most undesirable precedent. Music performed at these festivals cannot fail to influence the general opinion as to the style of composition that is fit and proper for use in our churches.

At present the tendency of taste in Church music is, happily, towards a return to those ideals of dignity and sanity which are embodied in the glorious heritage of English music that has come down to us from the 16th century. The admission to our Cathedral festivals of a composer whose influence, were it to make itself felt, would be even more destructive of good taste than that of the saccharine school of the last century, might prove a serious hindrance to the success of devoted and learned enthusiasts such as Dr. Edmund Fellowes,

Dr. R. R. Terry, Archdeacon Gardner, Mr. Martin Shaw, and last, but by no means least, yourself, Sir, who are now endeavouring to purge our worship music of the impurities of this school—of whom Scriabin is a fitting successor—and to reveal to us the more worthy treasures of our grand old English tradition.—Yours, &c.,

CAMBRENSIS.

January 9, 1922.

HYMN SINGING

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Arthur S. Warrell, gives a very accurate reason for the omission of hymn practices, but I venture to suggest that this omission does not altogether originate in dull tunes. Organists and choir-masters are largely to blame for the present status (a not very important one) which hymns hold in our services. The senior boy who says 'We know this tune,' and the choir-men who will speedily hunt up a hymn having the same metre (rather than learn a new tune) wield an unfortunate influence over organists, and until it is borne in mind that *the words have a meaning* (also, that there are such things as commas in the middle of a line, &c., &c.), I am afraid that our hymn singing will continue to suffer.

It does not necessarily follow that because a tune is dull or sentimental that it cannot be well sung; on the other hand, because a particular tune is bright, interesting, spirited, and varied, it must not necessarily be assumed to be more acceptable than a dull tune. It will still need as careful singing as the dull tune, and so I would formulate an opinion and say that 'what's best rendered is best.' Such a tune as 'St. Cuthbert' (207 A. & M.) is just as acceptable to me as 'Sine Nomine' (641 English Hymnal) when decently interpreted.—Yours, &c.,

ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER.

'THE IMPORTANCE OF CORRECT PLACING OF THE VOICE': THE CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

SIR,—In my controversy with Mr. Charles Tree the time appears to me to have arrived for examining the facts of the case. A letter by Mr. Tree appeared in your issue of April, 1921, propagating his own particular theory. I thought it not uninteresting to discuss the subject dispassionately from another point of view. Mr. Tree chose to make light of my observations. I proceeded to specify wherein I found his theory wanting, and, in order to attain a practical result, issued a challenge to him, which he declined. In my turn, I stated my reasons for not accepting his invitation.

Now Mr. Tree has given my challenge a new and quite unwarrantable direction. He advocated his own theory, while I supported the time-honoured method which has produced all the really great singers of the past, and needs no new demonstration. Thus only a difference of opinion lay between us, yet he has contorted that into a direct challenge in which he is supposed to be the injured party. To put it mildly, it seems to me to be a decidedly irregular proceeding on Mr. Tree's part. However, I am not daunted by his post-war manner, and, with reasonable reservations (which I hope to arrange with him privately), I accept his challenge.—Yours, &c.,

A. KEAY.

2, Gledstanes Road, W. 14.

January 4, 1922.

UNKNOWN WORKS OF THOMAS TOMKINS

SIR,—I have been asked by the assistant-librarian of the Paris Conservatoire of Music, Mlle. Pereyra, to state that she would be glad of any lists of compositions by Thomas Tomkins, organist of Worcester, early 17th century, with a view to forming a complete catalogue of his works. It seems unlikely that more of his virginal and organ works exist than those found in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, the Bodleian, and in the libraries of the Paris Conservatoire and at New York, but there may be vocal works of his hidden in Cathedral libraries that are unknown. If any librarian will kindly send such information to me, I will forward it to Mlle. Pereyra.—Yours, &c.,

The Well House,
Ewell, Surrey.

MARGARET H. GLYN.

THE DEARTH OF ACCOMPANISTS

SIR,—How is it that so few musicians can accompany? Is this the reason why at so many concerts violin or 'cello sonatas are never heard? Anyone who plays a stringed instrument knows that nothing is so tiring as to rehearse well-known concertos and other works which every musician worthy the name ought at least to have some knowledge of. I have lately heard four of London's best pianists. The accompanying of one of them was certainly everything that could be desired; another was certainly accurate, but mechanical to the last degree; the other two had only one idea, so far as I could discern, viz., to smash the pianoforte. How any string quartet could play with such blacksmiths (the only term that accurately describes such thumping) I cannot imagine. Hundreds of singers have failed simply because their accompanists had no idea of interpretation, nor desired to get it. With perhaps two exceptions we have had no one to equal the late Henry Bird, yet personally I never saw anything in his playing that could not be acquired by any pianist of average intelligence; the difficulty is that unless a pianist has the gift it is useless to try and explain what one wants. Is accompanying a branch of study at our music colleges? If so, the results are poor in the extreme.—Yours, &c.,
A. M. GIFFORD.
Hunstanton.

AN INTERESTING SPECIFICATION

SIR,—At p. 39 of your January issue you quote from *Le Monde Musical* a specification of a unique organ, of six stops divided into two sections. This reminds me of a specification I have had for many years, but cannot say whence it came. The full tone is stated to be quite satisfactory.

Upper—Great

4-ft. stopped flute	} All Metal.
Two Fifteenth Mixture (two ranks, 19th & 22nd, bass; 12th & 17th, treble)	

Lower—Great

8-ft. open diapason	} Wood (oak).
8-ft. stopped diapason	
4-ft. Principal...	

Perhaps some of your readers may be able to identify it.—Yours, &c.,
R. H. GATES.

The Mindens, Paignton,

S. Devon.

January 5, 1922.

THE ENCORE NUISANCE

SIR,—I write to protest against the general custom of 'encores' at provincial concerts. Whether this bad practice is tolerated in London to the same extent I cannot say, but in these parts we are certainly overdone with it.

The most annoying part of the business is that programmes are either unduly prolonged or something one is really anxious to hear has to be cut out. Why cannot programmes be strictly adhered to?

Also, is it not possible to educate the musical public until it sees that it is bad form to intrude between movements with a discordant burst of hand clapping?—Yours, &c.,

MUSIC LOVER.

MR. WALTER RUMMEL'S RECITALS

SIR,—It was with much regret that I read the short criticism on Mr. Walter Rummel which appeared in your January issue (page 44). Unfortunately I did not have the pleasure of attending Mr. Rummel's recitals at Wigmore Hall, but I have heard him play on other occasions, when his performance certainly showed him to be a 'clever pianist,' but not one who 'is apt to reduce music to noise.' On the contrary, I have never heard the works of Beethoven, Chopin, and Schumann interpreted with more feeling and

sympathy. His readings of these famous compositions were not only very fine, but also carried with them an irresistible appeal to every lover of music. As an enthusiastic member of a large audience I desire to express my appreciation of a great artist.—Yours, &c.,
M. M. G. T.

January, 1922.

[The writer of the criticism attended Mr. Rummel's recitals at Wigmore Hall; 'M. M. G. T.' did not. The criticism concerned those particular recitals, not 'other occasions.'—ED., *M. T.*]

Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times* of February, 1862:

PRINCE ALBERT'S SONGS AND BALLADS, the Words in German and English; set to Music for the Pianoforte; 42 pages; folio, 5s. (Free per post.)—Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden.

GOD BLESS OUR WIDOWED QUEEN. A National Prayer. Words by W. S. PASSMORE. Music by W. T. WRIGHTON. Appropriately illustrated. 2s. 6d.

IN MEMORIAM.—His late R.H. The Prince Consort. Elegy, for Pianoforte. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. With appropriate illustration. 3s.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—A musical lecture was delivered at these rooms, on January 24, by the Rev. Mr. Rogerson Cotter, for the purpose of introducing to the public an instrument called the Lyrachord, invented by himself. The object of the inventor was to produce an instrument capable of being played like a pianoforte, but emitting the sound of a harp. This object has been most effectually carried out by rather a simple process—that of striking or pulling the ordinary pianoforte wire in the centre, instead of the end. The lower half of the wires are struck with a hammer, the upper half are pulled by an ingenious little machine operating precisely like a finger and thumb. The tone thus emitted resembles the sound of the harp, and any player capable of performing on the pianoforte is thus enabled to play with ease upon the harp, an instrument which every one must admit is a charming adjunct to the pianoforte, either for vocal or instrumental performances. There are at present some slight defects observable in the mechanical contrivances, but there is reason to believe that these can readily be removed, and that we shall very soon be able to perform upon the harp without the trouble of learning the instrument.

WAKEFIELD.—A new organ was opened at the Asylum Church, on Sunday, January 19, which was played by the Rev. Dr. Dykes, precentor of Durham Cathedral.

NOTICE.—Persons having Poetry, and wishing it set to new and appropriate Music, as a song (with accompaniment), glee, hymn-tune, &c., can have it efficiently done. Terms stated on receipt of stamps.—Address, Thorough Bass, 50, St. Peter Street South, Hackney Road, London, N.E.

Sharps and Flats

Someone varied the usual procedure of sending the singer bouquets by passing up to her a plate of fruit . . . If fruit, why not other things? There have been occasions lately when no one would have seen anything inappropriate in the handing of a bird to the singer.—*Ernest Newman.*

Mr. Newman is a bit of sheer good luck for an art that has submitted itself far too much to incompetent sentimentalist on the one hand, and academic experts on the other hand, with the brains and outlook of a hen.—*J. D. M. Morke.*

The [Stravinsky] Symphony for wind instruments . . . is a masterpiece in the analysis of wind-timbre. . . . One need not consider the idiots who found it dreary.—*T. Warner Wharton.*

No sound which has for its aim the expression of a deliberate purpose can ever be termed ugly.—*Eugène Goossens.*

Art is long and life is short; here is evidently the explanation of a Brahms symphony.—*Edward Lorne.*

I would sooner watch a good fight than listen to a bad opera.—*Dr. Richard Strauss.*

Although Carpenter can still beat any ordinary heavy-weight, he is not quite the old Carpentier.—*Ernest Newman.*

The death of Camille Saint-Saëns definitely removes into historical impassability a man's work that had already been pigeon-holed by most of us.—*G. Jean-Aubry.*

Although prevalent historical-culture systems of education, by their insistence on general learning, in place of individual knowledge, render us liable to forget the fact, the ultimate realisation and judgment of actualities devolves upon the individual, since the inherent impulses and experience of no two human beings are identical in all respects.—*Leigh Henry.*

Obituary

By the death of **GERALD HAYWARD** at the age of sixty-eight, which occurred at Redhill on New Year's eve, there has passed a figure of great personal charm and wide sympathies. The deceased was educated at Malvern, and afterwards proceeded to Clare College, Cambridge, where he made a close study of Church and choral music, as well as early musical history. Upon leaving the University he lectured extensively, and revealed an intimate knowledge of these subjects. In 1905 he was appointed to the musical staffs of the *Standard*, the *Evening Standard*, and the *Daily Express*, with Mr. Wakeling Dry and the late Mr. Lionel Bingham as his colleagues—a post that he held until 1915. As a critic Mr. Hayward's opinion was valuable for its soundness and deep sense of fair play. He was never known for the severity of his judgment—preferring rather to deal leniently with the offender, and to point out in kindly terms the error of his ways. His help and advice, indeed, were ever at the disposal of the young musician. After his retirement from active musical life he devoted himself to his hobbies, botany and ornithology, and became a regular contributor to the provincial press. He will be missed by many, for his unfailing thought for others, his loyal friendship, and his fine courtesy.

Switzerland has lost her foremost composer—**HANS HUBER**—who died on December 25. He was born on January 28, 1852, at Schönenwerd (Canton Solothurn), and lived most of his life at Basle as music-master and conductor of various societies. Huber had cultivated all forms of musical composition, from the simple song to the opera and great choral works with orchestral accompaniment, from the easy pianoforte piece to the well laid out sonata for one or more instruments, the concerto and the grand symphony. He was a prolific writer, fanciful and vigorous, although some of his compositions have the character of improvisations. The Sonatas for pianoforte and string instruments belong to his best works. Their individual movements are not equally valuable, but the composer is always master of the form, which he fills with original matter, and beautiful melodies, whose romantic character suggests Schumann's influence and whose harmonies point towards Wagner and Liszt.

By the untimely death of **JULIAN CLIFFORD** at the age of forty-four music in England loses one of its noted personalities and a worker of the kind that we can ill spare. He had high ideals and practical gifts that peculiarly fitted him for the work which occupied the greater part of his career. His name will long be associated with Harrogate, where for some fifteen years he was the head of musical affairs, and as conductor of the Julian Clifford Orchestra at the Royal Hall (formerly the 'Kursaal') gave the town a high musical standing. In 1919 he went on a similar mission to Hastings, where, at the time of his death, he had begun to exert a strong influence. As a naturally-gifted conductor, thoroughly grounded in the school of experience, he seemed destined to take his place among the foremost in

the country. Julian Clifford was born in London, and educated at Tonbridge School. He studied music at Leipzig and the Royal College of Music. A brilliant pianist, he was able to sustain the ordeal of a recital with confidence. As a composer he showed decided talent. His *Lights Out*, written in memory of Ernest Farrar, was fittingly played on the occasion of his funeral at Hastings, on December 30.

At a late moment we hear with great regret of the death of **FRANZ LIEBICH**, pianist, teacher, lecturer, and devotee of modern music. Our early appreciation of Debussy—and of many other foreign composers—was due largely to his efforts. Concert-goers will remember the interesting recital-lectures on modern music given by Mr. and Mrs. Liebich.

We regret to record also the following deaths:

WINTHROP L. ROGERS, founder of the music publishing firm of Winthrop Rogers, Ltd., which he developed from the London branch of Schirmer's, of New York. He was assiduous in his support of modern British music, and published many works by Frank Bridge, John Ireland, Alec Rowley, Peter Warlock, Roger Quilter, and other contemporaries.

MRS. F. WYATT-SMITH, for many years a noted worker in musical journalism, well-known to the old order of critics such as Dr. Frost, Shedlock, Prout, Percy Betts, &c. She acted as music critic to the *Musical Standard*, under Crowdy, and was afterwards on the staff of the *Musical News* until 1906. She made excellent English translations of a number of French and German lyrics.

FLORENCE ETLINGER, on January 7, founder of the operatic and dramatic school which bears her name.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The Director's opening address was mainly concerned with the development of the opera class, which will this term rehearse *Madame Butterfly* and *Don Giovanni*.

Of special interest among the prizes periodically competed for, is a new exhibition for extemporising—the result of a bequest by the late Rev. F. G. Wesley. The Wesleys have long been famed for their talent in this most fascinating branch of the art, one which is not usually given the place in music study that it deserves, and it is to be hoped that this exhibition—probably the first of its kind—will be the forerunner of an increased interest in the subject. The exhibition will cover tuition fees, and will be open to organ or pianoforte students of the College, who will be expected to extemporise on given themes, and on themes of the Wesleys. It is hoped to hold the first competition in June or July.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The Lent term was inaugurated on January 11 by an address to the students by Dr. C. W. Pearce, and the distribution of certificates and prizes, together with a performance of solo music by several students of the College. Sir Frederick Bridge, the chairman of the Board of the College, presided.

Dr. Pearce said it had been decided that during the year the College would fittingly celebrate its Jubilee, an event which coincided with the centenary of the Royal Academy of Music. He traced the growth of the Institution from the then (1872) newly-formed association of Anglican Church Musicians, and stated that right from the beginning the College had been governed by men of the foremost rank in the musical profession, and that the eminent musicians who taught, lectured, and examined under its auspices accepted lower fees than their professional attainments deserved, or, indeed, realised outside the College. The College had not from its foundation received a single penny from the State by way of 'grant.' In illustration of the progress of the College, Dr. Pearce mentioned that in 1913 the average number of students per term was 355, whilst last year it was 616, and the number of examination candidates in the same period had risen from 32,981 to 52,180.

A very useful course of training included in the College curriculum, and one that should appeal especially to organists, choirmasters, and teachers in elementary schools, was that conducted by Mr. Stanley Roper. The scope of

the thirty lecture-lessons a year, of which the complete course consists, is indicated by the following general headings: Aural Training, Class Sight-Singing, Class Voice-Culture, and Choir-conducting, and student-teachers are given opportunities for the practical application of their knowledge of these subjects. Here, then, is another example of that union of theory and practice which has been, and is, an essential feature of the College work.

The following professors have recently been appointed to the teaching staff: Dr. G. Oldroyd, Dr. J. W. C. Hathaway, Madame M. Rosenberg, Miss M. Dalzell, and Signor E. Panagulli.

As a result of the recent open competition, scholarships have been awarded to Helen A. Horgan, Fred Maybank, Goldie Rosenwary, Norman W. G. Tucker (pianoforte); Annie Cross, Ivy M. Joynson, Alexandrina M. Stringer (singing); Frank E. I. Bilbe, Eric C. Coleridge, Leon Kitchenoff, Dorothy F. Sexton (violin); Winifred T. Stiles (viola); Alec Compinsky, Reginald F. J. Kilbey, Gastone Marinari, Maurice Zimble (violoncello); George W. Batchelor (clarinet). Doris M. Clarke and Edith M. Coates were highly commended. The examiners were Sir Frederick Bridge, Dr. C. W. Pearce, and Dr. E. F. Horner.

THE MUSIC OF ANCIENT EGYPT

On December 13 the members of the Musical Association listened to an interesting and exhaustive paper on 'The Music of Ancient Egypt' by Mr. Jeffrey Pulver. He said that when Greece was just beginning to show her first promise of later greatness the Twelfth Dynasty of Egyptian kings was ruling a country that enjoyed an astonishing musical culture. So far back as the Fourth and Fifth Dynasties we found evidences of musical activity which must have been preceded by a long era of development. The Egyptians had a perfect mania for leaving pictorial representations of everything they did and everything they used; to this circumstance we owed such proof of their musical skill as we possessed. There was no trace of a bow or bowed instrument, but pictures of nearly every species of stringed and plucked instrument, very many wind instruments, and a good deal of percussion were very plentiful. Loret said quite rightly, 'There is scarcely a necropolis in which one does not meet with pictures of musical scenes.' Some examples of the instruments themselves had been discovered in the tombs, and were of considerable importance.

All Egyptians, from the king downwards, enjoyed music in some form or other. The Pharaohs maintained orchestras, and so far back as 4,000-3,000 B.C. there were employed three superintendents of the royal singing. In fact, the customs of the Tudor times that we self-complacently praise in our own history were already very much the same in ancient Egypt. The folk-song also was developed, and almost every class had its own peculiar working-songs. Many varied influences were brought to bear upon the art of the country, and some of the Egyptian instruments of music were of Asiatic origin, improved or altered in Egypt. The great period of Egyptian culture that began in the Fourth Dynasty extended through the Fifth and Sixth, and at this time we found many proofs of musical excellence.

It was a pity that so intellectual a people as the Egyptians should not have left some sort of musical notation. Since no written music of any kind had been found, it must be assumed that there was none. Greece without doubt borrowed her musical system from Egypt—indeed there was no other country frequented by Greeks of these early days that could have imparted the knowledge—and with it the tetrachord system came to Europe. Through them we might look upon the Egypt of the Eighteenth Dynasty in particular as one of the chief sources of our European civilisation.

As regarded the harmonic system, we must accept the fact that nothing was known of it at all, and that what we could learn from a consideration of the instruments was all that we were likely to know on the matter. It was obvious that a flute with finger-holes to produce sound would help us considerably in deciding the nature of the scale used. Some sort of system must have obtained, otherwise we could not reconcile the fact that so many flutes played *ensemble*. Several wind instruments, each with a different series of

natural notes, could not be used simultaneously by so cultured a people as the Egyptians. Moreover, wind and strings were so often employed together, that some system of tuning must have existed. We could not imagine so mathematically-minded a race, and one so scientific in all other respects, not knowing the principles of harmony. The nature of this harmony, whatever it was, need not detract from our admiration of the country's art. The fact that some sort of harmony, according to rule, was practised is sufficient cause to accept the music of ancient Egypt as an art.

We must look for the Egyptian scale in the music of Greece. The Greeks were taught many things by refugees from Egypt. The poets and musicians of Greece visited Egypt for purposes of improvement. Moreover, in later times, large colonies of Greeks were settled in Egypt, members of which were continually returning to their native land. Should we be far wrong then if we supposed that the scale based on the usual tetrachords was originated on the banks of the Nile? The double pipe, discovered in 1890 by Flinders Petrie in the tomb of the Lady Maket (c. 1100 B.C.), now in the National Museum at Berlin, gave the notes of one pipe as E flat, G (slightly flat), A flat, and B flat (slightly flat), and those of the other as E flat, F, G, and A flat. This latter was a tetrachord such as we knew to-day as the basis of our major scale.

The lecturer then described the various instruments, and finally arrived at the conclusion that Egypt in the most ancient times enjoyed a high musical culture, that there were grounds for supposing that music was used for every occasion much as it was to-day, and that since the nation was so intellectual, it could not have produced music for so long a time without developing some method and system. Everything pointed to the present-day system of European music having originated in the land of the Pharaohs five to six thousand years ago.

THE QUARTERLIES

Outstanding articles in the current *Music and Letters* are Prof. Tovey's description of the Emmanuel Moor Pianoforte, Cecil Gray's discriminating study of Schönberg, and the Editor's discussion of 'Tune.' There is a further instalment of 'Song-Translations,' and other features of an excellent number are articles by Ernest Walker ('The Songs of Schumann and Brahms'), A. P. Graves ('Songcraft'), and some attractive reviews of books. Dr. Grattan Flood's paper on 'Irish Ancestry of Garland, Dowland, Campion, and Purcell' sets us wondering how many composers the writer will leave to the credit of poor old England by the time he has finished his researches.

The Organ is a strong number, with articles by Lieut.-Col. George Dixon ('The Tonal Structure of the Organ'), Ernest Adcock ('The Organs of Lubeck,' with two fine plates), the Rev. Andrew Freeman ('The Organs of St. Stephen's Walbrook'), Eaglefield Hull ('Joseph Bonnet: the Artist'), and a half-dozen other varied papers. Illustrations are again a capital feature. Dr. Hull's article, by the by, is surely too eulogistic. As a composer Bonnet is by no means considerable. He is an excellent performer, but we fancy Dr. Hull is rash in writing: 'I have never known such absolute perfection as Bonnet's playing. During the scores of recitals which I have heard him give in various countries, I have never heard a wrong stop or a wrong note.' What, never? On the only occasion of our hearing Bonnet we were aware of a fair number. There never was and never will be, world without end, a performer so inhumanly perfect as to deserve Dr. Hull's encomium. And a good thing too. The occasional slip is the touch of nature that makes us all akin.

A lecture and demonstration of the 'Technique' was given at the London Academy of Music, on January 5, by Mr. R. J. Pitcher. The chair was taken by Mr. R. H. Walthew, who spoke highly of the invention. An interested audience evinced great pleasure at the pianoforte items which followed the lecture, Mr. Pitcher and Miss F. J. Fitch performing the first movement of Tchaikovsky's Concerto in B flat minor (two pianofortes).

Music in the Provinces

BASINGSTOKE.—The Victory Choir gave Stanford's *The Voyage of Maeldune* on December 15, under Mr. Duncan Hume, with accompaniment supplied on the pianoforte by Miss Grace Smith. Rebikov's female-voice *Slumber Song* was among the miscellaneous items.

BIRMINGHAM.—One of the most interesting events of the year was the concert of the Midland Institute on December 12, for it brought the second performance in England of Sibelius's fifth Symphony—a work with a future. Mr. Bantock conducted, and the students played well. The same programme introduced a *Tragic Poem* by Mr. W. J. Fenney.—*Così fan Tutte* was produced again at the Repertory Theatre on December 17, to general delight. Mr. Appleby Matthews conducted.—Christmas was of course celebrated by sundry *Messiah* performances.—The City Orchestra visited Saltley on January 8, and drew a large audience with a popular programme. The first year's work of this organization having occurred in a peculiarly unfortunate period, has resulted in a heavy call on the guarantors.—The Philharmonic Quartet played Haydn, Tchaikovsky, and Beethoven at the Grand Theatre on January 8.—Ireland's A minor Violin Sonata was played by Mr. Paul Beard and Mr. Michael Mullinar on January 12, and songs, French, Russian, and British, were sung by Mr. Leslie Bennett.

BOURNEMOUTH.—S. H. Braithwaite's *By the Hot Lake* and *Near an Eastern Bazaar* were given for the first time at the Symphony Concert on December 15. The interest of these concerts has been kept alive recently by Dr. Cyril Rootham's *Miniature Suite*, Stravinsky's *L'Oiseau de Feu* Suite, Dr. H. Holloway's second Symphony in D minor, Reyer's *Sigurd Overture*, Chabrier's *España*, Borodin's B minor Symphony, Mackenzie's *Twelfth Night Overture*, and Mr. Edgar Bainton's Concerto Fantasia, with the composer as pianist. Mr. Paul Kerby has come to the fore with his *The Lover's Quarrel*, conducted by himself at the Symphony concerts, and his Overture to *As you Like it*, played at the Ben Greet production.

BRADFORD.—Mr. Julius Harrison conducted the Bradford Permanent Orchestra on December 17, in Beethoven's fifth Symphony, the *Siegfried Idyll*, and the *Ruy Blas* Overture. Mr. Arnold Trowell was solo violoncellist, and Miss Violet Allen sang excellently.—The advance booking gives excellent prospects for the British National Opera Company's fortnight at the Alhambra from February 6. Arrangements are being made for choral assistance by local societies.—Bingley Orchestral Society gave Haydn's *Surprise* Symphony on December 14, under Mr. A. J. Coates.

BRISTOL.—Messrs. Duck, Son, & Pinker have undertaken the formation of a new Bristol Symphony Orchestra, and promise a series of concerts at Colston Hall under the direction of Mr. Maurice Alexander and guest-conductors.

CHATHAM.—A new chamber music party, to be known as the Gillingham String Quartet has been formed for the benefit of the truly musical in the Medway district. Its members are Miss Elsie Dudding and Mr. J. S. Roberts (violins), Mr. Bernard P. Dudding (viola), and Mr. Francis Hill (violinello). In works for pianoforte and strings they will be joined by Mr. W. Petchey. The first concert was arranged for January 31.

COLWYN BAY.—The *Jupiter* Symphony was played by the Amateur Orchestral Society under Miss Meier, on December 14.

DUBLIN.—Mr. Hans Wessely and Miss Lord gave an exacting programme of violin and pianoforte music at the Royal Dublin Society on December 12. They played the Dohnányi and Pizzetti Sonatas, Handel's in E, and a group of smaller pieces.—Miss Geraldine Sullivan, on December 14, played Chopin's Preludes, adding literary interpretations.—A recital was given by Miss Rhoda Coghill (pianoforte) and Miss Jessica Gordon (violin) at the Abbey Theatre on December 16.—At the concert of the Dublin Amateur Orchestral Players, on December 19, Mr. Patrick Delaney conducted the first performance of a Suite,

Fais Ceoil No. 2, by Molyneux Palmer, and Mr. Hubert Rooney conducted Mozart's *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*.—The 'Mater' Concert on January 1 provided orchestral music of Wallace, Beethoven, and Cowen (the *Language of Flowers* Suite) and miscellaneous items.—At the Royal Dublin Society, on January 9, Signor Esposito conducted a Bach D minor Concerto, the *Liebeslieder* Waltzes of Brahms, two Norwegian Melodies by Grieg, and (in memory of Saint-Saëns) the *Prelude du Déluge*.—The *Andante* from Beethoven's fifth Symphony, the '1812' Overture, and songs given by Miss Louise Trenton and Mr. Harold Williams, were the features of the 'Mater' Concert on January 15.

EDINBURGH.—The Paterson Orchestral Concert, on December 19, provided a splendid performance of Elgar's second Symphony by the Scottish Orchestra under Sir (then Mr.) Landon Ronald. The rest of the programme was chiefly from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* music. The following week Georg Schumann's *Overture to a Drama* and Havergal Brian's tone-poem, *In Memoriam*, were heard for the first time, and M. Pouishnov played the Rachmaninov Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, Op. 18.—Choral music of importance has been limited to performances of *The Messiah*.—Miss Dorothy Silk sang old English songs and Brahms at Freemasons' Hall on December 20, and Prof. Tovey played Schumann and Chopin.—Mr. A. M. Henderson, organist of Glasgow University, lectured on French musical art from the 16th to the 20th century at the Y.M.C.A. Hall on December 23. In giving illustrations, old and modern, he was assisted by Mrs. Henderson (vocalist).—Lamond played Chopin at Usher Hall on January 12.—At Musselburgh, on January 12, a programme of ancient carols was given at the Church of Our Lady of Loretto and St. Michael. There were nine carols (says *The Scotsman*), collected by the Rev. Dom Gregory Ould from ancient manuscripts at Cambridge and the British Museum, and on the Continent. He had edited the text and melody of the *Angelus ad Virginem* from the Arundel manuscript in the British Museum—this being the *Angelus* referred to in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.—Members of the Bach Society listened to a Bach recital by Mr. Harold Samuel on January 13.—On January 16, at a Paterson Concert, Mr. Julius Harrison introduced three movements from *The Planets* of Holst—namely, *Venus*, *Mars*, and *Jupiter*. The same programme included Liszt's *Les Preludes*, and Chabrier's *Spanish Rhapsody*.

GAINSBOROUGH.—The Musical Society gave its annual concert in the Town Hall on December 16. The choir, under Mr. Alan Stephenson, sang madrigals and modern works; the orchestra played Suites by Purcell and Frank Bridge; the Sheffield String Quartet assisted the Hon. Mrs. Sandars and Miss Isobel Watts in the Bach D minor double Violin Concerto; and Miss Dorothy Howell gave pianoforte solos. Such a programme is recorded with pleasure.

GLASGOW.—Since December 17 the Scottish Orchestra has played the following works at St. Andrew's Hall Saturday night concerts: Landon Ronald's *Garden of Allah*, Schubert's *Unfinished* Symphony, Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain*, *Dance of the Bocks-Füßler* by Itja Satz (a modern Russian), *L'après midi d'un Faune*, the *New World* Symphony, and Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel* Overture—all these under Sir Landon Ronald. On December 20 the same orchestra and conductor gave Elgar's second Symphony and Strauss's *Don Juan*. César Franck's Symphony (on January 7) was conducted by Mr. Julius Harrison—also *Till Eulenspiegel*. Among the soloists Mr. Tertis stood out with his playing of Dale's *Romance* and *Finale* for viola and orchestra.—On December 19 the Glasgow Bach Choir gave a programme of exceptional quality at St. Mary's Cathedral under Mr. A. M. Henderson. It included the Cantatas *The Lord is a Sun and Shield* and *Thou Guide of Israel*, Purcell's *Te Deum* in D, and some a cappella church music.—At the St. Andrew's Hall popular concert of January 14, Mr. Harrison introduced to Glasgow Debussy's *Sirènes*—the third of the orchestral Nocturnes. That part of the orchestration which is written for female-voice choir was entrusted to forty singers of the Glasgow Choral Union.

Elgar's first *Wand of Youth* Suite was also in the programme. —The *New World* Symphony was played by the Amateur Orchestral Society on December 21.

HUDDERSFIELD.—Mr. Harold Hallas gave a recital of British songs on January 16, accompanied by Mr. James Stott. The programme was taken chiefly from Tudor and modern music. Miss Jane Marcus assisted in carols by Holst for voice and violin.

LEEDS.—Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* was sung by the New Choral Society to a large audience at the Town Hall on December 14, Mr. Matthias Turton conducting. Mr. Hartley did valuable work at the organ. This Society, which gives a Bach performance annually, has been dubbed the 'local Bach Choir.'—For the Christmas season the Philharmonic Society and the Parish Church Choir gave their attention to *The Messiah*.—'Popular' concerts at Belgrave Hall justify their title by results. At one of them, on January 7, Miss Minnie Tomchinsky (violinist) made her first appearance at Leeds, and played creditably.—A 'Brahms Festival' of chamber music is to be held at the University on March 3 and 4, the artists being the Catterall Quartet and two other string players, and Mr. Charles Draper (clarinet).—At the Saturday Orchestral Concert of January 14 Mr. Goossens introduced to Leeds Stravinsky's *L'Oiseau de Feu*, and a Symphony *Old England* by a Town Councillor, Mr. Harding Churton, was given for the second time.

LIVERPOOL.—M. Ansermet conducted the orchestral music at the Philharmonic Society's concert on December 13. This included Schumann's fourth Symphony, Stravinsky's *L'Oiseau de Feu*, Ireland's *Forgotten Rite*, and Debussy's *Fêtes*. Dr. A. W. Pollitt conducted the choir in *Blest Pair of Sirens*.—The Liverpool Welsh Choral Union occupied itself with *The Messiah* on December 17.—Three movements (*Mars, Saturn, and Jupiter*) from Holst's *The Planets* were played under Sir Henry Wood at the Philharmonic concert of January 10. The choir, under Dr. A. W. Pollitt, sang Cornelius's *O Death, thou art the tranquil night*.

MAIERN.—At the Priory Church on December 18, the Oratorio Choir sang Bach's *God's time is the best* and Holst's *Two Psalms*.

MANCHESTER.—The Hallé programme of December 15 had Delius's *Brigg Fair* and Ravel's *La Valse* instead of a Symphony; M. Toscha Seidel played the Brahms Violin Concerto; and the smaller orchestral works were Bach's F major Toccata, the *Londonderry Air*, and Albeniz's *Catalonia*.—The next concert was a *Messiah* performance with Miss Esta d'Argo, Miss Margaret Balfour, Mr. Sydney Coltham, and Mr. Norman Allin as soloists.—On January 12 Brahms's first Symphony was heard, with Mozart's *Magic Flute* Overture, and Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain*. Miss Désirée Ellinger sang Debussy and Mozart, and Mr. Arthur Catterall played the D minor Violin Concerto of the conductor, Mr. Hamilton Harty. The *Yorkshire Post* points out the curious juxtaposition of Brahms at his strongest, and solo singing by the Principal Girl in the Leeds Pantomime.—On January 14 lighter fare was provided with *Carmen*, Madame Kirkby Lunn taking the name part.—*The Messiah* also came into the Brand Lane series on December 17. The next of these concerts, on January 7, was operatic. *Cavalleria Rusticana* went splendidly under Sir Henry Wood, with Miss Buckman, Mr. d'Oisy, and Mr. Lewys James as soloists.—Manchester looked forward eagerly to the visit of Dr. Strauss, which occurred too late for comment here.

NEWCASTLE.—Glazounov's sixth Symphony was played by the Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Hamilton Harty on December 13. The soloist of the concert was Miss Isolde Menges, who played the Beethoven Violin Concerto.—On the following evening Armstrong College Choral Society gave its thirty-fifth concert. Dr. W. G. Whittaker conducted the choir in Bainton's *Sunset at Sea*, and choruses from *Dioclesian*.—The Bach Choir's Christmastide programme on December 17 consisted of carols by Herbert Howells, Walford Davies, Bax, and Holst, and carol arrangements by Vaughan Williams. The programme concluded with a Bach eight-part Motet. Dr. Whittaker conducted.—Mr. Arthur Bliss gave a lecture on 'Modern

Music' for the British Music Society on January 14, assisted by Mr. Tom Purvis (vocalist), Miss Annie Eckford (pianoforte), and a string orchestra.

NEWPORT.—The last of the subscription concerts at Central Hall was a joint recital by Miss Dorothea Vincent—whose pianoforte solos included Ireland's *The Island Spell*—Miss Vera Horton, and Mr. Frank Mullings, who sang a selection of Prof. Bantock's songs, accompanied by the composer.

RIPON.—Brahms's *Requiem* was sung in the Cathedral on December 14 under Mr. C. H. Mooly in the presence of a large congregation. Dr. H. G. Ley was at the organ.

ROTHERHAM.—The concert given on January 11 by Miss Pansy Moore with the assistance of the Sheffield String Quartet had a programme that we would quote in full, did space permit. Miss Moore sang a Bach Cantata, a dozen British songs of the Parry-Quilter-Vaughan Williams period, Schubert (four), Purcell, the big *Coq d'Or* Aria, and *Ritorna Vincitor*. The chamber music included a Dittersdorf Quartet in E flat and Beethoven's F minor, Op. 95.

SHEFFIELD.—J. R. Heath's three *Macedonian Sketches* for violin and pianoforte were played by Miss Winifred Williams and Miss Frances Mercer at a 'Five o'clock' concert in December. The same programme included a series of Schubert waltzes for four voices.—There was distinguished quality in the performance of *The Kingdom* given by the Amateur Musical Society under Dr. Staton on December 20. The solo parts were sung by Miss Ida Cooper, Miss Doris Manuëll, Mr. Henry Askew, and Mr. John Buckley.—The Wath and District Choral Society gave *Acis and Galatea* under Mr. George M. Coates on December 16.

STOCKPORT.—*The Dream of Gerontius* was given by the Vocal Union on December 19. Dr. T. Keighley introduced the performance with a short address on the words and music. The principals were Miss Helen Anderton, Mr. John Adams, and Mr. Joseph Farrington.

TREGARON (Cardigan).—Mozart's twelfth Mass was given by the local choir and orchestra on January 4, Mr. Lewis J. Evans conducting.

WOKING.—A Symphony Concert was given at the County Secondary School on December 17. Mr. Patrick White conducted the *William Tell* Overture, Tchaikovsky's *Pathetic*, and *Finlandia*—an ambitious programme for amateurs, but not beyond the powers of Woking. The choir gave *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast* under Mr. H. Scott-Baker, Mr. Charles Titheradge being tenor soloist. An excellent concert, and a credit to the town—or suburb.

YORK.—A concert of exceptional interest was given by the Musical Society on December 13. Under Mr. H. A. Bennett, assistant-organist of the Minster, the choir gave *Sing ye to the Lord*, Parry's *My Soul, there is a Country*, the Hampshire folk-song *I sowed the seeds of love*, as arranged by Holst, and Balfour Gardiner's *Sir Eglamore*. Madame Agnes Nicholls brought an excellent programme of songs, and solos were given by Miss Gladys Clark (violin) and Miss Dorothy Howell (pianoforte) included Tartini's G minor Sonata and Bach's Italian Concerto.—A programme of Tudor music was heard on January 14, as illustration to a lecture given by Dr. R. R. Terry for the British Music Society. String quartet music was played, and a choir under Mr. H. A. Bennett sang Robert Parsons's *Ave Maria* and settings of *Lumen ad revelationem gentium* by Byrd and Palestrina.

Sterndale Bennett's *The May Queen* was performed recently at the Conservatorium Hall, Sydney, in the form of an operetta, with added numbers from Lane Wilson's *Old English Melodies* and his song-cycle, *Flora's Holiday*. The result seems to have been highly effective. Mr. Roland Foster conducted, and Mr. Frederick Ward produced.

At St. John's, St. Leonards-on-Sea, on December 14, Parry's *Job* was well sung by the choir. The soloists were Messrs. Albert Crouch, R. Slater, and D. Barker. The accompaniments were provided by a small amateur orchestra and the organ (Dr. W. H. Speer). Mr. Leonard O'Connor conducted.

Musical Notes from Abroad

AMSTERDAM

In the last series of symphony concerts which he conducted prior to embarking for his United States tour, Mengelberg saw fit to impress once more upon us that a great deal of Mahler's fame is due to his untiring advocacy. A Mahler symphony figured as chief item in no less than four of the seven orchestral concerts. The concert of January 16 consisted of Beethoven's first and ninth Symphonies, the latter with Mesdames Di Moorlag and Reidel and MM. Urlus and Denys as soloists. The sudden death of Saint-Saëns necessitated a change in the original scheme of the concert at the end of December, which was recast as a Saint-Saëns commemorative programme comprising the Prelude to *Le Déluge*, the symphonic poems *Le rouet d'Omphale* and *Danse macabre*, the A minor Violoncello Concerto, admirably played by M. Marix Loevensohn, and the magnificent third Symphony.

On January 5 a first performance of Kurt Atterberg's fourth Symphony furnished us with an introduction to a composer—from Sweden—responsible for at least two movements (the first and second) which can be classed as indubitable masterpieces. We certainly ought to keep an eye on his future works.

During the concert on January 8 a fortuitous incident was the cause of a magnificent treat. The concert opened with a splendid performance of Weber's *Oberon* Overture, after which M. Zimmermann introduced his new Violin Concerto, a work which gave evidence of his being endowed with very respectable qualities as a composer. The final piece (Strauss's *Heldenleben*) had progressed to somewhere about the battle-scene, when a failure of the electric light seemed to announce an end to the proceedings. But M. Loevensohn rose to the occasion, and gave us a selection of Bach's Suites for violoncello solo. The effect in the Egyptian darkness was fascinating.

Of chamber music concerts mention has to be made of an evening programme by the Amsterdam String Quartet, when the players were heard in Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert. Highly commendable work has also been done by the Hague String Quartet and the Groningen String Quartet. At the second 'Anbruch' concert we heard a heretofore unknown Quintet by Philippe Jarnach, which proved a valuable addition to that branch of musical literature. A concert of the trio combination, Kwant-Törmgren-Wagenaar (song, flute, and pianoforte), brought much interesting and rarely-heard old music.

The three-hundredth anniversary of J. P. Sweelinck's death has, regrettably, been celebrated only in a very meagre way, and much *post festum* at that (he died October 16, 1621), not more than half a programme having been allotted to his works. To the credit of the Schola Cantorum, under M. Hubert Cuypers, a flawless presentation may, however, be recorded.

On the evening of the same day, January 8, little Erna Rubinstein, who will accompany Mengelberg on his American tour, drew an enormous audience. Well-earned success was reaped by the violoncellist, M. Johan Ijdo, who, in association with M. Willem Andriessen, played Sonatas by Brahms, Huré, and Grieg. Soloist recitals did not, for the major part, contain much beyond the usual repertoire works. A laudable exception, however, was made by Mr. Howard-Jones, who, besides proving himself in splendid form, gratified us with the Pianoforte Sonata in E minor by John Ireland, a work which gained universal praise at Amsterdam. In addition, he played two interesting new pieces by Moeran and Delius. Madame Berthe Seroen and the pianist, M. Evert Cornelis, always embellish their programmes with items of interest. This time their choice had fallen on works by Pizzetti and Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco.

By way of completeness mention may be made of the song recitals given by the French tenor, M. Gabriel Chamlys, and Madame Minnie de Jonge, on which latter occasion M. Francis and Madame Cornelia Koene played Brahms's Violin Sonata in G and a Poème by Chausson. The pianists, M. Dirk Schäfer and M. Ary Belinfante, confined themselves in their recitals solely to the interpretation of classical works. Their qualities are too well known to necessitate entering into particulars.

W. HARMANS.

GERMANY

OPERA

There was a time when a German music-loving family belonging to the upper middle classes considered it nothing short of a work of necessity to see every new opera that was brought out, to say nothing of every old one that was revived, and to hear each artist of note who visited the town. Thus a German family paid a dozen visits to the theatre or concert hall where an English family of the same status would pay, perhaps, but one. Jean Paul has said that 'Art is not indeed the bread, but the wine of life.' So far as the art of music is concerned, his countrymen practically disagreed with him. To them music was quite as necessary as their bread, almost as much so as their beer. Things have changed since the recent political upheaval. The beer has become thin, for John Barleycorn is required for foodstuff, and cultured German families do not now possess the wherewithal to attend many concerts and theatre performances. And yet the theatres are crowded, the audiences being largely composed of Schieber and Kriegsgewinnler. In all of this, far-seeing people observe signs of decadence. Church choirs are disappearing; the military orchestras, with their excellent playing and programmes, have disappeared; cinema performances are successfully challenging the legitimate stage. Yet powerful factors are at work to stem the impending decay. It is a proud thought that the German opera houses, in this hour of Germany's deepest humiliation, are proving what the world owes to German art. Munich, the rallying point of thousands of foreigners, with her Residenztheater for the performance of Mozart and Strauss and the Prinzregententheater for Gluck, Wagner, and Pfitzner, has lately produced operas whose presentation bordered on perfection. The scheme of performing all the great German operas from Gluck down to Strauss and Schreker taxed the resources of these theatres to the utmost. It is impossible to be in festive mood day by day. The custom of employing local singers had on two occasions to be broken through, and owing to the illness of a leading tenor and the inability to obtain a substitute, two important works—Hugo Wolf's *Corregidor* and Hans Pfitzner's *Armer Heinrich*—had to be suspended.

The subject of Don Quixote has frequently attracted the attention of composers. Kienzl's *Don Quixote*, first performed November 18, 1898, at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, did not achieve the success of his former opera 'Der Evangelimann.' The composer did not possess the creative power to infuse life into the story, and his imaginative flight fell short of realisation. The figure of Kienzl's Don Quixote on the stage is for us an impossibility.

It was a bold undertaking when Anton Beer-Walbrunn produced another operatic *Don Quixote*. Georg Fuchs, of Munich, the author of the text-book, a poet and a humorist, has mastered the subject most successfully. Unlike Kienzl, whose hero, restored to his senses, falls down dead when he learns that he had been a laughing-stock (an ending quite in style with the old opera), Fuchs's Don Quixote, through the instrumentality of his adored Dulcinea, restrains his ardour for knightly deeds, and returns to a peaceful life. Interwoven in the plot is a love episode giving the necessary lyrical contrast. Altogether Fuchs has written one of the best operatic books that have appeared for years past. Beer-Walbrunn's music is influenced by Wagner, but he remains in touch with the classic-romantic opera of the pre-Wagner time. He makes use of the Liedmotiv but sparingly, and only when it is necessary. Beer possesses a rich melodious vein, and he has succeeded in finding expression for the hero's mixture of madness and chivalry, of ridicule and tragic earnestness, thus creating a character who demands our sympathy, and provoking not laughter but a smile. He has in a beautiful *Finale* focussed the mood pervading the entire opera. The comic element disappears, and we witness the tragedy of a human life. Thus by the aid of music, is the masterpiece of Cervantes made to acquire a new significance. The new opera has proved that Beer-Walbrunn is one of the most gifted of living musicians.

The Berlin winter season has up till now been rich in concerts and musical entertainments, an ebullient presentation

of local and other players and singers of all sorts. Everyone wished to be seen and to be heard. In this tumult of programmes the host of pianists—that seems to be increasing from year to year—was prominent, many of the newcomers possessing a respectable degree of ability and ambition. Some, however, ought to continue their studies until they are ripe for public utterance. The love for Eastern music has developed into a vogue in certain Berlin circles, although an æsthetic demand does not seem to emerge. The advantages and disadvantages of Russian music are apparent when one is obliged to listen to a lengthy programme as submitted by Sergei Kussewitzky, an exquisite solo contra-bassist, who drew from his uncouth instrument sweet cantilenas. The passion and colour are prevalent in Russian music, but depth is wanting. Russian literature is so well-known in Germany that the compositions of Glinka, Rimsky-Korsakov, Glazounov, and Liadov are inopportune at the present time. Kussewitzky's second concert, however, brought new matter: *Une nuit sur le mont chauve*, by Moussorgsky, living music of a glowing temperament; three fragments from *Petrushka*, by Stravinsky, that musical pioneer *par excellence*, a grotesque work, inspiring and invigorating and brimful of passion, mirroring the genius of a great people; finally, Scriabin's *Poème de l'extase* (Op. 64), music of a man who envisages warfare against a remorseless fate.

Moussorgsky has in a way obtained citizen right in Germany, for two of his pianoforte compositions have recently been admitted into the Peters Edition, viz., *Zwei Klavierstücke* ('Kinderschmerz,' 'Intermezzo'), and *Tableaux d'une exposition*, a series of ten pieces each bearing the name of a picture, the inspiration of which the composer received from an exhibition of water-colours and drawings by the architect, Hartmann.

In German concert programmes the name of Walter Niemann occurs more and more frequently. When a composer devotes his whole energy to the cultivation of one instrument we may be sure that the result cannot but be satisfactory. By birth, nature, and character a North German, by education and choice a Rhinelander, Niemann imparts to his compositions the *Stimmung* of the Northerner along with the colour and sound of the Southerner. In his *Romantic Sonata* (Op. 60) (Leipsic, Kahnt) we find the reflexes of his tours in the Black Forest, the Taurus and the Harz Mountains. We think of Wiesbaden and the Rhine. It is a bunch of fairy-tales told by Grimm, a set of pictures drawn by Kate Greenaway. In the *Northern Sonata* (Op. 75) the composer strikes a serious note, something heroic, reminiscent at once of Heibel, Storm, Frenssen, of the greyish-green German ocean of Ossian and Strindberg. There is plenty of colour, attaining even to brilliancy, but the background is sombre. Niemann is one of the most gifted of living composers for the pianoforte, an artist who takes rank with Debussy, Ravel, Scott, Scriabin, and Albeniz.

At Munich a school of composers is growing up with the motto: 'Away with the big orchestra and the restricted academic spirit! Return to chamber music!' and in accordance with this slogan Prof. von Waltershausen produced at Bochum two movements from Alfred Reuss's *Sommeridylle* for small orchestra, Weismann's *Pianoforte Concerto in D flat major* (with Thérèse Pott at the pianoforte), and Braunfels's *Serenade* for small orchestra. At another concert H. Scherchen explained the problems of the young-Berlin-music and had his String Quartet (Op. 1) played by the Leipsic Schachtebeck Quartet. It is a work showing the striving of a serious musician to move in a free medium. The cosmopolitan spirit of Bochum was demonstrated by a concert dedicated to the Vienna school (Wellesz, Schönberg, and A. v. Weber), and by a modern Russian-French concert. These and other concerts conducted by Schulz-Dornburg gave lovers of music at Bochum an opportunity for becoming acquainted with some aspects of modern music, without neglecting the great masters—Bach (*St. Matthew Passion*), Beethoven (ninth Symphony), and Bruckner (Mass in F minor), the latter under the baton of Arno Schütze.

The musical re-birth of Germany must come from within, not from without, and where the programmes root in the soil—as, for example, the concerts of the Deutsche Musikabende, organized in 1912 by Musikdirektor Ernst

Wollong, of Rudolstadt—a regeneration may be expected. A little town like Rudolstadt is of course restricted to chamber music, and the danger of running in a groove must be avoided. These concerts represent a good deal of the musical development in Germany. Wollong does not love the mixed programme. He prefers the principle of unity and abhors the lionising system of soloists. First the artwork, then the performer. His concert programmes dealt with: The Bach family—A chamber concert at the court of Frederick the Great—Song and dance during the 18th century—Goethe's female characters—Faust music—German children songs—A little comedy with music of old masters—Melodrama. In addition there were Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms evenings, as well as Church concerts of a similar character. Finally Wollong organized a grand historic music festival lasting four days. The first concert, which took place in the rococo hall of the beautiful castle of Fleidecksburg, was dedicated mainly to compositions by Philipp Heinrich Erlebach, court conductor at Rudolstadt at the end of the 17th century. The other concerts bore the uniform title 'Deutsche Hausmusik aus vier Jahrhunderten,' and the final concert crowned the festival with an excellent performance of Handel's *Saul* edited by Chrysander.

Saul was also performed in the Kreuzkirche at Dresden by the Bach Society and the Handel (Orchestral) Society, when it made a profound impression. By certain abridgments the sacred drama has been made more condensed, and its impressiveness deepened. Handel's suggestive music, supported in the powerful choruses by a wealth of instrumental accompaniment, appealed the more to listeners as it was reminiscent of recent national events.

F. ERCKMANN.

NEW YORK

Die Walküre, not heard here since 1917, has burst on New York again in all its glory, thrilling all to the point of intoxication, sweeping out of memory the futilities of so many of the modernists, and filling its hearers with an indescribable sense of satisfaction—while incidentally selling the Metropolitan out to the doors at every performance. Mr. Bodanzky's interpretation of the score was very well done. It was intensely dramatic, and full of life and vigour, yet the reading of the drama was poetically conceived. In her interpretation of the rôle of Brünnhilde, Madame Matzenauer was vocally sumptuous, revealing fine artistry and familiarity with the score. Interest, however, appeared more centred in the Sieglinde of Madame Jeritza, who is a great artist, vocally and histrionically. But if among the singers there was a star it was Mr. Whitehill, whose magnificent Wotan was superbly tragic and tender. Rumour says that when the *Ring* trilogy is performed next year a number of new German singers will be imported. Why? Certainly no German can surpass Mr. Whitehill as Wotan, or as Amfortas, Telramund, Kurvenal, Hans Sachs, or any other Wagnerian rôle he has undertaken. Possibly there is some excuse for importing tenors, as American tenors hate to sing Wagner. They say it strains the voice. No finer Parsifal was ever heard on the stage of the Metropolitan than that of Mr. Orville Harrold: yet he sang under protest. It is said that Caruso always wanted to sing Siegfried, but was not allowed to do so.

The Russian basso, Chaliapin—a more familiar figure in London than in New York—has returned after an absence of many years. He has appeared twice at the Metropolitan Opera House as Boris in *Boris Godunov*, and has sung in a number of concerts. From the box-office point of view his American appearances are very successful, as he sings to packed houses at enormous prices. But the great crowds are composed chiefly of his own countrymen, his only listeners who understand him, his repertory being entirely in Russian.

Other misfortunes come to musicians than those of war. Moritz Moszkowski lies ill and almost penniless in Paris. A concert was given lately for his benefit by fifteen pianists, who played solos, duets, trios, quartets, sextets, and, as a climax, the whole fifteen played together, each on his own instrument. If anybody thinks this is a joke he is mistaken. The fifteen pianofortes were perfectly tuned, and the ensemble, with Walter Damrosch conducting, was almost orchestral.

Those who expected mere noise found that really good music could be made inspiring in this way. The contributing artists were (alphabetically) Bachaus, Bauer, Casella, Friedman, Gabrilowitsch, Grainger, Hutcheson, Lambert, Lhevinne, Madame Mero, Madame Ney, Ornstein, Schelling, Miss Schnitzer, and Stojowski. By the sale of tickets, photographs, and autographed programmes, the sum of fifteen thousand dollars was raised above all the necessary expenses.

MARY H. FLINT.

PARIS

At the Opéra-Comique two new works have been produced; a very pretty little ballet by Blair Fairchild, *Dame Libellule*, and a lyric drama by Georges Hue, *Dans l'ombre de la Cathédrale*, the libretto by Maurice Léna and Henry Ferrare. At the Opéra, Ravel's *L'Heure Espagnole* has been successfully revived, and a revival of Moussorgsky's *Horis Godounov* is expected to take place shortly. There is little to be said of Blair Fairchild's ballet score, a delightful trifle, as unpretentious as it is genuine. Georges Hue's music is good, thought out with care, carried out with skill, and, at times, convincing, although not very original.

On December 31, the programme of the Concerts-Pasdeloup was entirely devoted to the works of Saint-Saëns, Rhéné Baton conducting. On January 15, Pierné, at the Concerts-Colonne, paid a similar homage to the master's memory. At the Concerts-Lamoureux, an interesting event was the performance of an *Evocation Symphonique* for pianoforte and orchestra (soloist, Madame Lucie de Lausnay), by Roger de Francmesnil, a composer who died a year ago at the age of thirty-seven, and whose output comprises several good examples of chamber music.

Those who have read the articles on Charles Kœchlin recently published in the *Musical Times* will be particularly interested to hear that his Sonata for two flutes (a very old combination unexpectedly revived) was successfully performed at a concert of the Société Moderne d'Instruments à Vent. The whole of this concert proved particularly interesting. The other items were Mozart's Quintet for pianoforte and wind instruments; a charming Divertissement by Roussel; a quaint little Air with Variations by Rossini, for flute, clarinet, horn, and bassoon; a Rhapsody by Honegger for pianoforte, two flutes, and clarinet; a Sonata by Milhaud for pianoforte, flute, oboe, and clarinet; and three Poems by Poulenc for tenor voice and five wind instruments.

Works by Kœchlin (fifth Sonatina), Honegger (vocal excerpts from *Le Roi David*), Pizzetti, Schönberg, Bartók, Malipiero, Caplet (*Fables de la Fontaine*, well sung by Fabert, with the composer at the pianoforte), and others formed the attractive, most variegated programme of the concert of the *Revue Musicale* on January 21.

Music-lovers are welcoming with special gratification the reappearance of Ricardo Viñes, the peerless pianist, who has played works by Debussy, Albeniz, Mompou, and Falla at the Société Nationale, and taken part in the first performance of a Trio by E. Royer at the Société Indépendante. Other novelties performed were: at the latter Society's concert, a Trio by M. de Manziarly, a Pianoforte Quartet by Pierre Menu, and songs by Melville Smith; at that of the former, a String Quartet by R. Ziohan, a Violin Sonata by Rohozinski, and songs by Jacques de la Presle.

The last-named composer is endowed with a genuine lyric sense, in many respects akin to that of Henri Duparc, revealed not only in his songs, but in various minor instrumental works recently performed.

An excerpt of Roland Manuel's Pantomime, *Isabelle et Pantalón*, given at the Concerts-Colonne, proved very pleasing in its simple humour. Canteloube's Orchestral Preludes from his unpublished dramatic score *Le Mas*, are thoughtful and, in a quiet way, picturesque.

Other interesting concerts were those given by Miss Marguerite Babaian and Madame Laloy Babaian (old clavichord music, Armenian, Greek, Lettish, Basque, Spanish, and Norwegian folk-songs, works by Ravel, Debussy, Moussorgsky, and Stravinsky, all delightfully interpreted); a song recital by C. Hubbard, whose compre-

hensive programme gave sidelights on practically every aspect of contemporary French music, from Fauré and d'Indy to Honegger, Durey, and Auric; a matinée given by the Schola Cantorum, at which Marcel Labey's String Quartet, Louis de Serres's *Heures Claires*, and Pierre de Bréville's fine Violin Sonata were performed; a recent evening of modern music given by the Société Olénine d'Alheim; and a concert at the Salle des Agriculteurs, at which songs and a Pianoforte Trio by Raymond Lebrun were performed.

A. BOLD.

ROME

To have established a concert hall which has at once taken a foremost place in the Roman musical world, and organized two permanent quartets in connection with the same, all in the space of a year, is an achievement of which Dr. Hippolyte Golante and his helpers at the Sala Bach may well be proud. The season was opened this year with a concert by the string quartet, which played Boccherini's D major Quartet, that of Dvůrák in F major, and also gave the first performance at Rome of Sinigaglia's Quartet in D major. The vocal quartet gave its first concert on January 3 with a programme that vindicated the high aims and ideals of the singers. The scheme included three madrigals of Palestrina, one of Jan Gero, and three of Luca Marenzio.

I have had the opportunity for examining a volume of pianoforte music, *Dolomenta*, recently published by Dr. Golante. The compositions reveal a genuine inspiration, and a deep assimilation of the Debussyan spirit; but also they assert a personal note which maturer study and experience will doubtless intensify and elaborate.

With that genial sense of novelty which characterises his direction of the Society Amici della Musica, the noted violoncellist, Eugene Albini, interested a crowded audience on January 6, when he accompanied two 17th century airs on the viola da gamba, thus following the directions of the original MS. The airs were from Bach's *St. John Passion*, and Gabrielli's *Clearco in Negroponte*, and the singer was Ghita Lenart. The programme included songs of Alaleona, Canterini, Respighi, Pizzetti, and Castelnovo.

A second concert given by the Amici della Musica also aroused great interest, in that it presented Verdi's little-known Quartet in E minor.

Concerts have been given by Alfred Tazzoli (pianoforte), and Etrusca Degli Amadei (vocalist), and by Pachmann.

In commemoration of the sixth Dante centenary, Refici's vocal symphonic poem *Transitus Dantis Poete* has been given twice at the Augusteum. In the *Musical Times* for November I noted the success of this work at the Ravenna commemoration. At Rome it has raised a good deal of criticism, of which the gist may be said to be that, whilst demonstrating an admirable technical capacity in the composer, the work lacks that genial and melodic element which the Italian ear above all looks for. Personally I carried away the impression that it was a beautiful work of statuary—finely modelled, scintillating with light, but lacking all warmth. As to the poem (which greatly resembles the *Dream of Gerontius*) it has been justly pointed out that the author (Giulio Salvadori) has represented, not Dante, but an ordinary sinner who has arrived at his last hour.

Amongst the other concerts given at the Augusteum this month, that on Christmas Day was notable for the presentation of a new work by Carlo Perinello, of Trieste, who is a member of the Commission for the publication of the 'National Collection of Italian Music.' The works played on this occasion, under the direction of Bernardine Molinari, were: Glazounov's sixth Symphony, Perinello's *Il Cigno morente*, Zandonai's *Serenata Mediceale*, Berlioz's Scherzo from *Romeo and Juliet*, and the *Finale* from *Götterdämmerung*.

A good season is at present running at the Costanzi, which opened its doors on Boxing Day with a new opera by Richard Zandonai, *Francesca da Rimini*, to D'Annunzio's poem. The work had a great success, and was succeeded by *Die Meistersinger* and *Tosca*.

At the Comunale of Bologna a new opera by Franco Alfano, the director of the Conservatory, *The Legend of Sakuntala*, from the Indian poem of Kalidasa, who lived in the 6th century, has had a fine success and is eagerly awaited at Rome.

LEONARD PEYTON.

VIENNA

To the casual observer, Vienna must have the appearance of being the most musical of all cities. Surely it unites within its walls some of the most potent musical personalities of our era—e.g., Richard Strauss, withal the representative musician of Germany (it would, perhaps, not be superlative to add, 'and of the world'), who wields the sceptre of the Staatsoper; Felix Weingartner, a celebrated conductor of an older school, who divides his time between the justly celebrated Philharmonic scheme and the Volksoper; and the towering personality of Wilhelm Furtwängler, quickly recognised as a genius when he came here unknown about three years ago, who is the leader of the subscription series of the Tonkünstler Orchestra. Conductors like Franz Schalk and Ferdinand Löwe are still among us, revered guardians of Vienna's great musical tradition, if not brilliant orchestral leaders. And, lest we forget, let mention quickly be made, by way of contrast, of Arnold Schönberg, who is preaching musical radicalism at his newly founded Schönberg-Seminar, and himself playing the part of a musical Trotzky in his Society for the Promotion of Private Musical Performances, which is the stronghold of the city's musical extremists, and accessible only to the elect and initiated few.

Apart from these artists resident at Vienna, practically all Germany's great conductors, instrumentalists, and singers count among the frequent visitors here. Concerts have become so numerous as to necessitate the opening of not less than three new concert-halls this season, two of which are situated within the luxuriously beautiful old interior of the once Imperial Castle. In order to satisfy the onrush of artists eager for a hearing, managers have had to revert to morning *musicales*, noon concerts, afternoon recitals, and even to night concerts, in addition to the regular evening productions. All this might convey the impression of flourishing musical life, but for the fact that these performances are attended almost exclusively by a public which has very little in common with former Viennese audiences, that were so celebrated for their exquisite and highly-cultured taste. Average audiences at Vienna now consist largely of a more or less proletarian element of 'Schieber,' who have risen from economic and social obscurity by virtue of wealth acquired during the war and post-war periods. Their eagerness for a musical education is indeed comforting, but all too frequently artists and managers are rather inclined to cater to their taste, instead of lifting them to a higher standard. Also the fact is to be deplored that these people alone are able to afford the extremely high admission fees, while the impoverished intellectual class that built up the city's venerable culture is barred from the concert-halls.

All this applies in even greater measure to the Staatsoper. This house—which, since the 1918 revolution, has been under the management of Dr. Richard Strauss, in conjunction with Franz Schalk—is gradually assuming the character of a place of merely superficial amusement for the wealthy classes, and for those *nouveaux riches* whose taste is all too often heeded by the management. The once perfect ensemble of the theatre has become practically disorganized, owing to a strong preference on the part of the directors for 'guest' singers whose mission is sensationalism, while some of the finest artists of the theatre are enjoying involuntary leisure. The consequent enormous outlay constantly increases the deficit of the Staatsoper, which now amounts to well over a hundred million crowns annually. This deficit is covered by the State. Ultimately it has to be defrayed by the populace, in the shape of tremendously high taxes. Thus is witnessed the grotesque spectacle of a bankrupt State that, unable to supply its population with necessary food, yet lavishly supports what purports to be a national institution, but in fact is a luxurious resort benefiting a privileged class or casual visitors from abroad. The expenses of maintenance fall upon a majority of the State's best citizens, whose lot it is to be excluded from ever

hearing the performances, on account of the exorbitant fees of admission, whose increase grows with the accumulating deficit.

An attempt has been made quite recently to increase receipts by adapting the beautiful Redoutensaal of the Imperial Castle for performances of works of a more intimate character. By running two houses it was hoped that the Staatsoper would be able to dispose of its surplus of singers, and thus effect an economy. Many millions of crowns were devoted to the adaptation of the hall, but after a few performances of the *Marriage of Figaro* it was found that the new house also was accumulating heavy financial loss; Vienna opera-goers refused to pay the high prices necessitated by the small seating capacity of the theatre. For this reason, and for lack of a suitable repertoire, it was soon closed for an indefinite period. Thus did an ill-prepared and costly venture find a fitting end. The troubles of the Staatsoper can be remedied only by a complete change of policy. When the management has decided to reduce its numerous artistic personnel, a large proportion of which is practically unemployed and at any rate superfluous, expenses will be lowered and prices will respond.

The purely artistic aspects of the Staatsoper, too, are not at all satisfactory. The 'guest' habit already referred to has completely demoralised the repertoire, which is now arranged according to the whims of visiting stars. Performances of Wagner, Mozart, and masters of all nationalities frequently reveal an utter lack of discipline. Perfection distinguishes the presentation of Richard Strauss's own works, which bulk largely in the programmes, but other contemporary composers receive scant attention from the directorate, with the possible exception of Puccini's all-too-pleasing operas and the works of Erich Wolfgang Korngold, which, though doubtless effective thrillers, cannot possibly be said to represent present-day operatic tendencies. Schreker, Pfitzner, Braunfels, Busoni, the modern Italians, Debussy, Dukas, Charpentier, and Moussorgsky, are conspicuous by their absence. This season's output of novelties has been pitifully poor, consisting so far of Wilhelm Kienzl's mildly entertaining opera *Kuhreigen*, already familiar from former presentations at the Vienna Volksoper; Franz Schreker's *Schatzgräber*, accepted and rehearsed by the Staatsoper with apparent reluctance, and indefinitely postponed one week prior to the date scheduled for its première; and director Strauss's own ballet, *Josefslegende*, the only novelty of the current season, which is to be produced in the spring.

PAUL BECHERT.

Miscellaneous

A LONDON VIOLIN-MAKER

An interesting gathering of string-players and violin-makers took place at the Edric Hall, S.E., on December 10, when a trial Chamber concert, arranged by Mr. James Brown, was given in order to exhibit the qualities possessed by the stringed instruments made by Mr. William Robinson, of Plumstead. During the interval Mr. Brown gave an account of his first acquaintance with a Robinson fiddle at the house of the distinguished amateur, Mr. W. W. Cobbett, where one of the new violins was tried against a J. Guarnerius and a Strad. Besides solos and quartets by the Dunstable String Quartet (Mr. Brown, Misses K. Easton and H. Milne, and Mr. Sebastian Brown), a fine performance of two solos on a Robinson violin was given by M. Godowsky. As a concourse of players and makers the occasion was probably unique, and may lead to developments.

The Havant Choral Society began its season well, on December 14, with capital performances of Stanford's *The Revenge* and *Songs of the Fleet*. The solos in the latter were sung by Mr. A. Wigglesworth, of Chichester Cathedral. The instrumental items included Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (Miss I. Spurgeon) and violoncello solos by Miss Marjorie Alcock. Mr. R. T. Carraway conducted.

Can any of our readers tell us of a London musical club for membership of which a young organist and pianist of eighteen would be eligible?

The Incorporated Society of Musicians held a conference at University College on January 4 and 5, its annual general meeting on January 6, and gave a chamber concert at Queen's Hall. The subjects dealt with were 'Education and Teaching,' by Lieut.-Col. Sir Theodore Morison, Principal of Armstrong College, 'The Musician in the School,' by Mr. Robert McLeod, 'Army Bands and Bandmasters,' by Col. J. C. Somerville, and 'Scriabin,' by Mr. Herbert Antcliffe.

At the Smetana Hall, Prague, on January 5, a memorable concert of British music was given before a large audience. Under Mr. Adrian C. Boult the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra played Elgar's second Symphony and shorter works by Butterworth and Bliss. What delighted the audience most of all, however, was (according to the Prague correspondent of the *Morning Post*) the singing of madrigals and folk-songs by the 'English Singers.'

The Society of Women Musicians announces that a programme of its members' works will be performed at the Incorporated Society of Musicians' Concert on February 11.

As a great many advertisements arrive too late for insertion, we shall in future announce the latest date on which they can be received for the ensuing number. (The date varies slightly from month to month.) For the March issue they should reach us not later than February 17. Advertisements and correspondence relating thereto should be addressed, not to the Editor, but to the Advertisement Manager, *Musical Times*, 100, Wardour Street, W. 1.

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LIONEL TERTIS

The Musical Times

AND SINGING-CLASS CIRCULAR

MARCH 1 1922

BRITISH PLAYERS AND SINGERS

III.—LIONEL TERTIS

BY EDWIN EVANS

It is a perennial subject of discussion, especially in theatrical circles, as to whether the performer or interpreter can legitimately claim credit for creative work—whether for instance the great actor who infuses life into a character is not something more than the interpreter of the dramatist. Actors as a rule have not been slow to advance such claims, and to regard such a part as being more of their own making than the author's. In music there is a better sense of proportion. Performers may have their little vanities, but it does not commonly occur to them to claim a sonata as their own because they played it well. Yet there is a point at which the interpretative artist may merge into the creative without being himself a composer—we might even say preferably not being a composer, judging by our knowledge of those who were performers first and composers afterwards. They become creative artists when they so influence the medium of their interpretation as to revolutionise its possibilities, and so broaden the outlook of their art that it furnishes a new incentive and a new impulse to creative effort. In the whole history of music such performers have been rare. Every instrument in turn has owed far more to composers than even indirectly to virtuosi as such. But there occurs occasionally an exception. There arises a player whose convictions turn to idealism, and whose sense of artistic responsibility develops into a mission. They then become, as it were, apostles, whose gospel is carried far and wide, gathering converts on its way. To this sparse category of players belongs Lionel Tertis.

We need not be very old to remember the days when the viola desks in the orchestra were a haven of refuge for those who had failed to satisfy the more exacting standard enforced from violinists, and when the majority of composers wrote accordingly for the viola, treating it as an ancillary instrument, useful to complete the harmony, but being careful to avoid saddling it with much responsibility, as they were well aware in those days of the risk involved. There were exceptions, and they acquired prominence as such. When Berlioz or Liszt employed the viola as a solo instrument in a symphony, it was a much discussed incident of the day, and Rubinstein's Viola Sonata remained for many years almost an isolated work. Even in the string quartet, the viola was rarely treated as an equal partner, though the best players of the instrument were naturally attracted to chamber music. The actual writing for the

viola was kept within narrow limits. Scarcely any use was made of its upper register, and technical difficulties were avoided so far as possible. Moreover, just as there were few players, there were also few teachers. If a student took up the viola, he generally had to take lessons from a professor of some other stringed instrument, who regarded this one as a subordinate section of his own sphere of activities. In short, it was a kind of Cinderella of the string family, admitted on sufferance to the august society of violin and violoncello.

If all that is now changed the credit, so far as this country is concerned, is due to the influence which Lionel Tertis's playing has exercised upon the fortunes of his instrument. Not only have other players been inspired by his example, with the result that the general standard of technique has been raised, but composers have learned to view the instrument from a new angle, exploiting its possibilities in a manner that a generation ago would have been regarded as foolhardy. In all Europe there has been a progressive tendency to develop the individual qualities of every instrument, and of the viola with the rest, but it is in England that a special literature has grown round the instrument, and that it has acquired the most importance in concerted music. It is only in the last few years that the viola has received corresponding attention on the Continent, and even now our foreign visitors readily admit, on hearing Tertis, that in this field we have stolen a march upon them. So far as his mission is concerned, he is now preaching to the converted, for there can scarcely remain many musicians whom his playing has not convinced, and we have quite a number of players of the foremost rank. Moreover, he has made us critical, and the viola is no longer a cloak for incompetence. Even in second-rate orchestras it is usually played as proficiently as the other instruments. To those whose experience of music has been gained in the last dozen years or so it may even seem strange that we should mention this. But it is not easy to forget the toneless scrapings and scratchings that were heard twenty years ago.

Lionel Tertis was born at West Hartlepool in December, 1876, and was brought to London when he was three years old. As he revisited the town for the first time last year to play at a Melba concert, arriving at night in a dense fog, and leaving early next day in torrents of rain, his memories of his birthplace consist chiefly of fog, blazing furnaces, and an over-heated concert-room. At the age of five and a half he began to study the pianoforte with a German professor, and he remembers playing a Tarantella by Stephen Heller at a concert-hall in Highbury at the age of seven. Still more vividly does he recall the pride with which he donned for the occasion a wonderful new velvet suit with a lace collar. He adds:

'Another episode is imprinted on my memory: I was playing duets with my

teacher one day, and there was a passage in which his right hand and my left were note to note. It was an exciting passage, *fortissimo*. I made a dash for my part, and the result was a fearful howl from the professor. I had missed my note and, my nails being rather long at the time, I had dug a lump out of his little finger. I remember the precautions he took whenever we played duets after that.'

He continued working at the pianoforte, generally without a teacher, as the available funds did not suffice to provide one. From the age of twelve he began to develop ambitions, one of which was to attend a musical institution. He scanned the advertisements of the musical papers, and was fortunate enough to secure employment as an accompanist for a few months, during which he saved sufficient to study for a time at Trinity College, London. He remembers playing a good many concertos with the orchestra there, but confesses that by that time he did not care much for the pianoforte, which was too mechanical for his taste. His parents, however, were very keen on his becoming a pianist, and he recalls that his mother used to lock him in a room to make him work. He practised from six to eight hours daily, loathing it more and more, and he often substituted a novel on the desk in order to read, whilst making a more or less musical noise with his hands on the keyboard to deceive the parental authority.

His stay at Trinity College was not a long one, for he was soon compelled to resume earning his living. In fact, he describes his musical training as having been acquired in spasms. Among the engagements he filled between the ages of thirteen and fifteen, there was one as pianist with the Southend Pier Orchestra and another at Scarborough for which, he relates, he had to disguise himself as a brigand. At least that is what he looked like. In reality he became a member of a so-called Hungarian band, as was the custom in those unregenerate days. This, and other engagements of the same kind, enabled him not only to live but to put by a little with a view to continuing his musical education.

It was during this period that he definitely gave up practising the pianoforte and turned to the violin. He began with the usual spasmodic lessons from a very bad teacher whom he soon gave up in order to continue by himself. At about sixteen years of age he had saved enough to realise what he had always regarded as the wildest possible flight of ambition. He went to Leipzig, and took up the violin as his principal study. He says that he had the bad luck to be put under a professor who was a philatelist, and thought more of his collection than of his pupil. The lessons took place in a very large room, in a remote corner of which the professor would be playing with his stamps, while Tertis was supposed to be profiting by his guidance. 'However, I heard a

lot of good music there, especially at the Gewandhaus concerts, which did me a lot of good.' On returning to London he played to Sir Alexander Mackenzie, whose report was so good that it enabled him to obtain support with which to continue his studies, and he entered the Royal Academy of Music. It was here that he reached the turning-point of his career. A fellow student was very keen on quartet playing, but there arose the usual difficulty—at that time—of discovering a viola player. There were hardly any to be found, and most of these were discouragingly bad. Tertis was asked if he would learn the clef and play the viola in the quartet. He consented, thinking it would be 'good fun,' and in three weeks he took part in a quartet at an Academy concert, at the conclusion of which Sir Alexander Mackenzie assured him that he would never regret having taken up the viola. It was a true prophecy, for he declares to-day that he has never regretted it, in spite of the uphill fight, which is by no means over. 'From the moment I played the first note on it, I loved it. It has always appealed to me as more human in expression than the violin.'

He studied at the Academy for a few terms, at intervals, with a professor of the violin, there being none of the viola in those days. Eventually he dispensed with a teacher altogether and went ahead unaided. As there was scarcely any music then for viola except the inevitable *Harold in Italy* of Berlioz, for which Tertis has no liking, he played violin concertos and all kinds of violin pieces, on the viola. Among other works he played the Mendelssohn and Wieniawski Concertos at the Academy Fortnightly concerts, and attracted so much attention that he was appointed professor of the viola at the Academy, where he taught for many years.

'Before I go further I would like to say how much I am indebted to my harmony professor there, Mr. Frederick Corder. I shall never forget his unfailing kindness, sympathy, and help in all my struggles, and there are many students who would say the same. We all owe him much gratitude, and the Academy is indeed fortunate to have him.

'However, I left the Academy, perhaps because I felt that I was not making enough headway, and I launched out as a fully-fledged solo player of the viola. I gave lots of recitals, but the prejudice I came up against was extraordinary. Everybody seemed to be up in arms at my daring to play solos on the viola. They declared that it was never meant to be, and never could be, a solo instrument, and more in the same strain. I was made to feel almost that I was doing something criminal. However, I have managed to live that down, and the public in general is at last beginning to take more kindly to the viola. It is still much neglected as a solo instrument, but I hope that some day it will find its rightful position as such. But of course there are great difficulties in the way.'

The first of these difficulties, according to Tertis, is the dearth of viola literature. At present the limited prospects of a viola work are such that he considers it almost philanthropy for an eminent composer to write one. He has had definite promises, so far unfulfilled, from Delius, Ravel, and Glazounov, to write works for viola with orchestra, and he tells me that if one of them would keep his word, it would advance the viola twenty-five years in a night. He is too modest. He has done that much himself, perhaps not in a night, but certainly by the series of recitals with which he attracted attention to the viola when he entered upon his career as its missionary. And, as for the dearth of literature, his influence on composers has done much to relieve it, as may be gathered from the following list of works, the majority of which were directly due to the incentive supplied by his magnificent playing :

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Nocturne for viola, oboe d'amore, and pianoforte	...	<i>Josef Holbrooke</i>

The above does not profess to be complete, but it will suffice to show that the difficulty presented by the paucity of available works is no longer so great as it was before Tertis appeared on the scene. The other difficulty to which he referred at our interview is more serious. It is that of getting viola works published. It required some years to induce English publishers to take a broader view of their responsibilities and include in their catalogues works of art as well as potential best-sellers. They are no longer exposed to the reproach that it was of no use to offer them anything but a drawing-room ballad or an anthem. In fact, to-day the difficulty of getting good music published in England is not much greater than it is on the Continent. But even for a string quartet, which it was until recently considered philanthropy to publish, there are many more buyers than there

are for a viola concerto or sonata. There is therefore some excuse if publishers are a little reluctant. The only way in which this difficulty can be overcome is by appealing to a wider body of buyers. There may not be enough viola players in this country to make such a work commercially feasible. But in the whole of Europe and America there must be a sufficient number, and the chief difficulty is that of reaching them.

A third difficulty was mentioned, that of persuading the organizers of orchestral concerts to accept viola concertos for performance; but as this difficulty affects more or less all contemporary music, Tertis is not entitled to claim it specially for his instrument.

In spite of these difficulties, the viola and its champion have made wonderful progress in recent years, and it is not surprising that Tertis feels encouraged to go on. 'After all,' he says, 'the great thing is to have an object in life, and here is one. But I wish there were a dozen others besides myself pursuing it.' One of his many suggestions is that composers should make a more frequent use of the viola as an *obbligato* to the voice. He claims that the effect is much better than with any other stringed instrument, the peculiar *timbre* of the viola, and especially its middle register, being so much more suitable.

Finally, Tertis offers some valuable advice to aspirants. His first counsel is, 'Don't play on a viola the body of which is less than 16½-in. long. An instrument which is less than 16¼-in. in length does not give the true viola tone. It is neither a violin nor a viola. It is a mongrel, and there are far too many of them about.'

The next maxim is, 'Don't restrict your playing to the third and fourth positions and thereabouts. The reason why most violas do not sound well in the higher position is because players do not practise up there, and the vibrations are, so to speak, rusty. So don't be afraid of climbing well up the finger-board.'

With these two maxims we will part company from Lionel Tertis, but not without a final tribute to the success that has so far attended his mission—a success that is much greater than he appears to believe, for it is not by numbers that we judge the progress of such movements as that which he initiated. It may be that the viola has not yet struck the public imagination in such a way as to ensure a crowded hall, even for so brilliant a player as Tertis himself. The viola player is not yet a fashionable virtuoso. But it is no small thing to have achieved that the musical world of to-day has a completely different conception of the tone-quality and the capabilities of the viola from that which was current at the time he began his campaign. Consciously or not, we all—commencing with composers—think more sympathetically of the viola than ever before, and we are only too ready to concede the claims that Tertis urges on its behalf, especially when they have the support of his own playing, than which there could be no better argument.

MADRIGALISTS AND LUTENISTS

By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

The explorer of new country would seem to be the ideal person to write the guide-book of it. Yet the catalogue of guide-books contains few instances of this happy conjunction. Either he has the exploratory temperament too strongly developed to want to spend time describing the known when so much unknown yet stretches before him, or he has grown taciturn in his solitary wanderings and indifferent to those who by character or circumstance cannot be more than subsequent tourists, or he does not survive to complete his explorations or to recount them for the service of others. Every subject has its unknown lands, and there lie the bones of lost pioneers, their specimens scattered, their day-books obliterated, their charts blown to the winds.

There is no more distinguished living explorer of the music of the past than the Rev. E. H. Fellowes, Mus. D., and his recent book* should be welcomed, not only for its merit, but as a sign that his project of scoring the complete works of the English Madrigal and Lutenist composers is so near completion as to permit of the writing of the guide-book. The extent of Dr. Fellowes's work may be gauged from the fact that between 1588 and 1627 forty-three sets of Madrigals were published, the average number of Madrigals in a set being over twenty, besides the thirty odd sets of Lutenist Ayres. Its value can be appreciated only by those who know something of the music contained in these sets; and the more they know of it, the deeper will their appreciation be. And it is to be hoped that Dr. Fellowes's authoritative and delightful book, with its wealth of musical illustrations, will induce those readers to whom its subject is a new one to turn to his editions† of the Madrigalists and Lutenists, and profit by them.

I suppose few of us would admit to knowing nothing of the Madrigalists, who have long been a legend and are now becoming a fashion. Morley, Wilbye, Gibbons, are names quoted often enough when a defence of English music is called for. But how many of those who quote their names could whistle a phrase from one of their compositions? Even the legend of the Madrigalists is deficient. It commemorates but half their achievement, and that not the most significant half. A Madrigal, even if the technical peculiarities of independent part-writing, imitative development, and rhythmical freedom which distinguish it from the part-song are recognised, is commonly thought of as something light in style and in subject, dexterous, and pleasing to the ear, and little more. It does not seem to have occurred to the people who, only acknowledging our Madrigal school in this aspect, yet boast of it as one of the glories of the Elizabethan age, that no musicians really representative of that age when men essayed new

worlds in deed and thought would have been content to expend their talent in the expression of an unvarying, complaisant gaiety. It is a curious comment on our self-effacing snobbishness in matters of art that this legendary definition of the Madrigal is far more applicable to Italian examples than to native; though even so it is inadequate. The etymology of the word has long been in dispute. In a very interesting chapter Dr. Fellowes deals with the various theories as to its origin, and cites as conclusive the opinion of Signor Leandro Biadene that the term is derived from the neo-latin *matricialis*. This adjective had the sense of maternal. Thus a Madrigal was a song in the mother-tongue, a song of the people, and became, in the hands of the poet and musician a song about the people. The burden of the song, as of most songs, was love; and rustic loves, refined by the fashionable respect for classical models into pastoral idylls, were the staple subject for the madrigalist, a subject whose slight artificiality, due to its refinement, forbade too serious a musical treatment.

This was the model, admirable in technical treatment, but a little shallow in import, which our composers worked from, and departed from in their search after greater variety and greater veracity. The finest examples of the Italianate Madrigal will be found among the *Triumphs of Oriana*, a collection of Madrigals in honour of Queen Elizabeth by leading composers of the day, the idea of which was taken from the Italian *Il Trionfo di Dori*. The circumstances that made them splendid also inclined them to be formal; and Dr. Fellowes suggests that their picturesque origin has made subsequent opinion attach undue importance to them, and that this may be one of the reasons for the popular misconception of the English Madrigal. Thomas Morley, the editor of this collection, edited also two books of selected Italian Madrigals fitted with English words, and testifies in his *Plaine and Easie Introduction* to his admiration for Italian writers.

Some of his works are cast in the traditional mould, and the general impression made by his writings is one of easy charm and lightheartedness. But he could be serious and moving when the occasion demanded it, and his music is specially noteworthy for that chequering of grave and gay which in his definition of the Madrigal he seizes upon as an essential characteristic:

'you must possess yourself with an amorous humor . . . in your musick be wavering like the wind, sometime wanton, sometime drooping, sometime grave and staide, othertime effeminat.'

A typical example of Morley's sensitiveness to the change of mood is the passage 'Alas, my dear, why weep she?' in *Arise, get up, my dear*. The whole thing is past in a moment. It has exactly the value of a chance inflection of condolence overheard in a tumult of merry voices, and yet, coming where it does, it makes the Madrigal memorable,

* *The English Madrigal Composers*. Edmund Horace Fellowes. (Clarendon Press.)

† *The English Madrigal School*. (Stainer & Bell.) *The English School of Lutenist Song-Writers*. (Winthrop Rogers.)

not only as a piece of brilliant vivacity, but as an expression of personality. Morley delights in the human touch. His shepherds and shepherdesses are very near the real thing, the shepherdesses especially, minxes sketched with an ambiguous cross-rhythm. He excels in crowds, country gatherings, bean-feasts, and in the alertness and raciness of his treatment of such subjects, and in his choice of them, he shows that sincerity and vivid sense of life which mark the English Madrigal.

There is a real difference between gay music, and music expressing gaiety. If the examples of gay music be considered, it will be found that they are instrumental, and that the better they are, the more purely instrumental they become, like the harpsichord exercises of Domenico Scarlatti. If the attempt be made to write this sort of music for voices, it generally defeats its own ends. The reason is not far to seek. Harpsichord, violin, *bruiteurs*, are made for the purpose of sounding. The voice, even in its early developments of grunt and squeak, is made to express, to convey. To disregard this is to disregard the one universal canon of all art, consideration of the medium, which ordains that stone should be treated as stone and not as butter or butter muslin; that horns should be treated as horns, and not as a kind of treacle to glue the orchestra together with; that bricks are unsuitable for Gothic pinnacles, and triplets for National Anthems. All canons, however, call for a little disrespect, and to write for voices in the instrumental manner is from its very difficulty a tempting adventure. The 16th century saw the development of every side of vocal writing. Nothing has been done since that was not foreshadowed then, and the instrumental manner of writing for voices was practised in the earlier decades of that century with extraordinary success. But the reason of this very success is that the nature of the medium was not forgotten. However instrumental it may be in its disregard of words and of what we now call vocal limitations, it is still vocal in being expressive, though what it expresses is no explicit emotion, but sonority, the moving joy of making a noise. This style had reached its culmination before the beginning of the Madrigal school. It bequeathed to it, though not directly, the legacy of every successful experiment—an increase in technical resources, but nothing else. From the first beginnings of that school, the sound is made for the sake of the sense. Its aim was to express, and to express as closely and variously as possible. The range is astonishing. It runs from the airy lightness of *On the plains* (Weelkes) to the nobility of *What is this life?* (Gibbons). Whatever the mood, for almost every shade in it we can find a corresponding Madrigal. Be it humour, there is the animal spirits of *Come, follow me* (Bateson), the wit of *Though Amaryllis dance in green* (Byrd), the downright satire of *Ay me, alas, heigh-ho* (Weelkes). Be it grief, there is the plaintive tenderness of *Oh grief, even on the bud* (Morley) or the Byrd *Lullaby*, the passion of *Oft have I vowed* (Wilbye),

the pathos of *Weep, Oh mine eyes* (Wilbye), or *Dainty fine bird* (Gibbons); while the coupled *Oh care, thou wilt despatch me and Hence, care! thou art too cruel* (Weelkes) are an anatomy of melancholy. There are Madrigals about spring and nature, about hunting, morris-dancing, wedding festivities, about music and the wonders of foreign lands, and one, a magnificent example, about the flight of birds; there are ethical Madrigals and elegies,—all these, besides those dealing with the subject of the Madrigal proper, love and the 'amorous humor.'

This variety and interest of content is equalled by the variety and interest of workmanship. The madrigalists had at their disposal technical resources which had been accruing throughout the century. They inherited the tradition of the boldness and vitality which marked the earlier stages of English polyphony, and the feeling for purity and economy of means which later stages had added to it. Hitherto these resources had been chiefly employed and developed in the writing of Church music. Secular music exacted certain changes, the modification of some features, the accentuation of others: but the standard of workmanship was not lowered. In some ways it was enhanced. The personal nature of the Madrigal as opposed to the impersonality of Church music called for greater incisiveness of rhythm, greater variety of texture, and gave new opportunities for harmonic experiment—above all, the setting of secular words allowed for, even demanded a clearer and closer expressiveness. In this matter the madrigalists displayed an inexhaustible fertility and subtlety. Nothing escaped them. The triple measure which accompanies the mention of 'Trinacrian Ætna' in *Thule, the period of Cosmography* (Weelkes) 'borders upon the 'conceit' so dear to the Elizabethan mind. But the 'flying fishes' in the second half of this Madrigal are set to a rapid flickering phrase which is a perfect example of how far realistic representation should go in music, and the opening with its long-drawn, lonely semibreves is in its coldness and remoteness the response in music of an intensely sensitive imagination to the idea of Thule, the limit of exploration, the enigmatic frozen North. A similar response to another geographical suggestion, a response very characteristic of an age that fed on traveller's tales and witnessed the launching of the 'Golden Hind' and the 'Edward Bonaventure,' occurs in *O fools, can ye not see a traffic?* where the mention of the South Seas prompts Wilbye to introduce smooth overlapping phrases, rising and falling like lazy waves. The danger of detailing strokes such as these is that the reader who does not know the madrigalists may be misled into supposing that they spotted their work all over with dabs of realism. He should discover for himself how subtle, how briefly-touched and quitted these allusive passages are, and how discreetly and naturally they are woven into the texture of the whole. So much so, indeed, that there is a contrary danger that if they be

not pointed out to him, this reader—whom I so hopefully assume will be sufficiently sceptical of my statements to verify them by referring to my subject-matter—may not notice them at all. I do not want to insult his intelligence. I know I am always finding new instances of this delicate ingenuity in Madrigals with which I had imagined myself fairly familiar. Nor is this feeling for illustrative treatment which is so significant a feature of the madrigalists' technique always confined to musical passages referring directly to the words. So surely was it used, so profoundly was it part of their idiom, that it enabled them by allusions to previous musical material and the ideas associated with it to achieve something that might be compared to the symphonic development of Beethoven, or, more nearly, to the symbolic development of Bach. Dr. Fellowes on page 216 of his book gives an example of this allusiveness from Wilbye's *Oft have I vowed* which shows how closely the texture of these works should be examined to appreciate to the full the care and reticent skill which made them. Equally subtle, and much further, removed is the allusion to the opening of *O care, thou wilt despatch me* in the opening of the second half of the Madrigal *Hence, care! thou art too cruel*, where the revolt against overwhelming sorrow implied in the words is illustrated by the thrusting up of the drooping E flat of the first opening into that unforgettable E natural which transforms the whole passage and gives rise to the amazing modulations which follow. Both passages are quoted by Dr. Fellowes, who gives a valuable analysis of the whole Madrigal, which even if it alone of his works had survived would suffice to stamp Weelkes as a composer of the greatest power and originality.

(To be continued.)

THE STRAVINSKY THEORIES

BY EDWARD MITCHELL

One of the most surprising features in connection with the recent Stravinsky offensive has been the singular inability of his chief protagonists to think right out the problem raised by his latest productions, and to see clearly whither the theories upon which they are based must inevitably lead him. Discussion, too, has centred largely round the *Rite of Spring*, and it does not seem to have been generally realised that Stravinsky's theories are better to be tested by reference to the Symphony for Wind Instruments. For one thing, it has no titular associations, and, secondly, it is a much later work. Embodying as it does those ideas which Stravinsky is said to have been evolving ever since he set out on his career as composer, it enables us to assess their value with some degree of certainty.

Before proceeding further, however, I feel impelled to express a doubt concerning the composer's intellectual honesty, judging from certain things he said in his recent interview with an

Observer representative. For example, his conception of form as being conditioned entirely by materials is so far from the truth that it would be almost uncharitable to assume that this was the considered opinion of a thinking individual.

Mr. Percy Scholes is well worth quoting here. He says:

In all works of art there must be some measure of give and take, and form and material must, surely, sometimes bend to each other. A pencil sketch, an etching, a water-colour, and an oil-painting differ in their materials, but share a large measure of common form. There is such a thing as a general principle of form, apart from the materials used.

This, I think, is unanswerable.

Still more fantastic perhaps is his (Stravinsky's) idea of the painter employing a subject merely as an 'excuse' for painting. A painter dealing with purely abstract conceptions (the type of artist presumably in his mind) quite naturally does not bother about subjects or models. He is content to rely upon line and colour as media for expression. I cannot imagine any painter employing a subject without at the same time regarding it as an essential factor in the success of his scheme, whether the subject be one from nature, from human life, or from the world of material things. Enough has been said upon this point, however, and I must return to my main theme.

The Symphony for Wind Instruments, then, is avowedly an attempt to produce 'music itself';* that is, music entirely free from 'extra-musical emotion,'* 'uninhibited by extraneous intentions and architectonic formulæ.'† The composer's sole objective apparently is 'sonorous emotion,'‡ and he has endeavoured to achieve this by seeking 'relief from harmonic associations'‡ in a 'polyphony of timbres,'‡ and we are told that his extreme dissonance is used to assist this process. Unfortunately for the work and its composer, the Symphony comes perilously near to being a complete fulfilment of these principles, which, although they might have served for the music-making of primitive man, are not very creditable as mental products of a 20th century composer. Let us examine them.

First of all, as the end in view, we must take 'music itself,' music the sole content of which is to be 'sonorous emotion,' and we must begin our chain of argument with a restatement of some elementary facts. I do not think that anyone is in need of a reminder that sound, like colour, has emotion, and that different sounds produce in the listener different emotions. The simplest classification possible is, of course, that of sounds pleasant and unpleasant, albeit we must not forget that what is pleasant for one person is not necessarily so for another. But we notice that the pleasure derived from the pleasant sounds varies with the particular one we listen to. For many people, the noise of the sea is as delightful as that of a running stream. Some, although aware of a distinction, would find it perhaps too

* Stravinsky.

† Leigh Henry.

‡ Edwin Evans.

indefinite for clear expression. Others, capable in some degree of analysing their reactions, would suggest that the former exhilarated and the latter soothed. A few might go still further and attempt an association of ideas. The plashing of waves could be linked up with the idea of playfulness, and the stream's flow with that of contentment. It depends upon the degree to which the imagination has been stirred. In the same way the sounds of musical instruments can be basically divided into pleasant and unpleasant, according as the tone is good or bad.

In the many differences of timbre we have of course a great variety of effect. Some distinctions are subtle, others almost violently obvious. The crux of the problem, however, is this: Granted that differences of timbre, as of the beautiful sounds in nature, produce varying reactions in the listener, what is the type and value of the emotion aroused by a single note played on any given instrument? * In fairness to Stravinsky, we must now presuppose that the listener is a sensitive and artistically-minded person, capable of fully appreciating tonal values. To such a person, oboe tone will perhaps appeal as wistful; flute tone as plaintive; upper register horn tone (*pianissimo*) as suggestive of things remote or visionary. Instances could be multiplied until the whole field of instrumental tone had been covered, but in every case the emotion would be of the same kind—vague, shadowy, and indefinite, and entirely subordinate to that which is the chief element in (the so-called) sonorous emotion, viz., the sensuous thrill of pleasure which one derives not only from beauty of sound, but also from beauty of taste and smell. In other words, sonorous emotion is primarily superficial, and has no power to call up but the palest reflections of a few of the more spiritual emotions which give life its true significance.

Another aspect of the problem has now to be considered, and I must return to my example from nature. The association of ideas with the noise of the sea and the stream becomes possible only by virtue of the rhythm with which the sound of both is invested. It is the quiet, steady rhythm of the stream's murmur, even more than the actual sound, which suggests soothing contentment; we have only to conceive a change of rhythm for a great alteration to be produced in the effect upon the listener. It is just at this point that Stravinsky becomes inconsistent, for he has always attached (and still attaches) great importance to rhythm. But the moment we admit rhythm as an essential factor in music, we can no longer have purely sonorous emotion. On the contrary, your

emotional effects will depend much more upon the rhythms employed than upon the instruments used. The wistful tinge in oboe timbre, for example, will no longer be perceptible if the instrument be given a lively rhythm. It matters little, however, whether 'music' be limited to purely sonorous emotion or to emotion which is a compound of the sonorous and rhythmic. In either case, music becomes a thing entirely devoid of personality—in the spiritual sense of the word.* To carry the argument to its logical (but absurd) conclusion, we have only to allow the orchestra to tune up and a work of art will be produced. And we shall require new definitions of both 'art' and 'artist.' The expression of personal feeling will become the deadliest of artistic sins. If Stravinsky be correct, every one of his great predecessors and contemporaries must be wrong. Amongst the poets, too, only Marinetti and his foolish followers (whose lines consist apparently of disconnected vowels and consonants—pure poetry, this!), only these poor imbeciles will rank as true artists. Indeed, they fulfil Stravinsky's artistic ideals more completely than he himself does, although the opening phrase of the Symphony comes very near success in this respect. Various disjointed and strident notes appear in the brass with an effect so much akin to a donkey's bray as to make one sympathise with the laughter of the audience. The asinine effect is probably accidental (at least we hope so, as the work is dedicated to the memory of Debussy), but I think Stravinsky must, at this point, have committed a slight error of judgment in the balancing of his parts.

The composer, as I have already mentioned, has sought to achieve his end by seeking 'relief from harmonic associations' in a 'polyphony of timbres.' These polyphonic passages (in the Symphony) consist of four or five strands of orchestral colour proceeding quite independently, and in such dissonance as to (successfully) 'resist the tendency to harmonic fusion.' To gauge the significance of each strand we must listen 'horizontally.' Beyond the fact that the contrasting of colours heightens the intensity of each (provided that the contrasts be made judiciously) there is nothing of gain in all this. By deliberately denying fusion to his various strands, Stravinsky robs himself of that which is most beautiful in polyphonic writing, viz., the ever-present relation of each and every part to that co-ordinating and unifying idea which is always implied although sometimes not completely expressed. This is a high price to pay for 'relief from harmonic associations.' Indeed, one is again forced to the conclusion that disordered polyphony of this kind would be quite as well accomplished if left to the orchestral players themselves. Their individual melodic strands would probably lack significance, but this would be all to the good, as a significant theme must be abhorrent to a Stravinskist.

* It may be asked why I should take a single note. My answer is, that to form a true estimate of sonorous emotion every other emotional factor must be eliminated. It may be asked why, in order to make my analogy more exact, I did not take a single note from nature—a bird's note obviously suggests itself. The bird, however, sings or calls with an 'extraneous intention,' and is consequently barred. On the other hand, as we shall see in a few moments, Stravinsky admits rhythm as an essential factor in music, hence the example I selected is really the more appropriate.

* A composer may be 'personal' in his handling of rhythm, as in the way he walks, but obviously this is not the same thing as personality.

Even in his actual handling of colour I do not think Stravinsky has been conspicuously successful in the Symphony. In some of his earlier works I should be the first to admit that he has done some remarkable things in this way—for example, the music which accompanies the Chinese procession in *The Nightingale*. Here, however, we are in the domain of the ballet, and further comment upon its music would be irrelevant in a discussion concerning 'pure' music.

Enough has been said, I think, to indicate the retrogressive and anti-intellectual character of the Stravinsky theories. I find it difficult to reconcile Mr. Edwin Evans's approbation of them with his admission that art should reflect life, for the whole of life cannot be set within the limits of the merely sensuous. Indeed, the more important elements are found outside those limits. If we are to use our orchestral colours much in the same way as a child uses his box of paints; if our deeper emotions are to remain unawakened; if we are to give up the superb architecture of the symphonic form for disjunct utterances and aimless repetitions; if development (and therefore climax) is to go by the board, then, surely, music will be thrown back into a state of de-civilization, and will cease to be a language capable of expressing the vital forces lying unseen in the heart of man. The Symphony for Wind Instruments fails to stir me in the slightest degree; this is not surprising, for sound *qua* sound no longer interests me. What does surprise me is the fact that the composer of *Petroushka* and *The Nightingale* could bring himself to pen so fatuous a work in conformity with the theories which have formed the subject of this article.

MODERN HUNGARIAN COMPOSERS

BY PHILIP HESELTINE

It is indeed good news that Béla Bartók intends to visit England during the present month, bringing with him a new Sonata for violin and pianoforte and other chamber music for performance in London.

We have now considerable justification for regarding London as the centre of the musical world, so far as performances are concerned. Thanks to the initiative of our concert-givers we are on the whole better acquainted with contemporary music than any other city in the world. Our own composers can no longer complain of undue neglect; and we are more familiar with the work of the most important living composers than Vienna or any of the musical centres of Germany. We are ahead of America in the variety and quantity of new works that are presented to our audiences every year, and ahead of France in our knowledge of any but purely French music. Yet there are strange gaps in this knowledge of ours, of which one of the largest and strangest is our almost total ignorance of the contemporary music of Hungary.

As long ago as 1903 Richter performed an early Symphony of Bartók's at Manchester (one movement alone—a Funeral March—has survived in print), but between that time and the outbreak of war practically nothing of this composer's work was heard in England. In the summer of 1914 some pianoforte pieces by Bartók and Kodály were performed at a concert given by Mr. Liebich in London, and Sir Henry Wood introduced Bartók's first Suite* for orchestra (composed in 1905) at a Promenade Concert in the same year. The war of course prevented the possibility of extending our knowledge of his works very much further, but it is surprising that during the last three years we in England have heard hardly anything of Béla Bartók, Zoltán Kodály (pronounced Kodai, the 'l' resembling that of the French word *mouillé*), and Laszlo Laitha—Hungary's three most distinguished living composers—save an occasional mention of their names in a musical newspaper. For whatever views one may hold as to the



[Photo by]

BÉLA BARTÓK [Irene Werner, Budapest.]

respective merits of modern composers, no serious students of the music of Bartók can deny that the power and originality it displays entitle him to at least as much consideration and respect as any composer living.

Last year's Promenade Concerts gave us only the rather immature Rhapsody for pianoforte and Orchestra which dates from 1904. But in the preceding season Sir Henry Wood revived the early but already, to some extent, characteristic Orchestral Suite with conspicuous success, and it is difficult to see why this virile and exhilarating work has never been repeated. Incidentally, there are few modern compositions that could be arranged for a military band with more brilliant effect than the opening movement of this Suite, with its long, march-like theme of a grandeur and sonority scarcely excelled in the *Meistersinger* Overture itself, with which it invites comparison.

* Published by Rózsavölgyi, Budapest.

The four volumes of *Children's Pieces** (without octaves), which consist of simple arrangements of Hungarian and Czecho-Slovakian folk-tunes, have already proved a boon and a blessing to many teachers of the pianoforte in this country. But unlike many 'teaching pieces' they have a real musical value. Their technical simplicity is not factitious but essential. We do not feel that the folk-song and its attendant harmonies are two separate things artificially joined together; they seem inevitably one and indivisible, and each little piece has the appearance of a spontaneous composition:

Children's Pieces, vol. iv. (1908).

Ex. 1. *Largo.* BARTÓK.

f *sonore.* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

mf *cres.* *f* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

With them may be mentioned the more recent books of Hungarian and Rumanian folk-songs arranged for pianoforte (Universal Edition, Vienna):

Fifteen Hungarian Folk-Songs (1920).

Ex. 2. *Allegretto.* BARTÓK.

dolce. *mf risoluto.*

In these, as indeed in most of his other works, Bartók displays that rare power—which in these days seems to be growing rarer than ever—of writing 'exactly as many notes as are necessary':

* Published by Rózsnyai, Budapest.

neither fewer nor more. These pieces have a freshness and freedom of expression that remind us, strangely enough, of those very personal little pieces of Giles Farnaby—at least three centuries old—which are to be found in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book. Children's pieces do not as a rule figure in recital programmes, but the melodic beauty and delicacy of workmanship of these little pieces of Bartók's are by no means unworthy of fine playing; and those who have been privileged to hear the composer play them himself have had a memorable experience of the depths a real master can reveal in the simplest-seeming music. Pianists in search of novelties that will provide them with technical problems in addition to rich musical interest would do well to turn to the magnificent set of three *Études* (1920: Universal), the two *Élégies* (1910: Rózsnyai), and the four *Dirges* (1910: Rózsavölgyi).

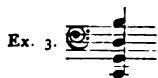
It is, however in his two String Quartets (composed in 1908 and 1917 respectively) that Bartók's singular genius is revealed most clearly. Much fine chamber music has been written in the last few years, but Bartók appears to be the only composer who, working on the lines indicated by Beethoven in his last Quartets, has achieved the same technical perfection in the expression of original ideas in an idiom that is all his own. This is high praise; but that it is fully merited by these profound and arresting works most of those who have studied the scores—or, better still, heard them performed by the superb Waldbauer Quartet—would testify. They are certainly the most significant quartets that have been published since the death of Beethoven.

It must not be supposed from what has been said above that, if we have been somewhat backward in our appreciation of Bartók's genius, his own countrymen have been any less so. On the contrary Budapest is one of the last places to go to to hear his music—except at private gatherings. For many years his professional colleagues looked askance at him, and spoke of madness when his name was mentioned, and although this pedantic opposition has now to some extent given way, political disturbances have prevented Bartók from obtaining as much public recognition as he deserves. In Hungary, as in all countries where the struggle for independence is still continuing or has been but recently ended, it is almost impossible for anyone to remain outside the sphere of politics. Under the old regime the authorities of the State-supported School of Music at Budapest regarded Bartók with marked disfavour, and despite the efforts of his friend Dohnányi on his behalf, persistently refused him an official appointment. But the success achieved by his Ballet *The Wooden Prince*,* which was performed at the Budapest Opera under the direction of Egisto Tango (now conductor of the Rumanian national opera at Kolozsvár) in 1917, and of his opera *Bluebeard** (an opera with a cast of two

* Both these works (published by Universal) are to be performed—for the first time outside Hungary—at Frankfurt-am-Main

characters) produced in the following year, brought him into greater prominence than he had hitherto enjoyed; and when, in March, 1919, the government of the country passed for a brief spell into the hands of the Communist party, Bartók was appointed co-director of the School of Music together with Kodály and Dohnányi. But this regime was short-lived. A few months later the Christian Socialists came into power and consigned the Communists and all their works (including the excellent little review *Ma* ['To-day'] which represented all that is best in contemporary Hungarian art, literature, and music) to outer darkness. So Bartók's connection with the School of Music was abruptly terminated, although he had taken no part in the political activities of the Communists, whose opinions he is very far from sharing. His sole offence was to have accepted from them an appointment their predecessors ought to have given him long before.

The influence of Kodály will probably make itself felt not so much through his compositions as through his genius as a critic and as a teacher who is able to give sympathetic encouragement and sound instruction to the rising generation of composers and executants. But his recently-published chamber music is of very considerable interest. Like Bartók he has steeped himself in the folk-music of his country (the genuine traditional peasant-music, not the comparatively modern gipsy-music popularized in western Europe by Liszt and generally confused with the true folk-music), and its influence is clearly apparent in nearly all his works. Of the four chamber compositions recently issued in the Universal Edition—a Sonata for 'cello (unaccompanied), a Duo for violin and 'cello, a Trio for two violins and viola, and a String Quartet (No. 2)—the most remarkable is the 'Cello Sonata, a veritable *tour de force* of immense technical difficulty but of compensating musical interest which is wonderfully well sustained throughout its three movements. The composer directs that the two lower strings of the instrument be tuned a semitone lower than is customary. Their notes, however, are written as they are to be played, not as they are to sound; so the opening chord of B minor, for example, is notated thus:



The last movement contains a striking example of a *pizzicato glissando*, the strings being plucked, and the fingers shifted while they are still vibrating:



From the Duo for violin and 'cello the beautiful theme of the slow movement may be quoted:

Duo for violin and 'cello.

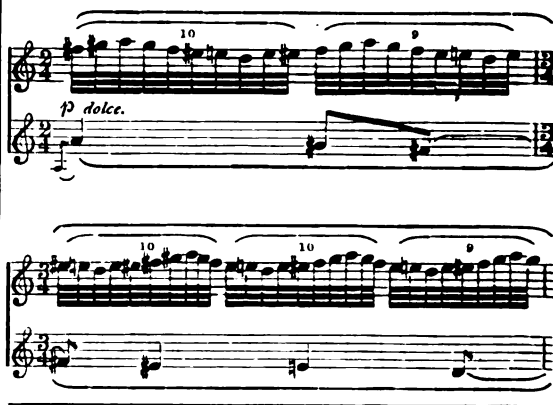
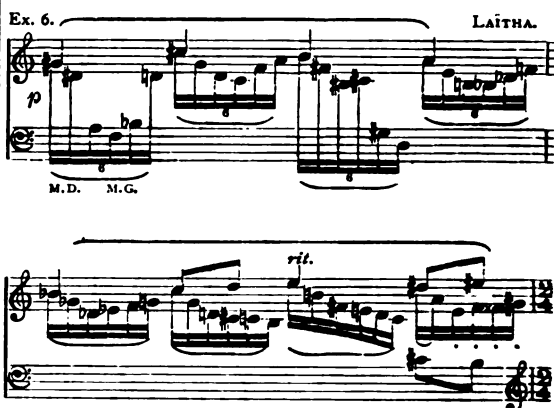
KODÁLY.

Ex. 5.



Laïtha's published works consist of a Pianoforte Sonata and two books of shorter pianoforte pieces*. He has been greatly influenced by Bartók, but he is by no means a mere imitator. His music is quite individual, occasionally arid and forbidding but never banal. Indeed, fear of the commonplace and lack of that touch of genius that can lend it distinction seem to have deprived Laïtha of the courage of simplicity. The Sonata in particular fails to convey that sense of inevitability which characterises the work of Bartók. But Laïtha has a fine gift of melody, and some of the shorter pieces are of very considerable beauty.

Soupir inquiet dans la nuit de printemps (Nine Fantasies, 1913).



* Publishers, Harmonia, Budapest, and Rózsavölgyi, Budapest.

De l'automne et du champ (Contes pour piano).
Ex. 7. *poco allegretto.* LAÏTHA
p *poco sfz*
p sub.

Some of his titles are peculiar. For instance: *Maternité . . . Comme une lettre sur moi-même . . . Petit conte du calme, des ténèbres, de l'attente, et d'un grand fauteuil—Petit conte d'une allée de châtaigniers en fleurs, d'une écharpe de dentelle oubliée sur la terrasse et de l'Enorme.* But unlike Satie's they make sense, and have a certain emotional suggestiveness.

Of these three composers, in whom modern Hungarian music is summed up, Bartók is by far the most important. As one of our best critics has said of him:

'He reveals new possibilities. He has cut a path through the *selva oscura* wherein so many of the modern composers have gone so hopelessly astray. Over and above his actual tangible donation, he gives us a sense of liberation, fresh hopes, and new energies with which to realise them.'

Already his influence has impressed itself on at least one young English composer of very

considerable talent—W. T. Walton—and it cannot fail to have a beneficial effect; for Bartók is a 'modern' whose originality owes nothing to sensationalism, eccentricity, or 'revolutionary' ideas, and does not depend for its recognition upon the postulation of a world from which the great masters of the past are rigidly excluded. He is, moreover, singularly free from the influence of other contemporary composers; and those who make the acquaintance of his work in 1922 and observe therein that simplicity of texture, directness of expression, and freedom from conventional forms and formulæ—qualities which, though they are conspicuous alike in the work of the English virginalists in the 16th century and of Beethoven in the 19th, some critics would persuade us were introduced into music by Stravinsky—should bear in mind that much of Bartók's best and most characteristic work is already fourteen years old.

England's recognition of this master will not be without its effect upon the musicians and musical public of his own country. For Hungary, unlike Germany, has a very proper respect for England as a musical nation, and the expression of English appreciation of Bartók will go a long way towards breaking down the prejudice and apathy of his own countrymen and finally giving the lie, so far as he is concerned, to 'the aspersion of madness cast on the inspired by the tame high finisher of paltry blots, indefinite and paltry rhymes, and paltry harmonies.'

EDWARD ERNEST COOPER

FEBRUARY 5, 1848.—FEBRUARY 12, 1922

Music and musicians have lost a good friend by the death of Sir Edward Cooper. He was not only a life-long lover of the art, and an active and enthusiastic participant so far as his business ties allowed; he was also for many years a valuable member of various bodies concerned in the administrative side of music. Chairman of the Committee of the Royal Academy of Music, President of the Madrigal Society, Treasurer of the Abbey Glee Club, a Fellow and Trustee of the Philharmonic Society, Master of the Musicians' Company, a member of the Committee of the Mendelssohn Scholarship—it would be rare to find so many offices held even by a leisured amateur. When we see them combined in one who was also a Sheriff of the City of London, an ex-Lord Mayor, and head of a big business house, the fact is doubly impressive. He figured frequently, too, in important representative gatherings, attending the International Congress of Musicians at Berlin, Vienna, and London, and being appointed by the Foreign Office to represent Great Britain at the Congress at Paris, in 1914. Always keenly interested in Church music, it was fitting that at the time of his death he should have been parish clerk of St. Michael's, Cornhill, and a Vice-President of the Royal College of Organists.

He was born into a musical home, and as a boy was constantly hearing fine music at the houses of such friends of the family as Howell (the famous double-bass player), Weiss, Alfred Borwick (father of the well-known pianist), Reiss, Piatti, Rivière, &c. On the breaking of his voice his interests turned from chamber music to singing, and he took lessons from Pasquale-Goldberg, one of the earliest professors of the Royal Academy. His first regular post as a singer was at the Bavarian Chapel. He then sang for some time at the Pro-Cathedral until Stainer appointed him a deputy-tenor at St. Paul's Cathedral. In that capacity he did duty for over twenty years—a record period for a deputy. His fondness for part-singing led him to be a member of the old Round, Catch, and Canon Club and of the Madrigal Society, of which latter body he was a couple of years ago the oldest member save one.

Much as music owes to amateurs whose support lies in the direction of patronage and financial support, it probably owes even more in the long run to those whose enthusiasm leads them to take a place in the rank and file of performers. It is inconceivable, for instance, that a prominent business man and a Lord Mayor of London could show himself to be a keen, practical musician without doing much to convince others that the art is one of the best and most social of hobbies, not (as too many people still think) an exotic and somewhat effeminate affair to be exploited by a race of professionals for the occasional entertainment of the public. Add to his practical musicianship an unselfish zeal that showed itself in unwearied effort on behalf of such musical institutions as those mentioned above, and it is apparent that the indebtedness of the art to Sir Edward Cooper is not likely to be overestimated. His musical tastes were shared by his wife, a fine pianist, and a pupil of Sir Julius Benedict.

A few biographical details follow. He was born at Windsor, on February 5, 1848. In 1867 he entered the service of a firm of insurance brokers and underwriters in St. Peter's Alley, Cornhill, thus beginning a connection with the City Ward that was to last all his life. Seven years later he started a business of his own, and later joined the firm of James Hartley & Co., now known as James Hartley, Cooper & Co. In 1909 he was elected Alderman of his Ward, serving as a Sheriff in 1912-13, and becoming Lord Mayor in 1919. He was knighted in 1913 (on the occasion of the visit of the President of the French Republic), and was created a Baronet in 1920. He was also a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, and held the Orders of the Crown of Belgium and of St. Sava of Serbia.

The funeral took place at Overton on February 16. Among the large gathering of representatives from London institutions were Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Dr. H. W. Richards, Mr. J. A. Creighton, Mr. Alfred Waley, and Mr. Harold Craxton (Royal Academy of Music), Mr. J. Stainer (Madrigal Society),

and Mr. Arthur F. Hill (Musicians' Company). Mr. Augustus Littleton was represented by Mr. Henry King.

An interview with Sir Edward Cooper and a portrait appeared in our issue of November, 1919.

We have received the following from Sir Alexander Mackenzie:

London's Music makers, their Societies and Institutions, may well lament the passing of one whose genial and vigorous support endeared him to them all: 'a singer who sings no more.'

The inadequate tribute which these few lines endeavour to convey is that of an intimate friend to whom, maybe, more of Sir Edward Cooper's eager devotion to our art is known than is likely to be generally understood or sufficiently appreciated. For one can hardly have, so to speak, lived with him during the twenty-three years of his successive services to the R.A.M. as its honorary treasurer and Chairman of the Committee of Management without having gained a deeper knowledge of that thoroughly genuine love of music and enduring desire to assist the progress of musical education which have earned the debt of gratitude we must ever owe. Although, by reason of the offices he held, more closely attached to his well-loved school, his sympathies were of no narrow limits—a fact to which my colleague of the G.S.M. will readily testify—and were of that wide and generous range which prompted him to make the most of his opportunities (and these were many and various) for encouraging every worthy scheme concerned with music.

Despite his many business and voluntary duties he habitually took a warm personal interest in the individual efforts of our past and present students, whom he befriended, to the last, by frequent attendance at their recitals and concerts. If it were necessary to point to any prominent trait which characterised his connection with us, I would single out his fellow-feeling with and attitude towards the musical profession, which could at all times rely upon an attentively sympathetic ear to its needs and aspirations. This feeling was clearly manifested during the—to us, particularly—memorable year of his Mayoralty, when music and its professors were honoured in such exceptional and large-hearted fashion at the Mansion House. And but a few short weeks ago, when we met for the last time, I was asked about the progress and chances of success of several societies, enterprises, and artists.

Truly the art which he did so much to help and cultivate was no mere pleasant pastime or recreation, but a seriously engrossing part of a long and useful life of national service.

I end with a personal note. During many past years the R.A.M. has indeed been fortunate in its Chairmen, and I have been happy in serving under two such enthusiasts and friends as Thomas Threlfall and Edward Cooper. Each of them had a wife who shared his love for music and aided his benevolent intentions and kindly projects, and who still continue the good work with which their husbands' honoured memories are linked.

A. C. M.

TRANSLATION AND TRANSCRIPTION

BY ALEXANDER BRENT-SMITH

The use of translations, like the performance of good deeds, is the better for being kept secret. School-boys have always known this truth, and when they intend to use a translation they retire to an inner-chamber and close the door. Even then, lest their deed should become manifest, they keep their book in close proximity to a table-drawer whither it can disappear at the twinkling of an eye. Translations, like good deeds, bring their reward quite openly. The boy who took such precautions to ensure secrecy wins golden words from his tutor; golden words which depreciate only a very little when he says: 'It is curious that you translate your Virgil so fluently and stylishly, and yet should have misconstrued that unprepared passage *Post equitem sedit atra cura* into "After horse-exercise the black woman sits down with care."' But let that pass. As we grow older the secret use of translations is forced upon us by the superiority of our friends who do not use—I do not say do not need—translations. If we wish to read a French novel, we buy a translation and enjoy it, but if we are wise we keep secret the translation part of our achievement. When we meet the superior being of whom we stand in awe, we say off-hand that we have been reading so-and-so, giving the original title as like Parisian French as our Bloomsbury tongues will permit. 'Ah!' he says, 'isn't it delicious? Such a light touch—I especially like that passage [here he reels off a list of words which sound to us like a list of nouns taking *s* in the plural when by all that is sensible they should have taken *x*], absolutely untranslatable isn't it?' We agree, and for a moment our conscience is lulled. 'But,' he continues, 'no translation ever does justice to the original. I miss the atmosphere, an indefinite something which is part of the language's charm.' This sort of thing goes on everywhere, and though we all agree that translations are impossible, still we feel it is a plucky thing to attempt the impossible.

Personally, I always use and continue to advocate translations to and from every language. Ridiculous though it may seem, I look forward to a day when we shall have a translation into English of *The Amazing Marriage* from the original double-Dutch of George Meredith.

And now to music. Although we do not feel that we must be secret in the use of translations (which are also called transcriptions), nevertheless we feel obliged to apologise for them, or to belittle the pleasure they give us, because of our friends who from force of habit either deplore transcriptions altogether or who tolerate them as being the next best thing. Transcriptions are frequently not the next best thing; but, if anything, just one better. Composers do not always write their music for the best medium. It may be that they write a solo Violin Sonata to please a friend, but the music they write may be better expressed as a Pianoforte Sonata; therefore transcribe it. One duty of the transcriber is to translate music from one language into another in which it will speak with greater force. Anyone who has heard Bach's A minor Organ Fugue played by a first-rate pianist will realise that the modern pianoforte was the instrument Bach required, but having no such instrument, he wrote for the organ. In this case the transcriber is but restoring the composer's thoughts.

Again, Beethoven in his latter String Quartets laboriously constricted his thoughts into a mould to which they were unsuited. Sometime when they have been cleverly scored for orchestra we may get their secret, but at present it is concealed beneath a wild growth of technical impossibilities. In transcribing, our object must not be to reproduce the original, but to give its equivalent in another medium. Busoni has been greatly praised for his Bach transcriptions, even by such a wise man as Schweitzer; but he has repeatedly made the mistake of trying to reproduce the manner of the original rather than revealing another spiritual aspect. Knowing that an organ is characterised by the use of 4-ft. and 16-ft. tone, he has doubled all his passage-work until the whole beauty of the contrapuntal pianoforte style has been swept away. Would he feel it necessary in transcribing a fiddle sonata for the pianoforte to put thin paper across the strings in order to reproduce the characteristic stringy tone of a fiddle?

Best, though not the musician that Busoni is, did some splendid transcriptions, including one of the Violin Chaconne of Bach. Here he made no attempt to reproduce the violin tone, but to translate violin idiom into organ idiom, and this he did quite admirably.

Another duty of transcribers is to bring more music into our homes. It would be a blessing to amateurs if transcribing were done more extensively. We allow transcriptions of Beethoven's Symphonies, why not transcriptions of Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas, Schumann's Symphonic Studies, or Liszt's Rhapsodies? Many people long to play these works, but they will never be able to play them as written. They might practice until they were dead, and even then they would not be able to play them.

Neither the gramophone nor the pianola solves the question of music in the home. We want to feel the music under our own fingers, just as we would rather play lawn tennis than have it played for us by hardy perennials. Many difficulties could be swept away without composers being any the worse, e.g., the absurdly difficult water-logged passage for the left hand in Brahms's Rhapsody in B minor.

When the transcriber has begun his ruthless task, where is he to stop? May he transcribe all Brahms's pianoforte works for the pianoforte and all Parry's symphonic works for the orchestra? In both cases his labour would be justified, and the result would astonish and gratify the respective composers.

MODERN THEME-TRANSFORMATION

BY HERBERT ANTCLIFFE

Since Liszt evolved the idea of theme-transformation in place of, or as a supplement to, the older methods of 'development' the method has moved away considerably from where it started, so that we seldom find it alluded to by present-day analysts or programme annotators in reference to contemporary works. Yet most composers of works of any serious length employ it, consciously or unconsciously, with definite intention or by coincidence, adapting it in a greater or less degree to suit their purposes.

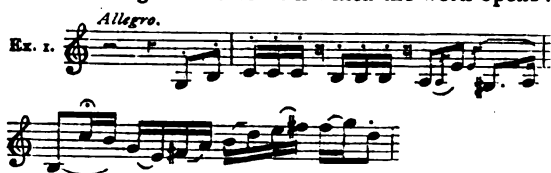
The object of theme-transformation is to provide expression for a variety of emotion while yet retaining a union of identity in the general conception of certain important features of a work. Liszt certainly had this in mind when he worked out the

system in his symphonic poems, but he did not always use the best material, and he frequently used it in a crude manner. Since then, and the almost equally crude following of Liszt by Smetana and Saint-Saëns, the system has been exploited and developed to achieve this object in a variety of ways, not only in itself but in combination and contrast with the older method of thematic development and the newer one of leading motives.

Elgar is one of those who is most constant and consistent in its employment. In his works it ranges from the slight but very suggestive manner of his first Symphony (where he merely alters the *tempo* and proportionate length of the notes of the theme of the second movement to make a theme for the third movement), to its very complete utilisation in his *Cockaigne Overture*.

It is somewhat remarkable that scarcely a single annotator or analyst of this work has pointed out how completely it is constructed on the basis of theme transformation. As a rule the official analyses issued by concert promoters point to a single case, that of the 'Citizen' theme transformed into the 'Ragamuffin' theme. As a matter of fact the bulk of this work is founded upon a single theme transformed in a variety of ways that makes it in a very definite sense a symphonic poem according to the implicit rules established by Liszt. The employment of other themes of secondary importance is strictly in accord with Lisztian principles, and does not affect the main outline of a single varied theme.

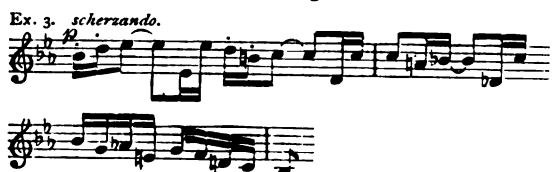
Of the original theme with which the work opens :



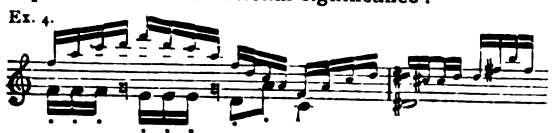
the composer gives four transformations in the course of its progress. Of these the first is the 'Citizen' theme, *nobilmente legato* :



which is followed by the 'Ragamuffin' theme :



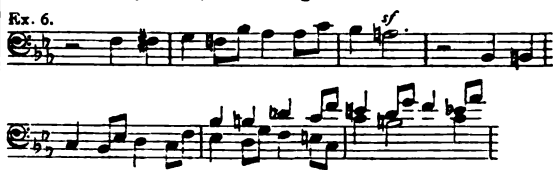
For the third transformation he repeats the 'Citizen' theme, but in this case with varied harmony, orchestration, and expression, while a little later comes a variant of the main feature of the principal theme, which is more interesting in its technical aspect than in its emotional significance :



Elgar's idea of using harmony and orchestration as a means of transforming his theme was by no means a new one ; with a more purely technical and decorative intention, it had been employed by composers certainly as far back as the Haydns and the younger Bachs. Saint-Saëns provides a good example in his treatment of the first theme of *La Jeunesse d'Hercule*, in which he repeats the theme, in unison, on the lower notes of the clarinet, violas *tremolando*, and 'celli *pizzicato*. Employing three distinct themes in this short work he has little scope for transformation, but he manages to make it interesting. So far as notes and rhythm are concerned his first theme :



is varied only once, becoming :



A second theme :



however, has three variations :



slight in themselves, but effective in their significance, while the third theme retains its single form.

Of the three remaining symphonic poems of Saint-Saëns the thematic material and treatment are alike too well-known and too obvious to need more than mention, except in the case of *Phaeton*, where he seems to be moving towards an improved technique, particularly in the second theme, which is a good one for its purpose :

Ex. 9.



His first transformation of this is in canonic imitation ; the theme is scarcely altered in its melodic form :

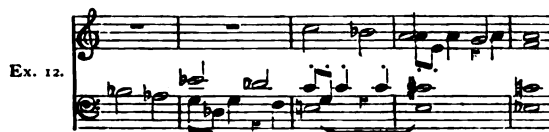
Ex. 10.



Then follows a purely melodic alteration :



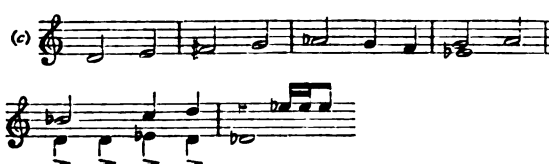
and again a canonic and sequential imitation, this time on a variation of the notes of the theme :



Simple as this is, and not particularly original or striking, it is a great advance on his treatment of the first theme of the work, with its slightly varied rhythm and altered *codetta*, and suggests that if only he had continued to work on these lines he might have added considerably to the technique of symphonic writing.

In his *Romeo and Juliet* Overture Tchaikovsky has treated the principal theme, that representing Friar Lawrence, in a way that technically is as simple as possible, and which yet attains its ends in a way that is effective if not subtle. A mere setting out of these will show the method employed :

Ex. 13. THEME.



Scriabin in the *Poème de l'Extase* does almost the same thing with a single phrase :

Ex. 14.



and even simpler is Josef Holbrooke's treatment of a melody in *Utalume* :

Ex. 15.



With different harmony and instrumentation :



Debussy in *L'après-midi d'un Faun* transforms his principal theme in no less than seven different ways, and the second theme in four different ways. These transformations are made only by slight alterations of the notes or rhythm, and their significance is rather that they maintain the original atmosphere without creating undue monotony than that they convey any emotional or pictorial development. As the object of theme transformation is the latter, it cannot be said that Debussy's efforts in this matter are of great influence or importance.

All the foregoing examples are from what may be termed modern classics ; they are typical rather than exhaustive, and no doubt many other examples of interest are to be found without going out of the regular repertory of orchestral works. They do, however, indicate the lines on which composers of the older generations have worked, and on which many are still working. Of those in the works of our younger contemporaries I have not yet made a collection suitable for useful illustration ; but I hope before long to be able to make the necessary analyses and place some of the results before readers who may be interested.

It will be observed that an omission of some importance is that of the works of Richard Strauss, but these require a whole discourse to themselves, not so much because of the manner of treatment as for the number of the themes. By his use of so many themes in each single work the composer has added little to the technique of thematic development, and has set a very bad example of lack of musical economy.

A MIDLAND CHORUS-MASTER

Mr. Joseph Lewis, conductor of the Wolverhampton Musical Society and chorus-master of the recently established City of Birmingham Choir, is rapidly making himself prominent in the choral world by reason of his excellent achievements and still more excellent promise. He has been connected with choral music in the Midlands for some ten years (Dudley, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton), after a preceding ten years of general work and study in music. Choral music is in his blood, his father having been a well-known Staffordshire chorus-master



Photo by)

(H. J. Whitlock & Sons, Birmingham.)

MR. JOSEPH LEWIS

for a couple of generations. As a boy, Mr. Joseph Lewis sang the solo parts in public performances of the standard oratorios by his father's societies. Solo singing he studied at the Midland Institute under Mr. G. A. Breeden, in the years when Mr. Frank Mullings and Miss Rosina Buckman were pupils of that teacher.

His various choirs have been the Dudley Ladies' Choir (1910), the Dudley Male-Voice Choir (1911), the Dudley Madrigal Society (1912), the Barfield Choir (Birmingham, 1915), the Wolverhampton Musical Society, a body of some three hundred singers (1919), and the City of Birmingham Choir (1921). The Barfield Choir gave Bantock's *Vanity of Vanities*, and the same work has been given several times by the Wolverhampton Choir—most conspicuously at the South Staffordshire Musical Festival of last October. The Dudley Madrigal Society raised a good deal of money for local charities during the war; the Barfield Choir fell to pieces, as did so many of the English choral bodies that depended largely upon men singers. In 1915, Mr. Lewis was in negotiation with regard to his taking over the Glasgow Choral Union (after

Mr. Verbrugghen), but in the end he decided not to leave the Midlands.

Almost the finest feature in this conductor's work is the unusual mental confidence and technical stability of his choruses. These qualities result from the circumstance that he works from the mind of the chorister outwards. At the outset of learning a new composition, he helps the choir to grasp the general form of the piece and its larger proportions. By this means each singer becomes aware of the piece as of a picture within its frame, and is at once conscious of the function served by consecutive phrases and sections. It is this large grasp of a work as a whole which enables Mr. Lewis's choirs to develop good staying power in compositions like *Vanity of Vanities* and *Israel in Egypt*, and to build them up in performance with that ease and leisure which is the essential foundation of art. He next attends to the observation of notes and rhythmical motive, often as from the position of abstract music; the outcome is a natural flexibility in phrase-making and a confident firmness of 'touch.' Then comes observation of the verbal material of the piece, with constant thought for consonants and for the literal significance of the words. The final stage is a return to the first, but now with the mind centred upon the fundamental spirit of poem and music.

The guiding principle Mr. Lewis works to is that of a sense of corporate unity in the choir. Each part is to be an individuality, but only as a part of a whole. A choir is to be as a string quartet or as the fingers of pianist and organist playing polyphonic music. Circumstances are a trouble here, and tenors, for example, do not reach the point attained by contraltos.

I am not aware how far Mr. Lewis inclines personally to thorough modernism in music. His work with Bantock's compositions proves that he sympathises with advanced ideas of technique and 'effects,' and he has so finely entered into the spirit of Elgar as to have been warmly complimented by that composer—who, indeed, has attended his concerts at Dudley. I imagine he questions any modern composer solely on the points of practicability and commonsense. If a composer ignores the inevitable mental and physical limitations of choral singers, giving them harmonies to sing which they cannot form in mind as the basis on which to construct by imagination their particular note, I expect Mr. Lewis would say they are offering useless contribution to his department of music, and hindering the full development of their own desires and ideals.

Arrangements are in hand for the Wolverhampton Musical Society to give a concert in London during the present season, but particulars cannot yet be offered. The Society will probably bring with it Bantock's *Vanity of Vanities* and a new work by Graham Godfrey, *The Forsaken Merman*. S. G.

ARTHUR NIKISCH

BY ALFRED KALISCH

All lovers of music heard with lively regret the news that Arthur Nikisch died at Leipsic, of heart failure following influenza, on Monday, January 23, at the age of sixty-seven.

In a sense his biography is a history of his musical interpretations. He was born on October 12, 1855, at Lébényi St. Miklos, in Hungary, where his father was chief book-keeper to a landed proprietor. His was one of the many lives which refute the current

theory that prodigies never develop into great musicians, for at the age of three he already showed great musical aptitude. He began his studies at the age of six, and at eleven was a student of the Vienna Conservatoire, and soon gained distinction among his fellows as violinist, pianist, and composer. In 1872 he was one of a deputation of three students—Mottl and Emil Paur were the other two—sent to greet Wagner, and he was selected as one of the first violins to play in the historic performance of Beethoven's ninth Symphony at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Bayreuth Festspielhaus. Then he joined the Vienna Opera Orchestra, and from there he went as chorus master to the Opera House at Leipsic.

AN EARLY SUCCESS

When he had an opportunity for conducting *Tannhäuser* the orchestra at first protested because he was so young. It was arranged, however, that they should play under him at one rehearsal and then decide. At the rehearsal he was enthusiastically cheered, and so the foundation-stone of his great career as a conductor was laid.

In 1879 he succeeded Carl Reinecke as conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts, and changed them from the most conservative to the most progressive of institutions. Ten years later the news that he had accepted the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra came as something of a bombshell—for in those days journeys to the States were not so common as they are now. It was after his return from America to take up the Directorship of the Budapest Opera that he was first heard in London, in 1895. In 1902 he became the Director of the Leipsic Conservatoire, and marked his term of office by instituting his now famous class of conductors, of which Mr. Albert Coates and Dr. Adrian C. Boult are the best known products.

HIS ENGLISH APPEARANCES

Till the war broke out he frequently conducted in London, both at concerts of the London Symphony Orchestra and the Philharmonic Society, at Covent Garden, where his Wagnerian performances were brilliant and memorable, and in the provinces. He also conducted the Leeds Festival of 1913, and his performances of Verdi's *Requiem* were perhaps the most notable features of a brilliant week. Nor must his tour in the United States with the London Symphony Orchestra be overlooked in a survey of his connection with this country.

CHARACTERISTICS ON THE PLATFORM

He was born with a magnetic power over the players under his baton. His gestures were restrained in comparison with those of some conductors of a later generation, but always full of meaning, and had an almost feline grace of their own. No one ever got from an orchestra more sensuous beauty of tone in all departments. His climaxes, if they had not always the monumental power of those of Richter, had an intensity of nervous energy which was irresistible. He had the secret of combining tremendous power with wonderful flexibility to an extent which no one else has rivalled. A perfect example of this was in the Interlude in the *Rheingold*—at the point where the Nibelungs gather up their treasures in the caves below the earth—where he obtained an effect as new as it was legitimate. His *Meistersinger* performances were singularly lovely, but many preferred the Olympian repose and geniality of Richter. He represented

Walter's view of life, the older man that of Hans Sachs. His *Tristan* was a riot of brilliant colour and unbridled passion. The ideal performance of *Tristan* would be secured, it was said, if Richter conducted the first and third Acts and Nikisch the second.

SOME MEMORABLE PERFORMANCES

Few who were present will forget the electrical effect of his first London performance of Tchaikovsky's fifth Symphony. One specially remembers a certain clarinet passage in the slow movement, which he did in quite a new way, which nearly all subsequent conductors have adopted. Another performance which lives in the memory is that of Elgar's first Symphony, if only because it gave rise to such vehement differences of opinion. His reading of Tchaikovsky's *Francesca da Rimini*, on the other hand, was a thing about which no two opinions were possible. It swept audiences off their feet. It must not be supposed that his readings of the classics were arbitrary or ultra-modern. He was too good a musician and had too keen a sense of true beauty for that. They, however, had a vivacity sometimes a little disconcerting to those accustomed to more restrained playing. Perhaps Beethoven's Seventh showed him at his best, especially the last movement. It has been said that the special characteristics of his interpretation were due to the fact that he, so to speak, arrived at the classics through the Romantics.

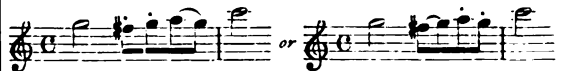
It may not be out of place to digress for a moment and point out—an interesting fact—that the best orchestral interpreters of the North German classics have not been Teutons—Richter, who like Nikisch was Hungarian, Mottl who was Austrian, Weingartner who was born in Dalmatia, and Levi who was born in the Rhineland of Jewish parentage.

Nikisch had his little amiable peculiarities, like all great men. At one time 'hypnotic eye' and his shirt cuffs were the subject of a good deal of good-natured banter. But Gladstone had his shirt collars and Joseph Chamberlain his orchid, so why grudge a musician his linen?

TWO RECOLLECTIONS

For the present writer the most beautiful things that Nikisch did were two performances of the *Siegfried Idyll* given at two meetings of the Music Club with a picked orchestra of seventeen led by Mr. Albert Sammons. They were the very perfection of intimate charm and finish of detail. He himself confessed to me that he had been so moved that he could hardly keep going. He was generally supposed to trust more to the inspiration of the moment than to careful rehearsal, but on each of these occasions he rehearsed the piece for nearly two hours. At the second performance Richard Strauss was present, and said that he had seldom had such unalloyed pleasure. The only thing, he added, which marred it was a wild desire to get on to the platform and take the stick himself.

I have one other interesting recollection of Nikisch. It was at a little gathering where Weingartner was also present. The conversation turned on the Overture to *Der Freischütz*, which both had been conducting in London at the time. They argued for a long time whether the chief theme should be phrased :



My only regret is that I cannot recall their preferences, and at present I have no means

of access to a note I made at the time. I only remember that both were for rejecting the usual way of binding the four quavers together. It was a most instructive discussion.

In conclusion, just one word as to his magical art as an accompanist. The way in which he used to play for Elena Gerhardt was unforgettable.

GRESHAM COLLEGE MUSIC LECTURES

The lectures by Sir Frederick Bridge given at Gresham College on February 7 to 10, had for subjects 'The Overture' and 'Pelham Humfrey.' The development of the overture was traced from Monteverde to Purcell, and for the second lecture to overtures by Gluck, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. The chief interest of the course was on February 11, when the whole of the music to Shadwell's opera, founded on Shakespeare's *Tempest* and produced in 1674, was given. The instrumental music by Locke and many of the songs by Banister and Humfrey were already known. But by a fortunate chance the missing music by Humfrey was discovered in the library of the Conservatoire at Paris a year or so ago, and with the aid of Mr. Barclay Squire the lecturer was able to produce the whole of this most interesting find. Humfrey set the long dialogue for Three Devils, and also a long masque. The music is full of interest, and has many dramatic points. Some of the short solos and choruses are very like Purcell. There is no stringed accompaniment to the vocal work, only a figured bass which Sir Frederick had taken as the foundation of the accompaniment. The instrumental movements were excellently played by Trinity College students, led by Miss Evelyn Moore, and the vocal work was well performed by Miss Peachy, Miss Margaret Champneys, Mr. Herbert Thompson, and Mr. Bertram Mills. The lecturer described the action of the play, reading some of the amusing dialogue, and the music was performed exactly as it occurs in the opera. After Act 2 a fine setting of *Arise, ye subterranean winds* (words so finely set by Purcell in his *Tempest*) was sung by the Principal Devil. The music is by Pietro Reggio, an Italian, who lived in England at the time the opera was produced. It was well sung by Mr. Mills. A large audience attended—between five hundred and six hundred—and many had to be refused admission. The second lecture on Humfrey was confined to his Church music and some isolated songs.

A NOTE ON 'BEST-SELLERS'

Not many days since I received a letter, the writer of which said, without periphrasis, preface, or appendix, 'My favourite record is —,' and he named a well known 'best-seller.' About that particular record it is beside my purpose to say more; besides, I might unwittingly be poaching on the preserves of 'Discus.' Nor will I delay to consider how enviable is the state of mind of the person who can say without hesitation what piece of music he likes best. It would cost a musician much anxious thought to draw up a list of twenty favourites, and give reasons for his preferences: but to plump for one—only a Lancashire man could do it.

The letter suggests several interesting and not unprofitable lines of thought. It would be wrong to say, as would many who are really artistic, that such things do not matter and are beneath notice. On the contrary, it is of no little importance to discover why some of these immensely popular airs catch the public fancy. I for one have never been able to probe the secret. I am free to confess that I suffer from a constitutional inability to tell one from another. I hardly know the differences between *Daddy has a red, red nose* and *Johnny likes his whisky neat* on the one hand, or *Nebraska* and *Dakota* or *Aspodestris of my Soul* and *Daffodilly of my heart*. (This, I think, exhausts the various types of million-sellers.) Why does one sell like hot cakes and the other lie neglected on dusty shelves? Any office-boy could plough me in an examination as to the first class, and any lady typist could bowl me over by questions as to the third. I presume that a connoisseur in these matters would be surprised to learn that some of us know the difference between Handel's *Largo* and *Le Sacre du Printemps*, and could distinguish between a Beethoven slow movement and an *Adagio* of Spohr, and what is more, account for our taste. Can anybody explain this problem of musical psychology?

One possible explanation has been suggested to me by various conversations with gentlemen connected with the manufacture and sale of such wares. 'Best-sellers,' one of them once said to me, 'do not make themselves. They have to be nursed.' He was not well pleased with me when I replied that I was glad to hear that the public taste was not naturally bad, that the public was only weak and gullible; still less did he like me when I told him I thought he could put his time and his money to better uses than spoiling public taste. It was not without some satisfaction that I learned from another purveyor that the making of a 'best-seller' often costs so much in the way of advertisement, open and camouflaged, that the profits are eaten up by the expenses. If that is so, there is some hope that the trade in this particular kind of poison gas will suffer a slump and the healthier, natural instincts of the community—in which I have firm faith—will be allowed freer play.

One of the most costly ways of advertising, next to paying singers to sing the songs, is the making of anecdotes concerning the songs. This is only just, for it takes more brains to invent such a story than to write such a song. One of these stories was circulated largely some time ago, and was interesting because it showed what sort of thing the traders think impresses the public. The composer in question had long waited for inspiration in vain. Then during a sleepless night it came to him—in the shape of an exotic name. He woke, dressed with care, and lunched with his publisher (the artistic importance of this is obvious). After lunch he imparted his discovery to the publisher, who was delighted. The composer there and then hummed the tune to 'his' writer of lyrics, and when the latter had done his part the accompaniment was written and the masterpiece was complete. The story is far more artistic than the song, but why should it be supposed to make people buy the song? It apparently did, however.

Be this as it may, I shall certainly seek enlightenment as soon as possible by listening as carefully as I can to the record which gave rise to these reflections.

A. K.

Occasional Notes

Readers who, as performers or hearers, are interested in the music of the picture-theatre, should note that the *Musical News and Herald* now gives weekly consideration to the subject. The articles are so practical and constructive that we wish they had appeared a few years ago, before cinema music had got into its present miserable rut. We recently paid several visits to picture-theatres of various types with a view to dealing with the matter in our own columns, but the experience left us with the melancholy conviction that in all but a very few cases the musical arrangements are hopelessly bad, and must be so while the film industry remains in the hands of people usually inartistic and frequently even illiterate. What other form of entertainment makes its announcements with such dubious grammar—even with shaky spelling, and capital S's and N's wrong side up? In what theatre are to be seen plays in which so little is left to the imagination that the action is stopped while all sorts of unimportant details are thrust on the spectator? For example, at the Stoll Theatre we recently saw a long drama, alleged to be lurid, but actually tame and soporific. The entry of a character into a house was preceded by a picture of a mammoth hand ringing a mammoth door-bell! We were not credited with intelligence sufficient to realise that before one goes into another person's house it is customary to ring the bell, save on the rare occasions when one enters by the aid of a jemmy. And all the way through a tediously involved story the characters grimaced and attitudinised as no sane human being ever yet did save when acting for the pictures. When we read Mr. St. John Ervine's denunciation of the cinema in the *Observer* a few weeks ago we breathed a 'hear! hear!' and wished the article could be issued in pamphlet form and sown broadcast throughout the country. The picture-theatre has immense possibilities—educational, artistic, and recreational, but as yet it is scarcely touching the fringe of either of them. As Mr. Ervine said, it 'seems at present to be designed chiefly for the entertainment of mental epileptics.' So long as this is so, music has everything to lose and nothing to gain from association with it.

A fatal weakness of the film is its inability to dispense with some kind of accompaniment. So long as a picture is absorbing, we are hardly conscious of the music, though we miss it if it is absent. But if the picture fails to grip, and we are thrown back on the music, the result is generally painful, because of the mistaken attempts to follow the film too closely. The effect is scrappy, and when the scraps consist of the mangled remains of standard compositions we feel like throwing things; when they are bits of conventional melodramatic 'agits' and 'hurries' they are tolerable only because they are not mutilated Beethoven or Wagner. There appear to be only four ways in which music at the cinema can be made a useful adjunct—eventually perhaps a thoroughly artistic experience. First, we may build a fine organ and engage a gifted improviser to supply a musical background. Second, we may dispense with all attempts to follow the screen, and use good orchestral works as interludes or as a kind of generalised accompaniment to the picture. Third, and best of all, we may engage a composer (a real composer, not a syndicate of jazz and ragtime merchants) to write

a special accompaniment. This accompaniment should be available for various combinations from full orchestra to pianoforte solo or duet, and it should be regarded as an integral part of the film for which it was written. The fourth method is a compromise—brief, well-written interludes of a dramatic or humorous character—something of the type already being used, only far better *qua* music.

It is useless, however, to expect any marked improvement until the excellent musicians now being engaged are given a free hand. At present the unmusical managers and trade officials have too large an influence. We have heard of an admirable musical scheme being condemned on the ground that 'it did not play to the picture'—in other words, it did not dot the i's and cross the t's of all the insignificant details on the screen. Only a musician realises fully how much music loses by an attempt to do this kind of thing. A producer who sees fit to hold up a story in order to show us such unnecessary incidents as the ringing of the door-bell, is unlikely to approve of a musical setting that is not similarly fussy and incoherent.

The cinema appears to be reaching a critical moment. On all sides we hear of dwindling receipts and loss where formerly everything in the garden was lovely. A few weeks ago a newspaper placard came out with the announcement 'Cinemas May Close.' This seems too much to hope for, but we may at least rejoice in its implication that the public is becoming more critical, and that before long the industry will in self-defence be bound to serve up something better than the present crude melodrama and elementary humour.

Mr. Gordon Craig has been letting himself go on this subject. In the current *English Review* he discovers a fine vein of vituperation, calling the cinema 'the brat of yellow journalism,' and summing things up in a phrase that is hardly an exaggeration: 'All that it touches it smears.' So, after all, we musicians have no more cause for complaint than other artists. The cinema having laid its obscene paw on the drama and literature (giving us, for example, Shakespeare shorn of his poetry and Dickens minus his humour), we can hardly expect music to escape. All we can do is to back up anybody who is working for an improvement. We hope the *Musical News and Herald* will go ahead in its crusade, and we intend to weigh in with a few words ourselves from time to time. They will probably be less heated than those we have now written, but our recent experiences of the cinema and its music are such that we keep cool with difficulty.

The letter in our correspondence columns from Lord Stuart of Wortley draws attention to a point often overlooked by those of us who are disposed to quicken the pace of old music. No doubt such quickening is based on two sound general principles: (a) What the early composers intended to sound brilliant should be made to sound so to-day; and (b) the general pace of rapid music having increased, we can obtain this brilliance only by greater speed. Often the result justifies the step, but there are a good many cases in which the tonal balance devised by the composer can be maintained only by the adoption of a speed that may strike us as staid. For example, it is no infrequent experience to hear a body of strings playing so rapidly that there is a

lack of tone, the sustained passages by the brass being delivered meanwhile without such loss. As a result, the sustained background is far too prominent. The *Finale* of the seventh Symphony, even at the pace marked by Beethoven, is apt to give us some annoying moments because of the prominence of brass parts against the rapid theme played by the strings. At a quicker speed the theme is lost altogether—in fact, we doubt if any of our readers have ever heard it, save in snatches. The question is one that has so far received nothing like the attention it deserves. In the Beethoven example much might be done by toning down the brass, but so far from doing this, conductors as a rule urge the players on to fresh excesses.

Mr. Ernest Newman laid his finger on the chief weakness in modern organ playing when he wrote in the *Sunday Times* of February 12 :

Myself when young did eagerly frequent organ recitals, but my enthusiasm for them could not survive the irremovable defects of the instrument. The organ is a jolly thing to play, but very often a tiresome thing to listen to. So much time is lost hunting for this stop or that, the music being held up meanwhile, that the hearer with a sense of rhythm feels his reason slipping from him.

The defects, however, are as a rule in the player rather than in the instrument, and they are not irremovable. They do not exist in organists who, realising that rhythm is the life of music, refuse to sacrifice it to variety of tone-colour, which is never more than an accessory when fine music is concerned. In theory the numerous mechanical contrivances of the modern organ enable us to effect registration changes without delay, and no doubt in the case of a player who realises the importance of rhythm and is content with a modest colour scheme they do all that is claimed for them. But their presence too often proves a fatal snare. Blest with a multitude of stops and an array of gadgets wherewith to ring the changes on them, many organists seem to be unable to play more than a few bars without a change of tone-colour. Some of these changes they manage without breaking the rhythm; some they don't. A few years—even months—of succumbing to temptations of the latter type are sufficient to blunt a player's sense of rhythm. He is unconscious of the awkward gaps, having the music before him, and being able to pick up the threads, but his hearers suffer as Mr. Newman says they do. No wonder organists have such a bad reputation where rhythm is concerned. It is no uncommon experience to hear a player (splendidly equipped on the technical side) hold up a work in a simple passage while he makes some change of stop—often one so unimportant that the result is hardly apparent to the average hearer. But the average hearer cannot help spotting the loss of rhythm, especially in fugues and other movements wherein continuity is the main feature. Organists who think that a Bach fugue is intolerable without frequent change of power and colour apparently forget that some of the biggest of Bach's organ works have long been popular transcribed for the pianoforte—an instrument of one colour. Thousands of people, indeed, have never heard these works save on the pianoforte, and yet have not found them dull. But then the pianists who play these transcriptions do not halt from time to time to adjust their seat or catch a fly. They attend

to the business in hand, which is to let the music speak without interruption. If our remark about catching a fly seems an exaggeration, let us support it by referring to Mr. Newman's criticism of a performance of a transcription of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* :

Oh! how arthritic Debussy's poor old faun had become! To bask languidly in the Sicilian sun is one thing; to creak in every bone when you move is another. It all came from that hunt for stops and combinations. . . . I had the curiosity to time the performance. *The little Eclogue took exactly twice as long as it does on the orchestra* [our italics].

What should we think of an orchestral performance in which frequent breaks in the rhythm occurred while the players picked up their instruments, adjusted their pince-nez, and otherwise made ready for an entry? But the equivalent of this happens in a greater or less degree at many organ recitals. Of course it could be avoided by the use of assistants to lend a hand at some of the more awkward changes, but many recitalists appear to regard help of the kind as being likely to damage their reputation for skill. Yet it is worth noting that when Dr. Schweitzer gave a Bach recital the other day on the well-equipped organ at Trinity College, Cambridge, he made no bones about asking for such help. The rule organists ought to make in this matter is a very simple one, though it will at first require strength of mind to keep: if we have to choose between rhythm and registration, registration must go.

Who is the London correspondent of *Musical America*? He seems to be sending some odd news to his paper lately. A few weeks ago it was an account of a symphonic work by John Ireland entitled *New York*, a Rhapsody 'inspired,' said a caption, by the American city—a discovery that must have startled the composer. Then, in the issue of January 28 appeared a portrait of Dr. R. R. Terry, with the news that he 'will play the Wedding March for Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles.' Over here we were under the impression that the musical arrangements will be on the simple side, and we took it for granted that Mr. Nicholson would be in charge, but our *M.A.* writer tells us that the arrangements 'include plans for an elaborate musical programme in which Dr. R. R. Terry, organist of Westminster Cathedral, and one of the finest organists in the United Kingdom, will participate.' In the issue of the following week we read that London gave Strauss a 'demonstrative welcome,' which it certainly did not, and that Strauss was to conduct one more concert in London—another bad shot. We have heard it suggested that there is no London correspondent, and that the 'news' from this side is written up in li'l old New York from London papers, but we hesitate to believe it. Probably the unkind suggestion is due to the fact that by a printer's error the Ireland composition had been previously spoken of in a London paper as 'New York' instead of 'New work.' But this is a mere coincidence of a type that may happen frequently, though we are bound to admit that it doesn't.

Readers who have followed the discussion which has been going on in our correspondence columns between Mr. Charles Tree and Mr. A. Keay should note that the issue is to be decided in vocal and hortatory combat at Wigmore Hall on March 6, at 8 o'clock. Particulars will be found in Mr. Tree's announcement on page 149.

The following notice of Mr. Howard-Jones's recital at Paris appeared in *Le Ménestrel* of January 20. The views of foreign critics on modern British music are sufficiently rare to make this comment on Ireland's Pianoforte Sonata worth reprinting :

M. Howard-Jones est un artiste délicat et souvent subtil. Visiblement, l'effort d'interprétation est chez lui avant tout d'ordre intellectuel. Apercevoir en chaque œuvre un ensemble de problèmes, dont les solutions devront être découvertes selon un ordre très strict; puis, ces solutions atteintes faire disparaître toutes traces des démarches qui les préparèrent. Aucun pédantisme en effet, au milieu de cette incontestable réussite technique. Après avoir remarquablement exécuté deux Préludes et Fugues de Bach (la bémol, et si bémol), et la Sonate en ut dièse mineur, Op. 27, de Beethoven, M. Howard-Jones fit applaudir la très intéressante et vigoureuse Sonate d'un auteur Anglais contemporain, John Ireland. Par la première partie *Allegro moderato*, nous sommes mêlés, dès le début, à une sorte de ruissellement sonore. De toutes parts, des notes bondissantes—qui s'enchevêtrent—et jamais ne s'attardent. Mais voici qu'avec la seconde partie, *non troppo lento*, survient comme un scrupule en face d'un tel élan. C'est tout d'un coup, après la période de joie impersonnelle et presque inconsciente, une méditation dans la solitude. Et la troisième partie, *con moto moderato*, apporte la synthèse de ce qui jusque-là demeurait opposition pure. Retour, désormais, à la possibilité de la joie; mais cette joie sera maintenant individualisée et lucide. Les formes qui au commencement de l'œuvre n'étaient que de fuyantes ébauches, reparaissent isolées et distinctes. Le récital se termina par de brillantes interprétations de Debussy et de Chopin. M. Howard-Jones joua de façon particulièrement remarquable la Mazurka en la bémol.

Music in the Foreign Press

In the *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft* (December) Karl Blessinger inquires into the symptoms of decadent tendencies in music :

Recent investigations show that when all is said and done, æsthetics as a science must fall back upon the *ultima ratio* of subjective appraisal. We cannot, therefore, arrive at an accurate estimate of the artistic value of 'atonal' music; but technical analysis may show us which elements of such music are to be considered as symptoms of decadence, and which as foundations of sound progress. It is not always easy to determine the symptoms of decadence. Attempts to shake off the yoke of tradition, to achieve absolute novelty, may be the natural consequence of an altogether healthy reaction—as, for instance, when the Florentine musicians of three hundred years ago substituted monody for the comparatively excessive complications of music as previously understood. But in to-day's endeavours we see no attempt to vitalise music by introducing a new spiritual principle, a principle of form: the battle is waged solely against traditional means of expression.

The writer proceeds to describe the 'narcotic' effects of many modern innovations, in which he sees the outcome of a decadent frame of mind. He considers that the growing tendency to resort to the data not of the conscious mind, but of the subconscious (what is called 'inner necessity'), is a return to primitive conditions, which must lead to artistic atony :

When we see that sensitiveness predominates over volition; and conscious will-power yields to subconscious impulse; that consciousness and subconsciousness, instead of co-operating, follow separate paths, or are at cross-purposes, then we are entitled to speak of

decadence. Excess of nervous (aural) sensitiveness and extreme nicety of aural perception are two different things. Those who clamour for quarter-tones or thirds of tones, far from showing the great discriminating power of their sense of hearing, reveal its inadequacy. For the notion of dividing tones or semitones into equal portions rests upon that of temperament, which in itself is a compromise: there are no such things as equal quarter-tones and so forth in natural tones, although there exist plenty of lesser differentiations. To attempt to derive new resources from the exploitation of higher partials leads to sharper differentiations in timbres and colour-shades, with the result that the listener's attention is arrested by each single resonance and deflected from the general trend of the music. Another characteristic symptom which reveals the incapacity to think in broad, co-ordinated terms, is the lack of melodic structure, the fondness for short motives repeated or strung together in endless array. The symptoms of decadence are very much the same in most countries, and seem to herald an outbreak of musical internationalism.

THE FRENCH 'SIX'

In *Le Temps* (December 30) Emile Vuillermoz, in an article devoted to Honegger's Dramatic Psalm *Le Roi David* (which he describes as a fine, powerful, altogether genuine work), writes :

Honegger belongs, officially, to a little group which, despite its leaders' frantic efforts to secure notoriety, is very little known. Boundless audacity has enabled these young men to scare the majority of our critics and publishers, who live in fear of being found wanting in comprehension. They have made their trade-mark known, but at the expense of the products which it covers. We may not blame them for having attempted a short cut towards the advantages which greater musicians have not found so easily; or even for their ungratefulness towards the very artists who paved the way for them. What is neither straightforward nor decent is the complacency with which they allow the legend to which they owe their notoriety to subsist, knowing it altogether false. They have a nimble *mahout*, whom they carefully obey. They have a programme of reforms, which has been placed in their hands and seems never to have been read by them. It is incredible that we should be expected to believe that programme to have been inspired by the music which the half-dozen co-partners have written. But they raise no protest, they allow themselves to be described as apostles of a faith which they are not in the least entitled to stand for. We should like to see these young musicians, whom community of ambitions rather than community of artistic convictions has brought together, dispel the misunderstanding.

ARTHUR HONEGGER

In the *Revue Musicale* (January) René Chalupt studies the output of this active and versatile composer, in which he finds a great deal to admire. He specially praises Honegger's simplicity and earnestness of purpose, and considers that he remains far closer to classical tradition than the other members of his group.

SEM DRESDEN

In the same issue, Henry de Groot refers to Sem Dresden, a Dutch composer, born in 1881, who studied at Amsterdam and later at Berlin (with Pfitzner), praising his Sextets for wind instruments and pianoforte, and mentioning his other works.

GEORGIA'S MUSIC

Also in the same number, Vladimir Zederbaoum names a number of contemporary Georgian composers: Araktchief, Palief, Dolidse, Balanchiradse. Political

events, he says, have interfered with promising attempts to organize musical education throughout the country.

MALIPIERO

In *Die Musikwelt* (January 1) Dr. H. R. Fleischmann has high praise for Malipiero's works:

He is essentially a symphonist, a composer who thinks and writes in terms of the orchestra. There is power in his *Sinfonie del Silenzio e de la Morte*, the only work of his first period which he has not destroyed. Those of the second period comprise *Per una favola cavalleresca* (1914-15), *Impressioni dal Vero* (1910-15), *Pause del Silenzio*, and *Ditirambo Tragico* (1917). He has written several dramatic scores: *Sogno di un Tramonto d'Autunno*; a trilogy, *Orfeide*; a set of three operas after comedies by Goldoni; a symphonic drama, *Pantea*; a Ballet, *La Mascherata delle principesse prigioniere*; and a mystery play, *St. Francis of Assisi*.

THE BALLET IN THE 19TH CENTURY

Such is the title of the special December issue of the *Revue Musicale*, which contains articles by Paul Valéry, Vuillermoz, Levinson, Boris de Schloezer, Cœuroy, Henry Prunières, and others, with many illustrations and reproductions of old documents. Particularly interesting is Prunières's article on Salvatore Vigano, the Neapolitan ballet-master.

OVERSTRUNG *versus* PARALLEL-STRUNG PIANOFORTEs

In *Le Courrier Musical* (February) Albert Bertelin writes that in overstrung pianofortes the volume of sound may be greater than in the parallel-strung, but the tone is less clear, less fine in quality. The lower register becomes heavy and blurred; even shades of colour are less easy to secure. In chamber music, the increased volume of tone is a disadvantage.

M.-D. CALVOCORESSI.

The Musician's Bookshelf

DEBUSSY AS CRITIC

But, to start with, 'critic' is here the wrong word—as it always is. Less than anybody Debussy in his writings on music (now posthumously collected as *Monsieur Croche, Antidilettante*—Paris, Dorbon aîné, 25 fr.) cared to disguise his whim under a judicial cloak.

After all, he was Claude Debussy. He had only to indicate his purely personal reactions; it was enough, without a need of representing himself as the delegate of this or that community, this or that tradition. He had not to be complete, and hear and sum up—like a judge sitting in court all day—all sides of the case. The mere notation of C. D.'s whim was interesting enough. The ways of his whim will, through Mrs. Franz Liebich's translations* some years ago, be remembered. He could give a graceful or witty turn to his expression of like or dislike. He could drop a hint of the æsthetics which ruled his own exquisite art. Shrinkingly, as we feel, he even once now and then got up to move a perfunctory vote of thanks or vote of censure on matters which he could not have thought worth mentioning.

It is all perfect in manner and faintly bored, even when it rails; it is so slight in body that you get rather the echo of 'a good thing' than the actual sound of it; the excision, in this book, of some

vivacious remarks (about Wagner and Franck, for instance) makes it slighter still; and irony 'which allows of suffering in public,' runs through it all. His whim is now and then on the verge of a negation of organized music even, and he puts on the lips of his *alter ego* 'Mr. Quaver' (Monsieur Croche):

'I would rather have the few notes of an Egyptian shepherd's flute; he collaborates with the landscape and hears harmonies unknown to your handbooks. Musicians listen only to music written by clever hands, never to music inscribed in nature. To see the sunrise is of more use than to hear the *Pastoral* Symphony. To what end your well-nigh incomprehensible art? Ought you not to suppress the parasitical complications which, in their ingenuity, suggest some burglar-proof lock of a safe? You shuffle about because you know nothing but music and obey barbarous, unknown laws. People hail you with sumptuous epithets, while you are merely clever. Something between a monkey and a footman!'

And here is no doubt an answer to requests for something tangible out of the visionary projects of the later year: '... to finish a work?—childish vanity—a need of getting rid at any price of an idea with which one has lived too long!'

The idea of glory fades to this: 'A man unknown for century after century, until one day his secret is all by chance deciphered!—To have been one of those men—there is the one form of glory worth having!'

The Paris opera house is the target for a few shafts. Its boxes are 'the last salons where the art of conversation is cultivated.' To the uninstructed passer-by 'it always looks like a railway station. Once inside you might take it for a Turkish bath. They go on making there a queer noise which the people who have paid for it call music.' The Prix de Rome is 'the most ridiculous' of all French institutions. The virtuoso's attraction for the public is 'rather like that which draws crowds to the circus. People always hope that something dangerous is going to happen.'

Debussy's kindest words are for Rameau and for Moussorgsky's *Nursery* song-cycle. Concerning Liszt, 'The undeniable beauty of his work comes, I believe, from his having loved Music to the exclusion of all other feeling. If sometimes he talks to her familiarly and frankly sets her on his knee, why, that is better than the starched manner of those who behave as though they were being introduced for the first time.'

But Berlioz was 'so fond of romantic colour that he sometimes forgets about music.' He is 'the favourite composer of those who do not know very much about music.'

Beethoven's Sonatas are 'very badly written for the pianoforte. They are more truly, especially the last ones, transcriptions from the orchestra. There is often lacking a part for a third hand which Beethoven certainly heard, or, at least, I hope so.'

The finest character in *Parsifal* belongs to Klingsor. 'He is marvellous in his rancorous hate. He knows what men are worth, and weighs their vows of chastity in the balance of scorn. He is the one human, the one moral personage of the drama.'

Debussy reproaches Massenet 'only with his infidelities to *Manon*. There (at the Opéra-Comique) he found the frame which suited his habits as a "flirt," and he ought not to have forced them to enter the Opéra. One does not flirt at the Opéra.'

(Continued on page 183)

* *Musical Times*, July, August, November, 1918; November, 1919.

PART-SONG FOR MIXED VOICES (UNACCOMPANIED).

Poem by Sir WALTER SCOTT,
from "The Lady of the Lake."

Music by GERRARD WILLIAMS.
(Jan. 18, 1922.)

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Andantino.

SOPRANO. *p* The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,

ALTO. *p* Ev - er sing mer - ri - ly,

TENOR. *p* Ev - er sing mer - ri - ly,

BASS.

PIANO
(For practice only.) *Andantino.* *p*

The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,

mer - ri - ly; Hunt - ers live so . . cheer - i - ly.

mer - ri - ly; Hunt - ers live so . . cheer - i - ly.

Hunt - ers live so cheer - i - ly.

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mf Bear-ing its branch - es stur - di - ly ;

mf It was a stag, a stag of ten,

mf It was a stag, a stag of ten, . . . Bear-ing its branch - es stur - di - ly ;

mf It was a stag, a stag of ten, . . . Bear-ing its branch - es stur - di - ly ;

He came state - ly down the glen.

He came state - ly down the glen, . . . Ev - er sing hard - i - ly, hard - i - ly. *pp*

He came state - ly down the glen, . . . Ev - er sing hard - i - ly, hard - i - ly. It was

He came state - ly down the glen, Ev - er sing hard - i - ly, hard - i - ly. *pp*

pp She was bleed - ing death - ful - ly ;

pp She was bleed - ing death - ful - ly ;

there he met with a wound - ed doe, She

M-m, Oh, so faith - ful - ly, faith - ful - ly.

M-m, Oh, so faith - ful - ly, faith - ful - ly.

warned him of the toils be - low.

pp Oh, so faith - ful - ly, faith - ful - ly.

This system contains five staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff continues the vocal line with the lyric 'warned him of the toils be - low.' The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment part starting with a *pp* dynamic. The fifth staff continues the piano accompaniment.

dim. He had an eye, and he could heed,

dim. He had an eye, and he could heed, . . Ev - er sing war - i - ly, war - i - ly;

dim. He had an eye, and he could heed, . . Ev - er sing war - i - ly, war - i - ly;

f *dim.* He had an eye, and he could heed, . . Ev - er sing war - i - ly, war - i - ly;

This system contains five staves. The first four staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The first staff has a *dim.* dynamic. The second and third staves also have *dim.* dynamics. The fourth staff has a *f* dynamic followed by a *dim.* dynamic. The fifth staff is a piano accompaniment part starting with a *f* dynamic, followed by a *dim.* dynamic.

cres. *dim.*

He had a foot, and he could speed—

cres. *dim.*

He had a foot, and he could speed— Hunt - ers watch so . . nar - row - ly, . .

cres. *dim.*

He had a foot, and he . . could speed— Hunt - ers watch so . . nar - row - ly, . .

cres. *dim.*

He had a foot, and he could speed— Hunt - ers watch so nar - row - ly. . .

pp

Hunt - ers watch so . . nar - row - ly.

pp

Hunt - ers watch so . . nar - row - ly.

pp

Hunt - ers watch so . . nar - row - ly.

pp

Hunt - ers watch so . . nar - row - ly.

(Continued from page 178.)

One utters very loudly incomprehensible words, and if loving vows are exchanged it is only with the assent of the brass.' And again, 'Massenet was the most truly beloved of contemporary musicians. His fellow composers ill forgave him this gift of pleasing.'

C.

MOZART AND THE SONATA

F. Helena Marks's book, *The Sonata; Its Form and Meaning as exemplified in the Pianoforte Sonatas of Mozart* (William Reeves, 8s. 6d.), is an exhaustive and scholarly investigation not only of the Sonatas in question but of the divergent opinions and views of well known authorities who have written on the subject. In her Preface the author quotes a passage from Sir Hubert Parry's article on Mozart in Grove's Dictionary in which he calls attention to Mozart's extraordinary and hitherto unsurpassed instinct for formal perfection and to the perfect symmetry of his best works, as well as to the fact that these formal outlines were fresh enough to bear a great deal of use without losing their sweetness, and that Mozart used them with remarkable regularity. She quotes these remarks as an explanation of certain broad similarities of treatment which are to be found throughout Mozart's Sonatas, and makes a special point of the existence of a variety of detail in the movements which she says is worthy of the closest, the most careful study not only on account of its variety and inherent beauty, but also on account of the divergent views held with respect to many of the passages by various writers on musical form. Therefore throughout this descriptive analysis of Mozart's Sonatas the author is at pains to confront the student with the varying arguments of these widely differing authorities, and to impress upon him the necessity for comparing views and for computing the relative value of their different arguments. She believes that the idea of comparative analysis as extended in scope as that offered in her volume is quite new in a published work.

Throughout this closely-reasoned analysis of his Sonatas the winsome countenance of Mozart can be glimpsed. For in every bar of his music the mercurial personality of the composer is present, with his childlike love of glittering jewels and gleaming billiard balls, his simple delight in fairy-tales, in dancing, or in his travel from place to place. And the premonitory sadness of the tragic last years of his martyred life can be discerned also.

In her introductory chapter the author discusses the sonata as a work in the abstract, giving a general notion of its usual construction and form, while at the same time she wisely advises the student to bear in mind that there are a large number of cases in which the plan is varied, and in other instances (e.g., Mozart in A major, No. 11 in her volume) none of the movements is written in sonata form.

In a foot-note to a passage in her Preface, on the subject of the more rarely employed chords in these Sonatas, she adds:

'The student must realise that many of the laws which governed the methods of the great classical composers have gradually been relaxed, till to-day freedom is the key-note in composition, and to future generations must belong the task of forming the laws, if any, which underlie some of the works of our modern composers.'

The words 'if any' are inopportune. All evolution is subject to laws. Modern music is liberated from past conventions, but its present unceasing evolution is governed by laws as strict as any of those of the past. Mozart made completely free with the means at his disposal, and worked within the bounds of the harmonic discoveries of his own and of his time as unconstrainedly as any modern of our day.

There is an excellent bibliography in Mrs. Marks's volume. The pages and paragraphs from which the references are taken are tabulated side by side with their use within the pages of her own volume. Also, as her numbering of the Sonatas is after Ludwig von Köchel's chronology, she gives a comparative table of various editions of Mozart's Pianoforte Sonatas, with their different modes of numbering, so that the student can find at once any of the Sonatas in whatever edition he may happen to possess.

L. L.

A NEW BOOK ON ORGAN STOPS

'When will the organist arise who will gloat over the beauties of his glorious instrument as the violinist gloats over the wonders of his Stradivarius?' Dr. G. A. Audsley asks the question. Well, the truth is that so many of us are afflicted with inglorious instruments that all our powers of gloating have to be expended on some other fellow's organ, which at best affords but slender satisfaction and is bound to involve damage to the tenth commandment. To the attention of those who would gloat intelligently, whether over their own or another's instrument, we commend a new work by Dr. Audsley, 'Organ Stops and their Artistic Registration' (New York: The H. W. Gray Co. London: Novello. 12s. 6d.).

Dr. Audsley has a double purpose: to put a mass of information before the organ-student, who is usually woefully ignorant of the details of his own instrument; and to proffer advice to those whose duty it may be to design new organs.

The book comprises two sections. The first is concerned with the tonal build of the organ and with the art of registration. The author quite rightly points out that technique, though it is of great importance, is not the only problem to be considered in organ playing. Side by side with purely technical skill must be built up a thorough understanding of the tonal resources of the organ and of the best way to use them in the 'orchestration,' if we may use the term, of the music to be performed.

The second, and by far the more important section of the book, consists of a glossary of organ stops. In this connection it may be well to say that though the book is produced in America, this glossary is not by any means confined to the names of stops usual in that country. It is a very comprehensive affair, and includes not only English, but French, German, and even Spanish names. References, moreover, are frequently made to actual organs and individual organ-builders in this and other countries. Obviously the space devoted to each stop has to be limited, and in some of the less important stops a line or two suffices; but many of the articles run to considerable length and contain a great deal of information. In each case the equivalent of the name in other languages is given, followed by a description of the tonal characteristics, the formation of the pipe, often illustrated by diagrams or plates, and the possibilities of the stop in combination. Incidentally much is said about scales, wind-pressures, composition of Mixtures, and a host of other things.

In such a subject the question of personal taste is bound to arise, and though the author—who has spent a life-time in study and experiment—speaks with authority, many readers will doubtless disagree with him in some of his conclusions. Those, for instance, who favour leathery Diapasons, unenclosed Tubas, and the exclusion of Mixtures, will find Dr. Audsley in opposition. For ourselves, the chief grumble is that the author is not up-to-date in his references to English organ-building. The most recent organ he mentions seems to be that in Colston Hall, Bristol; but all sorts of interesting things have happened since 1905. The organ at St. Mary Redcliff, for example, has an enclosed 32-ft. Reed, a fact which should have been mentioned in connection with the remarks under 'Contra Bombarde'; and the same organ possesses a 16-ft. Clarinet on the Pedal, borrowed from the Solo, an expedient which the author advocates under 'Double Clarinet.' References might have been expected to the introduction of Viol Mixtures, the Horn Quint, to the schemes at Liverpool and Newcastle Cathedrals, and to many other developments of recent years in this country.

Readers whose knowledge of French and German is only rudimentary would have welcomed translations of the many quotations from treatises in those languages, and space could easily have been found without increasing the size of the volume if some unnecessary duplications had been avoided. But these objections do not alter the fact that in this book Dr. Audsley has made a very valuable contribution to organ literature, which every organist worthy the name should add to his library.

J. A. S.

RHYTHMIC MOVEMENT

The word 'eurhythm' is synonymous with symmetry, beauty, shapeliness, harmony of proportion. 'It is through the medium of the body,' wrote Plato, 'that eurhythm is instilled into the mind, and it is by means of gymnastic dances that eurhythm is taught.' In vol. ii. of M. Jaques-Dalcroze's *Method of Eurhythmics: Rhythmic Movement* (Novello, 7s. 6d.), his numerous exercises are almost as varied as the ramifications of a widely-branching tree, which is again synonymous of eurhythm in its balanced wealth of bough and twig and foliage.

These exercises strengthen the mental faculties as well as the limbs. By associating the movements of the body with music, and submitting the gestures to the rhythmic exigencies of the different melodies, the pupils' minds become alert and active, while the limbs are gradually converted into the obedient servants of the brain. The students are taught to phrase with the arms and feet, to walk six steps to the bar, clapping in syncopation, and then to clap the beats and walk the syncopation. Similar groups of notes are given with varying accents. Thus more and more independence of the limbs is brought about. The pupils learn to improvise a theme; a second pupil repeats it with a slight variation; a third repeats it with another variation.

There are also breathing exercises and aural exercises, division of long note-values into shorter values or into rhythms, exercises in interpreting an *appoggiatura*, and all these are again varied by being thought out in sextuple, septuple, octuple, and nonuple time. In chapter 9 there are suggestions for the composition of new exercises, such as realisation in canon, in counterpoint, in phrasing, and so on.

One of the best exercises consists in interpreting a melody. The pupils learn a melody by heart. One of them conducts it, using his own interpretation as to nuances and phrasing, while the others follow his lead, singing. The conductor must use such gestures or attitudes as will enable him to give an intelligent rendering of the melody. In such exercises this rhythmic gymnastic loses a good deal of its pedantic stiffness. It sets aside grammar, and becomes expression. Its prose is converted into poetry, and at the end of the volume thirty-six different melodies are provided to be conducted and interpreted by the body—the agogic and dynamic nuances to be manifested by gestures, step, and posture.

M. Jaques-Dalcroze devotes eighteen pages of this volume to eurhythmics applied to pianoforte technique. It is, he says, of first importance that the economic principle upon which so much stress is laid in the method, *i.e.*, that every movement must be carried out with the minimum of muscular energy, should be applied to the technical study of the instrument.

So these exercises in dissociated or combined movements for the whole arm, forearm, hand, and fingers, may tend to tone down the excessive dynamic energy which is too often directed against the keyboard of that long-suffering instrument, the pianoforte, and if such is the case, the ranks of the noisy *prosateurs* among pianists may be lessened, and those of the poetic players augmented by M. Dalcroze's latest application of eurhythmics to pianoforte technique.

L. L.

INDIAN MUSIC

We have seen Mr. Herbert A. Popley's *The Music of India* (Association Press, Calcutta; Oxford University Press; and J. Curwen & Sons, 5s.) well reviewed, and need not spend more words here on its merits than to say that it is the work of a conscientious man, equipped with the necessary knowledge, writing on a subject he understands and cares for. We will rather use it as a peg for a short discourse on melodic music.

A great deal of wonderment has been expended over melodic, and especially the Indian, scales, by people who have seen them only tabulated on paper. The only true test is to hear them, and to listen not casually but carefully. As most of us have pressing engagements in our own land, and as the representatives of this music who come to visit us are seldom worthy or even adequate exponents of a subtle art, it is best to get an idea of the sound in another way. The bagpipe has two scales—from A, with a 'neutral' third and sixth, and from G, with a sharpish fourth and a flattish seventh. Listen to this long enough to forget what our own scale is like, learn the bagpipe airs in that scale, and then, when you play those airs in the European scale, you will find they are—as the Scotch sometimes say they are—out of tune. The Indian scales are very different in detail from those of the bagpipe, but the aural effect is, to us, much the same. One sentence in Parry's *Art of Music* (second chapter) draws the true conclusion:

'An ideally tuned scale is as much of a dream as the philosopher's stone, and no one who clearly understands the meaning of art wants it.'

The sixty scales in common use in India, and the hundred more which are rarely used, are not imperfect attempts at some ideal not yet understood;

they were invented, and are retained, to answer another purpose than ours.

The difficulty in listening lies elsewhere. It is to get accustomed to, and to be able to take for granted, certain melodic figures which are unfamiliar to us. They sound, like the *melismata* of plainsong and folksong, quaint, or old-fashioned, or capricious, and we do not know what to make of them. There are queer jumps and long, monotonous movements by step, and both come where we do not expect them. There is much in India that strikes us as mere topsy-turveydom, but which, when we look closer, makes us ask ourselves if what we consider normal is based on anything more than accident. Hence, to become familiar with Indian melodies—enough to be able to tell at a glance whether this one before us is Indian or not—is to widen our conception of melody in general, and thereby of our own. There is a lightness of touch, a careless negligence, an irresponsibility in them from which we—who have on the whole worshipped in the past other musical gods—may learn.

We all have our own view of what music means to us, and that meaning ranges somewhere between two poles—the delight in the pattern of line and texture, and the satisfaction of having our feelings relieved and our passions purged; and, according as we incline one way or the other, we call it 'absolute' or 'programme.' The Indian feels the same. He will sing straight on end for twenty or thirty minutes; you will hardly notice his taking breath even, and not one of his variations will be exactly the same as another. And, on the other hand, he is full of tales of the wonders that music has worked in the relations of gods and men, and will draw pictures—often very beautiful works of art—to explain what he feels when he hears it. Only his music will not purge our passions, nor will ours weave patterns intelligible to his ear.

Yet when we listen to his best music—and nine-tenths of it is inferior, just as with us—we have those very things that we recognise as merits: pulsating life, appropriateness to its purpose, economy of resource, a swift cleanness, an inexhaustible fancy, a depth of vision. We have to earn these things, there as here, by long tracts of indifference or dullness, but when they come there is no mistaking them, they smite us with the sudden splendour of Plato's electron. Moreover, the Indian understands better than we do when and where to make music. We are capable of playing the B minor Mass in a local town hall and *Heldenleben* in a cathedral; he knows that there is a tune for winter and another for spring, one to greet the sun and another to see him to rest, and a third for the silences of the night, and that dreadful things will happen to body or soul (and both are divine) if the prescription is infringed. He receives it also in a different way. If it is of one kind he gets up and dances, if of another he sits cross-legged and weeps; another, and he trembles from head to foot, his *pagri* falls off and his chignon falls down. We sit in a plush chair, and when we think it has finished we give three claps as much as to say 'Thank you,' and add another three if the majority seem to be doing so; sometimes we clap before it has finished for fear we should seem to be impolite, and sometimes we clap as we come into the room the piece that we did not hear outside. The Indian does not read a paper, hot and hot, next morning, to tell him whether he ought to have liked it; he does not need that, because he has

already breathed a deep *achchha* (good) during the performance at every salient structural point.

The one question that vexes the righteous soul of the Indian is about the purity and authenticity of his 'mode.' A conference has recently been held at Delhi to try to arrive at some definitive statement on this point. The purity we can understand, because our folk-singers feel the same about it, but the question of its authenticity puzzles us. We wonder what he would consider authentic—a thousand, or two thousand, or three thousand years?—and what he would gain by putting back the clock. The explanation is that he has no sense of history as we understand it. Things were not evolved but revealed for him, and revelation was 'heard' from the gods in the first instance and afterwards 'remembered' by inspired men. He has no inkling of the fact that the human intellect is continually groping its way through the data of Nature to a musical convention, or of the idea that the art, which can only begin after the convention is established, is far more important than any question that can be asked about the convention itself.

But there is another question which he does not ask himself, but which we may ask—Does he need a musical notation? Notation in India is only a century or two old: before that music was oral. If a notation, which shall it be? Tonic sol-fa, which he has, but in about ten different scripts (not mutually intelligible), or some form of staff notation? If or when he has it, the result will be to make composer and performer two persons instead of one. With staff notation—which is gaining ground concurrently with a little hand-blown harmonium of two octaves—he will add chords; short-circuiting our European experience he will adopt some form of equal temperament, and with that his 'modes' will go. The process may take a hundred years; it would be interesting to know how it will work out. The only precedents that spring to mind are some negro folk-songs (in four parts) just published by Schirmer, and the Maori singers who were here about ten years ago. Well, the European system is not final; very likely they have a different one in Mars.

GLOBE-TROTTER.

CHURCH CHOIR TRAINING

Much sound advice for the inexperienced young choirmaster is packed between the covers of Dr. H. W. Richards's little book *Church Choir Training* (Joseph Williams). It forms one of the Joseph Williams series of handbooks on music under the editorship of Stewart Macpherson, and is a reprint in extended form of three lectures given at the invitation of the Royal College of Organists in 1903. Questions relating to the function of the organist as an accompanist are not dealt with, and for this department of his work the reader is referred to the author's earlier work *The Organ Accompaniment of the Church Services* (No. 2 of the same series of books). Naturally, within the limits of a handbook such as this, we do not look for exhaustive treatment of every detail of either singing or choir training; but the author has endeavoured—and with a considerable amount of success—'to give so far as possible in a small space practical advice on general points too often overlooked or neglected, for the benefit of those who need it, viz., those choirmasters who have to do the best they can with poorly paid or voluntary choirs in small parish churches.'

Dr. Richards's recommendations in the chapter on 'Methods of Voice Production' are, we think—taking into consideration those for whom the book is primarily intended—sound and wise: at any rate, those who follow his advice will be on the safe side.

In dealing with the vowel sounds, some well-needed advice on the use and abuse of the sound *oo* is given. By the way, there are some misprints on page 20. In Ex. 20, *ah* should be *oh*, and three lines below this *ei* should be *ee*. The direction on this page that 'the lips *only* are to move for the change of vowel' is rather misleading, as of course the position of the tongue is not invariable. The little exercise on the word 'bright' on page 21 might with advantage have been expressed rather differently: as it stands, it brings the final sound of the diphthong into undue prominence.

It is impossible to do more than hint at the various points touched on by Dr. Richards. Besides the subjects already referred to, there are two chapters dealing specially with matters concerning a boy's training. Other chapters deal with Intonation and Expression—Balance, Ensemble, Men's Voices—Psalms and Responses—Hymns—Rehearsals and Church Music—Matters connected with the management of a Choir—Conducting and Teaching. On all these subjects the author gives much wise counsel.

For the benefit of the young organist who is inclined too exclusively to concentrate on solo playing we quote from the chapter on Choir Management:

'It will be found that the man most sought for nowadays is the one who can train a choir, understands boys, and is able to keep order. Such a one, even if an inferior player, need never fear being without a post.'

Dr. Richards's admirable little book may be cordially recommended to the notice of choir-trainers.

G. G.

A VOLUME OF ESSAYS

Music as a Humanity and other Essays, by D. G. Mason, forms vol. iv. of the *Appreciation of Music* series (H. W. Gray Co., New York). The writer has chosen a wide range of subjects. Starting with the rightful idea of placing music on an equality with letters, and tracing the attitude of the American college man to music, Mr. Mason devotes a whole essay to 'Harvard the Pioneer'—for Harvard was the first American college to introduce into its curriculum the study of music. Since then other American colleges have more or less followed Harvard's lead. In the first essay he launches out against the undue exploitation of personality among artists. It leads, he says, to the exaggeration of the importance of virtuosity and the silly idolising of soloists and opera singers, all of which, he considers, are as injurious to musical art as the star system is to dramatic art. The achievement of impersonal expression and beauty he regards as the aim of musical art. Yet Mr. Mason overlooks the fact that few and far between are the radiant minds which, like Meredith's skylark, can render

The song seraphically free
Of taint of personality.

From a consideration of American 'Music Festivals' and 'Patrons of Art' Mr. Mason passes on to Vernon Lee on 'Musical Aesthetics,' Bertrand Russell on 'Music and Mathematics,' and Vincent d'Indy on 'Composition.' The last essay but one,

devoted to 'Psycho-analysis and the American Composer,' makes somewhat depressing reading, for Mr. Mason has convinced himself that most of the young American composers are imitating Ravel and Debussy, or Rimsky-Korsakov and Stravinsky, or Bloch and Ornstein, more or less cleverly. Few, he says, are trying to grope towards their own light, to find their own speech, to accept with courage the limitation of their own temperament. This sounds cheerless for the young American composer. But he can take consolation in the fact that he will find himself in good company at the pillory, for Mr. Mason sums up Ravel and Debussy, in another part of his essay, as 'over-refined and denuded of ideas,' and elsewhere Stravinsky's music is described as 'without attempt at specifically musical quality.' One therefore asks if this writer's judgment of his young compatriots may not, perhaps, be coloured by his distinctly prejudicial estimate of modern music and modern composers. All the same, the book is stimulating by reason of the author's enthusiasm and choice of diversified subjects all bearing on the art of music.

L. L.

One of the books few musicians can do without is *The Musical Directory*. We have just received the issue for 1922 (Rudall, Carte, & Co. 7s.).

New Music

STRING MUSIC AND CHAMBER MUSIC

Mr. Herbert Howells's *Rhapsodic Quintet* for clarinet, two violins, viola, and violoncello (Carnegie Collection of British music) shows a good deal of thought in the balancing of parts and unusual anxiety to keep the interest alive from start to finish. The combination of a clarinet and strings has its peculiar difficulties, none the less serious because there is the example and precedent of Brahms. The value of Brahms's work is seldom in the particularly effective use of an instrument. The opening of the slow movement in the Violin Concerto must always remain the typical example of careless orchestration. Berlioz found stimulus and inspiration in recalling the various timbres of the orchestral instruments. Brahms, with few exceptions, was singularly irresponsible in this respect, and probably held that good music must sound well on any instrument capable of performing it. The chamber works of his in which the clarinet is employed are excellent mainly on account of the interest, strength, and quality of the musical texture, and not because of any special effect obtained by the employment of a clarinet—apart, of course, from the inevitable effects of contrast. The main difficulty lies in the fascination the new combination exercises on the composer, and leads him to write something rather in the nature of a clarinet solo with the elaborate support of the strings than music in which every voice has equal value. Mr. Howells has not escaped the siren call of the clarinet, and allows it, perhaps too often, to give us the impression of the cockerel which in the familiar line

Stoutly struts his dames before.

There are moments when the strings assert their authority. But a reading of the score does give the impression that the peculiar colour of the clarinet will predominate throughout. Possibly this is the intention of the composer, in which case only the test

of actual performance can decide whether it is the best of the possible uses of such a combination, or whether more telling effects would not have been possible if the wind instrument had been used with a more sparing hand.

Three short compositions by M. Oreste Ravanello (Zanibon, Padua) show unquestionable skill in the handling of the parts, but the *Meditazione* (for clarinet and string orchestra) may almost be described as for clarinet and string accompaniment. The *Canto Mistico* for strings and organ, and the *Andante* for organ and string quintet are able enough if somewhat unenterprising. Messrs. Metzler have added Mendelssohn's *Spring Song*, Nevin's *Narcissus*, Raff's *Cavatina*, and Rubinstein's *Melody* in F to their trio series. The musician accustomed to the highly-seasoned dishes of the modern school is apt to look askance at the homely charms of the *Spring Song* and the *Melody* in F. But, oddly enough, music was never written solely for the delectation of musicians. And the young idea still finds pleasure in simple fare. F. B.

In these days of prolific younglings whose opus numbers far exceed their years, it is refreshing to come across a mature composer with scarcely a dozen works in print, if those few works atone by quality of style and workmanship for the lack of their unwritten or discarded fellows. Zoltán Kodály's second String Quartet (Universal Edition)—Op. 10, composed in his thirty-sixth year—is particularly interesting, not only for its intrinsic merit, but also for the enormous advance it shows upon the first Quartet, written eight or nine years earlier—an advance not towards conformity with the current musical jargon which is summed up in the vague word 'modernity,' but, on the contrary, towards a more direct and personal style of expression. This music is of a deceptive simplicity which will yield more to prolonged study than much that is of far greater apparent complexity—for simplicity and complexity in music are not, as some seem still to think, a mere matter of texture, harmony, or form, but depend upon the internal significance of the work. A single line of melody may be more intensely charged with meaning than many pages of the most elaborately fashionable 'aural phenomena' with which it is surrounded. Such a melody occurs on page 12 of Alfredo Casella's Five Pieces for String Quartet (Preludio — Ninna-nanna — Valse ridicule — Notturmo — Fox-trot) (Universal Edition). Its incongruity with its setting leads us to suspect it of being a folk-song, but as its source is not stated, Signor Casella must be given the benefit of the doubt and the credit of having created a beautiful tune before he spoiled it. When we have said that the work opens with a hundred-and-eleven-fold repetition of a single chord, followed by a forty-six-fold oscillation between the component parts of another chord, leading (on page 6) to a seventy-two-fold reiteration of the original chord with the addition of an *appoggiatura*, it will be apparent that these pieces are *à la manière de* . . . Need we add the name?

P. H.

SONGS

Under the heading of 'Mayfair Classics,' Messrs. Murdoch have published twenty-five 'Standard and Traditional Songs,' with revisions and accompaniments by G. H. Clutsam. The charm of these old songs, and of their wistful, heart-felt sentiment, is maintained intact by Mr. Clutsam's

discriminative welding of tune and accompaniment. He has done this with great economy of means, and has avoided monotony by skilfully varying his setting of the different verses, and yet preserving their simplicity. It is not surprising that these traditional songs should have a perennial existence when it is remembered that so many of the melodies are set to words that have also an evergreen existence. Such are Robert Burns's *Robin Adair* and *Ye Banks and Braes*, Walter Scott's *Jock o' Hazeldean*, Ben Jonson's *Drink to me only with thine eyes*, &c. The direct appeal also of the lovely old tune of *The bonnie banks of Loch Lomond* will outlast many a popular drawing-room ballad or favourite opera aria. To understand the folk-songs and traditional songs of a nation is a help to realising the psychology of a country. These examples of England's national treasury of song should be known to all music-lovers.

Martin Shaw's setting of Poe's ballad of *Annabel Lee* (Cramer) is also in its expressive simplicity well-suited to the swift, direct narrative poem whose underlying theme is passionate and faithful love. An ornate or descriptive setting would have been disfiguring.

From the Arabic, the first of an album of six songs (Elkin) by George Whitaker, is a song that will meet with a ready response from good vocalists and the best concert audiences. The Eastern manner of dwelling on one sound is responded to by the composer using but one chord in each of the first fourteen bars, varying it with one other for four bars, and then continuing with the first again to the end of Shelley's first stanza. For the second and more passionate stanza the composer elaborates the accompaniment to suit the vivid emotion of the words. Mr. Whitaker's direction that the first verse should be sung 'in a rather nasal tone without much expression,' has its dangers. The least exaggeration of the Eastern manner would be fatal. No better encore could be granted to this song than Mr. Whitaker's *Seki* in the same album: a delicate, sensitive arrangement of a Japanese lyric of Lafcadio Hearn.

Edgar Bainton's setting of Gordon Bottomley's beautiful *Valley Moonlight* (Winthrop Rogers) is worthy of the poem. Mr. Bainton has reflected the shadowy, serene atmosphere of the moonlit poem in the tranquil song, and given it an underlying feeling of enchantment and ecstasy.

Two songs by Henry G. Ley, *Far in a Western Brookland* and *White in the moon the long road lies* (Stainer & Bell), from A. E. Housman's *Shropshire Lad*, though without any special distinctive originality, will nevertheless meet with popularity because they are straightforward and pleasing. The same may be said of *Autolycus's Song* (Enoch), by Frederick Keel.

Pour Toi, by Victor Vreuls (Chester), is also quite agreeable and will meet with instant favour from a public that likes what is easily assimilated.

L. L.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC

Of Havergal Brian's delightful Four Miniatures (Augener) the second is perhaps the most attractive with its opening questioning chords, the motif of which is carried through the piece:

Oh, what is the land of Dreams?
What are its mountains and what are its streams?

But even without the composer's indication of its being after William Blake's poem *The Land of Dreams*, the piece is alluring as pure music by reason of the embroidery and beauty of its harmonic progressions. No. 3 is simple, and has a fascination of its own. No. 4 is after Blake's poem, *The Birds*, and being rather more obvious than *The Land of Dreams*, is less poetic.

William Baines's *Coloured Leaves* (Augener) are pleasant fancies, giving evidence of a distinctly original mind, while the same composer's *Silverpoints* (Elkin) show delicacy of perception and a clever handling of harmonic combinations.

C. Chaminade's tuneful Gavotte (Enoch) will be acceptable to teachers desirous of instructing their pupils in the phrasing and rhythm of the old French dance, and will serve in that way as an introduction to the older classics.

Three Pieces for pianoforte, by Marie Mildred Lacchesi (author's property) can be used in a similar way. They are easy and tuneful, and will be acceptable to children.

L. L.

ORGAN

Alec Rowley's *Heroic Suite* (Ashdown) consists of four movements, commencing, curiously enough, with a Postlude. It is better to review the work as four separate pieces, as even suites require the consideration of some of the principles of cyclic construction. The first movement, *Heroic Postlude*, is a very effective piece of processional music (sonata form, without development), the second subject possessing the love interest, *à la Meistersinger* Overture. No. 2, *Lament*, is a touching piece of soft writing, with a triumphant episode for the Great organ. Some of the harmonies, especially those of the final cadence, do not fully satisfy us. The *Mood Fantasy* (No. 3) is none the worse for owing something to Guilmant. In suite form, the final movement, *Triumph Song*, suffers from its use of the same devices as the first piece. Played separately, here are four soundly-written pieces which make a good bid for popularity.

The same composer's *Rhapsody* (Ashdown) is nothing like so good a piece of work as the Suite. It is rather breathlessly written, and is disfigured by a free use of the three well-worn sentimental chords of *Rosary* fame.

R. G. Hailing's *Covenanters' March* (Novello) is a sedate and effective march that loses nothing by its extreme simplicity. The unbroken hold of the tonic key of A minor apparently helps here rather than hinders. The introduction of the ancient Scottish psalm-tune, *Culross*, at first *pianissimo*, suggesting the Covenanters' worship on the hill-side, and then triumphantly as a *Coda*, is excellent, although the *staccato* treatment of the choral chords is a little questionable.

From Messrs. Schott come Ten Compositions (in two books), by Harvey Grace. Two difficulties here present themselves to the unfortunate reviewer. How is he to review the compositions of his editor? How is he to review a set of ten pieces in the usual space allotted to new additions to the organist's music-cupboard? The editor answers the first with, 'Just as you would treat anybody else's,' and leaves me to solve the second. I select three for special notice—the *Scherzo* (dedicated to that prince of church organists, Henry Ley), in the first volume of this very interesting set; the *Plaint* (vol. ii, No. 9); and the final piece, No. 10,

Resurgam. These are really important contributions to organ literature, quite apart from their usefulness in church. They aim high, and they succeed in no small measure. The *Scherzo* is majestic, playful, virile, and tender by turns. There is, too, plenty of cleverness and resource. Depth and fineness of feeling and real strength of character come through the *Plaint* and the *Resurgam* in a most unusual way—to an extent perhaps only achieved by Reubke on these modern lines. One small blemish really hurts me. I am surprised to find a composer so masterly in his treatment of the instrument indulging in a long *glissando*. This tawdry device induces a wrong treatment of both organ-keys and organ-pipes. (Quite apart from the special requirements of the organ, does anyone who has heard a chromatic *glissade* on the new Duplex pianoforte ever again want to hear a diatonic *glissando* on any keyboard instrument whatsoever?) The set includes also a bright and clever *Laus Deo*, a pleasing little *Cradle Song*, a rather obvious *Toccata* (Saint-Saëns and Karg-Elert), a lovely little in-voluntary, a resourceful *Ostinato* (which keeps the pathetic stop out just a little bit too long), a really heavenly *Meditation*, and a *Rêverie* on the hymn-tune 'University Tune' (English Hymnal, No. 93), one of the loveliest tunes ever invented.

A. E. H.

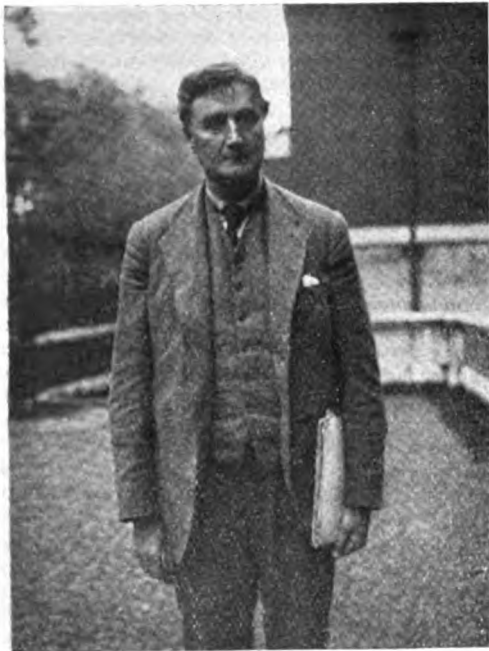
London Concerts

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY—JANUARY 26

Those of us who know our Vaughan Williams hardly expected his *Pastoral* Symphony to remind us of Beethoven's No. 6 or of Mendelssohn's *Spring Song*. Nor did we expect it to get so far away from these examples as proved to be the case. Some jolly folk-songs would be found doing duty, we felt sure, and there would be lots of modal harmony and strings of fifths and common chords in root position. It would be rough and tart, perhaps a trifle uncouth, but it would be unmistakably pastoral. We were out, for there was no folk-song, jolly or otherwise, and the pastoral flavour (of the conventional kind, at least) was missing. Its four movements had a good deal in common—too much, perhaps, though the result was a lack of sharp contrast rather than of interest. The thematic material was of the slenderest description—little wisps of tune, most of them with a strong family likeness, and few that looked promising viewed in the nakedness of the programme-notes. But the composer did astonishing things with them, weaving a fine polyphonic texture and producing curiously impressive and sonorous *mezzo-fortes*. For the most part a work that seldom moved quickly or made a great noise—a rare thing to-day. It was short, too, for a symphony—another rare thing. It is not everybody's music. Either you liked it tremendously or you wondered at the enthusiasm with which the composer was brought back time after time. It should be heard again before it joins its neglected brother, the *London* Symphony. Dr. Adrian Boult obtained a fine performance. The other novelty was a Concerto-Fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra by Edgar Bainton, with Miss Winifred Christie brilliant at the keyboard, and the composer conducting. It proved to be an effective work, but it was spoilt for a good many of us by following the Vaughan Williams work. The Concerto's effectiveness depended largely upon externals, and after the brooding austerities of the Symphony much of it

inevitably sounded superficial. And the composer got on the wrong side of us by opening with a *cadenza*, a desolating concerto-convention that has always hitherto been decently put off as long as possible. Not content with using it as an opening flourish, Mr. Bainton proceeded to make it a kind of connecting link between the various sections, so we had it four times—which was just four times too many. The programme was completed by the sixth Brandenburg Concerto, Wolf's brilliant *Italian Serenade*, and the *Flying Dutchman* Overture. There was a very large audience, despite (or because of?) the prospect of two new British works. H.G.

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS



[Photo by]

[S. J. Loeb]

MR. GEORGE PARKER AND WOLF

Æolian Hall ought to have been crowded on January 27 when this fine baritone gave a recital of songs by Hugo Wolf. The sparse attendance was a reproach to a public that is supposed to be fond of good singing. Mr. Parker set himself a hard task, singing about twenty songs in German, and from memory. His strong points vocally are his compass and his admirably controlled *mezza-voce*. He was brainy and musically rather than emotional, and at one or two moments this unusual merit perhaps became a slight defect. The recital gave us an engrossing hour, and we owed Mr. Parker thanks for something more than his excellent singing. He set some of us asking ourselves whether our long abstinence from the best songs of Schumann, Wolf, Brahms, and Strauss had not resulted in a lowering of our standards. Listening to the effects Wolf makes with a single chord, a modulation, a slight easing or tightening of the rhythm, we felt that there is after all a lot more in song-composing than some of our young composers seem to realise.

Mr. Parker gave a second recital on February 11, drawing on Wolf, Reger, and Schubert, and again

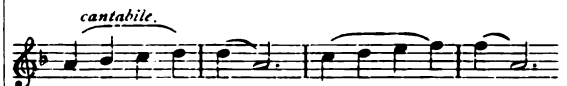
proving himself to be in the front rank of our baritones. Mr. Arthur Alexander was a worthy accompanist on both occasions. A third recital, of English songs, was announced for February 24.

H. G.

FRANCK'S SYMPHONY: AND BUSONI

Franck's Symphony and, also in D minor, a Pianoforte Concerto, the famous K. 466 of Mozart, were the mainstays of the Queen's Hall Symphony Concert, under Sir Henry Wood, on January 28. But neither was the really indiscutable music of the afternoon so much as the B minor 'Overture' of Bach (the second, for flute and strings, of the Cöthen set of four).

Splendid and attaching merits it would be crass not to see in the Symphony of Franck, but is it resisting without a tremor the test of its nowadays very frequent performance? It is curious that the conductors can draw from it a fund of those showy, emotional effects which are very fine, but all the same go no way towards helping the legend of the 'austere,' the 'seraphic' Franck. The work is one that stands or falls by its subjects, so blunt is the manner of their statement and so scanty their disguises. But how soon in the first movement does the brave discourse drop to the flatness of



and the jerky syncopation of the 'Faith' theme and of other themes in the *Finale* has frankly a vulgar association. The experiment it would be interesting to hear would be an execution of this Symphony on the organ. Franck, we often feel, allowed too little for the orchestra's sharpness of attack and accentuation, or for the clamorous voices of instruments which are not impersonal stops but assertive individuals. He must have meant of it more of a mystery, but the orchestration unveils his music in a rather garish light.

Ferruccio Busoni played the solo of the Concerto wonderfully and singularly, accepting not the lightest of its phrases at the face value. The *tutti* of course could not answer in any such elaborate manner. They sounded rather like school-boys repeating lines of Racine after a declamation by the French master.

Bach and Beethoven were played by Busoni at his recitals on February 4 and 11, together with some Chopin, Liszt, and pieces of his own, but his Bach (Goldberg Variations, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue) and Beethoven (D minor Sonata from Op. 31 and Op. 111) were the interest. What, among the rest, cannot be too much prized of this man's distinctions is his sense, still undulled, of the grave adventure of such music. He would not know how to be the mere cool, competent guide. When, for instance, he started on the D minor Sonata, how could he see where the romantic path would lead him?

Bach he freely turns into pianoforte music. Chopin, already pianoforte music, seems to join issue less readily with Busoni's handling. The two giants wrestle gladly with him. As composer Busoni appears vaguely to lack something—the opponent who must complete the adventurous game. In default of another he challenges Bizet with a *Carmen* Fantasia, and the adventure is good.

C.

MISCHA ELMAN'S CONCERT

The return of Mischa Elman could not but arouse interest, for of all the prodigies we have heard in the past twenty years, he was certainly the most promising. The inevitable question we all had in our mind on the way to Queen's Hall was, of course, how far have those promises materialised, and has Mr. Elman attained those heights which once seemed so easily within his reach? His performances of three Concertos—by Vivaldi (in Nachèz's arrangement), the Brahms Concerto, and the Lalo Symphony—showed him a past-master of violin technique, but, as regards interpretation, still under the influence of the energies and impulses of youth. The admirable care and finish of the technique was not always matched by an equally finished conception of the music. Hence the simple psychology of Vivaldi and Lalo suited him much better than the profound music of Brahms. In the Brahms Concerto the keen zest of Mr. Elman's style added piquancy to the *Finale*, which went from start to finish with magnificent impetus, but the first and second movements suffered slightly through lack of repose and dignity. On the other hand, his sureness of touch, infallible intonation, and easy, flawless performance of the most intricate and thankless passages were a great delight.

In conclusion, I would like to add a note warning against a distressing practice which Mr. Elman has adopted, and which is becoming too common. I refer to the way in which violin players move about and sway to and fro on the platform. Some are like reeds in a storm, the motions of others are as painful to the eye as the flicker of the film on the screen. Mr. Elman walked about while playing, and at one moment appeared to perform for the exclusive benefit of Sir Henry Wood who conducted the orchestra; at another he gave the impression that he was going to have a few words with the trombones. The instinct to move about is natural and inevitable, but in the old days violinists were taught to resist it.

F. B.

THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The two concerts that have put Mr. Walter Damrosch in charge of this Orchestra have formed a corrective—greatly welcomed in some quarters—to the modern trend in programme making. 'No tricks in the music and no tricks in the performance' is a motto for which there is a good deal to be said. On January 23 Mr. Damrosch gave us two Symphonies, Beethoven's No. 7 and that of Saint-Saëns in C minor that employs pianoforte and organ, the French work of course being resuscitated to honour the composer's memory. Yet it was in a Haydn D major Violoncello Concerto that the concert rose to its height, for Madame Suggia was the violoncellist. On February 13 Busoni made the *Emperor* Concerto sound unexpectedly poetic, and Mr. Damrosch gave a vigorous reading of Brahms's first Symphony.

THE BOHEMIAN STRING QUARTET

This famous Quartet drew a large audience to Wigmore Hall on February 6, playing Beethoven's Op. 130, adding the Grand Fugue—surely one of the worst, as well as one of the longest, ever written; Dame Ethel Smyth's Quartet in E minor, a capital work that should often be heard; and Dvorák's Quintet, in which the Quartet was joined by Miss Fanny Davies with happy results. The

quartet-playing was curiously unequal, the Beethoven work—especially the Fugue—giving us some bad patches. The performance of Dame Smyth's work, on the contrary, reached a high level at the start, and stayed there.

CHORAL CONCERTS

In the case of the Royal Choral Society we have with monotonous insistence to record large audiences and choral singing that is enjoyed from the first note to the last. The usual phenomena occurred when *Hiawatha* was performed at the Royal Albert Hall on February 4, under Sir Frederick Bridge. The soloists in this popular occasion were Miss Ruth Vincent, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Herbert Heyner.

People's Palace Choral Society gave *The Dream of Gerontius* on January 21, under Mr. Frank Idle, and the singers earned new respect for their powers. The choral music seemed to have no difficulties for these East Londoners, and they expressed it finely. *The Dream of Gerontius* was also performed at the Northern Polytechnic on February 11, with all the appeal and authority of the Alexandra Palace Choral Society under Mr. Allen Gill.

Other choral societies have been active—the Langham Choral Society (Mr. Hugh Marleyn) with *Elijah*; the Dulwich Philharmonic Society (Mr. Martin Kingslake) in *The Martyr of Antioch*; the London Choral Society, at Queen's Hall, on February 15, in unaccompanied music. This included Elgar's *Death on the Hills*, of which Mr. Arthur Fagge conducted a picturesque performance—clear, of good tone, and devoid of exaggeration. Lavender Hill Choral Society (Mr. George Lane) announced Brahms's *Requiem* and Leoni's *The Gate of Life* for January 25. We much regret our inability to report how so enterprising a programme was carried out.

The People's Palace Sunday afternoon concerts inaugurated by Dr. Adrian C. Boulton have been going from strength to strength. On January 22 the Bach Choir, under Dr. Vaughan Williams, joined the British Symphony Orchestra and gave three of Bach's Church cantatas—*Bide with us*, *Jesus took unto Him the Twelve*, and *The Sages of Sheba*. César Franck's Symphony and Ireland's *The Forgotten Rite* were played by the orchestra under Dr. Boulton on February 12. These concerts now take place weekly.

RECITALS

There are signs of weakness in the recital industry—not a matter for surprise in the case of an industry that lives on loose capital. There seem to be more recital-less afternoons and evenings than we expect even in the early months, and on a certain Thursday late in January there was no reputable concert at all in the West End.

Apart from those recital-givers who have claimed special mention above there are two who have done eclipsing work—one was Miss Isolde Menges, who played a long unaccompanied Bach Violin Fugue, at Wigmore Hall, on January 28. Her execution was unerring, and she kept her technical self-possession and mastery of style unimpaired to the end. The other was M. Brailovsky, who on February 7 showed himself one of the greatest of living Chopin players. Among our own pianists Mr. Norman Wilks the stylist and Mr. Edward Mitchell the propagandist have been busy.

There has been little good singing on the recital platform. For what there was we were indebted to

Miss Tilly Koenen in January, to Mr. Parker, and of course to Mr. John Coates at Chelsea. Miss Helen Henschel accompanied herself at Wigmore Hall on January 31; even as a vocalist alone she is versatile. Miss Lucia Young, at Æolian Hall on January 20, not only sang well but chose her programme intelligently.

The outcome of Miss Marie Hall's researches among modern British works for the violin was revealed at Wigmore Hall on February 7. She had chosen a Sonata by Percy Sherwood, a Suite by Gordon Bryan in four movements, and a Sonata by Rutland Boughton, the last-named standing easily first in its clear purpose, individuality, and technical handling.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY

The British National Opera Company, which inherits the good-will, properties, and traditions of the Beecham Company—and includes many of the same artists, so that it may almost be regarded as the same institution under a democratic instead of an absolute government—began its career at Bradford, where it entered upon a fortnight's season on February 6. Afterwards it is to appear at Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Leeds, and its fortunes will be followed with an eager interest by all who desire to see operatic productions in the provinces on a scale which may be described as adequate and complete. So far as all outward signs furnish a clue, it has made a most satisfactory beginning before crowded and enthusiastic audiences, and if it be a fact that it is the first step that counts, the auguries should be favourable for its future. Its repertory was discreetly chosen for a beginning. Most of the thirteen works given during the first fortnight were 'old staggers' whose popularity is ensured—*Carmen*, *Faust*, *Cavalleria*, *Pagliacci*, *Aida*, *Samson and Delilah*, *Tannhäuser*, and three Puccini operas, *Madame Butterfly*, *La Bohème*, and *Tosca*; but the occasion gained distinction by the inclusion of *Die Zauberflöte*, and two of Wagner's most important works, *Die Meistersinger* and *Parsifal*. Among the operas in prospect are *Louise*, *Tristan*, *Rosenkavalier*, and eventually the *Ring*.

Speaking generally, it was the completeness of the productions that was their most striking feature. There were no makeshifts in the scenery and properties, no cooking of the scores. For once (in a provincial company) we heard the hunting fanfares behind the scene in the first Act of *Tannhäuser*, and the processional trumpets in *Aida* had full effect given to them. Also there were constant evidences of the thought bestowed on small details, which may be ascribed to that most able stage-director, Mr. George King. Even the mute personages took an intelligent interest in their parts. Two instances occur to me: the child in *Madame Butterfly*, who for the first time in my experience was not a mere dummy, and the blinded Samson's youthful guide, who really acted the part and added to the pathos of the situation. There is no need to dwell upon the performances of the more familiar works. One or two artists who were conspicuously successful in their tasks may be mentioned: Edna Thornton, Walter Hyde, and Norman Allin in the first Act of *Samson* formed a trio which it would be difficult to surpass. Mignon Nevada's Marguerite and Mimi, Beatrice Miranda's *Aida*, *Tosca*, and Elizabeth, Gladys Ancrum's *Venus* and *Santuzza*, Sydney Russell and Edith Clegg in minor character parts, these occur to one, and might well be added to. To *Carmen* a special interest

was given, since it was the occasion of the first stage appearance of Olga Haley, who took the part of the heroine. As might have been expected, her vocal performance was of first-rate quality, very much above the usual operatic standard; indeed, very rarely is the music so charmingly sung. Her acting showed the results of natural intelligence and careful coaching; if there was a certain lack of perfect ease it was attributable to the anxiety inevitable on such an occasion, and to say as much as this almost savours of hypercriticism, so generally satisfying was her performance. Her success was the more pronounced since her personality is not what one associates with the part, but it is easy to find fault on such a score, and she was not so much handicapped in this matter as was Anna Lindsey, whose intensely dramatic impersonation of *Madame Butterfly* was deprived of some of its illusion by a personality which was remote from any Japanese standard.

The production of *Die Meistersinger* was a very noteworthy achievement, and indicated the high standard set by the Company. It was given almost in its entirety, and though something like five hours at a stretch is likely to cool the ardour of all but enthusiasts, it was heard with interest and even enthusiasm by a packed audience. Among the outstanding features of the cast may be cited the Pogner of Robert Radford, who in voice, acting, and appearance was as fine a representative of the part as I can recollect since the introduction of the opera to this country in 1882. Andrew Shanks had all the thoughtfulness and geniality of Hans Sachs, and the only fault one could find with his impersonation was in the minor matter of make-up. Not only does he insist that he is 'too old for Eva,' but in 1560, which is the year of the action, he was actually sixty-four years old, so a few grey hairs would not have been out of place; yet he had the appearance of being anything between thirty and forty.

Sydney Russell as Beckmesser was a very carefully thought-out impersonation. In the first Act he inclined rather too much to grimace, but there was point and malice in his sayings, and he could sing better than many successful Beckmessers. Fred Davies was well suited as David, and that always satisfying artist, Edith Clegg, was a perfect Magdalena. As for the Eva of Sara Fischer, she had all the charm of youth on her side, and this gave her impersonation a delightful freshness and *naïveté*. Aylmer Buesst conducted, and if, as is reported, he had never before directed a performance of *Die Meistersinger*, the success with which he piloted his forces through this elaborate and difficult work was the more praiseworthy. The other conductors, it may be mentioned, were Percy Pitt (the artistic director), Eugène Goossens, Julius Harrison, and Herbert Withers.

The chief event of the season was the production (on the anniversary of Wagner's death, February 13) of *Parsifal*, for the first time in Yorkshire. It followed the lines of the Beecham Company's production at Manchester two years ago, but new scenery by Mr. Oliver Bernard was provided. This was decorative and in the right spirit of fantasy, but its effect was minimised by a stage too shallow to give space and distance, so that details seemed somewhat out of scale. In the circumstances Mr. George King, the producer, achieved his difficult task with consummate ability. Three of the

principals—Gladys Ancrum (Kundry), Walter Hyde (Parsifal), and Norman Allin (Gurnemanz)—were the same as in the Manchester performances, and all were quite admirable. Herbert Heyner, as Amfortas, was a newcomer. He was highly successful, entering completely into the character, and singing his impassioned scenes with great emotional force yet with no loss of dignity. Frederic Collier (Klingsor) and Philip Bertram (Titurel) were thoroughly efficient, as was the chorus of Flower-maidens, though want of room handicapped them in their graceful dance. The orchestra was excellent, but the bells were even less effective than usual, which is saying a good deal. Mr. Percy Pitt conducted with care for every detail, and if the work failed to be as impressive as it can be, the fault lay in an impossible environment.

H. T.

OPERA AT CAMBRIDGE

DR. ROTHAM'S *TWO SISTERS*

With commendable courage the Operatic Society at Cambridge, which in the past has made a practice of giving an annual performance, this year took the bold step of producing a British example. Choice fell on the work of the conductor of the Society, Dr. Cyril Rootham, thus paying a special compliment to one who has worked very hard on uncultivated ground. In the process the Society helps to make history, for Dr. Rootham's work is on novel lines. Its story and its music are based on folk material, a plan that, so far as grand opera is concerned, has not been followed before. The result is effective enough, and the whole thing has greater significance than may at first seem apparent. The fact is that in this plan lies the way to that British National Opera of which we have heard so much and seen so little. I take the view that the words mean what they say, and that therefore British National Opera means something that is British, and something that is national. That being so, then Dr. Rootham's work is a British National Opera. The use of folk-story and folk-music is the only way in which, in my opinion, we shall get an expression of the operatic form that is national. The alternative is something that is a mere copy of the foreign article. Hence there is considerable significance in Dr. Rootham's work, and the Cambridge Operatic Society, made up of enthusiasts, inter- and extra-mural, has achieved something from which much will spring.

The work which was produced at the New Theatre on February 14-18 is based on the Ballad of *The Two Sisters of Binnorie*, which crystallises an idea which is to be found in print as early as in *Wit Restored*, published in 1658. On its most concise form, the Scottish, Mrs. Marjory Fausset has constructed her libretto, which simply, and without any theatrical guile, tells its story. Ellen, betrothed to Rainald, becomes jealous of her sister Annot and drowns her. The Harper strings his harp with the hair of the murdered girl, and at the wedding, when Rainald asks for Annot and receives no satisfactory reply, the harp utters the truth. Dr. Rootham makes use of two of the folk-airs associated with the ballad, the one Scottish and the other from Berkshire. By this means a satisfactory, because British, idiom is assured, for the tunes or their shapes permeate the whole. The design is modern and the music continuous. In his score the composer keeps matters moving with very considerable skill. I liked the idea of the original Ballad being sung at the beginning of

things, for it unfolded the story and well impressed the chief tune on the ears of the audience. The story is told in four stages, all in contrast and all in an unconventional way. In the second section we move to the realms of the spirits of the trees and the river, both impersonated on the stage, while the music takes on a decidedly ethereal character. Then in the preparation for the wedding we have genuine English folk-dances, and hear the Berkshire tune in all its jovial possibilities. It is used more sedately to pave the way for the marriage scene, offering something novel in the way of a folk-song wedding-march. The music in its whole aspect is remarkable for its wealth of ideas and variety of device, and the instrumentation is full of colour which, if it clashes now and again, is still colour. I find the music less turgid and less monotonous than that of the majority of British operas I have heard of late years, and I ascribe the fact to the use of folk material which is inspiring stuff well calculated to spur on a composer who has ideas. The work shows in an unmistakable way that it is possible to build modern opera on folk material, and that British folk material serves its purpose quite as well as, and in fact rather better than, that of some other country. I think that if the design in general had been a little lighter it would have been better for a first example, since the whole thing breaks new ground for British opera. But as it is, it shows clearly that for music-drama in its severest form British national matter can serve its purpose, and serve it admirably. I must add for the purposes of record that special scenery and costumes were designed by Mr. Lionel Penrose, that both were made by members of the Company, and that Mr. Dennis Arundell acted as producer. The principals were Miss Gladys Moger as Ellen, Miss Dorothy Campbell Giles as Annot, Mr. Clive Carey as Rainald, and Mr. Steuart Wilson as the Harper, and all of them served the composer better than they did the librettist, whose words they failed to make articulate. The chorus and the orchestra were both excellent. Dr. Rootham conducted. Every one concerned achieved something of a feat, since the presentation of the unfamiliar is a task in which the most experienced do not always distinguish themselves. Bearing in mind that this is an amateur organization, and that it took upon itself the responsibility of breaking new ground, I consider it is entitled to both admiration and respect.

FRANCIS E. BARRETT.

Church and Organ Music

THE ENGLISH LITANY OF 1544-60

BY W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD

Many strange views have been formulated as to the musical arrangement of the English Litany in 1544-60. Even in recent years, notwithstanding the researches of scholars who are interested in all appertaining to English Liturgy, some erroneous statements have been propagated as to the Litany. Hence a brief article based on first-hand sources of information may be helpful.

The phrase *Kyrie Eleison* (Lord, have mercy on us) sufficiently demonstrates the Eastern provenance of the Litany, but its adoption in the Western Church can be traced to the 4th century, and it was popular in parts of Gaul in the early years of the 5th century, as is evident from St. Patrick's acquaintance with it. From the 6th century it was almost invariably sung in procession; and this method

was introduced into England by St. Augustine, who had it sung when entering Canterbury on commencing his great work for the conversion of England in April, 597. St. Bede records the singing of the Litany and the Antiphon, 'Deprecamur te, Domine,' as the monks walked two by two, headed by a cross-bearer. So connoted were the terms Procession and Litany in the pre-Reformation Church in England, that in 1540 the Litany was known as 'a Processionier,' while an order in Council of the year 1545, orders the Processions, or Litanies, 'to be kept on the accustomed days, and none otherwise, and to be sung or said, as the number of the choir shall serve for the same.'

As is well known, the present form of the English Litany dates from May, 1544; that is, of course, the English translation without music. Three weeks later, on June 16, another edition was published by R. Grafton, and this translation had the old Plainsong notation added. Cranmer's Prayers and Litany were presented to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on June 21, and on October 12 the Queen accepted a copy of 'A Litany with suffrages to be said or sung, in English, in the time of the said Processions,' printed by 'Thomas Petyt, at the sign of the Maydens, in St. Paul's Churchyard.'

Thus it is safe to conclude that even in 1545, although an English translation had been furnished for the Litany, the only music adapted was the Plainchant of the olden time. Some have alleged that Tallis composed a new setting of the Litany in 1544-45, but this is an error. Cranmer, in his celebrated letter to Henry VIII., dated October 7, 1545, asks the King to 'add some devout and solemn note [music]' to the Processionier or Litany in English, implying that no new music had been hitherto composed for it, an implication that is amply borne out by the further information that the Archbishop 'has travailed to make the Latin note to them.' This last sentence is of the highest importance in settling the question as to Cranmer's share in the Litany, and leaves no room for doubt that in 1545-46 the newly translated English Litany was roughly adapted to the old plainchant melody. Cranmer adds: 'Those who are cunning in singing can make a more solemn note thereto, as I have made them only for a proof to see how English would do in song.'

On January 9, 1546, Richard Grafton and Edward Whitchurch were granted renewal of letters patent (28 Jan. 34 Hen. VIII.) for printing the Mass-Book, the Grayl, the Antiphoner, the Hymnall [Hymnal], the Porthouse, and the Prymer, in Latin and English. Nothing as yet was done in regard to new music for the Litany, and even Cranmer's version 'to the ancient note' was left a dead letter. It is significant that on July 8, 1546, a proclamation was issued by the Privy Council 'that no one, after August 31, shall receive or keep Tyndale's or Coverdale's New Testament, nor any English books by Frith, Tyndale, Wickliff, Joye, Roy, Basile, Bale, Barnes, Coverdale, Turner, or Tracy.' This is also to be taken in connection with the recantation of Dr. Crome and Bishop Shaxton, of Salisbury (July 9).

The Rev. J. M. Duncan* says that there are 'fragments of a harmonized Litany believed to date from the years 1547-48 preserved in the British Museum' (MSS. Royal Appendix, 74-76), but this may be an early attempt of Robert Stone. Anyway, the first definite mention of the new English Litany is on Sunday, July 21, 1549,† under King Edward VI. From Wriothesley's *Chronicle*, quoted by Dr. James Gairdner in his monumental work on *Lollardy and the Reformation* (vol. iii., p. 89), we learn that on that memorable day Archbishop Cranmer came to St. Paul's Cathedral, vested in cope and alb, with deacon and sub-deacon, preceded by a cross-bearer, 'the Dean following him in his surplice,' and then in the choir, after Matins, 'the Litany was sung kneeling, according to the King's Book, with a special prayer for the occasion.'

However, it was not until January 25, 1550, that a Bill was passed 'for the defacing of images and bringing in of books of the old Service in the Church,' and it was not till November, 1552, that the new English Service was used for the first time in St. Paul's. A year later the old order was

restored, and on St. Katharine's Day, November 25, 1553, the singing of the old Latin Litany to the plainchant setting was again heard in St. Paul's, being repeated on November 30, and December 1, 4, and 8. These Processions (singing of the Litany) were carried out with great éclat on January 14, 1553-54, when the Lord Mayor of London and Aldermen assisted in their robes.

Thus, in 1559, there was really no change in the pre-Reformation sung Litany, nor did Merbecke include the Litany in his *Book of Common Prayer Noted* (1550). At length, in 1560, there was issued by John Day a collection entitled *Certain Notes set forth in four and three parts to be sung at the Morning Communion and Evening Prayer*, containing the English Litany, set for four voices, by Robert Stone,* a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal. This composer had been in King Edward VI.'s Chapel in 1551, and was continued in Queen Mary's Chapel, and in that of Queen Elizabeth and James I. He remained a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal from 1551 till his death on July 2, 1613, aged ninety-seven—a record period of sixty-two years.

Not a few writers have stated that the Litany which is included in Day's Collection was by Tallis, but this is incorrect; the setting is certainly by Robert Stone, and a rather crude production it is. Those interested in this composer can see his signature in the British Museum (Stowe 571, f30b) as having received his fee as Gentleman of the Chapel in 1552. Tallis, however, did compose a Litany about the year 1558 or 1559, but it was not published till Barnard included it in *Selected Church Music*, in 1641, although a version of it is in Clifford's MS. of 1570. Strange to relate, Tallis's Litany was discarded in 1697, and was not restored to St. Paul's Cathedral till May 3, 1751, when it was sung at the instance of the Bishop of Oxford, on the occasion of the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy.

I take this opportunity for congratulating Mr. Duncan on his recent article (*Musical Times*, August, September, and October, 1920) on 'The Preces, Responses, and Litany of the English Church,' especially his excerpts from the Peterhouse MS.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS

DISTRIBUTION OF DIPLOMAS

On Saturday, January 21, 1922, the president, Dr. Charles Macpherson, presented the diplomas to the recently-elected Fellows and Associates of the College. Among those present were the following members of the Council: Mr. H. L. Balfour, Mr. E. T. Cook, Dr. H. G. Ley, Dr. S. R. Marchant, Dr. C. W. Pearce (hon. treasurer), Dr. H. R. Richards, Mr. E. S. Roper, Dr. F. G. Shinn, and Dr. H. A. Harding (hon. secretary).

The following announcements were made by the president: For the Fellowship examination there were seventy candidates and nine passed. For the Associateship examination there were a hundred and forty-nine candidates and twenty-eight passed. The Fellowship Lafontaine Prize was awarded to Mr. B. J. Orsman, and the Fellowship Turpin Prize to Mr. H. E. West. The Associateship Lafontaine Prize was awarded to Mr. J. A. Mallinson, and the Associateship Sawyer Prize to Mr. T. A. Rushworth.

The president then presented the diplomas.†

The hon. secretary (Dr. H. A. Harding) read the reports of the Examining Boards:

FELLOWSHIP PAPER-WORK

Counterpoint (Strict).—There seemed to be evidence that the importance of careful study in this section had been realised, and the results were more satisfactory on the whole than they have been for some years past.

Modern Counterpoint.—Many of the examples were poor, with no apparent aim at musically device or artistic design.

Modal (Polyphonic Period) Counterpoint.—Very few workings were presented. The attention of candidates should be drawn towards this subject.

* Mr. Duncan gives the name as 'Stones.'

† A complete list of successful candidates was published in the *Musical Times* for February last.

* *Musical Times*, August, 1920.

† Heylin gives the date as September 18, 1547.

Fugue.—The old weakness was apparent, viz., the poor four-part writing at the last entry.

Questions.—Many of the answers were sketchy and inaccurate in detail; some of them furnished quite irrelevant information.

Orchestration.—On the whole the examples were too heavily scored.

Melody.—There was a tendency to attempt too much, producing rather a confusion of harmonies and progressions.

Ground Bass.—Several of the candidates failed to vary the harmony as well as the treatment in the repetitions.

Composition.—Some of the work was of the plainest hymn-tune style. Attempts to enforce the sentiments of the words were seldom successful.

WALTER PARRATT (*Chairman*).

J. F. BRIDGE.

E. J. READ.

FELLOWSHIP ORGAN-WORK

The pieces were poorly played on the whole, mostly through lack of courage and purpose, and many of the candidates, who evidently had quite an adequate technique, failed through lack of control.

Elgar's Prelude was not understood, and its mystic atmosphere and moments of climax were realised only by two or three candidates.

The Bach Passacaglia was phrased in a haphazard way, the attack and release being dictated rather by the position of the hands than by the sense of the phrase. As is so often the case with weak players, *rallentandos* were introduced in possible but not expedient places—such, for example, as the end of each variation.

As usual, in the tests, many failed because they were not in a calm enough state to read the time-words and metronome marks. This was particularly the case in the playing from the unfigured bass and the harmonization of the melody. The former was frequently rushed through at two, instead of six beats in a bar, and the latter dragged out at the rate of four slow beats instead of two.

The extemporization was better than usual, there being a satisfactory tendency to keep to the text. Unfortunately there were many candidates who played in 2-4 instead of 3-4 time, and a considerable number who misread the time-value of the notes in the given subject.

E. C. BAIRSTOW (*Chairman*).

ALAN GRAY.

CHARLES MACPHERSON.

ASSOCIATESHIP PAPER-WORK

Counterpoint (Strict).—In the florid counterpoint there was frequently a lack of variety in the rhythm, largely due to the over-employment of crotchets and the absence of tied notes. Some years ago it was the custom to regard the fifth Species chiefly as an ornamentation of the fourth Species, and the employment of a tied-note in nearly every bar was a feature of such teaching. In the reaction against a method which failed to realise the melodic freedom which is the special characteristic of the best examples of florid counterpoint candidates now have a tendency to omit altogether tied notes and suspensions, and thereby deprive themselves of a most valuable means of obtaining a varied rhythm and a rhythm which is specially characteristic of good florid counterpoint.

In the writing of the strict counterpoint test in the minor key there were frequent examples of the employment of the Diminished Triad and the Augmented Triad—both in root position. It is felt that the introduction of such chords is generally opposed to, and inconsistent with, the spirit of strict counterpoint.

Melody.—The harmonization of the melody was distinctly good.

Figured Bass.—The treatment of the suspensions, both with regard to the absence of suitable preparation and also as to the notes which should form the chord, revealed many errors. In the 7-6 suspension which came in the first bar, a large number included a 5th.

F. G. SHINN (*Chairman*).

S. R. MARCHANT.

G. J. BENNETT.

ASSOCIATESHIP ORGAN-WORK

The playing of the pieces was marred by inexcusable inaccuracies of notes and rests, wrong *tempo*, unsteady time, very indifferent phrasing, ineffective registering, and bad use of the Swell pedal. The performance of the tests was, in a large number of cases, very unsatisfactory—especially the Accompanying test, which is so important. The change of the key from A minor to A major seemed to be too trivial a matter to attract the attention of the candidates, and semi-quavers and quavers were, over and over again, played at exactly the same pace.

The score reading was evidently viewed perpendicularly instead of horizontally. By following the voice parts in the horizontal way we believe candidates would make fewer mistakes in this test.

On the whole candidates did not appear to realise the high standard of this examination.

H. L. BALFOUR (*Chairman*).

E. T. SWEETING.

E. T. COOK.

Dr. HARDING: I have a very gratifying announcement to make. You probably already know that one of the oldest and most distinguished of the City Companies, the Musicians' Company, gives its gold medal triennially to the most distinguished student at the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, and it is my pleasure to tell you that the Musicians' Company has decided to give its medal once in three years to the most distinguished candidate at the Royal College of Organists' examinations, so that we may take our turn with the other chartered institutions. This decision was made a few months ago, when the Master of the Musicians' Company was a gentleman who by his munificence and sympathy has done a great deal for music and especially for this College. I refer to Mr. Cart de Lafontaine. He was Master of the Company at the time, and he saw the possibility of bestowing upon us this generous and graceful distinction. We are very much obliged to Mr. Cart de Lafontaine and to the Musicians' Company. The Council has decided to recommend as the recipient of this medal the Lafontaine Prize winner who has obtained the most marks for organ work during the three years. The next presentation will take place in July.

THE PRESIDENT: I think in view of this very important announcement by Dr. Harding you will agree with me that we should like to pass a very hearty vote of thanks to the Musicians' Company, coupled particularly with the name of Mr. Cart de Lafontaine.

Dr. F. G. SHINN: I have much pleasure in seconding the hearty vote of thanks to the Musicians' Company, coupled with the name of Mr. Cart de Lafontaine, for presenting this medal to the Royal College of Organists in turn with the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music. It will undoubtedly prove a great incentive to our candidates.

The Resolution was carried with acclamation.

Mr. CART DE LAFONTAINE: I am very glad to have the opportunity of expressing my very grateful acknowledgments of your vote of thanks, accorded really to the Musicians' Company, with which my name is coupled. I must say that I am delighted that I have been able to bring about this recognition of your distinguished candidates. I was rather timorous about approaching the Court of the Company, but I had no sooner pointed out the desirability of making this presentation than the Company at once fell in with the suggestion. It seemed to me only right that in this respect the Royal College of Organists should be placed on a level with the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music. I am afraid I am going to take the gilt off the gingerbread, because the medal has been referred to as being a gold one. May I say that it is a silver medal. But whether gold or silver it is worth having, and we esteem it the greatest honour that can be conferred on any musician. I believe that the gold medal of the Musicians' Company is only offered to His Majesty The King.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

THE PRESIDENT: On the two previous occasions that I have had the honour of addressing you I have spoken on the subject

of criticism and some of its varied applications. Without being too introspective, perhaps a little further consideration of it as applied to our individual selves and our own particular activities may not be an unprofitable way of spending a few moments. Most of us here are presumably either choirmasters, accompanists, or recitalists, if not conductors and teachers as well. To carry out this five-fold duty, we must acquire a certain amount of business capacity to enable us to perform our work in such a way that the wheels of routine do not become clogged with the muddle of mental confusion. There is probably no profession in which versatility and mental balance are so essential as in that of a modern organist, and few callings in which, by reason of the great demands it makes upon the nervous system, there is a greater likelihood of the occasional breakdown of the higher intellectual requirements. Our somewhat Jack-of-all-trades vocation has its dangers, particularly when our leaning is not equal towards each required direction—and it has its advantages, in that we become broader-minded. The very fact that we are able to do one thing fairly well will often enable us to perform other duties that are less to our liking. But I think that the secret of keeping the ball rolling seems to be largely dependent upon our power of self-criticism. We may add to this the value of the criticism of others regarding ourselves. The kindly criticism from others is often a real help to us both as an instruction and an encouragement. A somewhat long experience has taught me that there is nearly always something to be learned from other people's criticism, whether it is wrapped up in the golden cloth of kindness or the rag of venom. Personally, I think there must be something wrong with a man when he is no longer able to profit by others' judgment of his work. It usually implies that he has ceased to learn—the worst fate that can befall an artist. I am not inferring that outside estimates of our activities are always correct or even just; but the bringing to our knowledge of the existence of views that we ourselves do not even suspect should help us to enlarge our outlook. Let us see, then, how far we can apply this wholesome medicine of criticism to our various activities without being too particular as to whether the dose is administered by ourselves or by others. Firstly, let us take ourselves as choirmasters. Very many underrate this office; they may be excellent in other ways, but if they neglect their choir-work they are doing everyone a great disservice. Brilliant playing does not cover up the defects of an indifferent choir; and, on the other hand, a good choir can get on quite well with an organist who has learned to know what is expected of him—and who will not fail to give it—even though his technical ability may not be of the highest order. The good choirmaster is a great asset, and his success is ensured by what he teaches his choir, by the way he teaches it, and by the manner in which the choir carries out his instructions. The choir usually gives an indication of the character of the choirmaster, and if you think of it, the choirmaster is perhaps the only member of a church whose work—rightly or wrongly—stands or falls by the loyalty or carelessness of people who are under his influence. This is a fact that should be borne in mind. There are times when a choirmaster is cross with his choir because it does not carry out his wishes, when, as a matter of fact, he has never clearly defined what he really requires. Insufficient instruction to the choir and want of enthusiasm will after a time cause a poor attendance of the members. If practices are made really interesting and instructive they will have a stimulating effect both on the choir and the choirmaster. Now, supposing we have been fortunate enough to gain the interest of our choir, the question is what to give them to sing. The most successful choirmaster will try to find out, first, what the special needs of his church are, and then lay his plans accordingly. We have heard of such a thing as an unsympathetic vicar. If there is any truth in the existence of one somewhere, he will not be made more sympathetic by being continually flouted. The safest plan is to do our duty by him, and see to it that what music we may still be allowed to perform is sung as well as possible. It may be chastening for a time, but we shall probably be able in the end to do what we like in the choice of music—always remembering that one of the safest indications of the state of a choir is the manner in

which it sings an ordinary 'Amen.' Very few choirmasters ever practise this seriously, not realising that it is among the most difficult things to perform well. The same disregard of other so-called easy things leads to disaster in many other directions. How often, for example, do we hear really good monotoning? It is really in the attention to details such as these that one's imagination in the way of far-off possibilities is kept alive. In practising anthems make sure of the Amens first. If the congregation has no use for anthems, then it is possible to direct our energies towards such a thing as getting up a choir concert. I have known of places where this has been done successfully both in the way of keeping up the choir's interest in the work, and, incidentally, the congregation's interest in the choir. There is no branch of our work more in need of constant self-criticism than that of choir-training, nor is there anyone more musically in need of sympathetic encouragement than the conscientious choirmaster. Do not be unduly perplexed at the receipt of an anonymous letter saying that such-and-such a hymn 'was sung abominably,' and another letter by the next post saying that 'it never went better.' In such cases it is often best to treat both letters as their senders intended them to be treated—that is, as matters of 'burning' importance. I have purposely said a good deal about choir-training because there is so much bad singing still to be heard in many churches, and most of it is due to slovenly lack of interest. Our duties as accompanists are more generally realised perhaps than those of choir-training, but it is not every organist that realises the difference between playing for the choir—such, for example, as in an anthem—and playing a hymn in which the congregation is expected to join. In the latter case, of course, there must be no attempt at intimate expression. A large congregation hates a sudden drop from loud to soft, and will often resent any subsequent coaxing by the organist, in the fear that they will be caught napping again. There is far more to be made out of an ordinary hymn than some organists imagine. The use of faux-bourbons—particularly in churches which are attended by a fixed and resident congregation—add a zest to hymn-singing. An organist was once asked by a well-known divine, 'Don't you rather despise some of our hymn-tunes?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'but I love to hear the people sing them.' It is often the organist's duty to make the people sing them, though in order to do so he may sometimes have to sacrifice finer artistic instincts such as he uses in accompanying a highly expressive anthem. In other words, he has to use a mop instead of a sable brush. The mop may be charged lightly at times—for example, after a climax; but still, it has to remain a mop. The perspective of our true place in the picture can be perceived only by the constant application of self-criticism. Regarding this question of congregational accompaniments, it is a good plan to allow some one else occasionally to play a hymn for us while we listen from the back of the church. We shall soon hear what is and what is not wanted. Last week I was listening to a number of candidates in this room, and I think that the faults which stood out most were those connected with time. This uneven time was not all due to nerves, as in many cases it cropped up in each test. One sometimes wished it were possible to place the candidate alongside a loud metronome with a bell sounding the first beat in a bar. This rhythmless kind of playing is far too common, and is the direct cause of much bad church singing throughout the country. Whether we take ourselves as choirmasters or organists, or both, it is impossible to place too high a value on rhythm, as it is the thing that shows the shape of the music; in fact, without it music assumes the grotesque forms of ogres, imps, and goblins. The sense of rhythm and a feeling for balance will carry most organists through everything, whether in accompanying or in playing voluntaries. Just one word about voluntaries. There is probably no composer who suffers more than Bach at the hands of organists. I remember someone remarking that he was able to play a certain Fugue at some enormously high metronomic speed. Just think of it! Bach being used as the helpless partner in a gymnastic display! The greatest works ever written for the organ only show us the composer's intention when performed in the proper way and at the proper speed. As for

conducting, it is superfluous to urge the necessity for having a strong feeling for rhythm. If we have the uncomfortable feeling when conducting a big choir that it seems rather like taking a jelly-fish for a walk on an elastic lead, it is due to one or a combination of three causes. Either the choir does not know the music or it does not understand our beat, or we have not taught the choir to watch the conductor. The first is cured by more rehearsing, the second is often a weak point. Many conductors do not in the least know what they look like when at work. A good plan is to take advantage of our wife's absence from the house, and practise various rhythms in front of her long looking-glass. If we do this we shall perhaps rid ourselves of many of the superfluous movements which are dear to no one so much as to the conductor. I always remember with gratitude the remark of an old orchestral player to me, 'A decided first beat is what we look for.' Too many conductors count as many first beats as there are notes in a bar, when, as a matter of fact, it is often only the first beat that is important in ordinary straightforward music—certainly only the accented beats in any kind of music. After the piece is really going, the vigour of the beat may be reduced with advantage, so that there may be a reserve of power for a climax. Note the last words of the remark, 'what we look for.' It is the neglect of the looking that we have to prevent. This third cause of 'wobbling' must be continually pointed out to the members of large choirs, because individuals often take the time from those next to them instead of looking at the conductor's beat. Here again, as in the other branches of our calling, we shall not succeed as conductors unless we turn the purifying stream of self-criticism upon our attempts. Now, as teachers, we occupy a very important position in the country. The authorities seem to be slowly realising that music is of real educational value. This fact has been much more appreciated on the Continent than in this country, and what has been done here is due almost entirely to the unselfish work of men in our own profession, of whom perhaps a large percentage are organists: and even if only in a small village, it is quite likely that there is no one to whom the people look to for a lead more than to them. We really have an enormous power in our hands for educating the taste of our neighbours—not that our neighbours are crying out to be educated, but the mere fact of the possession of high ideals is bound to tell on others in process of time. In places where the standard of taste is not very high, it is not possible to bring about any rapid change for the better; but by the judicious placing of the unexpected good among the expected bad there is bound to be an eventual desire for the good. Most bad music is obvious to the hearer the first time he hears it; all good music is not so by a long way. There was a letter in *The Times* recently urging the desirability of repeating new works at the same concert. There is a lot to be said for this. People usually dislike good music simply because they do not know it. In nine cases out of ten when they know it they love it, and if they love it they understand it each in his own capacity. We can do a good deal towards raising the standard of taste in the way of voluntaries. We have seen those dubious words 'by desire,' so often made use of in programmes as an excuse for playing something quite unworthy of the occasion. There is one danger that should be guarded against, and it is one that may affect our whole conduct of work. We may use our critical faculties to such an extent, that certain portions of our labours become, as we imagine, standardized. We begin to think that such-and-such things can be done only in the way we have ourselves evolved. It is quite possible, for instance, that there are more wrong ways than right of performing a piece of music—if anyone doubts the truth of this he would soon be convinced if he heard the same piece played in this room at intervals during the four days of the Fellowship examination. It is hard for some to believe that there may be more than one good reading of a composition. A good antidote for this not uncommon complaint is to go and hear a fine player give a rendering of one of your show pieces. Young Bach took the trouble to walk fifty miles—not to teach old Reinken, but to see what he himself could learn. That seems to me the right spirit in which to approach our own varied and important duties.

I do not pretend that these discursive remarks have more than touched the fringe of my subject, and I am, moreover, fully conscious of the fact that to many here they will be of no practical value whatever. On the other hand, should there be in them but one helpful sentence, then please remember it—and forget the rest.

Dr. RICHARDS: I have a very pleasant task. It is to propose a vote of thanks to our president. We all know that we have a president who is a great performer, and a composer of the front rank. He is a literary enthusiast, he has a great sense of humour, he is a sympathetic companion, and a loyal friend to all students and to his colleagues. Above all, he is a perfect president. His great ability seems to me to be equalled only by his great humility. When we hear his playing of the organ at his Cathedral we know that behind it there is no ordinary person, and we realise his great capabilities when we hear his instructive and helpful addresses as we have done this morning. We feel that he is entitled to speak with great authority on these matters. We wish to express our great gratitude to him for giving us all the benefit of his work and his extraordinary gifts. I will ask you to accord a very hearty vote of thanks to Dr. Macpherson. We learn a great deal from what he says, because he speaks as one with authority and as one who knows.

The Resolution was carried with great applause.

The PRESIDENT: Of Dr. Richards's very kind remarks I think I value most of all what he said about my being a loyal friend. I am extremely obliged to you for the way in which you have received this Resolution. I appreciate your goodwill and friendliness more than I am able to express. Before we bring this meeting to a close I should like to say that this is the first public occasion at which our esteemed treasurer, Dr. C. W. Pearce, has been able to be present since the great distinction of an Arts degree was conferred upon him. We take this opportunity for congratulating him personally on the fact that the University of Durham has honoured him, and itself, by making him a Master of Arts. I have known Dr. Pearce's work for very many years, and I think the honour is fully deserved; incidentally we feel honoured ourselves that the degree has been bestowed upon one of our important officials.

Dr. C. W. PEARCE: I had no idea I was to be honoured in this way. I am indeed very proud of the degree, and I greatly appreciate being congratulated by our president and by my fellow members of this College.

The proceedings then terminated.

THE ORGANS OF LAMBETH PARISH CHURCH.

We regret that owing to the loss of a proof the Rev. Andrew Freeman's article in our February issue was printed without his corrections. Chief amongst these were the following:

- (1) *convex* in the fourth foot-note should be *concave*.
- (2) Since the rebuild of 1879 the couplers have been—*Swell to Great, Swell to Pedals, Great to Pedals, Octave Great to Pedals, and Choir to Pedals*.
- (3) Richard Brown was organist of St. Lawrence Jewry from 1685 till his death.
- (4) Charles Lockhart, blind from infancy, was also a pluralist, holding, amongst other posts, the organistship of the Lock Chapel, St. Katharine Cree, and Orange Street Chapel. He was composer of the well-known S.M. tune *Carlisle*, so named, in all probability, after Carlisle Chapel (now Holy Trinity Church), Lambeth. The drawing of the Harris case was made by Mr. H. T. Lilley from a water-colour sketch preserved in the Minet Library at Camberwell.

CHARLES HARFORD LLOYD MEMORIAL

On January 31 the window placed in the Lady Chapel of Gloucester Cathedral in memory of Charles Harford Lloyd was unveiled by Sir Henry Hadow. The music used at the service was drawn entirely from Lloyd's works. The window is opposite to that which commemorates S. S. Wesley, Lloyd's predecessor at Gloucester. The balance of the money collected for the memorial is to be used for the founding of a scholarship for Gloucester choristers who intend adopting music as a profession.

BACH JUBILEE FESTIVAL AT ST. ANNE'S, SOHO

Fifty years ago Bach's Passion Music (*St. John*) was first sung at St. Anne's Church, Soho, in Lent, under the direction of Sir (then Mr.) Joseph Barnby. It was the first time it had been sung in a church in England. This jubilee year is being marked at St. Anne's Church by a Bach Festival. On three Wednesday evenings in February the following Bach cantatas have been sung with orchestra and organ: *God's Own Time*; *Jesu, Joy of man's desiring*; *Bide with us*; *My spirit was in heaviness*; *O Light Everlasting*; and *Praise our God*. During Lent, Bach's Passion music (*St. John*) will be sung as usual, and on Saturday, March 25, at 3.30 p.m., the Novello Choir will sing Bach's *Jesu, Priceless Treasure*.

The *Barnsley Chronicle* of February 4 contained a well-deserved tribute to the educational value of the series of organ recitals given at St. George's Church since 1903 by Mr. B. Langdale. The recitals have been the means of affording Barnsleyites a chance of hearing a good deal of modern music that otherwise might not have come their way. On at least one occasion Mr. Langdale was in front of our leading orchestral conductors—on December 14, 1913, when, with the aid of the strings of the Barnsley Symphony Orchestra, he gave the first performance in England of Sibelius's *Rakastava Suite*. When the recitals were started, in 1903, the attendances were so meagre that Mr. Langdale was advised to discontinue them, but he refused to be discouraged. 'Tis dogged as does it,' and the first Sunday afternoon in each month now finds St. George's filled. The scope of the scheme is shown by a glance at the programmes of the two most recent, when the items included the Valhalla scene from *Rhinegold*, three of Brahms's Hungarian Dances, Saint-Saëns's *Marche Héroïque* and one of the Breton Rhapsodies, *Finlandia*, Lyon's first Suite, Rowley's *Heroic Suite*, and violin solos by Elgar, Svensden, Couperin, MacDowell, and Dvorák.

Programmes of a Choir Festival and of a series of five organ recitals that have taken place recently at Christ Church, South Yarra, Victoria, show Church music to be in a healthy condition in that part of the Antipodes. The recital programmes are of first-rate interest, with such items as Harwood's first Sonata, ten pieces by Karg-Elert, Guilman's first Sonata, *Finlandia*, and a Bach programme—*Passacaglia* and *Fugue*, a *Trio-Sonata* movement, the *Sleepers, wake!* Prelude, the *Toccata in F*, and a vocal item from the *Christmas Oratorio*. At the Choir Festival (an annual event) the Communion Service was sung to Stanford in B flat, with Gounod's *Ave Verum*, and at Evensong the anthem was *Worthy is the Lamb*, with Stanford in B flat for the Canticles. In the afternoon a fine programme of organ, vocal, and violin music was given. The *Last Judgment* was sung a week or two later. Attendances were very large. The whole testifies to the enthusiasm and enterprise of the organist and choirmaster, Mr. Leslie Curnow.

Excellent Church music was a feature of the Choir Anniversary services at Richmond Road Congregational Church, Cardiff, on January 15. A newspaper report says that 'the results achieved might put to shame not a few choirs of the Anglican Church.' Seeing that the anthems were by Farrant (three), Orlando Gibbons, Purcell, S. S. Wesley, and Battishill, with vocal solos by Bach, Haydn, and Vaughan Williams (two of the *Mystical Songs*), our contemporary might have put the case even more strongly. Fine hymn-tunes and some Bach organ music—*Trio-Sonata No. 1* and the *Toccata and Fugue in C*—completed the scheme, which was spread over three services. Dr. Vaughan Williams gave addresses in the afternoon and evening on 'Hymn-tunes and their History,' and 'Hymns and their place in our Services.' The vocal soloist was Mr. Glanville Davies, and Mr. W. J. J. Robins, the organist and choirmaster, was in charge.

Dr. Harold Darke is in the midst of a series of recitals at St. Michael's, Cornhill, on Mondays, at 1 o'clock, until April 10. On March 6 he promises a Bach programme, on the 13th a batch of modern English works, on the 20th a programme of Chorale Preludes, and on the 27th a set of arrangements.

We have received a copy of the report of a Committee on Church Music appointed by a Conference of the Rural Deanery of Weldon, in the Diocese of Peterborough. The Committee consisted of clergy and organists, and its findings are therefore based both on liturgical and musical considerations—the only practical way of getting to work, though it has taken Church folk a long while to grasp the fact. The report contains a great deal of matter that should be useful to those in charge of parochial church music, especially in villages and small towns. No doubt the secretary of the Committee (Mr. S. J. Loasby, 103, Regent Street, Kettering), will be able to supply a copy to any of our readers who may be interested. We understand that as an outcome of the Committee's work a branch of the Church Music Society is being formed in the district.

A recital of Church music (mostly of early date) will be given at St. Mary's, Primrose Hill, on March 25, at 3.0 p.m., under the direction of Mr. Geoffrey Shaw. The items will include some plainsong, Tallis's *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* in the Dorian Mode, Boyce's *Save me, O God*, Gibbons's fauxbourdon to the Evening Canticles, a couple of Bach Chorales, with violin obbligato, and Holst's *Of one that is so fair and bright*. The recital will be preceded by the Office of the Artists' Guild, and a short address by the Bishop of Willesden.

During March the following events in connection with Church music will take place at King's College, Strand; 6th, a hymn practice, tunes by Bach; 13th, lecture on 'Quality in Hymn Tunes,' by Mr. H. C. Colles; 20th, hymn practice, Welsh tunes; 27th, lecture on 'Goudimel and the Genevan Psalter of 1562,' by the Rev. G. R. Woodward. The hour on each occasion is 5.30. Books are provided.

The Rev. H. E. C. Lewis, Chaplain to the National Institute for the Blind, and himself blind, gave as many as sixteen organ recitals at different towns in Devonshire during the month of February. His programme included numbers from the 'National Institute Edition of Music by British Blind Composers,' and other music by sightless musicians.

The *St. John Passion* will be sung at St. Michael's, Cornhill, on March 31 and April 7 at 8 o'clock, conducted by Dr. Harold Darke.

ORGAN RECITALS

Mr. Cyril S. Christopher, Wollaston Parish Church—Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*; Concert Scherzo in F, *P. J. Mansfield*. Wesley Church, Dudley (two recitals)—Concert Overture in C minor, *Hollins*; Concert Fantasia on a Welsh March, *Best*; Variations on an American Air, *Flagler*; The Pilgrim's Progress, Parts 1 and 2, *Ernest Austin*.

Mr. Allan Brown, Tooting Central Hall (two recitals)—Fantasia on two Christmas Carols, *West*; 'New World' Symphony; *Casse-Noisette Suite*, *Tchaikovsky*.

Recitals at Immanuel Church, Streatham: Mr. Eric A. Seymour—Sonata No. 2, *Mendelssohn*; Gothic Suite, *Boelmann*. Mr. Arthur Saunders—Symphony in D minor, *Guilmant*; Suite, *Borowski*; Festival Toccata, *Fletcher*. Mr. N. Victor Edwards—Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*; Étude Symphonique, *Bossi*; Cantilène, *Wolstenholme*. Mr. E. Stanley Roper—Imperial March, *Elgar*; Sonata, *Rheinberger*; Choral No. 3, *Franck*. Mr. C. F. Waters—Prelude and Fugue in E minor, *Bach*; Sonata, *Rheinberger*; Fantasia in E flat, *Saint-Saëns*.

Mr. Arthur Meale, Central Hall (twelve recitals)—'Cuckoo and Nightingale' Concerto; Coronach, *Barrett*; Suite, *J. H. Rogers*; Prelude on 'St. Michael,' *John E. West*; Fantasia and Fugue on BACH, *Liszt*; Fantasia on two Christmas Carols, *John E. West*; Triumph Song, *Raymon*. Queen's Park Congregational Church, Harrow Road—Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Theme and Variations in A minor, *Faulkes*; Three Nuptial Pieces, *Dubois*; Sonatas Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, and 6, *Guilmant*; Fugue in E flat, *Bach*; 'Finlandia'; Cantilène, *Wolstenholme*; Triumphal March, *Hollins*; Festal Commemoration, *West*; Canto Religioso, *Meale*.

- Mr. George Pritchard, Victoria Road Wesleyan Church, Widnes—Finale, Sonata No. 4, *Mendelssohn*; Fugue in D, *Bach*; The Curfew, *Horsman*. St. Mary's, Widnes—Scherzo in F, *Haigh*; Fanfare, *Lemmens*. St. Mary's, Widnes (four recitals)—Toccata in C, *Bach*; Fantasy on two Carols, *West*; Rhapsody No. 1, *Saint-Saëns*; Toccata (Gothic Suite), *Boëllmann*; Allegretto, *Wolstenholme*; 'Finlandia'.
- Mr. Frederick Richens, Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, Kingston, New York, U.S.A.—Cantilène, *Salomé*; Fugue in C, *Bach*; Salut d'Amour, *Elgar*; Concert Rondo, *Hollins*.
- Mr. W. Greenhouse Allt, St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh (seven recitals)—Choral No. 3 and Andantino, *Frank*; Madrigal and Postlude, *Vierne*; Rhapsody No. 3, *Howells*; Noël, *Wolstenholme*; 'The Holy Boy,' *Ireland*; Prelude on the 'Old 104th,' *Parry*; Petite Pastorale, *Ravel*; Dithyramb, *Harwood*; Arabesque, *Debussy*; Pax Vobiscum, *Karg-Elert*.
- Mr. C. St. Ervan Johns, Maindee Parish Church (two recitals)—Chorale No. 3, *Frank*; April Song, *Wolstenholme*; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Fantaisie Dialoguée, *Boëllmann*. Great Central Hall, Newport, Mon.—Gothic Suite, *Boëllmann*; Variations de Concert, *Bonnet*.
- Mr. F. Douglas Bull, St. Giles's Presbyterian Church, Winnipeg—'Finlandia'; Elégie, *Massenet*; Harvest Song, *West*. All Saints', Winnipeg—Prière et Berceuse, *Guilmant*; Pastorale, *Hollins*.
- Mr. A. M. Gifford, United Methodist Church, Hunstanton—Offertoire on two Christmas themes, *Guilmant*; Cantilène and Offertoire in E flat, *Salomé*; Toccata, *d'Eury*. (Mrs. A. M. Gifford sang six Christmas Songs, *Cornelius*; 'Hear my prayer,' and 'Sing ye a joyful song,' *Deorák*.)
- Mr. Alex. B. Garrard, All Hallows', Gospel Oak—Sonata in C minor, *Lyon*; Andante, *Frank Bridge*; Prelude and Fugue in F minor, *Bach*; Evening Song, *Bairstow*.
- Mr. E. Emyln Davies, Immanuel Church, Streatham Common—Pastel No. 3, *Karg-Elert*; Concerto in B flat, *Handel*; Toccata in C minor, *Halsey*.
- Mr. Herbert E. Knott, St. Paul's, Balsall Heath—Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Recessional, *Alan Gray*; Psalm Prelude, *Howells*.
- Mr. S. Wallbank, Hexham Abbey (two recitals)—Funeral March and Hymn of Seraphs, *Guilmant*; Andante Cantabile, *S. S. Wesley*; Toccata and Fugue in D minor and Prelude and Fugue in D, *Bach*; Londonderry Air; Symphony No. 5, *Widor*. Selby Abbey—Fantasia in F minor, *Mozart*; Symphony No. 5, *Widor*.
- Mr. Stanley E. Lucas, Harecourt Congregational Church, Highbury—Prelude and Fugue in G minor and Pastoral Symphony, *Bach*; Fantasy on two Christmas carols, *West*.
- Mr. C. H. Trevor, St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta (five recitals)—Three Preludes on 'In dulci júbilo' and Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Prelude and Fugue in A minor and Trio in F, *Krebs*; Prelude on 'The people that in darkness sat,' *Parry*; Marcia Religiosa and Fugue, *Rheinberger*; Pastorale in E, *Frank*.
- Mr. F. W. Brock, St. John the Evangelist, Clapham Rise—Prelude, *Hamand*; Two Chorales, *Reger*; Allegro (Sonata No. 6), *Guilmant*; Scherzo in A flat, *Bairstow*.
- Mr. Wallace G. Breach, St. John the Evangelist, Clapham Rise—Gothic Suite, *Boëllmann*; Toccata, *Holloway*; Legend, *Harvey Grace*.
- Mr. G. Bernard Gilbert, Town Hall, Stratford—Offertoire No. 2, *Guilmant*; Preludes on 'The holly and the ivy' and 'In dulci júbilo,' *Buck*; Christmas Fantasy, *Best*.
- Mr. E. Roberts West, St. Paul's, Leamington Spa—Overture to 'The Messiah'; Fantasy on two carols, *West*.
- Mr. Leitch Owen, Edge Hill Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in D, *Bach*; Triumphal March, *Kinross*.
- Mr. John Pullein, St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow—Prelude and Fugue in F minor, *Bach*; Pavane, *Byrd*; Air, *Blow*; Menuet, *Purcell*; Psalm Prelude No. 3, *Howells*; Noël, *Dubois*.
- Mr. H. C. Tomlin, Park Hall, Cardiff—March on a Theme of Handel, *Guilmant*; Christmas Fantasy, *Best*.
- Mr. Harold M. Dawber, St. George's, Stockport—Choral Fantasia on the Old Hundredth, *Parry*; Pastoral Symphony, *Bach*. Worsley Road Congregational Church, Swinton—Overture to 'Otho'; Fantasia and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*; Preludes on 'St. Mary's,' *Chas. Wood*, and 'Rhosymedre,' *Vaughan Williams*; Introduction and Fugue, *Reubke*; Berceuse, *Vierne*.
- Mr. F. J. Livesey, St. Bees Priory Church—'In dulci júbilo,' *Buxtehude*; Pastorale, *Best*; Carillon, *Boëllmann*.
- Mr. Norman Collie, St. Stephen's Walbrook—Festal Prelude, *Dunhill*; 'The Holy Boy' and Villanella, *Ireland*; Prelude and Fugue in D, *Bach*. Stoke Newington Parish Church—Marche Héroïque, *Saint-Saëns*; Variations on an Original Air, *Archer*; Sonata No. 2, *Mendelssohn*.
- Mr. James Tomlinson, Preston Parish Church—Angelus, *Tomlinson*; Theme in E varied, *Faulkes*; 'Le Cygne,' *Saint-Saëns*.
- Mr. Hugh W. Wood, Ebenezer Congregational Church, Uppermill—Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Overture 'William Tell.'
- Mr. W. J. Lancaster, Bolton Parish Church—Fantasia in E flat, *Saint-Saëns*; Symphony No. 5, *Widor*.
- Mr. W. Hunt, St. George's, Belfast—Prelude and Fugue in B minor, *Bach*; Pastorale, Recitativo, et Corale, *Karg-Elert*; Postlude in D minor, *Stanford*; Idyll, *Alan Gray*. Loughbrickland Parish Church, Co. Down (two recitals)—Sonata in F minor, *Rheinberger*; Spring Song, *Hollins*; Londonderry Air; Allegro Marziale, *Frank Bridge*.
- Mr. Burton G. Pennock, St. Matthew's, Ponders End—Gothic Suite, *Boëllmann*; Grand Chœur No. 2, *Hollins*; Allegro con brio, *Holloway*.
- Mr. Francis W. Sutton, St. James's, Croydon—Occasional Overture; 'Sleepers, wake,' *Bach*; Choral Song and Fugue, *S. S. Wesley*; Rhapsody, *Harvey Grace*.
- Mr. Fred Gostelow, Ilford Baptist Church—Toccata (Doric), *Bach*; Sonata in A minor, *Borowski*; The Answer, *Wolstenholme*. Luton Parish Church—Imperial March, *Elgar*; Symphony in E minor, *Holloway*; Toccata (Symphony No. 5), *Widor*.
- Mr. C. F. Waters, St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside—Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Sonata No. 1, *Harwood*; Morning Greeting, *Waters*; Finale (Sonata No. 1), *Guilmant*.
- Mr. C. H. Moody, Selby Abbey—Concerto in G minor, *Camidge*; Largo from 'New World' Symphony.
- Mr. J. E. R. Senior, Art Gallery, Kelvingrove Park, Glasgow—Berceuse, *Arensky*; Finale in G minor (Sonata), *Elgar*; 'Slumber Song,' *Senior*.
- Mr. Herbert Hodge, St. Nicholas Cole Abbey (seven recitals)—Prelude on Darwell's 148th, *Darke*; Rhapsodie, *Saint-Saëns*; First movement (Sonata No. 2), *Rheinberger*; Fugue in G, *S. Wesley*; Postlude, 'Martyrs,' *Harvey Grace*; Fugue, *Reubke*; Postlude in D minor, *Stanford*; Air with Variations, in A, *Hesse*; Andante in G minor, *Silas*; and two Bach programmes.
- Mr. Herbert Hill, Selby Abbey (two recitals)—Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Theme and Variations, *Bossi*; Epilogue, *Healey Willan*; Overture in C minor, *Hollins*.
- Mr. A. E. Jones, Town Hall, Bolton—March on a Theme of Handel, *Guilmant*; Toccata Concertante, *Claussmann*; 'Finlandia'; Prelude in D minor, *Mendelssohn*; 'Pomp and Circumstance' No. 1.
- Mr. Harry Wall, St. Clement Danes, Strand—First Suite, *Lyon*; Psalm Prelude No. 2, *Howells*; Gaudete, *W. G. Ross*.
- Mr. Ernest Biltcliffe, St. Mary Magdalene's, Bradford—Fantasia in C, *Handel*; Toccata and Fugue in C, *Bach*; Allegretto Scherzando, *Stuart Archer*; Fantasia and Fugue in E minor, *Best*.
- Mr. G. W. Harris Sellick, Macfadyen Memorial Congregational Church, Chorlton-cum-Hardy—Prelude and Fugue in D, *Bach*; March of the Magi, *Dubois*; 'Unfinished' Symphony; Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Concerto in F, *Handel*; Finale (Sonata No. 1), *Mendelssohn*.

Mr. Laurence M. Ager, Hellingly Parish Church—First movement (Sonata No. 1), *Mendelssohn*; March for a Church Festival, *Best*; Allegretto, *Wolstenholme*.

Mr. F. de G. English, Halifax Parish Church—Sonata in E flat minor, *Rheinberger*; Prelude and Fugue in B minor, *Bach*; Meditation and Finale, *Klein*.

Mr. Albert Orton, Parish Church, Harrow-on-the-Hill—Dithyramb, *Harwood*; Andante in F, *S. Wesley*; Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Air and Variations, in G, *Rheinberger*.

Mr. S. Maurice Popplestone, Primitive Methodist Church, Salisbury—Toccata (Symphony No. 5), *Widor*; Meditation-Elegie, *Borowski*; 'Finlandia.'

Mr. Alban Hamer, Bloemfontein Cathedral—Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Prelude to 'Parsifal'; Prean, *Harwood*.

APPOINTMENTS

Mr. G. C. Gray, organist and choirmaster, St. Martin's, Potternewton, Leeds.

Mr. A. G. Hazeldine, organist and choirmaster, St. Andrew's, Whitehall Park, N.

Letters to the Editor

'MISDIRECTION IN ORATORIO SINGING'

SIR,—In the *Musical Times* for January, 1922 (pages 23-27), Archdeacon Gardner enters a timely protest against (among other things) 'the undue hurrying of familiar choruses [of oratorios] in order that they may sound fresh and exciting.' May I be allowed to give my humble support to this protest, and even to show that there is need for it in respect of many other performances than those of oratorio choruses?

Having sat next to Hubert Parry in a back row of second basses in the Bach Choir for the first ten years (1875-85) of its history, I may be allowed to call to mind that though our then conductor's (Otto Goldschmidt's) *tempi* may by some have been thought too slow, he did nevertheless get such tone from his instruments and such vocal quality from his singers that on three occasions he actually won encores from St. James's Hall audiences: twice (1876 and 1879) for the *Cum Sancto Spiritu* in the Mass in B minor, and again for the *Fecit Potentiam* in the Magnificat of Bach.

But in subsequent years it has been my fate to hear *Cum Sancto Spiritu* taken so fast, even under very distinguished conductorship, that all the force of the great ascending and descending sequential ladders of phrases was completely lost. Owing to forced speed, there was no breath in the singers and no tone in the strings; and all that a first hearer could get was a succession of crude patches of orchestral colour with small suggestion in them of either line or shape.

I remember too, how, when I wished to repeat the pleasing experience of a performance of *Phæbus and Pan* under Mr. Julius Harrison, I went again to Covent Garden, to find enthroned another conductor who thought he could get more vivacity into Momus's song *Patron, Patron*, and more boisterous fun into Midas's *Pan ist Meister*, by taking both at much faster *tempi*. The only result of the higher speed was that both songs became long and tedious instead of crisp and short as before. Let me try and show why there is no paradox here, and why the performance that takes the shorter time seems longer in effect. Surely all undue accelerations are achieved at the expense of instrumental tone and timbre, of the clarity of decorative figures, and of the breaths and voices of singers. Composers must be supposed to choose their instruments and write their choral parts so as to get the best tone to be had at the given pace. In other words, speed, tone, and clarity all act and react upon each other. At forced speeds graceful or brilliant string passages may well degenerate into mere unmusical scratchings. In such cases your gay movement, losing the effect of its humorous or exhilarating figures, becomes not more 'jolly' but less so, and may indeed become ineffective to the point of tedium.

Conductors are usually tempted into 'speedings-up' by one or other of the following lures:

- (1.) The desire, as in the above case of *Phæbus and Pan*, to get more joviality or humour out of the music;
- (2.) There is the delusion, in the case of established classics, that their familiarity makes audiences the more ready to get quickly to the end.

Here let me say that it is a mistake to suppose that in the case of classical compositions of past centuries it is their duration that makes for impatience in the hearers. Modern audiences may be exacting towards performances of classical works; but it is not higher speeds that they want so much as higher standards of execution. The more familiar the style and matter of a composition the more does the audience demand of the executant. Speeding-up lowers the quality of the execution without giving anything (not even seemingly shorter duration) in its place. Those who had the luck, as I did, to hear Richard Strauss, in London, somewhere about 1912, conduct a performance of Mozart's *Jupiter* Symphony, will bear me out in the recollection that with *tempi* far more moderate than usual he got a reading in which almost every bar was a revelation. And how much too soon it was over!

- (3.) Then there is the desire (in *Scherzos* and the like) to get record speeds and so outdo competitors. (Have not some of us heard the *Scherzo* and *Trio* of Beethoven's ninth Symphony murdered that way?) Lastly, and basest of all, there is the managerial need to sacrifice the music—as, e.g., in the case of *Parsifal* in London two or three years ago—to the catching of late 'buses and suburban trains.

So far I have dealt only with objective considerations: let me mention others. Music, most jealous of mistresses, brooks neither competitors nor distractions. You cannot listen, certainly you cannot listen with appreciation, to fine music amid the babel of a social gathering crowded with acquaintances. Nor can a hungry man listen, nor a man who is anxious about a train to be caught. Good music must be supreme, or it is nothing. The moment that music ceases to be the one preoccupation of the hour, its magic vanishes with its lost supremacy. Conductors who aim at excessive speeds are doing the very thing that must deprive music of its ascendancy over our attention. How can you listen with attention to music of which its chief executant makes it seem his one desire to get to the end? Music played thus seems presented as unimportant. The performance of what sounds unimportant soon comes to sound perfunctory, the perfunctory soon degenerates into the trivial, and the end is that we lose interest and find the piece long because it has been made dull.

So it is that conductors who force speeds beyond what the character of the music will bear are in truth defeating their own chief objects.—Yours, &c., STUART OF WORTLEY.

7, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

February 15, 1922.

SIX-STOP ORGAN: UNIQUE SPECIFICATION

SIR,—I regret troubling you with this again, but noticing discrepancies in your February number, I thought if you agree it would be as well to correct the same. It should read:

Upper—GREAT

- | | | | | |
|--|-----|-----|-------|--------------|
| 1. Stopped flute | ... | ... | 4-ft. | } All Metal. |
| 2. Fifteenth | ... | ... | 4-ft. | |
| 3. Mixture (two ranks, 19th and 22nd bass; 12th and 17th treble) | ... | ... | | |

Lower—CHOIR

- | | | | | |
|---------------------|-----|-----|-------|-------------------|
| 4. Open diapason | ... | ... | 8-ft. | } All Wood (Oak). |
| 5. Stopped diapason | ... | ... | 8-ft. | |
| 6. Principal | ... | ... | 4-ft. | |

Yours, &c.,

R. H. GATES.

The Mindens, Paignton, S. Devon.

February 6, 1922.

'MUSIC IN LONDON'

SIR,—In your issue for January, 1922, you characterise an 'article' (interview) of mine in *Musical America*, on 'Music in London,' as 'ludicrously inaccurate.' In the course of the last twenty-five years I have made a number of visits to London in the summer—eight or ten, perhaps—and, being a professional singer, feel justified in asserting that I have some knowledge of what might be called 'normal' musical conditions at that season in London. This last summer I was in London for three-quarters of the period limited by my arrival and my departure—June 28 and August 3. You show that I was in error in implying that Sir Henry Wood's orchestra could never have been heard in July; but certainly there was no opera during July at either Covent Garden or Drury Lane; there was no orchestral music of a serious nature in any music-hall; there were no concerts by artists of high standing, if I may be permitted to except from this category one or two Albert Hall programmes of a popular shade. Am I too sweeping in these assertions? I think not. In the course of my visit I was able to locate and enjoy just two fine performances by English musicians—*The Beggar's Opera*, and a song-recital by Mr. John Coates in Chelsea Town Hall. Mr. Coates's programme was so wholly delightful that I borrowed a large part of it for my own programmes here. If there was anything comparable in merit with these two performances my detective qualities were surely at fault. If I thought there was any chance of your granting a request of mine, I should ask you to print or send me a list of last July's musical performances that escaped my notice.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS ROGERS.

144, East 62nd Street,
New York City.
January 15, 1922.

[Mr. Rogers has shifted his ground. In the interview he expressed the opinion that so far as music was concerned there was 'nothing doing' in London, and he seemed to base this view on the fact that there was no 'grand opera' season with 'star' performers. Now he wishes us to understand that his remarks applied to the few weeks at midsummer. Our complaint, like that of Mr. Sorabji quoted in our 'Occasional Note,' was called forth by the fact that Mr. Rogers made sweeping assertions on the general lack of musical life in London, with no better evidence than the experiences gained during a brief visit at the fag end of the season. Had he told his American readers that he happened to find London concert-givers packing up and going off for their holidays he would have been right. But his remarks certainly appeared to refer to the whole of 1921—a year during which, as we pointed out, London was visited by practically all the outstanding contemporary musicians, and made acquaintance with new works by all but a very few of the leading composers of to-day, many of whom conducted or took part in the performances.]

Mr. Rogers is unduly pessimistic as to the chance of our granting a request of his. On the contrary we gladly produce the lists he asks for. First, however, we may be allowed to point out that we never contended that there was feverish musical activity in London during July. Nevertheless, there were a few good concerts in the early part of the month. We do not know the exact dates of Mr. Rogers's arrival in London, so we will deal with the period he mentions—June 28 to August 3. We find that concerts and recitals were given by the following: John Coates, Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford, Dorothy Moulton (first performance of a batch of songs by Bax, with the composer at the pianoforte), Guild of Singers and Players, Gabrilowitsch, Boris Hambourg, Una Trueman, Louise Aussenac, Ticerti, the Chamber Music Players (a combination second to none), Patron's Fund (first performance of the Ballet from Holst's *The Perfect Fool*), Oriana Choir (a concert of a type unknown in New York, we believe: so much the worse for New York), and the League of Arts (Purcell's *Mask of Proclesian* in Hyde Park, under the greenwood tree). There were also a performance of the same work by a company got together and directed by Gustav Holst, a six days' Festival of the English Folk-Dance Society (a prominent feature of which was some delightful singing by the Oriana Choir, the Northern

Singers, Miss Gwenn Frangcon Davies, and Clive Carey), a performance of Holst's Opera *Savitri*; a week of 'opera intime' given by Rosing (June 25-July 2); and the Russian Ballet at the Princes Theatre (Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, *Pulcinella*, *Firebird*, and *Enchanted Princess*, and the rest of the repertory), with fine playing under Ansermet of orchestral interludes by Stravinsky, Prokofief, Goossens, Berners, Bliss, Bax, Quilter, Ravel, and overtures and extracts from Russian Opera. We could add a good deal to the above list, but we think it better to mention only concerts given by well-known performers, though it may well be that some of the remainder were quite as enjoyable. We think Mr. Rogers must admit that although he came at the beginning of the 'off' season there were still a fair number of concerts worth his attention. And their discovery called for no 'detective quality.' They were well advertised in the chief daily papers, and, had Mr. Rogers glanced at our weekly contemporary, the *Musical News* and *Herald*, he would have seen plainly set forth, so that he who read might run to the booking-office, a complete list of the concerts for the ensuing seven days, with full particulars, including the titles of the chief works down for performance.

Finally, we may revert to the point made by Mr. Sorabji in the letter we quoted. So called 'grand' opera was never a reliable test of the musical life of this country, especially during the past few years, when this most expensive form of music has suffered from the post-war hard-uppishness of the class most willing to support it. Happily, these financial difficulties appear to have benefited the art by increasing the number of chamber music concerts and other performances calling for a modest number of performers. The best concerts of this type are musically more important than many a 'grand' opera whose main interest is centred in the vocal fireworks of a puffed-up and over-paid prima donna.—Ed., M.T.]

THE MUSIC OF DAME ETHEL SMYTH

SIR,—Ever since my Memoirs were published I have been in the habit of receiving letters from all parts of the country, even America, expressing a wish that my readers could hear some of my music. An article recently published in the *Daily Mail* has brought me too many such letters to answer personally; but may I suggest to these kind sympathisers (especially to women concert-goers) that it would be a good plan to express their wishes to the conductors and committees of their local orchestras and choral societies? For in nine cases out of ten it is merely that one gets forgotten in the crowd of male composers.

I may add that the London and Continental Music Publishing Company, 40, Great Marlborough Street, London, W., has a timed catalogue of all my concert works, and, together with Messrs. Novello, hold most of my music, either on hire or for sale.—Yours, &c.,

Woking.

January, 1922.

ETHEL SMYTH

(D.B.E., Mus. Doc.).

THE WRONG COPY WAS SENT FOR REVIEW

SIR,—I have much sympathy with your reviewer when he says in your February issue that my valse *Moods* has 'a little too much repetition.' In fact he puts it very mildly. I therefore feel that I must explain that this repetition is caused by the fact that in the pianoforte solo edition I was compelled, in the interests of simplicity for the home-pianist, unmercifully to lop off all kinds of fresh counterpoint and to substitute therefor bald restatements of what had gone before. The valse appears as I wrote it in the 'piano-conductor' copy, and it was specially arranged that only the latter should be sent out for review. Unfortunately, however, through somebody's blunder, this has not been kept to, with the result that my poor effort in the 'popular style' is being given an extra handicap even beyond its true deserts.—Yours, &c.,

GERRARD WILLIAMS.

February, 1922.

'JERUSALEM MY HAPPY HOME'

SIR,—Hymns and their tunes seem to have an extraordinary fascination for English people, and at the time of writing (January 20) a correspondence is still proceeding in *The Times Literary Supplement* as to the original tune of this well-known hymn. It has brought to light some interesting facts about both hymn and tune into which I need not enter, but since *The Times Literary Supplement* does not use music-type, many readers have been left unsatisfied on the one point that matters to them, viz., What sort of a tune is it that is under discussion? My name was several times drawn into the correspondence, with the result that I had numerous inquiries as to the nature of the music. May I therefore satisfy further inquirers through the hospitality of your columns?

With regard to the hymn itself, Julian was unable to identify the author, and merely headed the hymn 'A Song made by F. B. P.' Mr. Joseph Gillow (Publications of the Catholic Record Society, vol. xvi., pp. 421-2) was able to show that the initials should be 'J. B. P.' i.e., John Brerely Priest, one of the pseudonyms of the Rev. Laurence Anderton, S.J. (1574 to 1643), whose identity with Brerely Mr. Gillow also establishes.

In 1918 Miss E. M. Brougham published *Corn from Olde Fieldes*, a fascinating anthology of poems from the 14th to the 17th centuries, and included the hymn in its usual form of twenty-six verses (the original has fifty-nine). But the interesting thing about her book is that the frontispiece reproduces in facsimile the page from British Museum Add. MSS. 38,599 which contains the hymn. The MS. is 'the commonplace book of the Shann family of Methley, Co. York, chiefly written by Richard Shann (1591-1627)'. The page in question is headed 'The Querister's Song of Yorke in praise of Heaven'; this is followed by a line of music, to which is prefixed 'this is the tune'; then follow the words.

In 1919 Mr. J. Britten (who opened the correspondence in *The Times Literary Supplement*) copied this tune, and sent it to me for identification. I had to reply that it was unknown to me, and looked more like a bass part than a melody. I have since shown it to a number of musicians, and with only one exception they incline to the belief that it is a bass and not a melody. Here is the 'tune':



The deeper we dive into 16th century music the less dogmatic are we inclined to become. I am not prepared to assert that the 'tune' must be a bass part, but I have attempted a conjectural reconstruction of the music (in 16th century style) on that assumption, and leave the result with your readers:

THE QUERISTER'S SONG OF YORKE

Treated as a bass C.F.

(Treble, Alto, and Tenor parts supplied by R. R. T.)

2

N.B.—(1) The above reconstruction contains more passing-notes than would be found in the old psalters—Ravenscroft, Day, &c.
(2) The fifths in bars 2 and 3 are characteristic of the period: fifths and octaves were always 'saved' by the intervention of a passing-note or a rest.

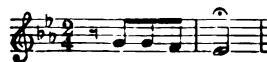
There is this further probability in favour of my assumption that Richard Shann has not given us the real melody: (1) 16th century psalm-tunes (like other part-music) had their several parts written in different books; (2) The melodies of these psalm-tunes were almost invariably sung by the tenor; (3) The part-books were not always labelled with the name of the voice they represented; (4) In the present day a tenor clef implies music for a tenor voice; in the 16th century the clef had little relation to the voice; tenor parts constantly bore an alto clef, and bass parts were just as often as not written with a tenor clef (i.e., if their range were high). The rule was to employ (irrespective of the voice) whatever clef involved the least use of ledger lines.

It is just possible that Richard Shann—knowing that psalm-tune melodies were always to be looked for in the tenor part, and seeing an unlabelled part-book bearing a tenor clef—was hastily misled into thinking that this was the part-book of the tenor voice. Such hurried or superficial examination of part-books is not unknown in later times. Some years ago I scored a Mass from a set of part-books from which the tenor one was missing. In another library was 'A Tenor Part-book' with the same Mass in its list of contents. Overjoyed at this discovery of the missing tenor, I visited the library in question, only to find that the 'missing tenor' was nothing more than the first bass part (which I already possessed) written in the tenor clef. If modern librarians can make the mistake of labelling bass part-books as 'tenor' ones, merely because they bear a tenor clef, it is not outside the bounds of possibility that Richard Shann might have fallen into the same error, and got hold of the bass part-book instead of the tenor one. But again I disclaim any intention of dogmatizing. I merely put forward a theory, and am open to correction.—Yours, &c.,

R. R. TERRY.

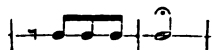
'SIMPLICITY VERSUS INSIGNIFICANCE'

SIR,—I note that in your February issue the writer of your 'Occasional Notes' is inclined to dispute Mr. Scholes's contention that 'had the theme [of Beethoven's fifth Symphony, first movement] been changed to:



it would have been so weakened that even Beethoven could have made nothing great out of it.' The strange thing, however, is that apparently neither of these gentlemen has noticed that the theme *has* been changed to precisely what Mr. Scholes suggests—by Beethoven himself, in bars 14, 15.

The actual fact, it seems to me, is that the essential theme of the movement does not lie either in the exact notes as written by Beethoven in the first two bars, or in the suggested alteration of Mr. Scholes; or in any possible modification as regards pitch. It subsists in the underlying *rhythmic* theme, and is best represented by



without pitch. I agree with Mr. Scholes, however, that if the opening had been altered as he suggests (so as to make it as quoted above), the movement would have been almost immeasurably weakened.—Yours, &c.,

Worthing.

A. R. C.

February 7, 1922.

THE FEDERATION OF BRITISH MUSIC INDUSTRIES

SIR,—I have, not for the first time, to express my thanks to you for your kind reference in the February number of the *Musical Times* to the propaganda work of this Federation.

One of the main objects of the Federation is to effect a more complete union than has hitherto existed between the art and the craft sides of music; and to this end it would be a good thing if your readers would realise what the Federation is doing for the professional musician.

The three main objects of the Federation's propaganda work are to get music recognised in the Press of the country; to establish its claims to a recognised position in education; and to get it taken up more and more widely by employers of labour and others interested in welfare work.

The exact value of newspaper propaganda is hard to determine, but in the last twelve months we have got our articles accepted by more than fifty newspapers; and it would appear obvious that the more music is talked about, the more people will get interested in it, and a percentage at least (we hope a large percentage) of those whose interest is thus awakened will take up the study of music in one form or another.

This last result has been attained in several cases as the direct result of our Music in Industry campaign. Here we endeavour to induce employers to form choirs, bands, or orchestras among their employees. Many employers have followed our lead, and the choirs or other organizations that they have formed are being trained by local musicians. It has also been found that in very many instances employees who have joined a choir or similar body have got so interested that they have immediately begun private lessons with one or other of the local musicians available.

In our Education campaign we have actually induced sundry local Education Authorities to appoint a musical adviser; and, quite apart from that, we have achieved less tangible but no less important results in proving through our lecturers how music may be made a fascinating and inexpensive ingredient in school curricula. There are many other ways in which the Federation can and does help professional musicians. Some of these are set forth in a booklet, *Making the Most of Music*, which any musician who has not yet received it can obtain on application to these offices.

I should be glad if you could spare me a little more space to put forward the other side of the case, *i.e.*, how the professional musician can help the Federation. It is not hard to understand that it is difficult to find subjects for weekly articles which can be treated in a popular and non-technical manner, at the same time being kept free from direct propaganda of any sort or description. I personally should be very grateful for any suggestion which any of your readers would kindly send me, stipulating only that in no case can I deal with a suggestion which boosts a particular individual. For instance, I could not deal with a new system of sight-reading any more than I could advertise the merits of such a thing as the new duplex pianoforte.

Whatever the articles may be, they must not be advertisements. Secondly, the Press of the country is full of false or misleading statements about the Music Industries—statements which are often calculated to exalt foreign at the expense of British musical instruments. If any of your readers, meeting with such statements in the columns of their local papers, would forward them instantly to the Federation, steps would immediately be taken to contradict them to the benefit of the music trades and also to the benefit of the profession, whose interests are practically identical with those of the Music Industries.

Apologising for trespassing at such length on your valuable space.—Yours, &c.,

H. B. DICKIN.

The Federation of British Music Industries,

117-123, Great Portland Street, W. 1.

February 7, 1922.

FATHER HOWE

SIR,—Some of your readers may care to have a few additional particulars concerning the Howe family which have only lately come to my notice. I extract them from the article on 'The Organs at St. Stephen's Walbrook' in the January issue of *The Organ*, but give them in abbreviated form.

Father Howe was churchwarden of St. Stephen's in 1535-36, an office held by his father (also an organ-builder) in 1519 and by his one-time partner, John Clymhoo, in 1534-35. His residence, distinguished by 'the sign of the Organe Pype,' was bought by the parish in 1551, but he continued to rent it till his decease in 1571. His widow, whose name was Ann, kept the house on till she, too, died. That was in 1585. Both Howe and his wife were generously treated by the parish during their declining years, when, through no fault of their own, but through the almost entire disease of Church organs, the old man's business was ruined and his circumstances considerably reduced. To the very end they were treated with the courtesy and consideration due to a family of repute and long-standing.

Amongst the many references to work done by Howe—too numerous to be quoted here—are several which speak of his membership of the Skinners' Company.—Yours, &c.,

January 23, 1922.

ANDREW FREEMAN.

THE DEARTH OF ACCOMPANISTS

SIR,—They say a good accompanist is born and not made. In modern songs and chamber music the pianist often gets the lion's share of the work, but does he get a corresponding share of the credit or the fee? Oh dear, no. He gets more kicks than ha'pence, and if anything goes wrong he is the first to be blamed. Sometimes he is not even mentioned in a concert notice! He is taken for granted.

Some few years ago Miss Kathleen Peck and I sought to draw attention to this anomaly by giving a 'Song and Accompaniment' recital in London. In this case I chose the songs and played the whole programme of about twenty numbers by heart—a feat of memory that surely is not common—and yet not a single critic (and there were many present) noticed it or thought it worth recording!—Yours, &c.,

JOHN IVIMEY.

We are asked to state that the rehearsals of the Philharmonic Choir are now open to visitors on payment of 7s. 6d. for the season, which sum entitles them to become honorary members. Choirmasters, singers, and others should make the most of this opportunity for hearing fine music, and of gaining valuable instruction in voice-production, interpretation, &c. The rehearsals are held at the Guildhouse, Belgrave Road, Eccleston Square, on Wednesdays, from 5.45 to 7.45 p.m. The nearest station is Victoria. The hon. secretary is Miss R. Philpott, 8, Hatherley Grove, W.2.

A programme of works by Mr. J. Gerrard Williams will be given at Æolian Hall on March 27 by Miss Phyllis Carey-Foster (oprano), Mr. Osmond Davis (tenor), and Mrs. Norman O'Neill (pianoforte).

Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times* of March, 1862:

PHILHARMONIC ROOMS, NEWMAN STREET.—A concert was given at these rooms on February 5, by Mlle. Renée Holbut, who is both a pianist and vocalist. In the former capacity she played Thalberg's *Home, sweet home*; her experiments in the latter were confined to simplicities of the ballad school. . . . A horn band of some rifle regiment was unfortunately let into the room, and contrived to make a most distressing noise.

WANTED, a Young Lady, with good Soprano Voice, who is capable of leading choruses, to take the charge of children, and to make herself generally useful.—Apply to W. H. Birch, Professor of Music, Caversham, Reading.

THOMAS CROGER'S NEW PATENT IMPROVED ÆOLIAN HARP

Will produce music in the garden, conservatory, summer-house, on the balcony or window ledge of the nursery, or on board any vessel on the water, or on the branches of a tree, &c., without a performer. It merely requires placing on a table or stand, or laying across the branches of a tree, or it may be suspended from one, or from any convenient place. It does not signify whether it is placed perpendicular, horizontal, or diagonally; the object is to cause the draught to pass through where the strings are, which will set them in vibration, and bring forth the most melodious sounds ever heard. At a distance the tones are truly delightful; and what renders it so amusing is, that anyone not being aware of its position cannot trace from whence it proceeds; the effect is so peculiar, it seems to be in every direction at once. All persons are sure to be surprised and delighted at the romantic effect; it may be used by anyone totally unacquainted with music; and will produce an endless source of amusement by its various sounds. Full instruction is attached to each one in such a way that it cannot be damaged or removed. Prices 14s., 16s., 18s., 20s., 22s., 24s., 28s., 32s., and 36s., according to the number of strings and finish.

Sharps and Flats

Nothing could be more dangerous to the true understanding and enjoyment of *Don Quixote* than any idea that the value of the music ended with its detailed explanation. The programme is the beginning, not the end, of programme music. Its use is to quicken the musical imagination of the composer, and to guide to some beginnings of perception the imagination of the listener.—*Samuel Langford*.

These East-Enders enjoy, too, a privilege that ordinary concert-goers never get: the works are analysed for them before the performance by Mr. Boulton with as little technicality as possible, and the leading themes, instead of being printed in a programme, are played over by the band. I wish we could have some arrangement of this sort in the West End when new works are produced.—*Ernest Newman*.

Beauty is ultimately the only thing of value.—*C. H. R. Newinson*.

I get cloyed with pure beauty.—*Percy A. Scholes*.

The value of the æsthetic state, which it is the most evolved function of art to produce, is to make us realise, not merely understand, in terms of abstract concepts.—*Leigh Henry*.

I have studied music all my life . . . and I am always willing to learn. . . . Would Mr. A. Corbett-Smith take pity on my ignorance and mention the name of a British violinist whose genius is within a hundred miles of Kreisler's, and of a composer whose genius is within a hundred miles of Strauss's?—*Frederick A. Romyn*.

We have not the pleasure of Mr. Romyn's acquaintance, but we surmise from his phrases that, if not elderly, he is at least old enough for his most impressionable years to have

been steeped in the once-prevailing superstition that all good music came from Germany. He has not even the caution of that rural centenarian who, when asked whether he had lived all his life in his native village, replied, 'Not yet.'—*Edwin Evans*.

We must have an entirely new art for the cinema.—*M. Diaghileff*.

Those damned films.—*Arthur Bliss*.

Chamber Music for Amateurs

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur chamber musicians who wish to get into touch with other players.

[This department has now grown to such an extent that it occupies more space than can conveniently be spared. In future, therefore, announcements will be inserted twice, instead of three times as hitherto. Although the column was started for the benefit of string quartet and similar chamber music combinations, it has gradually developed into an exchange for amateur musicians of other kinds. We do not regret this, believing as we do that the cause of music cannot be better served than by bringing amateurs together for the mutual study and enjoyment of music; and after all, such combinations as voice and pianoforte, or vocal quartet, belong to the chamber music family, though the conventional use of the term has become narrowed down to a few instrumental groups. We are sorry to have to emphasise the fact that the department is for the use of *amateurs only*. One or two cases have occurred in which professionals have tried to obtain engagements through its agency. Two other points: (a) As the *Musical Times* willingly bears the small cost of forwarding letters, readers are asked to refrain from sending stamps in advance; (b) Correspondence referring to the column should be addressed to the Editor, not to the Advertisement Manager or to the Publishers.

We take this opportunity for expressing our pleasure that, judging from the numerous letters of thanks we receive, the column has been of service to a large number of amateur musicians.—ED., *M. T.*]

South Hampstead and St. John's Wood, N.W. There are vacancies for good amateur instrumentalists in the Amateur Orchestral Society. Meetings on Thursday evenings in the Lecture Hall of the New College Chapel, Adelaide Road entrance. Low fees. Music provided.—Apply, WATSON HARDING, 6A, Upper Park Road, N.W. 3.

Accompanist (lady) will give services to a teacher or choral society for (say) two evenings a week in return for use of room (preferably in West End) for pianoforte practice twice weekly. Afternoons or evenings.—*M. B., c/o Musical Times*.

Orchestra (Stockwell Philharmonic Society). There are vacancies for good string and wood-wind players.—Write, Hon.-Secretary, 153, Clapham Road, S.W.9.

A lady (amateur vocalist) would like a good accompanist for practice one or two evenings a week, and offers instruction in singing in exchange. Moseley or Edgbaston district preferred.—141, Stratford Road, Birmingham.

Vacancies for players of violin, viola, violoncello, and clarinet, in good orchestra. Practice room near Oxford Street.—CONDUCTOR, 15, Eleanor Road, E.15.

Violinist desires to join quartet or trio for practice of classical and modern chamber music. Manchester district.—Apply, 'GAMMA,' c/o *Musical Times*.

Gentleman, tenor vocalist, well-trained amateur, desires to meet a good pianist for mutual practice. Fond of the classics.—D. G. T., 83, Uplands Road, N.8.

Amateur instrumentalists, all parts, required in the formation of an orchestra at St. Philip's Church, Kennington Road, S.E., in connection with monthly recitals and service accompaniments. Fine modern organ.—F. A. EUSTACE, 42, Dawnay Road, Wandsworth, S.W.18.

Young enthusiast in chamber-ballet would like to hear from others interested in order to form party. Croydon and South London.—C. B., *c/o Musical Times*.

South London Philharmonic Society.—There are vacancies in the orchestral section for violas, wood-wind, and brass players. Rehearsals, Friday evenings, at Lewisham. Works under rehearsal, *Spectre's Bride* (Dvorák), fifth Symphony (Beethoven), &c. Conductor, William H. Kerridge.—Apply, JOHN W. WATERER, 19, Adelaide Road, Brockley, S.E. 4.

Wanted.—North London Amateur wind and string players to collaborate in introducing good orchestral music at monthly services at an Islington Free Church. Alternate services are devoted to a specific composer (February—Haydn), whose life and works were appropriately discussed from pulpit. Rehearsals on Thursdays.—Write, WILL F. JAHNOW, Unity Orchestra, Unity Church, Upper Street, N. 1.

Tenor and baritone required to join really good alto and bass to complete male quartet. Objects: The mutual study, enjoyment, and performance of the best vocal quartet works. Only enthusiasts for this type of music need apply. West London district.—E. H., *c/o Musical Times*.

Amateur string quartet would like to meet tenor vocalist in order to study Vaughan Williams's *Wenlock Edge* and similar works for voice and strings.—'KEEN,' *c/o Musical Times*.

Two ladies, violoncellist and pianist, would be glad to meet violinist, for trio practice, classical and modern.—Mrs. MATHEWS, 21, Ladbroke Gardens, 3, Ladbroke Court, W. 11., where practices would take place.

Mezzo-soprano wishes to join party or meet accompanist for mutual study.—M. A. A., *c/o Musical Times*.

Viola player (gentleman) wishes to join string quartet, meeting preferably in S.E. London district.—A. J., *c/o Musical Times*.

Gentleman flautist, pianist, theorist, would like to meet accomplished pianist (either sex) who would be interested in the mutual study of works for flute and pianoforte, sonatas, concertos, &c., from Bach to modern times.—J. T., 46, Manor Park, Lee, S.E. 13.

Young gentleman, experienced, would like to join good male-voice quartet or small concert party requiring a 2nd bass; Kensington district preferred.—Write, H. S. H., *c/o Musical Times*.

Young pianist (gentleman) wishes to meet a young tenor or soprano for mutual morning practice. S.W. or W. districts preferred.—H. J. T., 1a, Adeney Road, Hammersmith, W. 6.

Bass, who is in London alternate week-ends, would give services to Church choir. Also would like to hear of accompanist for mutual practice. West London.—B. A. S. S., *c/o Musical Times*.

Pianist (lady) wishes to practise oratorios and songs of Tchaikovsky, Schubert, &c., with first-class baritone.—Write, T. J., *c/o Hadson*, 238, Brixton Road, S.W. 9.

Gentleman (23), with well-trained tenor voice, desires to meet a pianist for mutual practice, for two or three evenings a week. London, S.W. district.—H. G., *c/o Musical Times*.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

An interesting recital of organ music was given at the Duke's Hall on January 30. The programme included works by Bach, Rheinberger, Widor, Franck, Elgar, and Baintow. Among the most noteworthy of many excellent performances may be mentioned Bach's Toccata in F (Mr. William Veitch), the first movement of Widor's fifth Symphony (Mr. Bertram Orsman), and Baintow's *Pange Lingua* (Mr. Malcolm Boyle). In addition to the organ music the programme also included the first movement of Bach's Concerto in E for violin (Miss Norah Stevenson), two MSS. songs by Dorothy Hogben (Mr. Roy G. Henderson), and Basser's *Pièce de Concert* for harp (Miss Florence Edgcombe).

A course of four historical lectures has been given by Dr. H. W. Richards on Wednesday afternoons. The special composers whose lives and works were dealt with were Mendelssohn (the R.A.M. Choir singing the 42nd Psalm),

Schumann (songs by Mr. Howard Fry and the Pianoforte Quintet led by Miss Chester, pianoforte Mr. Russell Chester), Chopin (illustrations by Miss Humby), and Liszt (with illustrations by Miss MacEwan and Mr. Reginald Paul).

The annual meeting of the R.A.M. Club was held on Saturday evening, January 28. As the Club will take an important part in the forthcoming Centenary celebrations it was unanimously decided to re-elect Dr. H. W. Richards as president for a second year, and a special resolution enabling the Club to adopt this exceptional course was proposed and carried. The largely increased membership and the great success which has attended the gatherings of the past year have placed the Club in an exceptionally strong position. The first musical and social meeting of the Club for the present year was held on Saturday evening, February 11, and was probably one of the most brilliantly successful meetings which the Club has ever held, the Duke's Hall being crowded to its fullest extent. The programme was of exceptional interest and excellence. The first part included a delightful performance of Beethoven's Sonata in A major for violin and pianoforte, by M. Thibaut and Mr. Harold Craxton, and a dramatic presentation of the last scene of *Coriolanus* by Dame Genevieve Ward, who also very kindly contributed some recitations after the interval. It is possible that the most memorable performance of the evening was that of the César Franck Violin and Pianoforte Sonata, the refined and musicianly interpretation of which, given by M. Thibaut and Mr. Craxton, will live long in the memory of all present. The enthusiastic ovation which they received at the close was a well-deserved tribute to these great artists. The president, Dr. Richards, in a few well-chosen words, thanked on behalf of the members those who had contributed to the programme, and said it was the desire of the committee to make the meetings of the Centenary year specially notable, and he felt it would be difficult to improve upon the present one.

The Emma Levy Scholarship (pianoforte) has been awarded to Sara Krein, Macia G. Goldberg being highly commended. The adjudicators were Messrs. Oscar Beringer, Frederick Corder, and Sir A. C. Mackenzie (chairman).

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The alternate professors' and students' concerts continue to hold the attention of the outside public as well as of the students themselves, in spite of the inconvenience caused by the external and internal alterations to the fabric—alterations that will eventually provide for the College an imposing structure corresponding to the important world-wide position that it holds to-day.

Thirty-one Exhibitions, valued at from three to nine guineas each, have just been awarded on the results of the College Local Examinations in instrumental and vocal music, and in elocution and the theory of music, held in the British Isles during the past year. These Exhibitions provide for the further musical education of the successful candidates for twelve months, under the teachers who have helped them to achieve their outstanding efficiency.

In connection with these local examinations, emphasis was recently laid on their real value as a guide and test from the teachers' point of view, to which Dr. Creser on his return from a tour of India and the Malay Straits (where the College examinations are accorded State recognition) now adds the testimony that 'there are young ladies in India who have passed our [Trinity College] examinations, who play the music of the great masters with intelligence and brilliance'—a condition contrasting remarkably with that obtaining on his first visit there in 1898, when there were nothing but the lower (elementary) grades to examine.

Successful distributions of certificates were held at the Southend and Croydon centres, when Sir Frederick Bridge attended on behalf of the College; also at Brixton, St. Ives, and Ryde centres, with Dr. E. F. Horner acting as the College representative.

Mr. Alick Maclean's *The Annunciation*, recently performed at Bolton, is also to be given at Sunderland and Sheffield during March.

EARLY CHARTERS OF INCORPORATION GRANTED TO MUSICIANS

BY MURIEL SILBURN

The interest displayed at the present time in the question of the Registration of Music Teachers suggests a certain appositeness in the subject of Musicians' Charters: a subject which divides itself naturally into two divisions, viz., Charters of Minstrelsy, which had only a local significance, and Royal Charters, which incorporated with few exceptions the musicians of the entire kingdom. (It is evident that the term 'minstrel' in its later meaning was equivalent to 'musician,' but that word now being capable of so wide a construction, it would be advisable to consider the original term of 'minstrel' as indicating the artist or executant of modern phrase.)

One of the earliest records of a body of musicians forming a corporation and enjoying special privileges is found in that of the Cheshire Minstrels, an association possessed of great interest for the historian owing to the fact that, in almost all the laws affecting musicians passed since the foundation of the Cheshire Minstrels, their rights have been acknowledged and supported by special exemption. Their incorporation dates from King John's reign, and the laws in which their rights are acknowledged by exemption embrace charters and statutes enacted in the reigns of Edward IV., Elizabeth, James I., Charles I. and II., and George II. A corporate body of musicians whose existence covers a period of six hundred years furnishes an excellent example of Charters of Minstrelsy. A history of the origin of the Cheshire Minstrels may be found in Hawkins's *History of Music*. A more detailed account was published in the *Musical Gazette* for June, 1819, from which the following passage is taken:

'During the sanguinary feuds on the Welsh Borders, which succeeded the Conquest and which continued during more than two centuries, Randle Blundeville, the celebrated Earl Palatine of Chester, 1181, and founder of the then impregnable castle of Beeston, was besieged in the castle of Rhuddlan by a numerous army of Cambro-Britons. He immediately despatched a messenger to his constable, Roger Lacy, Baron of Halton, who in the exigency of the moment, assembled at Chester—it being the time of the fair—a great body of idle and dissolute persons, including all the fiddlers, minstrels, and players then present. . . . With these he marched to the Earl's relief. The appearance of this motley multitude operated so strong on the Welsh that they fled in all directions, and Randle returned to his capital in triumph. As a reward for the signal service thus rendered, the Earl gave to Roger Lacy "power over all the fiddlers and shoemakers in Cheshire." The Constable, however, presented his steward, Piers Dutton, with the authority over all the fiddlers and players, reserving to himself only the right over the shoemakers.'

The *Musical Gazette* article proceeds to mention an occasion upon which the minstrels of Chester officiated at the marriage of two daughters of Sir Piers Gaveston, but unfortunately gives no date, stating only that the ceremony took place on June 24. The writer next describes the minstrels' court held annually at Chester, on St. John's Day, by the heir or Lord of Dutton, or his steward:

'A banner, emblazoned with the Dutton arms, was hung out of the window of the inn where the court was held, and a drummer proclaimed in the streets the important sitting, summoning all persons concerned to appear in the court. At eleven o'clock a procession was formed, and moved from the inn as follows:

A Band of Music.

Two Trumpeters.

Licensed Musicians, with their white napkins across their shoulders.

The Banner, borne by one of the principal Musicians.

The Steward.

A Tabarder (with the Dutton Arms).

The Lord or Heir of Dutton, attended by the Gentry of the City and County.'

Then follows the proclamation heralded by the usual 'Oyez! Oyez!' after which the procession proceeds to St. John's Church, 'on entering the chancel of which, on notice from the Steward, the musicians played several pieces of sacred music *upon their knees*.' Another proclamation followed, then a feast, and in the afternoon the work and duties of the court were executed. These appear to have been to hear the Steward's charge, and to report unlicensed musicians, and any treason against the King or the Lords of Dutton. The musicians were then sworn, and licenses were issued to 'such as were adjudged worthy, empowering them to play for one year.' A lengthy proclamation is quoted in the *Musical Gazette*, taken from the Tabley MSS., but again no date is given; the document is merely pronounced to be 'very ancient.' It appears that the rights of the Lords of Dutton had descended through marriage to Viscount Kilmurrie, this document being simply a mandamus for the musicians to appear and play before the said Robert Viscount Kilmurrie, under the dire threat:

'This omit you nott, as you will at yo'r p'ills aboyde the displeasure of the aforesaid Robert Viscount Kilmurrie, the rebuke of the court's forfeiture of your instruments and imprisonment of your bodies.'

'The last court [we are told] was held in 1756, R. Lauls, Esq., being then Lord of Dutton, and possessing the advowry of the minstrels by purchase, previous to which they were not held annually, as had been their custom, but every two or three years. The fee for a license was half-a-crown; but it does not appear that much attention was paid to the mandate of the Lord of Dutton, for in 1754 only twenty-one licenses were granted.'

The writer goes into considerable detail with regard to Mr. Lauls's charge to the Minstrels in 1756, in which he insists that:

'... none shall exercise the employment of a musician *for gain* without a license from him or his steward . . . and if you know or are particularly informed of such, you are to present them to this court that they may be proceeded against and punished according to law, which the lord and steward thereof are determined to do with the utmost severity.'

Allusion having been made to the exemption which the Cheshire Minstrels enjoyed in all laws and charters made since their foundation, before leaving this subject the proviso in favour of these minstrels from the Statute 17, George II., cap. 5, may be quoted:

'Provided always that this Act, or anything therein contained, or any authority thereby given, shall not in any wise extend to disinherit, prejudice, or hinder the heirs or assigns of John Dutton of Dutton, late of the County of Chester, esquire, for touching, or concerning the liberty, privilege, pre-eminence or authority, jurisdiction or inheritance, which they, their heirs and assigns, now lawfully use, or have, or lawfully may or ought to use, within the County Palatine of Chester and County of Chester, or either of them, by reason of any ancient charters of any Kings of this land, or by reason of any prescription or lawful usage or title whatsoever.'

(To be continued.)

Music in the Provinces

BARNSTABLE.—The Parish Church Choir gave Dr. H. J. Edwards's *The Epiphany* on January 19, with the composer (who is organist of the church) at the organ, and Mr. Sydney Harper conducting.

BIRMINGHAM.—Elgar's Violin Concerto (with Mr. Alexander Cohen as soloist), Ireland's *The Forgotten Rite*, Stravinsky's *Fireworks*, Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade*, and Ravel's *Mother Goose* ('slightly decapitated')—these were all in one programme of the City Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Eugène Goossens in January.—The same Orchestra supported the Festival Choral Society in *Elijah* on January 21, Mr. Blackall conducting.—On January 28 the Choral Union had an easy-going evening with *Merrie England*.—Recitals have been given by Mr. Leslie Bennett in modern songs, backed by Mr. Paul Beard and Mr. Michael Mullinar in Ireland's A minor Violin Sonata; M. Arthur de Greef, with Mr. Arthur Cranmer (vocalist); Miss Margery Strömberg and Miss Ida Clement on two pianofortes, with Mr. Geoffrey Dams adding songs and Miss Grace O'Brien in pianoforte solos.

BLACKBURN.—Holst's *Choral Hymns from the Rig Veda* (Op. 26) were sung on February 6, by the Blackburn Ladies' Choir, for whom they were originally written. Mr. F. Duckworth conducted.

BOLTON.—Mr. Alick Maclean's Cantata *The Annunciation* made a strong impression when performed by the Bolton Choral Union on February 1. An excellent performance was given under Mr. Thomas Booth. The Hallé Orchestra assisted, and the solo parts were taken by Miss Caroline Hatchard, Miss Rachel Hunt, Mr. John Booth, and Mr. William Hayle.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Miss Evelyn Hunter played Holbrooke's Violin Concerto in F at one of the Winter Gardens concerts in January. It is more than usually pleasing for music from Mr. Holbrooke's pen. Glazounov's sixth Symphony was in the same programme.

BRADFORD.—Mr. Julius Harrison conducted the Bradford Permanent Orchestra in Franck's *Symphonic Variations* (with Mr. Maurice Cole as pianist) and Elgar's second *Wand of Youth* Suite on January 21.—The Bohemian Quartet played on January 27 at the second subscription chamber concert.—The opera season is dealt with in another column.

BRISTOL.—At the reunion of the Bristol Folk Festival school on January 21, Miss Ursula Greville gave a recital of modern British songs, accompanied by Mr. Percival Garratt.—At the Philharmonic Society's concert on February 11 British music was well-represented by Holst's *The Planets*, conducted by the composer, and Gerrard Williams's *Pot-Pourri*, under Mr. Barter, the Society's conductor.

CHATHAM.—Liszt's *Les Préludes* was recently introduced to the neighbourhood by the Royal Marines band.—Mr. John Coates has given recitals of British songs from Purcell to the moderns.—On January 31, at the Town Hall, the Gillingham String Quartet gave its first concert, and played with encouraging ability in Schubert's Quartet (Op. 29) and Schumann's E flat Pianoforte Quintet (with Mr. W. Petchey). Miss Elsie Dudding, leader of the Quartet, gave violin solos.—Mr. Mark Hambourg played an eclectic pianoforte programme on February 2.

DUBLIN.—The Mater Concert Committee has now given fifty of its Sunday afternoon concerts. The standard has remained high, and for this the chief credit is due to Mr. Vincent O'Brien and his orchestra. On January 29 the programme was Italian, and Mr. Lauritz Melchior and Signor Finzi the vocal exponents. Miss Molly Keegan and Mr. Mostyn Thomas sang on February 5; and on the following Sunday, Miss Lena Munro and Mr. Jackson Potter.—Chamber music has been well represented. The Royal Dublin Society offered the Brodsky Quartet, on January 23, in Mozart, Brahms, and Beethoven; and the Catterall Quartet a fortnight later in

Mozart, Schubert, and Debussy. A new series of Thursday chamber concerts, in aid of charity, was opened at Engineers' Hall on February 2, the players being Mr. Arthur Darley, Miss T. O'Connor, Mr. George Brett, and Mr. Joseph Schofield.

DUNDER.—The Amateur Choral Union sang *The Song of Hiawatha* on February 8, before a large audience, with the assistance of the Scottish Orchestra. Mr. Charles M. Cowe conducted.

EDINBURGH.—The R.A. String Band gave the first of two concerts at Usher Hall on January 22, and played Fould's *Keltic Suite* under Lieut. E. C. Stretton.—The Paterson Concerts provided a Tchaikovsky programme under Sir Landon Ronald on January 23 and a Wagner programme on January 30, under Mr. Julius Harrison. The season of these concerts closed on February 6, when Sir Landon Ronald conducted the C minor Symphony and the Bach-Elgar Fugue, and Mr. Philip Halstead and Mr. John Petrie Dunn played a C major double Pianoforte Concerto of Bach.—The first Reid Concert of the season was given at Usher Hall on February 4. Prof. D. F. Tovey conducted the Reid Orchestra in Schumann's D minor Symphony, and Mr. Leonard Borwick played the Brahms B flat minor Pianoforte Concerto.—The third of Mr. Mossel's series, on January 21, was a recital by M. Moiseiwitsch.

EXETER.—The Philharmonic concerts, though only in their first season—being the enterprise of Mr. W. F. Crabb and Miss Mabel Bleby—have established a high standard of music and performance, and so far have attracted record houses for high-class music at Exeter. On January 31, two vocal recitals, given by Mr. George Parker, brought forward a number of beautiful modern songs, including three gems by Dr. Ernest Bullock (who played the accompaniments). *Brittany, I love my God as He loves me*, and *To take the air a bonny lass*. Mr. Parker's singing of these—and other songs by Hugo Wolf, John Ireland, Martin Shaw, Geoffrey Shaw, George Butterworth, Arnold Bax, E. C. Bairstow, Stanford, L. S. Collingwood, and John Ireland—was a revelation of sincerity and power of interpretation, of resource and control. Brahms's D minor Sonata for violin and pianoforte was played by Miss Vivien Hughes and Mr. H. T. Depree. Mr. Arnold Trowell, Madame Delines, and Mr. Frederick Kiddle will be the artists at the next concert, on March 15.

GLASGOW.—On January 21 the Saturday night popular concert of the Scottish Orchestra provided an excellent programme under Sir Landon Ronald, that included Butterworth's *Shropshire Lad* and the Beethoven Violin Concerto played by Miss May Harrison.—On January 28 the Glasgow Choral Union joined forces with the Orchestra and gave the first performance of David Stephen's *Sir Patrick Spens*. Ernest Austin's *Hymn of Apollo* was also sung, and the orchestral numbers included *The Good-humoured Ladies* (Scarlati), Goossens's *Tam o' Shanter*, and Beethoven's Rondino in E flat for eight wind instruments. Mr. Wilfrid Senior conducted the choral and Mr. Julius Harrison the orchestral music.—In response to numerous requests the programme of February 4 was adjusted to include Elgar's second Symphony, which was finely played under Sir Landon Ronald. Miss Isabel Gray played the Schumann Pianoforte Concerto.

LEEDS.—The Choral Union sang Palestrina's *Surge, illumine* and Bach's *Sing ye to the Lord*, under Dr. Coward, on January 18. The bulk of the programme was given up to the brilliant organ playing of M. Dupré.—Elgar's Quartet was played on January 25 by a party led by Mr. Bensley Ghent.—At the Saturday orchestral concert of February 3, Mr. Goossens conducted Glazounov's fourth Symphony and his own *By the Tarn*.

LIVERPOOL.—The British Music Society recently organized an evening of compositions by Mr. Norman Peterkin, a Liverpool musician. His four *Dreamer's Tales* for pianoforte and a large selection of songs gave a distinct impression of wayward and pleasing fancy.—The annual Festival on behalf of West Lancashire Masonic charities, held at the Philharmonic Hall on January 25 and 26,

brought together a male-voice choir of about two hundred voices under Mr. J. T. Jones and an orchestra under Mr. Percival H. Ingram.—Ethel Smyth's Overture to *The Boatwain's Mate* and Scriabin's second Symphony were conducted by Sir Henry Wood at the Philharmonic concert of January 31.—The Welsh Choral Union gave Brahms's *Song of Destiny* under Mr. Hopkin Evans on February 11, and the programme included first performances at Liverpool of Scriabin's *Rêveries* and Cyril Jenkins's *Celtic Fantasia*.—Recitals have been given by M. Dupré, Miss Ellen Watson (vocalist), and Miss Marguerite Stilwell and Mr. Joseph Greene (pianoforte).

MANCHESTER.—The most resounding of recent events has of course been the visit of Strauss, who was more cordially welcomed here than in London. The *Manchester Guardian* spared no pains or space to do him justice as an artist. At the Brand Lane concert of January 21 he conducted *Don Juan* and *Till Eulenspiegel*, and a group of his songs was sung by Miss Ethel Frank. The reception was cordial. Sir Henry Wood conducted the Beethoven Violin Concerto for Toscha Seidel.—At the Hallé concerts Mr. Hamilton Harty has also been attentive to Strauss—first the music to *Enoch Arden* (recited by Mr. Milton Rosmer) and, three weeks later, *Don Quixote*. This last occasion (February 11) also provided the Delius C minor Pianoforte Concerto, played by Mr. Frederick Dawson, and the delicate *Pot-pourri* of Gerrard Williams. Other Hallé concerts have given a Wagner programme; Bach's Mass in B minor, with solo singing by Miss Caroline Hatchard, Miss Dilys Jones, Mr. Hubert Eisdell, and Mr. Robert Radford; an operatic evening; and a programme including Elgar's Introduction and Allegro, Harty's *Wild Geese*, and Cyril Jenkins's *Celtic Rhapsody*.—The C.W.S. Choir gave a miscellaneous concert in January, with John Coates as one of the items. The choral music included Bantock's arrangement of *Down among the dead men* and an excerpt from Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*.—The recital list includes Mr. Clyde Twelvetrees (violin), Mr. Charles Neville in Strauss songs, accompanied by Mr. Samuel Langford; and Mr. Catterall and Mr. Hamilton Harty in Violin and Pianoforte Sonatas.

MOUSEHOLE.—A big event was the performance of *Elijah* on January 21 by Mousehole and District Choral Society, conducted by Mr. J. Irving Thomas. Miss M. B. Cotton was at the organ and Miss Waters at the pianoforte.

NEWCASTLE.—The Newcastle Bach Choir, under Dr. W. G. Whittaker, gave a selection of Tudor and modern British music on January 27, and the same programme included Violin Sonatas by Eugene Goossens (Op. 21) and Alfred M. Wall.—The Bach Choir's chamber concert on February 1 brought the Catterall Quartet and an excellent performance of César Franck in D.

NEWPORT.—At the second of the chamber music series on January 23 Prof. Walford Davies gave an explanatory talk on Beethoven's Trio, Op. 97, before taking part in its performance as pianist with Mr. Hubert Davies and Mr. Arthur Williams.

NORWICH.—The Festival chorus sang *The Revenge* under Mr. Maddern Williams on January 21.—César Franck's Symphony was played by the Philharmonic Society at St. Andrew's Hall on January 26, Dr. Frank Bates conducting.

NOTTINGHAM.—Trios by Haydn and Brahms were played at University College recently by Mr. Arthur Catterall (violin), Mr. J. C. Hock (violin), and Miss Cantelo (pianoforte).

OXFORD.—Until Dr. Adrian C. Boult came with his British Symphony Orchestra on February 2, Oxford had not made the acquaintance of Butterworth's *A Shropshire Lad*, a little masterpiece that stands firm in the reputation it made at Leeds years ago. Elgar's second Symphony was added to the debt which Oxford owes to Dr. Boult.—For three days the Town Hall has been the scene of a 'Grand Divertissement,' by members of the Russian Ballet.

PAIGNTON.—The Musical Association gave *Hiawatha's Departure* on January 18, the choir singing remarkably well in spite of numerical weakness of male voices.

Mr. H. W. Rushton conducted, and the principals were Madame Fiffine de la Côte, Mr. Cameron Alexander, and Mr. Walter Belgrove. Two-part songs, *The Voice of Spring* (for ladies' voices) and *I would I were the glow-worm*, conducted by their composer, Mr. Harold Rhodes, were an enjoyable feature.

PORTSMOUTH.—At the Philharmonic concert on February 9, Mr. Hugh Burry gave a little explanatory lecture, with help from the orchestra, before plunging into the Bach-Elgar Fugue. Arthur Bliss's tone-poems *Night* and *Day* were well received.—The Municipal Concerts are a success. Usually, it appears, over fifteen hundred people come and listen keenly.

ROCHESTER.—The Choral Society, under Mr. C. Hylton Stewart, is building up a reputation for enterprise by such programmes as that of January 25, which included two of Parry's unaccompanied Motets—*Never weather-beaten sail* and *There is an old Belief*—and Vaughan Williams's five English folk-song arrangements. Chamber music was played by the Pennington String Quartet.

ST. AUSTELL.—On January 26 the Philharmonic Society gave *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast* and *The Death of Minnehaha*, and the orchestra played movements from Haydn's Symphony in B flat. Mr. W. Brennand Smith conducted.

SHEFFIELD.—The subscription concert of January 24 consisted of an hour's pianoforte recital by Mr. Harold Samuel and a Bantock song recital by Miss Vera Horton and Mr. Augustus Milner.

SITTINGBOURNE.—Elgar's *The Banner of St. George* was the feature of the Sittingbourne and District Musical Society's programme on January 25, given under Mr. W. J. Keech.

SWANSEA.—The Albert Hall is being converted into a cinema theatre, and Swansea thereby loses its best concert-hall.

WINCHESTER.—The Musical Society gave *Elijah* under Mr. J. A. Sowerbutts on February 9.

WORCESTER.—Mr. George Austin, jun., a musician not yet of age, conducted the first concert of the Worcester Symphony Orchestra on Sunday, February 12. The programme included *Finlandia* and the *Unfinished* Symphony.

YORK.—Bach's *Blessed is the man* and Holst's *Hymn of Jesus* were performed in the Minster on January 29, by the augmented choir of the Cathedral and a full orchestra, Dr. Bairstow conducting.—Violin Sonatas by Elgar, Grieg, and John Ireland were played on February 11 by Mr. W. Baines and Mr. H. Dunstone.

We are unfortunately obliged to hold over our notes from abroad, owing to late arrival of the 'copy.'

Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths:

RALPH H. BAKER, founder and hon. secretary of the Liverpool Church Choir Association, whose important annual Festivals he had arranged since 1900. An amateur of music, he found time in the midst of a busy commercial life to do useful service to the community in organizing the great choir for the Liverpool Pageant, and the choirs which sang at the foundation-stone laying of the new Cathedral and at the opening of the Gladstone Dock, on the occasions of Royal visits. His rare blend of business and musical qualities also found further scope as a member of the Philharmonic Society's committee. His regretted death is an especially heavy blow to the Church Choir Association.

W. A. R.

CHÉVALIER LUIGI DENZA, aged seventy-five, the well-known composer whose songs enjoyed great popularity a generation ago. He took up residence in England in the early 'eighties and established himself as a teacher of singing. He was appointed Professor at the Royal Academy of Music in 1898.

Miscellaneous

A new string orchestra to be known as the 'Euterpe String Players' is being formed. The opening practices will be conducted by Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott. A fine list of works, ranging from Byrd to Vaughan Williams, is down for study. A prospectus may be had from Miss M. M. Hills, 80, West Cromwell Road, S.W. 5.

The South London Philharmonic Society is busy 'decentralising' London music. The present season's activities include a performance of Dvorák's *The Spectre's Bride*, under Mr. W. H. Kerridge (arranged for February 11), Mozart's *Requiem*, Beethoven's fifth Symphony, and some valuable lectures.

'Gramophone Notes' are unavoidably held over.

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DOROTHY SILK



The Musical Times

AND SINGING-CLASS CIRCULAR

APRIL 1 1922

BRITISH PLAYERS AND SINGERS :

IV.—DOROTHY SILK

It is just two years since the name of Dorothy Silk became really generally known in the musical world. Miss Silk sang soprano solos at the Festival given in the spring of 1920 by the London Bach Choir under Sir Hugh Allen, at Westminster, and since then she has had a place of her own in English music. Jealous, exclusive barriers tumbled down at the sound of this dainty, fine singing. Miss Silk has sung at great functions; but also at what a proportion of the interesting little functions, where beats the pulse of the body musical! Without much baffled striving or heart-breaking rebuffs, Miss Silk sang her way into the inmost courts.

The fact is, that once you have heard this singer, you can be sure of certain things. For instance, that the things sung are what the singer cares about; that taste here is a much bigger factor than vanity. You come to count on this singing, whether it is at a cathedral festival or at some out-of-the-way little celebration of the *poetæ minores*, for just expression, fitness of degree, beauty in humility, a good rare thing, anyhow.

The warnings, so frequent and so justified, against this profession of singing are that it is the cruellest, the most risky, most overcrowded—just like, of course, every other profession. Still, after all it does depend on the singer, and there is the agreeable reflection in this case of Miss Silk that the harsh world's heart can have a tender spot even for a singer who is not a perfect physical prodigy.

THE COLORATURA SCHOOLING

To ask Miss Silk to talk about herself, about how and why she does this or that, about the catalogue of her acclaimed appearances and so on, savours really of brutality. She has, even to excess, the musicianly point of view that there is so little to 'say' about these things. She shrinks:

'You see, it is so natural that I should sing as I do. And my choice of what to sing is not a learned scholar's choice. The Purcell and Schütz and Rutland Boughton and Armstrong Gibbs music that I have chosen to sing is just the choice of my natural inclination among things that chance has put in my way. I make for what appears to me to be beautiful, and if other folk find it beautiful too, why, that is a stroke of luck, and I can go on.'

But as for going on talking, Miss Silk is to be persuaded only on high disinterested grounds—

on the ground of increasing appreciation of her favoured 17th century composers, and on the ground of encouraging newer singers on their path by some account of her own advancement:

'My family (a Birmingham family) was not musical, but I have sung since I was a babe, and I first sang in public at the age of four. It was on the advice of Dr. Lierhammer that I went to Vienna to take lessons from Röss. Röss disappointed me. I wanted, then, nothing so much as to be coached in German lyrics, in the interpretation of Hugo Wolf and Brahms. Röss, who was Selma Kurz's teacher, believed in a coloratura training. I would get him to hear me interpret a song of Wolf. He would listen without interest or comment, and then turn me back again to "Una Voce poco fa." Now I can understand better the force of his method, and appreciate the benefit of a schooling in coloratura. My two years at Vienna were just before the war, and they were wonderful, for I was saturated there in music—such days and nights of concert and opera, and, among the best things, the afternoons at Busoni's, when he played on and on!

'When I came back to London I paid to be heard in public—I was naïve. It may possibly be the best thing to do in the circumstances—but I dislike the idea, something seems wrong about it. Whatever benefit that might have come, anyhow, was dashed by the war, and I went to the Highbury Hospital at Birmingham to serve as a housemaid.

'Singing in the provinces was the rest of my training. Perhaps this will make a little hint for others. Do not singers often make a mistake by singing prematurely in London? It occurs to me that singing oratorio with the less ambitious country choral societies, and songs at all sorts of variegated little concerts, is a real training in bearing up before an audience, and in all manner of other ways. Isn't it the English singer's equivalent for the foreign singer's drill in a small opera-house? Of course, at the same time, I don't want—it is the very last thing to want—to hear of anyone's private little ideal being drowned in a long routine of being all things to all audiences. But this surely doesn't necessarily follow.'

PURCELL AND HIS AGE

The talk veered, as it was bound to do, to the 17th century music which, after these two winters of Miss Silk's 'Concerts of Old Music,' she must forgive us for regarding as her particular realm. She is almost anxious lest overmuch credit go to her for the inception of those memorable afternoons:

'The credit goes first to a dead lover of music, Edward Amphlett. He was killed in

the war. He had a passion for the old things, and spent much time collecting scores of Tunder and Schütz and such-like. He was killed, and his scores were left to my very good friend Miss Constance Layton. It was she who inveigled me into delving there, so the second credit goes to her. And there are other people to be credited. Some friends had mentioned my name to Sir Hugh Allen, and he sent for me to sing to him at Oxford. I expected little enough then that anything would come of it, but the next thing was that I was asked to sing at the Bach Choir's Festival in London [1920].

'Well, I confess I have always been unenterprising and diffident. The Festival was my tonic. Sir Hugh's encouragement spurred me on. Then that summer I sang at Wigmore Hall with Mr. Murray Davey, and after Schütz's *Quando se claudunt*, Mr. Ernest Newman asked why such beautiful old things hardly ever came to light. I reached the point of writing to all the members of the Bach Choir asking for their interest in four concerts of old music during the next winter. I had most wonderfully kind letters back, and the concerts were given, and people came, and, thanks to the good artists who helped me for the least possible fees, the concerts escaped a loss. Now this winter there have been four more, and the guarantors were not called on—in fact, I think we were a pound or two to the good! Many people came, and the kindest things were said—I suppose because the concerts were not of a hotch-potch sort, they had one thread running through them. And then perhaps because there has been a great deal heard of a later sort of music which one gets to feel strained, inflated, artificial. People said they found a new freshness in such music as Purcell's *Expostulation of the Blessed Virgin* and his *Evening Hymn*.'

The talk lingered round Purcell and the sweet water of his well of song, and round the editions of Purcell, the inadequacy of some and the desirability of the Purcell Society's majestic volumes. Then the mention of a dark little Bloomsbury shop into which actually volumes of the Purcell Society had been known to drift made a drastic interruption of mere talk in favour of action. Immediate excursion was indicated, and so (the reader is asked to excuse the irrelevancy) the dark shop was straightway sought out, and did indeed yield up three volumes of the majestic edition! Such was the reward fate held stored for Miss Silk, an offset to the distaste of half-an-hour's talk mainly about herself.

LATTER-DAY MUSIC

Miss Silk does not live wholly in the 17th century, and she does not intend to be restricted, as some artists have been restricted within barriers set up by their very excellence

in a special activity. Alongside her singing of old music she has done as much in the field of modern English work which can fairly be compared to the old music in single-hearted feeling and freshness. She pays homage to Vaughan Williams, Gustav Holst, Rutland Boughton, and Armstrong Gibbs:

'Holst's *Savitri* and Rutland Boughton's *Bethlehem* were experiences as thrilling as I have ever had. *Bethlehem* is so wonderful because it shows that quite new original music can still be "simply beautiful." Every Christmastime *Bethlehem* ought to be sung everywhere, all over the country, instead of those atrocious, stupid pantomimes. Are not *The Immortal Hour* and *Savitri* two of the most beautiful operas ever written? When people complain that there are no English operas they have, I suppose, eyes only for something like *The Ring* or else *Pagliacci*. They look for something that naturally isn't here, and so miss the good things that are.'

Then Miss Silk speaks with warm feeling of other English musical leaders, notably of Dr. Harold Darke, of St. Michael's, Cornhill, and of Dr. W. G. Whittaker, of Newcastle. Asked for a word on the technics of singing, she says:

'I know, after all, only my own difficulties, and they are not likely to be another's. I have a natural voice, I suppose, and I sing now much as I have always instinctively sung. But my tongue has been an unruly member—I mean it has wanted a deal of discipline. Beginners perhaps might usefully exercise themselves more than is common in tongue-control. I know the inclination I have to resist when singing—it is an inclination to an excess of tautness all over the body, and I have to order myself to relax, to loosen, tongue and all.'

We attach for documentary interest a summary of the programmes of Miss Silk's 'Ancient' concerts in London:

1. Schütz, *Trio, Sanguis, Jesu Christi*. Tunder, cantata, *Ah, Lord, let Thy dear Angels*. Christian Ritter, cantata, *O Amantissime Sponse*. Bach, cantata No. 32, *Blessed Jesu*.
2. Bach, Organ Preludes. Tunder, cantata, *O Jesu dulcissimi*. Bach, aria, *Come, make my heart Thy throne* (cantata No. 80). Schütz, solo, *O sweetest, O loving Jesu*. Bach, cantata No. 51, *Praise God in all Lands*.
3. Purcell, two Fantasias (string quartet). Schütz, cantata, *Lord our Ruler*. Bach, four songs from *Schemelli Hymn-Book*. Bach, cantata No. 55, *I, wretched man*. Bach, aria, *Comfort sweet, my Jesu comes* (cantata No. 151).
4. Bach, duet, *O Righteous God* (cantata No. 23). Tunder, three short cantatas, *By the waters of Babylon, Our little Baby King, Sleepers, wake*. J. C. Bach, cantata, *Ah, of water*. Purcell, aria, *The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation*. Schütz, Trio, *Anima Christi*. Bach, cantata, *Blessed Jesu*.
5. Schütz, duet, *Give to me, O Lord, a pure heart*. Hammerschmidt, duet, *Now wherefore beholdest*. Bach, aria, *The soul in Jesu's hand* (cantata No. 127).

Schütz, tenor solo, *I will praise the Lord*. Fasch, String Quartet. Purcell, *The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation*. Bach, aria, *What God's splendour* (cantata No. 194). Bach, cantata No. 155, *My God, how long*.

6. Dowland, duet, *Lachrymæ Pavan*. Purcell, duet, *Shepherd, leave decoying*. Henry Lawes, songs. Pepusch, cantata, *Alexis*. Padre Martini, three Italian catches. Bach, B flat Partita (harpsichord). Bach, *Peasant Cantata*.

7. Bach, Organ Prelude and Fugue. Tunder, cantata, *O Lord, let Thy dear Angels*. Schütz, duet, *Hearken to me*. Bach, aria, *Fulfil, O Heavenly* (cantata No. 1). Bach, aria, *Fall asleep, ye cares* (cantata No. 199). Bach, cantata No. 57, *Blessed is the man*.

8. Purcell, duet, *Upon a quiet conscience* ('By Charles I. of Blessed Memory'). Tunder, three cantatas (see fourth programme). Bach, aria, *It is finished* (cantata No. 150). Purcell, *An Evening Hymn*. Bach, Motet, *The Spirit also helpeth us*. Bach, songs from *Schemelli Hymn-Book*. Bach, cantata No. 115, *Soul, make ready*.

Miss Silk's collaborators were Miss Helen Anderton, Miss Margaret Champneys, Miss Norah Dawnay, Miss Flora Mann, Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse, Mr. John Adams, Mr. John Bateman, Mr. Clive Carey, Dr. Harold Darke, Mr. Albert Fransella, Dr. Goodey, Mr. John Goss, Mr. Hinchliff, Mr. Alfred Hobday, Mr. John Huntingdon, the Pennington String Quartet, Mr. Steuart Wilson, Mr. Frederick Woodhouse, and Dr. W. G. Whittaker and the Newcastle Bach Choir.

C.

MODERN MUSIC: AND A WAY OUT

BY RUTLAND BOUGHTON

[One or two details discussed below apply only to Great Britain; the main trend of the article has to do with modern musical tendencies throughout the world.]

We must look to the village organist to save us from the evil thing that is called modern music.

Sound of all kinds, from the love-notes and alarm-notes of birds to the music of human beings, has been so intimately and habitually associated with emotion that there has arisen in the minds of many people an entirely false idea of the real relationship between emotion and musical art. From that false idea have developed most of the evils that trouble us in modern music.

Let us put aside the cant of modernism and (those of us who have been moved to reaction) the cant of mediævalism, and consider what have been the elements of great musical art—what music has gained, what it has lost, from the time of the Elizabethan Renaissance until to-day; then we shall know what it were well for us to keep, what to give up, what try to recapture, and so readjust our musical studies for the future. Let it always be remembered that the attitude of the non-professional music-lover is the thing that counts: it will be found at one end of the mental scale in the tunes preserved by uncultured people, at the other end in the formulated opinions of people enjoying a general, balanced culture.

In folk-music the conscious thing is the outline, the impression, the thing that is taken for granted.

The shape rather than the mood of the tune is what ensures its permanence. Words of varying and contrary feeling will be sung to the same melody, which lives by virtue of its formal beauty rather than by its expressional power and associations with verse. The tunes of folk-songs have often outlived the words, but I believe there are very few examples of verses surviving their music, except in collectors' books. However primitive an example may be chosen, it is the relationship and balance of phrases that make of melody a work of art: it may be the mere repetition of a puerile phrase, but the need to repeat the phrase is the outstanding consideration for the creator rather than the mood the tune evokes. Or it may be so lovely a melody as the *Londonderry Air*—it is still the inter-relationship of phrases that makes it great of its kind: the power of the finest moment in this tune is due less to its emotion than to the craftsmanship which has so exquisitely intensified its beauty by dovetailing its phrases. The musical mentality of even comparatively unintellectual but strongly-feeling people preserves tunes of just such quality—tunes in which construction counts for more than emotion.

Folk-art is of all kinds of art obviously freest from the personal equation, inasmuch as in it the arbitrary will of the individual counts for less than a general though non-deliberate sense of fitness.

Passing to the conscious art of the Elizabethan composers we find that their works are largely folk-tunes, decorated or otherwise exploited; but the tunes are an excuse rather than a necessity, and it was intellectual rather than emotional excitement that the composers counted on. Byrd and his fellows spoke of 'the science of music,' and the fact that it was associated with emotional and spiritual conditions of mind was simply taken for granted. The chief joys of Elizabethan music are the deliberate adjustment of woven threads, economy of material, and richness of effect. The skill of the musical craftsman is always equal to a clear statement of whatever inwardness there may be in his subject. He is never in the slightest danger of emotional floods. Even the austerity of Gibbons and the power of Bull are severely workmanlike, and in the humour of Weelkes and the tenderness of Giles Farnaby there is no undue freedom of the expressional element. There are, indeed, very few examples of early English music in which the discharge of an emotional current deprives one of the sense that the composers sought their pleasure almost entirely in a consciousness of intellectual beauty.

Nor is there any radical change until the time of Beethoven. Scarlatti, Couperin, and Purcell develop a more specialised sense of harmony, and lose something of polyphonic intricacy and beauty, corresponding to the decline of Gothic and the rise of Palladian in architecture; but the major beauties of the three composers mentioned are those of conscious design and balance *plus* an equally conscious kind of musical wit—rarely are they concerned with a need for emotional relief or

expression; that remains the inevitable but subconscious element of the art.

Bach carried out with greater complication and mastery the principles which guided the Elizabethans; Haydn, Gluck, and Mozart more powerfully the suggestions at work in Purcell. An emotional undercurrent in the work of the great 18th century German composers is certainly more evident than in the English music of the 17th century; but the scientific element is proportionately developed. There is a stronger discharge of feeling in a Bach fugue and a Haydn symphony than in a madrigal of Byrd or an overture of Purcell; but the conscious control of the means of expression remains the paramount joy of the musician.

The pressure of emotion begins with Beethoven, continually increases in volume and intensity out of all proportion to the power to shape it to fine art, grows more 'romantic,' personal, and extravagant, until a sense of the beauty of achievement and a knowledge of the achievement of beauty are displaced by a morbid desire to pour out personal feelings irrespective of beauty and decency.

Now all the considerable composers of music previous to the time of Beethoven lived ordered lives—lives not merely as musical craftsmen, but craftsmen responsible in some degree to municipal or ecclesiastical organizations, royal courts, or aristocratic households; they had to make music for definite purposes—civic ceremonies, church services, royal home-comings, or for the fuller life of an aristocracy which sported in art and music rather than in cards and pheasants. Such routine work not only kept the craftsmanship of composers in good order, but the discipline of their lives correlated their sense and feeling with that of their fellows: from such a relationship inevitably resulted a fellowship of pride in art as between creator and recreator, ordinate technical demands, and a similarity of emotional range.

Beethoven lived a disordered not to say disorderly life, deprived of the discipline of ordinary duties, civic or domestic, and it is very significant for an understanding of the value of proportioned intellect and emotion as the focus of an art-work to realise that the anchored masters concentrated on the former, Beethoven and the drifting composers on the latter.

Unsuitable and ungoverned expressional elements entered (as in the history of Greek sculpture, Gothic architecture, and all art) at the moment of fullest perfection. The unreined tides of Beethoven have precedent in the Chromatic Fantasia of Bach and certain movements of Haydn, where feeling outruns the means of technique, and floods the music with intellectually vacuous passages consisting, for example, of the long drawn use of a single chord, generally the diminished seventh. But it was left to later composers to show the full neurosis of a deintellectualised music. We have most of us experienced and enjoyed the sensation of being

lost in a whirl of emotion, but few would actually choose the fleeting joys of such experience rather than the enduring joys of intellectual beauty with their strange power to become augmented in retrospection. So, despite the deliberately fostered passions of 19th century music, culminating in the unreserved soul-exposures of Wagner (in his music—not his autobiography, though one is literally *on all fours* with the other), there was at the same time an attempt to save music from complete nakedness, or at least hide its ill-manners, by wrapping it in the cloak of an intellectual idea. Putting aside the mild reactions of Mendelssohn and Brahms, we see in the works of Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Berlioz, Tchaikovsky, and Wagner a steady loss of music's natural self-formative principle, accompanied by an increasing use of the said cloak. Most of these composers could fashion a small thing well, and leave it standing in its own purely musical strength, but their larger works are either (like the Symphonies of Schumann) naked, unshapely, and shamed, or (like the Symphonic Poems of Liszt) hiding their passion-feeble frames in a cloak borrowed from another art. The earlier, healthier, and more competent composers seldom attempted passionate, emotional expression, never unless they were satisfied that their technical equipment was equal to the preservation of their music as an art-work; they seemed to realise that if an intellectual quality were not inherent in the structure of music, were not its first and outstanding requisite, the essential laws of musical art would be broken, and the appeal to mankind become morbid and nervous rather than spiritual and astringent.

From the non-recognition of this we see before our eyes to-day the degenerate and deintellectualised offspring of 'pure emotion' in music committing suicide. Expression rather than control having become the motor-power of musical activity, it is open to the passions to whirl us in whatever direction they may happen to get blown. So long as feeling is governed, only certain feelings are allowed expression. Once feeling runs its own race it discovers a whole realm of trivial moods and wild insanities such as intellectualised art disdains to touch; and the spirits of ugliness and destruction abolish the final intellectual bondage of euphony itself. It was no merely coincident phenomenon that synchronous with the Great War we reached the period of deepest musical degradation, hinted in certain devil-may-care passages of Strauss, accepted as fair development by the middle-class experiments of Scriabin, shamelessly avowed in cretinous babble by Schönberg and Stravinsky (it is curious how sibilants enter into the names of these musical dissolutes!), and shamefacedly echoed by the small sinners who have followed them.

The earthquake has happened. Civilisation has to be built anew in music as in human amity. It was no irrelevant reaction that made so many of us feel on returning to civil life that almost the only clean and uncloying music was that of an earlier

age. But Byrd and Bach do not answer *all* the musical questions of our time, and it is now for us to find a way to fresh, lovely, and self-standing forms of art no less than to new, noble, and rational conditions of world-citizenship.

Electing chiefly to follow the lead of the servants of intellectual beauty and the masters of art, we must not fail to learn many things from those artistic philanderers who have been in a measure slaves of their moods; for, just as during the decadent period of Greek art and civilisation a more spiritual philosophy and the Christian atmosphere evolved, so the music of the 19th century (still sputtering to-day like dregs in a burnt-out cauldron) gives many hints of subtle spiritual qualities little known to the deep-cutting but straightforward workmanship of the 17th, and beyond the conception of the elegant planes of the later 18th century musicians. It was those possibilities flaming out now and again that made possible works like Beethoven's *Mass in D* and Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius*. And, whatever our relations to the creed that inspired those works, we must admit that spiritual tendencies without a basis of accepted religion are the most futile and treacherous material for art—as we may realise if we observe the increasing association of the worst kind of music with the shadiest kind of spiritualistic solemnity.

However, a remedy for modernism in music and all its attendant evils is very easily to be found. To save musicians from all the chances of vagueness and absurdity there is nothing better than a public appointment.

Now the only musical appointments to-day which are public and sufficiently numerous to serve our purpose are the ill-paid church organists' posts. Municipal appointments as orchestral conductors at holiday places are too few to count, and because they have to cater for the special appetites of idle and irresponsible people they do not serve any real and permanent musical need. To dish up a salad of symphony and rag-time, shop-ballad and comic song, so that no possible loafer can complain that his requirements have not been considered, contributes practically nothing to the musical development of the country. Much more to the purpose is it to provide by arrangement or composition the necessary stuff to suit the continuous musical needs of a village or small town. The country organist is the man who has to do this, he being the only music-maker with an acknowledged standing; but he has to do most of it free, and look to a teaching connection to provide him with the means of livelihood. And so the more important part of his work—the provision and preparation of pieces for the local brass band, choral society, and possible party of fiddlers—is scamped. And because of the poor reward for his service to God and the lack of payment for his chief services to man, only the feeblest among musicians drift into these jobs, though they are the first line of our musical communications, and should be given to the very pick of the students of

our musical colleges. The 'most promising young composers' should in the natural order of things spend the first years of their professional employment in small centres of population, arranging and composing pieces for small choirs and bands, providing bits of tunes for amateur theatricals, and so on. The most promising of young musicians would soon find that practical experience of small things will add at least as much to his education as he can learn from the united wisdom of his teachers and predecessors. At present the best of our musical students are allowed to spend too much time on big works for combinations (and involving a proficiency of technique and even a peculiarity of idiom) such as are to be found only in the biggest cities. Therefore the poor things naturally stay in the big cities afterwards, eat their heads off for livelihood, and their hearts out with hope of recognition deferred. Recognition is waiting for them in every small place in the country. The livelihood is a more difficult problem, but not so impossible as it was a year or two ago, when for the first time permission was given to the local authorities to show their appreciation of the educational (and politically sedative) values of music by means of a halfpenny rate. But the butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker will never agree to the payment of that halfpenny while the pretence continues of getting the job done by ill-trained or even untrained blacklegs. Some kind of trade union may have to be developed to ensure the material welfare of the people who make music in country places, so that it may cease to be regarded as a decent thing to ask a musician to play an organ for a few pence an hour, or train a choir for nothing on the chance of getting a few paying pupils for pianoforte or singing. Such posts once placed on a secure economic basis would attract many of the clever young men and women now getting in one another's way in London. Once settled in small places and required to provide a certain amount of original music or music arranged for special local limitations (and the greatest composers were all arrangers at times, sometimes in larger measure than is generally realised), then there will be a speedy end to the tomfoolery of modernism; then once again the primary importance of good craftsmanship will be apparent, and it will be accounted a more decent life to help a dozen people to sing a Madrigal of Wilbye or a chorus especially written for the occasion, than to mystify a dozen fools by pretending to genius by clapping together counterpoints which, owing to an absence of intellectual discipline, are unable to encounter each other at any point without snarling and spitting. The dissonances of Weelkes, Bach, and Wagner serve to emphasise a prevalent euphony which is the sure sign of mastery, and the truest acknowledgment of beauty in music. Many of the dissonances of modern music are either a measure of the feebleness of the modern composer's equipment or the feebleness of his wit. The pilloried critics in *Heldenleben* make material for a good

enough joke; but such a joke has only to be underlined often enough to become very dull. Similarly the lady-like harmonic growth so carefully fostered by the followers of Debussy is charming enough in its place; but that place is certainly not the greater world of music-lovers. Spicy overtones and sour counterpoints have no very distinguished future in the general world of music: that was proved by the reception given by the Coliseum audiences to a silly thing of M. Milhaud a few months ago. The public will have intelligible music—superficial music if left to its own resources, better music if given the chance of learning the more enduring pleasures of the fruit of a finer discipline. But musical education cannot be given to masses. The real hope remains with the small places; and if our cleverest youngsters are too superior to take on so obscure and limited a task, they may yet see more old-fashioned musicians pass them by while they continue to amuse themselves with the senile grimaces of modernism; for the greater part of modern music has not enough youthfulness and endurance to become old-fashioned.

MADRIGALISTS AND LUTENISTS

BY SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

(Continued from March number, page 162.)

Despite that unfortunately equivocal phrase—too often quoted—‘apt for viols and voices,’ the importance of the words in the structure of the Madrigal can hardly be too much emphasised. The words supplied the composer with the equivalent of the subjects and second subjects which came later. He chose out salient features of his lyric, and having matched them with musical phrases, developed those phrases into his polyphonic texture. The result of this development might from its (secondary) purely musical value be ‘apt for viols,’ but the original subject-matter was based upon the words, and the entire Madrigal was vocally conceived to the end of expressing them. This is not in any way invalidated by the fact that the madrigalists in expressing their words happened to reiterate them. This reiteration was an established part of the Madrigal idiom, but it was not merely a convention. Farmer, in *Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone*, devotes an important imitative passage of ten bars’ length to setting five words, ‘up and down he wandered.’ He may have had many reasons for doing this. It can be assumed with tolerable certainty that he had two: he wished to convey the extent of the wandering, how often and how patiently up and down the shepherd sought for his lass ‘whilst she was missing’; he knew, or felt, that the structure of this particular Madrigal called for some such steadying passage of sustained interest at that point. Further reasons he may have had; but that he was interested in his imitation and indifferent to his text was not one of them.

I have tried to show already how sensitive a response to what psychologists call marginal suggestion the madrigalists displayed in their choice of what we might term *motifs* in the lyric; how readily and how variously their fancy caught up an allusion or recalled a memory, how widely its net was cast. That choice was made with an equal sensitiveness to the question of balance, which in a free form like the Madrigal is a peculiarly subtle matter. This is harder to illustrate by examples, but a study of any Madrigal by one of the great men should show what I mean. ‘Load every rift with ore’ is rather a perilous injunction to the craftsman gifted with a fertile imagination. The rifts may be overloaded, or unnecessary incisions made for the insertion of precious metals. Given a high standard of technique, a lively invention, a form singularly free from restrictions, and a strong contemporary feeling for ‘points’ and ‘conceits,’ there is bound to be a risk of over-elaboration. No Elizabethan craftsmen were more exposed to this risk than the madrigalists, and none avoided it with more signal discretion than they. Either by handling their *motifs* with extreme lightness and delicacy or by enlarging the proportions of the whole Madrigal to allow for a more prolonged and profound exposition of them, and by a judicious variation in the kind of point they made, balancing an allusive one by a simpler piece of representative writing, a rhythmical figure by a touch of harmonic colouring, they respected laws of form which were none the less binding for being uncoded and mutable.

The name of Madrigal is now employed to cover all the forms of secular music for combined voices practised in the 16th century, and this looseness of nomenclature has been without doubt a contributory cause to the misunderstanding of the nature of the Madrigal. Nomenclature was loose enough in those days. Morley and others frequently employ the term Canzonet for their slighter madrigalian writings, and Gibbons calls his one volume, whose contents are all of a grave nature, *Madrigals or Motets*. But they did feel a certain difference between the true Madrigal and the infinitely entertaining smaller fry which was afterwards lost sight of. The Ballet was sharply differentiated by the introduction of *Fa-la* passages between the regular clauses of the lyrics chosen for setting in this style; and apart from the Ballet, the treatment of the words is generally a touchstone. In the Madrigal they are, as I have said, reiterated, often at considerable length, and moreover closely studied and made much of. In the lesser forms they are set more straightforwardly, and the texts chosen do not as a rule allow for the same intentness of expression which is a feature of the Madrigal. ‘These,’ says Morley, arduously defining Canzonets, Neapolitans, Villanelles, and Ballets,* ‘and all other kinds of light musick

* He is hard pressed for it at times. ‘There is likewise a kind of songs . . . called *Iustinianas* . . . a wanton and rude kind of musick it is, and like enough to carrie the name of some notable Curtizan . . . for no man will deny that *Iustiniana* is the name of a woman.’—*Plaine and Easie Introduction*.

saving the *Madrigal* are by a general term called aires.'

The Air of the lutenists was a different matter from these, but it has something in common with them besides its name. The true Air was intended for performance by a solo voice to the accompaniment of the lute. But the form in which many (not all) volumes of these aires were published allows also for their performance by combined voices, the Air itself being treated as the top line of a simple part-song, based upon the harmonies of the lute-part. The simplicity is very far from that of the simple part-song as we understand it. The vocal writing has a clarity and distinction which mark it as a product of the greatest age of polyphony; indeed, some of these four-voice settings approach the madrigalian standard of interest. But their texture is slighter, there is less rhythmic independence, and the words are set straightforwardly. Altogether, these four-voice versions have just that degree of value that befits a subsidiary alternative, skilfully and honestly constructed, and the Morleian use of the term Air fits them well enough. It is in the Air as a solo song that we must look for what is significant in this *genre*. Thus considered, they are of the highest importance—an importance that has, until Dr. Fellowes drew attention to it, been completely disregarded.

The first book of Lutenist Aires was published in 1597 by John Dowland. It bears this title: *The First Book of Songs or Ayres of Four Parts, with Tablature for the Lute. So made that the parts together, or either of them severally, may be sung to the Lute, Orpherian, or Viol de gambo*. The amount of innovation involved is scarcely conveyed by the title, which suggests at first sight that these Aires were little more than an accommodating variety of combined vocal writing with an instrumental accompaniment *ad libitum*. Some allowance must be made for the fact that many contemporary title-pages showed this tendency to oblige (witness the 'viols and voices' formula), a tendency due, not to the indifference of composers as to the way their works would be performed, so much as to a realisation that those works, if successful, might sometimes be performed under conditions involving some degree of substitution about which it would be desirable to give friendly advice. This, however, is a small factor in a misunderstanding which arises almost inevitably in the 20th century mind confronted with the 16th century. For the last fifty years the commonest form of domestic music has been the song. I do not refer only to the domestic music of the cultivated: there its relative preponderance is less marked. But if every strata of society be considered the song is an easy first in popularity. In 1597 this was not so. Though the possibilities of the single voice in art-music had already begun to attract the attention of musicians, their experiments (such as the verse-anthem) were tentative. If the single voice was a new element in their music, still newer was the quality which we now insensibly connect with

it. I mean that particular variety of vocal curve which we call Tune. The musical idiom of the day was polyphony; and the material of that polyphony was Figure, not Tune.* Composers were of course perfectly aware of the existence of Tune. In their instrumental writings they frequently took folk-songs as the basis of a fantasia or set of variations. But this very borrowing of ready-made tunes seems to indicate fairly clearly that they were not sufficiently interested in Tune *per se* to think it worth their while to spend time making them up for themselves.

The composer of Aires, with his vocal interest concentrated in a single line and within the limits of a single stanza, was bound to take this question of tune into consideration. It was not his highest aim; it was seldom his direct one. But it was often incidentally his happy end. His aim was, as the aim of the madrigalists, the expression of his text, or as Dowland puts it in his first Preface, 'that kind of Musicke, which to the sweetness of instrument applies the lively voice of man, expressing some worthy sentence or excellent Poeme.'

Not all the means of the madrigalist would suit his purpose. Their rhythmic variety, based upon the true declamation of the text, he retained: and the construction of his lute-part showed that ingenuity of figure and beauty of ornamented cadence which adorned the Madrigal. But ingenuity of figure is not fitted to the single voice, since half its value is dependent upon the imitation of the voice that replies to it, one catching fire, as it were, from another. And the devices of representative and allusive suggestion which are so striking a feature of the Madrigal, legitimate there, become of doubtful legitimacy when they do not fit into a texture. Moreover, they were forbidden by the lutenists' custom of setting but the first stanza of a lyric that usually contained several, it being unlikely, say, that a sting in one verse would be exactly balanced by a thorn in the next; and also by the manner in which that stanza was set, the words being closely followed with very little reiteration. This last consideration, this hand-in-glove alliance of the word and the note, did more than anything else to determine the general character of the Air, and of the melodic development which the Air represented. Shut up with his rhythmic and melodic invention in a small form comparable to the sonnet in the capacities of its 'narrow room,' the lutenist had to apply himself to that proportioning of part to part, that balancing of curve, that exact fitting of the pint into the pint bottle, which is essential to the making of the good tune.

Yet to over-insist upon the tunefulness of the Aires is to risk giving an inadequate impression of their significance. Write good tunes the lutenists

* It hardly seems necessary (even in a foot-note) to state that the absence of Tune does not in any way compromise the question of Melody. But I do it as a safeguard for those who are not acquainted with the melodic beauty of 16th century polyphony.

did, tunes so singable, so complete in themselves, that two of them, Dowland's *Now, O now, I needs must part* and Ford's *Since first I saw your face*, have had the honour of passing into our stock of common music as some quotations have passed into the stock of our common speech—an honour not without its price, since, with the last line of Lycidas and other mutilated classics, they are generally quoted wrong. But the scope of the lute Airs is wider than this, the attempts and achievements of their composers more varied. Especially is this the case when we come to consider the work of John Dowland. 'Dowland,' says Dr. Fellowes, 'may reasonably be regarded as the greatest song-writer that this country has yet produced, not excepting even Purcell.' The claim is a just one, and it is not only on the score of his greatness as a song-writer that he challenges this comparison. A study of his methods, especially in the later songs, shows that they had many striking points of resemblance to those of the man whom, leaving the palm of greatness out of the question, we must certainly hereafter speak of as Dowland's successor. Like Purcell he has the gift of writing convincing tunes and founding them upon splendid basses. Like Purcell he has a mastery of true and moving declamation and expressive verbal phrasing. And, as with Purcell, one almost forgets these trivial merits in the contemplation of his daring as an innovator, as an original thinker. For myself I agree with Dr. Fellowes, and rank him above Purcell as a song-writer. When his work is completely published, as I hope it soon will be,* others must make this decision for themselves. Even the most determined Purcellian may forgive me for mentioning two things which help to weigh down the scales in Dowland's favour, since neither of them is the merit of the one man nor the fault of the other. I mean the period when Dowland wrote, and the beauty of the lyrics he set.

However great one's veneration for Purcell's songs, it can hardly be extended to their words. 'Europe scarce can parallel,' even with the Bach cantatas, the frigid balderdash which was too commonly his portion. Yet even if one did not like the Airs of the Lutenists, one might still sing them for the sake of their lyrics. The beauty of these lyrics is proverbial: they are the treasure of the critic, the delight of the anthologist, the hopeless marvel of the poet—one might almost add the envy of the lark and the despair of the nightingale. I am writing for musicians, not men of letters. Yet how many of those who are conversant with these lyrics and acknowledge them as one of the glories of the Elizabethan age know the music that matches them in the song-books whence they were drawn? The one has been taken, the other left. The tradition of Elizabethan literature has never been lost. It weathered the Augustan period, not only through the good offices of the connoisseur, but as a living

thing upon the stage—especially, it is noteworthy, upon the provincial stage. Elizabethan music, no less genuine, no less valuable a part of our national heritage, had not this fortune. And the completest oblivion of all descended, not upon the Madrigal, which was a specifically 16th century form, but upon the Air, the youngest-born product of that age and the one by nature most closely related to the subsequent development of music. It is curious.

Those who account for every little deficiency in the history of English music upon the principles of the Protectionist will find in the sudden death and burial of the lutenist Air a clinching example in their favour; for it was a purely English development, and as such, they will say, doomed to extinction the moment an untaxed alien or damned foreigner (New and Old School) set foot upon our shores. It seems, however, certain that the decline of the lute had a great deal to do with it. The lute has long passed into the Wardour Street emporium of bygone instruments with picturesque names; its tablature presents the student of musical notation with the starkest hieroglyphics; its repertory, though interesting, is a small one; and while I believe that anyone taking the trouble to get a lute and learn how to play it would find it repay his trouble and expense quite as well as a tiger, I do not expect many to do so. Dr. Fellowes in his edition gives him every encouragement, for he reproduces the tablature of the original lute-parts with an exact transcription underneath. He supplies further for each song a pianoforte accompaniment based exclusively upon the composer's own material, but so arranged as to be suited to the keyboard idiom. These arrangements, made with the minimum of alteration, show admirable sympathy and discretion. From the practical point of view they are absolutely justifiable, and from the critical point of view notably so. The lute is a plucked instrument of six strings with no power of sustaining a note, and thus a harmonic rather than a polyphonic instrument. But it was the instrument of a polyphonic age, and the lutenists' accompaniments, especially those of Dowland, are extremely contrapuntal in import, even when the exigencies of lute tablature thwart the full indication of this. The principle followed by Dr. Fellowes in his alternative accompaniments has been to complete the texture sketched in the tablature, which is certainly more representative of the composer's intention than any mere filling out of block chords could be.

The debt which we owe to Dr. Fellowes for the enthusiasm, industry, and good sense by which he has restored to us so much of our national heritage is incalculable. It is thanks to him that the Madrigal, so long condemned to languish in a glass case as a praiseworthy antiquity, is now once more established as a living thing. Of his work in the realm of 16th century Church music this is not the place to speak nor yet the full time. But no aspect of his activities should ensure him more and more grateful debtors than his publication of

* 'The English School of Lutenist Song-writers.' Edited by Edmund Horace Fellowes. Winthrop Rogers. 1, 2, and 5.

the lutenist song-writers. For here is music of freshness and beauty, of exquisite workmanship, of the most authentically national idiom, and of a very wide range of mood, demanding no more for its performance than a voice and a pianoforte. Here are songs which should do much to rehabilitate the rather disreputable popularity of the song, for they are not difficult when once the singer has adjusted his mind to their rhythmic freedom, a rhythmic freedom which is the natural outcome of a proper accentuation of the words, with just a further touch of delight in rhythmical ingenuity which, so far as my experience goes, is only felt as a stumbling-block by those who have prudishly hardened their faces against all knowledge of rag-time; and withal they are so lovely and sincere as to be proof against the tarnishing of familiarity as against the moth and rust of three centuries' neglect.

THE LURE OF FOREIGN NAMES

BY ALEXANDER BRENT-SMITH

There are many strange things in the world of music, but none so strange as the fact that the man most likely to win the approval of the populace is the man whose name no one can either pronounce or remember. In every other art, profession, or business, an easily remembered name is indispensable—but not so in music. Should a man be called Brooke or Green he cannot hope for a friendly hearing, but let him baffle the public with a name such as Xaver Stravagansky (or, for short, X. Stravagansky) or Modeste Glazowsky, he will have an adoring and inarticulate crowd flinging their gold and silver in his triumphal way. So that in spite of Juliet's suggestion to the contrary, there is a good deal in a name. Of course it is true that a rose would smell as sweet whatever it were called, but it is fortunate for that flower that its name is both euphonious and rhymable. As it is, the rose on the strength of its name alone has been the maker of marriages ('It was not in the spring-time our loving lot was cast, it was the time of roses,' &c.); but, stranger still, it has been the intensifier of filial affection—'the roses round the door make me love mother more.' There is something pathetic in the fact that the mother is helpless to inspire affection in her children, and depends entirely upon the fortuitous circumstance that roses grow beside the door.

Even the association and appearance of names are capable of controlling our judgment. Suppose, for instance, an advertisement announced that there would be a lecture in Hyde Park by Aristotle, all the London trains from Oxford (and perhaps Cambridge) would be jammed with intellectuality, whereas the Upper Tooting trains would be comparatively empty. But suppose the advertisement announced a lecture in Hyde Park by 'Arry Stottle, the trains from Oxford (and perhaps

Cambridge) would be empty, whereas the Upper Tooting trains would be bulging with bourgeoisie. Aristotle, so thoughtful, so dignified, becomes by a spelling change an empty-headed, loudly-dressed vulgarian, a card-sharper, a book-maker. Very different from the world we live in, the world of fiction demands names indicative of character because we have so short a time in which to appreciate the secondary characters in the story. In real life, on the other hand, a week, a month, or a year, will accustom us to any name, however unsuitable it might seem at first; it is possible that a Mr. Pumblechook might slowly pass from second lieutenant to field-marshal, by which time he would stand for all we hold most beautiful and brave, adorning alike the maiden's dreams at dawn and our tiny darling's night-cap tales at dusk.

In fiction, then, having so short a time to squander with our friends, we need all the help that a significant name can offer. Sir Francis Darwin has written a delightful essay upon this subject, examining the nomenclature of Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Scott, and Jane Austen, and giving the prize to Thackeray. I must say, in passing, that I cannot sympathise with his dislike of the Marquis of Auldrechie, which seems to me as good as the Marquis of Edinburgh.

In public affairs almost all, except habitually disagreeable persons, are hypnotised by a great name. It is right up to a point that the sayings and doings of a great name should be praised uncritically, because the owners have striven hard and honourably to make themselves these glorious names, and (Oh, struggling man, take heart!) nearly everyone has sometime been unhonoured and unknown. But there comes a time when we must free ourselves from their hypnotic power, and ask ourselves what we should think of this or that if it appeared under a name unknown to us. Who would tolerate that derangement by Brahms of a folk-song, *In Silent Night*, with its mouth-organic harmonies, if it appeared by John Muggins? What would be our opinion of the *Finale* of Beethoven's fifth Symphony if it was presented to us as the work of a forgotten Kapellmeister of that period? We should agree that it possessed undeniable vitality and real genius in the triplet theme, but that on the whole it was vulgar and wearisome.

Now that the foreign invasion has been resumed, it would be a good thing if our audiences set themselves against the hypnotic power of romantic names. Mr. Arthur Beak may play as well as Herr Arthur Schnabel, Mr. Green's operas may be as dramatic as Signor Verdi's, John Brooke's Mass in G major may be as stupendous as Johann Bach's Mass in B minor. At any rate, let us do justice to ourselves and give tribute to whom tribute is due.

Saint-Saëns's *La Terre Promise* (*The Promised Land*) is to be performed at the Trocadéro, Paris, on Sunday, April 9, by a choir of three hundred, conducted by M. Victor Charpentier. The concert is in aid of the French Red Cross.

CHARLES GOUNOD ON MOZART'S DON JUAN

BY CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

(Authorised translation by Fred Rothwell)

Is it simply the memory of a dream when I see myself, in those far-away days of my sixth year, gravely accompanying a beautiful *cantatrice* as she sings a romance I had composed for her? I had written it down in pencil, the whole of it, and my great-aunt, who was also my god-mother and my music teacher—a lady belonging to an aristocratic family ruined by the Revolution, through which she herself had passed—had piously gone over it in ink. Naturally, at that age, I would never have tolerated anyone giving me the slightest help in the composition! The masterpiece was twelve bars in length, four of them consisting of a *ritornelle*. Such as it was, it had astonished the singer's father, an old soldier who was very fond of music; the result being that he presented me with the orchestral score, in two handsome red volumes, of Mozart's *Don Juan*, with French and Italian text.

When I think of it, such a present to so young a child appears somewhat audacious; assuredly very few would have made it. All the same, the donor could not have been better inspired. Daily in my *Don Juan*, unconsciously though with that wonderful ease of assimilation which is the great characteristic of childhood, I lived in the music, reading the score and acquainting myself with both the vocal and the instrumental parts. What a delight it was, some years later, to listen to this opera at the Italiens, sung by Grisi, Mario, and Lablache; and when, later still, being intimate with Gounod, I had the pleasure of hearing him interpret and comment on the work, every page of which I knew by heart!

No wonder, then, that I discovered nothing very new to me on opening Gounod's book on Mozart's masterpiece. Still, how few readers would find themselves in so exceptional a situation? Not one. I will even add that most of those who think they know *Don Juan*, from having gone through it rapidly or heard it at the Opéra, split up into five Acts, spoiled by the translation and the sacrilegious alterations and additions of Castil-Blaze, in that vast building so unsuited both to the dainty orchestral music and to the subject-matter, are in reality completely ignorant of it. Consequently, I make one request of those interested in music: to forget for the time being their usual preferences and transcendental theories, and, instead, read this short though substantial book, so attractive and yet profound beneath its apparent slightness. They will learn much of which they had previously no idea, and the reading will enable them to see that in art there is something more precious than conviction, viz., artistic probity—that quality inherent in the fine works of the past—surrounding *Don Juan* with a sacred halo, and which Gounod, in his panegyric of the masterpiece, brings out so brilliantly.

Let us open the famous score. At once we are conscious that the criticism is of a superior kind:

From the beginning of the Overture Mozart flings himself completely into the spirit of the drama, the Overture itself being an epitome of it. After the first four bars, rendered yet more terrible by the pause which completes the second and fourth . . .

It is unusual to attach such importance to pauses, a thing calculated to astonish many, for the eloquence of the pause in music is a comparatively modern

conquest. Whether we take the Roman style of Palestrina or the monumental artistry of Bach, the whole of past art has entirely, or almost entirely, misinterpreted it. Nowadays we appear to scorn this valuable aid, preoccupied as we are with stretching too tightly the warp and woof of the musical fabric and covering it with rich embroidery. All the same, the effect of the pause is one of rare potency which nothing else can supply. To such as would think slightly of Mozart, I recommend the pauses that interrupt the first few bars of the Prelude of *Tristan*. Let them endeavour to suppress these in thought, and they will discover how important they are.

To continue:

Everything in this tremendous introduction breathes and inspires terror: the monotonous and inexorable rhythm of the strings, the sepulchral timbre of the wind instruments, where the octave intervals, from bar to bar, resemble the very trappings of a stone giant, the minister of Death; the syncopations of the first violins which, from the eleventh bar onwards, probe the innermost recesses of that sombre consciousness, the creation of the second violins entwining like a huge reptile round the culprit, the stubborn resistance of this condemned victim who blindly struggles on to the end; those frightful scales, ascending and descending, which swell like the billows of a stormy sea; in a word, the menace suspended over the head of the criminal by the solemnity of this impressive opening; everything in this wonderful page is of the loftiest tragical inspiration; the power of fearsome terror could go no further.

This picture is a true one, and yet, on close inspection, how paltry the details seem! Mere octave intervals, basses representing a very simple rhythm for a few bars, syncopations—where do we not find these? A trifling arrangement on the fourth string of the second violins, and those scales, *ces effroyables gammes*, moderate in tempo and not more than one octave in range: can such things be wonderful? It is true that the details of themselves appear little or nothing; they acquire all their importance from being timely or appropriate, from their reciprocal harmonies, their contrasts, and a sense of general balance. Here is style; here is the secret of genius. It may be invented, studied, and analysed, though with great difficulty; it cannot be imitated. It also disappears in ordinary average playing; a piece of music may be played apparently quite well and yet produce no impression whatsoever.

Nothing, unfortunately, is more difficult to interpret than this exquisite music whose every note and pause has a value of its own and where the slightest negligence, whether in letter or in spirit, may be catastrophic. Great musical spectacles have a virility of another kind; the Overture of *Tannhäuser*, and that of *Guillaume Tell*, survive second-rate interpretations; however one murders the notes, there are so many of them that there are always some to spare. This constitutes the triumph of the big guns! The tree with its thousands of leaves may weather the storm, but what is left of a flower—of a butterfly's wing—once it has been bruised or crushed?

* * * * *

The drama begins. In vivid colours the author has depicted the famous Introduction, where, epitomised so to speak, so many apparent incongruities easily find room: the comic scene of Leporello awaiting his master, the flight of Don Juan stopped by Donna Anna, the appearance of the Commander, the duel

and its fatal issue. Attention might have been drawn to the extraordinary facility with which, at each step, Mozart modifies the character of the music, passing from comic to tragic without breaking the unity of style. I have purposely used the word 'facility' instead of 'skill' since it is very likely that the miracle was effected unconsciously. In this scene, as in that of the supper which concludes the opera, Mozart certainly realised the impossible without being aware of the fact. The musical language he used, consisting of a happily proportioned blend of the Italian and the German style, sustained by universally accepted tradition, was extremely supple, though how many, employing the same medium of expression, lack his eloquence!

The minutely detailed analysis of the well-known air of Leporello, *Madamina, il catalogo è questo*, is particularly to be noted. When we find Gounod seeking meanings and intentions in each note, we might conclude that he had given free scope to his imagination. Nothing of the kind; everything he says is true, and yet the *morceau* flows smoothly along, each detail appearing to be required by musical necessities alone. Here is the difficulty in the ever-recurring question of music with literary pretensions; on condition the style does not suffer, we may put into music as many intentions as we please. Those who do not like them need not notice them.

With regard to this air and the eloquent details of its instrumentation, Gounod remarks:

Here we have the orchestra in the theatre filling its proper rôle, which is complementary rather than invading, not saying too much, and yet saying all. How far removed we are from dull, pretentious pomposity which aims at moving us by loud effects, which looks upon mere padding as real worth and upon pathos as greatness!

In these words we have the clash of weapons before the battle; but the fight does not come on, the author not considering it necessary to insist on his point. Apparently the artistic epoch in which Mozart lived, analogous to our 17th century French literature, enters largely into the qualities Gounod admires—true balance and perfection of taste. He is quite right to protest against *striving after effect*; the absence of such striving is common to all fine periods in art, its presence a characteristic sign of decadence.

I am greatly inclined to find fault with the unguarded encomiums Gounod lavishes on Don Juan's 'Ball,' with his three orchestras on the stage, each, as we know, playing a different air. 'All this,' he says, 'is carried through *without confusion*, but with consummate ease and skill.'

That may be true when reading the opera, but when listening to this portion of it I have always been quite bewildered. The sun may have spots on its surface: Gounod cannot see them. But though I see the spot, I do not find fault with the composer; I merely declare that I do not understand what he meant. Considering that during the supper of the second Act he introduced wind instruments on to the stage, he might also have introduced some during the Ball instead of increasing the numbers of violins and basses, the result of which was an inextricable jumble of instruments of like timbre. What reasons had he for doing so? Probably under his interpretation the *morceau* assumed a different meaning from that which it has for us. In any case there is but one thing for us to do: play the piece just as it was written.

Nothing is more dangerous than to make alterations in such a work. I remember, on the occasion of a reprise of *Don Juan* at the Opéra, Vaucorbeil, who was then director, was astonished at the lack of effect produced by the famous Trio of Masks. As is well known, this Trio is preceded by a conversation between the three Masks, in admirably tragic vein. A window opens, the orchestra suddenly stops, and through the open window are wafted strains of the small orchestra of the Ball, accompanying Leporello's invitation. When the window is shut, the orchestra resumes and the admirable Trio begins. On the occasion of the reprise in question, the small stage orchestra had been suppressed and the theatre orchestra played everything itself, with the result that the entire picturesque passage became impossible to understand and most pitifully commonplace.

The instrumentation of the magnificent air of Donna Anna, *Or sai chi l'onore*, contains another puzzle, Gounod makes no mention of it whatsoever, he even praises the full, sonorous orchestra 'which never goes beyond what is necessary.' I am not wholly of this opinion. In this *morceau*, where the vocal part shows such grandeur and spirit, my opinion is that the orchestra does not attain 'what is necessary.' Berlioz was fond of ridiculing it. Doubtless, after the grandiose singing of Donna Anna, oboes and bassoons seem inadequate, almost comical. The puzzle may be solved by supposing that the singer who created the rôle may have been vocally unequal to the occasion. Mozart was always very careful not to drown the singing beneath heavy instrumentation; he might be called a voice-setter just as a jeweller might be called a diamond-setter.

I have been rather—perhaps even immoderately—abusive towards Gounod, so it is time to begin praising and admiring him again. I will not undertake to make a list of his sayings, his *trouvailles*, the pearls in his casket. Open it; you will be surprised and dazzled. Listen to what he says of the famous balcony Trio:

It is in the very phrases of Donna Elvira that Don Juan seeks the insolent expression of a false tenderness. This borrowing is an abuse of confidence, a musical forgery perpetrated by Don Juan, speaking with his own lips the very language of sincerity uttered by his wife, the better to deceive her.

Is not this way of speaking music both delightful and unexpected? In another place, he talks of the 'involuntary scruples with which the disinterested innocence of genius swarms.' We are continually receiving flashes of light, opening up hitherto unknown depths, well calculated to amaze those who seek in music nothing but vague sensations and drugged voluptuousness.

Read this little book, more especially the appendix, in which, leaving his subject, the author deals with general matters in a few clear-cut sentences. Reflect on what he says of singing and diction, of pronunciation and style, learning from him what the conductor of an orchestra ought to be. Among other things he says:

It is a mistake to think that the conductor can make himself fully understood by means of the baton which he holds in his hand. His entire demeanour must instruct and impart life to those who obey him. His attitude, his physiognomy, his glance, should prepare the singers for what he is about to demand of them; his expression should enable them to anticipate his intentions; it should guide the intelligence of the performers.

How few conductors reach this standard! For one worthy of the name, how many time-beaters! Some look as though they were cutting up a cake, others leading a regiment to the drill-ground; others again might be engaged in the hurried preparation of an omelette. I have even seen some twirling the baton above their heads! The public sets up a claim to judge of the merits of conductors, a disastrous claim which has frequently brought bad musicians to the front because they happened to have cultivated a leonine head of hair or an elegant figure, or simply because they had established a bond of sympathy with the listeners, without the latter really knowing why! Composers and performers are alone capable of judging in such matters. The chief quality of a conductor, apart from a thorough acquaintance with the work, should be, as Gounod says, a power of suggestion, of such a nature as to elicit from the performer an obedience of which he is not aware. These, as everyone will agree, are matters with which the public has nothing to do; still, the public likes to judge everything, and its tastes are at times odd enough—especially in music. Formerly it expected music to be of a rousing nature; now it wants to be lulled to sleep. What will it expect music to do next?

The noble Muse is little concerned with all this; all she cares for is to remain beautiful and to lavish smiles on her elect. These are few, as they have always been and probably always will be. 'What a lot of notes!' was said in complimentary tones to Mozart by the Emperor of Austria, who had understood nothing of the wonderful music to which he had been listening. 'Sire, there is not one too many,' replied Mozart, with a pride equal to his genius.

So great a character but seldom attains to fortune. The author of *Don Juan* died in poverty, to the everlasting shame of his contemporaries.

Occasional Notes

We have received from Messrs. Stainer & Bell a booklet containing descriptions of the works issued by the Carnegie Trust. In the Introduction Mr. Percy Scholes, the author, explaining the origin of the booklet, says:

'The Trustees, and those who act with them as their business agents, have felt, I gather, that there was some danger of publication becoming such merely in name, or, at all events, being not so widespread as the merits of the pieces chosen demand—and this through lack of public knowledge.'

The plaint leaves us unsympathetic, even a trifle amused. It does not seem to have occurred to the Trust or to its agents that the musical press of this country devotes a good deal of space to reviews of new music, especially when the new music happens to be of native origin, and of the type published by the Trust. Of the sixteen compositions dealt with in the booklet only one has been sent to this office for review, and that exception was due to the initiative of the composer. So far as we can ascertain at short notice this masterly inactivity has been observed in regard to our contemporaries, both musical and lay.

Every publisher save the Trust and its agents knows that a good review in a journal circulating entirely amongst musicians (many of whom are conductors of local choral societies) is often more fruitful than an expensive advertisement. We recommend our readers to get hold of Mr. Scholes's very useful booklet. They will thus obtain for sixpence information that, had the Trust not been dozing in the matter of publicity, would have been obtainable, free of charge, months ago.

So much is now done for the native composer by the Carnegie Trust and the Palmer Fund that we almost hesitate to express an opinion that there is yet an opening for another millionaire. The Trust sees to the publication of works—good. The Fund gives first, even second, performances of MS. compositions—good again. Yet these generous efforts do not bring the chosen works into direct contact with the great musical public. Few people are in the habit of buying scores to read through silently, and not many are able to go to the Royal College of Music of a morning to hear the public rehearsals given by the Fund. But they may be counted on to turn up in crowds at a concert the programme of which includes at least one of their pet works—the fifth Symphony, the *Nut-cracker* Suite, the *Emperor* Concerto, &c., or on an occasion when a famous soloist of any kind is to be heard.

That's the time to catch 'em. Millionaires don't read such journals as this; their millions keep them too busy. But if we thought we had the ear of one, we should hang on to it until he had heard of a useful way of spending the interest on a hundred thousand of those pounds that give him so much trouble. If he rose to the occasion he would form a small board of advisers who would each year select a dozen or twenty large works, and a much greater number of small works of all kinds. Performances of these would be subsidised in various parts of the country. We all know the heart-breaking experience of composers who see their work given a first performance which is also the last—or anyhow the last for so long a period that the second becomes another first performance, so to speak. So futile is this isolated first hearing that we feel disposed to venture the Hibernian suggestion that a new work should make its débüt with its third performance. Our millionaire would solve the difficulty by arranging always that the chosen work should be performed three times in a short period. The proposition would be a business one: the orchestra or choral society or soloist concerned would receive a sum in return for which would be guaranteed three performances during the season. It should be understood that the work would be included in a programme containing at least one work of a powerfully attractive character. The people who wished to hear the Fifth Symphony would not stay away from a concert because the scheme included also an item by a comparatively unknown composer.

This is the propaganda that new native works need—public performance side by side with works from which the average man can't keep away. Entire programmes of new music are merely a form of preaching to the converted. This is so obvious that we blush to mention it. But the people who have long since grasped the fact

apparently fail to go on farther and realise the importance of insinuating the powder of new music into the jam of popular programmes.

Returning to our millionaire, we suggest that he should get some of his money back in order that his fund may be to some extent self-supporting and so able to operate as widely as possible. A small percentage of the takings should be handed to his executive, when the profit-line has been passed. As we said above, these subsidised performances should take place in as many centres as possible. In regard to the smaller forms, new unaccompanied choral works—even part-songs—could be introduced to small centres of population. Many a good village glee class would jump at the chance of working up a new part-song on receipt of a set of copies and a donation of a couple of guineas towards its funds. Propaganda work in regard to new music is apt to concern itself too much with big works. The small ones—the part-song, pianoforte solo, string quartet, &c.—often reach a larger public in the long run, because they are more easily negotiated. But if they are really original, or by an unknown composer, they need a push-off as much as big works.

We hear a reader say, 'Pooh! a wild, impossible scheme!' But it is merely an adaptation of the royalty system, and nobody ever thinks of that as wild or impossible. Used (as it has been) almost exclusively for the propagation of the baser types of music it has proved itself to be only too practicable—so much so as to be one of the greatest hindrances to musical progress. A fine stroke to turn the system round and make it help things along instead! Meanwhile, until that willing millionaire arrives, perhaps the Carnegie Trust and the Palmer Fund executives might lay their heads together and see if it is possible to make a modest beginning at a scheme that will ensure the attainment of the object toward which they are so generously working—an object (as we have said) that can hardly be reached by mere publication, or by rehearsal-performances that are necessarily held in the mornings in a hall rather off the beaten track of the average music-lover.

Elgar's Violoncello Concerto was played at Budapest, on February 14, by Béla de Csuka, principal violoncellist of the Budapest Royal Opera House. The *National Gazette* of February 16 said: 'Csuka could not present himself from a new side, but we must give special mention to the novelty of his concert—the Violoncello Concerto of Edward Elgar. This English composer is to-day, at any rate, the most prominent musical artist of his country.' The *Pest Gazette* (February 15) said: 'Csuka fully justified expectations, mainly by his performance of Elgar's Violoncello Concerto and Bach's G major Suite.' And *The World* of the same date spoke of 'the fine performance of this interesting and delicately-coloured modern composition.'

We are glad to hear that Dr. Vaughan Williams has received an invitation to visit the United States. Mr. Carl Stoekel, the president of the Litchfield County Musical Association, has asked him to come to the Association's next Festival to conduct the first performance in America of his Pastoral Symphony. The Festival will take place in June, at Norfolk, Connecticut. The New York Symphony Orchestra

has been engaged, and there will be a large choir drawn from five choral societies of neighbouring towns.

Our composers seem to be getting their foot in abroad to an encouraging extent. We are informed that the arrangements for this year's Salzburg Musical Festival include a series of international chamber concerts, immediately preceding the performances of the Vienna Opera. Bax, Bliss and Goossens have agreed to contribute works, and Miss Dorothy Moulton is to sing modern English songs. English music will thus be prominently represented at a Continental Festival for the first time since 1914.

We have long since realised that the best headlines come from America; the art of caption is hardly cultivated anywhere else. The most we can do on this side is to turn out a statement that is merely bald and brief. We have a good way to go before we can compete with a genius on the *New York Evening Sun*, who in seven words tells his readers of: (1) A famous musician who has been ill; (2) the nature of his illness; (3) the operation that set him on his legs again; (4) the discarded portion of his anatomy; (5) his return to the operatic stage; and (6) the work in which he reappeared. Here is the Compleat Caption:

MURATORE, MINUS APPENDIX, RETURNS IN
MONNA L'ANNA.

Our March issue contained an announcement that a new amateur orchestra was being formed, to be known as 'The Euterpe String Players.' In response to inquiries we now give some particulars. The orchestra will, it is hoped, serve a double purpose. It will endeavour to give performances of works, old and new, which for various reasons are passed over by large professional orchestras, and it will aim at providing the instrumental part in choral works, chiefly those of the small and intimate type, such as Bach's Cantatas. In the present state of economics, a choral society is unable to give properly balanced performances of such works without incurring expenses that can rarely be met from the sale of tickets, as such concerts are usually given in a small hall. The solution of the difficulty seems to lie in the formation of a small body of highly skilled amateurs. Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott is the moving spirit of the enterprise, so we may hope to see the instrumental equivalent of the Oriana Choir. Players who wish to join, or who are interested in any way, should write to the hon. secretary, Miss M. M. Hills, 80, West Cromwell Road, S.W. 5.

A very attractive programme has been put forth by the committee of the Oxford Musical Festival (May 8-13). There will be five concerts, besides performances of English folk-dances and historical ballets. Special organ recitals will be given at New College and Christ Church, and there will be the usual Sunday evening concert at Balliol College. The Festival concerts will take place at the Town Hall, the Corn Exchange, and the Sheldonian Theatre, and the folk-dancing in New College gardens. The chief choral works to be performed are the B minor Mass, Parry's *De Profundis*, and Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony*. The orchestral items include the *Enigma Variations*, Butterworth's two Folk-song Idylls, and Stravinsky's *L'Oiseau de Feu*. The Festival is inaugurated by the Oxford

Bach Choir, under the general direction of Sir Hugh Allen. Messrs. Sydney Acott & Co., High Street, Oxford, are in charge of the box-office side of affairs.

With sincere regret we read in *The Lute* that a critic has described a singer at a fashionable concert as 'scantly clad, all except her breath, which came in thick pants.'

Music in the Foreign Press

BERLIOZ VINDICATED

In the *Revue Musicale* (February) Charles Kœchlin examines point by point the current denunciations of Berlioz's musicianship, and attempts to show that when they are not altogether groundless, they rest upon narrow, rule-of-thumb conceptions of what music should be.

GLUCK IN PARODIES

In the same periodical (March) Georges Cucuel describes the various parodies that have been made of Gluck's operas. The list comprises a curious burlesque of *Iphigénie en Aulide*, by Despréaux; *Monie*, produced in 1778; three of *Orphée*, including Paisiello's *Socrate Immaginario* (Naples, 1775); four of *Alceste*; and only one of *Armide*.

IN MEMORY OF ARTHUR NIKISCH

Among the many tributes to Nikisch that have recently appeared, the special number of *Die Musikwelt* (February) deserves mention. It contains articles by, among others, Ferdinand Pfohl, Eugen Segnitz, Gustav Brecher, Adolf Weissmann, Julius Korngold.

AN OPINION ON SRIABIN

In the January issue of the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* (now edited by Dr. Paul Stefan, and improved in several respects), Rudolf Réti writes:

The value of Scriabin's music is surprisingly uneven. His output comprises glowing things such as the *Poème vers la Flamme*, and cold, colourless drawing-room stuff. The latter, it is true, is adorned with the typical Scriabinian medley of chords, but a medley devoid of movement and contrasts. Not one of those chords emerges to assert itself, to reach a climax and thence to merge into another, so that the general impression is one of monotony and purposelessness.

PIERROT LUNAIRE

In the *Courrier Musical* (February) Robert Desormière writes:

Pierrot Lunaire is written in an idiom whose appearance constitutes the greatest of revolutions in musical history, an 'atonal' idiom towards which Schönberg has painstakingly worked his way, and which he has now completely mastered, expressing himself in it to the full and without a shadow of self-consciousness. During his experimental stages, his sensitiveness remained in the background, and sheer will-power predominated: in *Pierrot Lunaire* the new idiom is no longer an end, but a docile vehicle of expression. *Pierrot Lunaire* is instinct with a romanticism inherited from the 19th century Germans. Very often Schönberg harks back to the blue moonlight and spectres and other 'properties' of a bygone age. But the terseness and simplicity of his style, his sense of proportion and fitness, are so exquisite, that we sometimes fail to notice, except as an afterthought, the thinness of the substance.

In the *Monde Musical* (February), Charles Kœchlin writes:

The initiated have long since described *Pierrot Lunaire* as a work which opens unsuspected vistas, and rings the death-knell of all musical laws. Others have inveighed against Schönberg as a mere charlatan, and a musical Bolshevik. Now that we have heard the work (and it is impossible to appraise it merely by studying the score), we can say that it is surprisingly novel indeed, wonderfully bold, but remarkable for its charm, for the very logic and sweetness of the very things which from the point of view of theoretical conventions ought to be described as loose and harsh. This music is instinct with imagination, and teems with innovations in melody, rhythm, and colour. But the most remarkable points are its conciseness and the sense of fitness which it reveals. *Pierrot Lunaire* is a genuine artistic creation.

ON VARIOUS COMPOSERS OF TO-DAY

In the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* (February) Dr. Wilhelm Grosz considers the output of Aloys Hába (born 1893, at Wizowitz), and Feliz Petyrek (born 1892, at Vienna), both disciples of Franz Schreker. He praises the former's Overture, Op. 5, and his String Quartet, Op. 4. As for the Quartet in quarter-tones, he believes that it is impossible of performance with any degree of accuracy. Petyrek was at first strongly influenced by Reger, but owes many of the rhythmic peculiarities of his style to his study of Slavonic musical lore. He has been described as 'a musical acrobat, an imitator of Stravinsky, and the Edgar Poe of music.' The writer speaks well of his *Grotesques* for pianoforte, his Pianoforte Sextet, and a Sinfonietta.

Hugo Kauder expresses the opinion that in Schönberg's Quartet and Kammer-sinfonie the influence of the past is preponderant. In harmony Schönberg is a pioneer, but his working-out remains in strict accordance with tradition. The writer describes Bartók's second Quartet as genuine and powerful, but harsh and crude. If that work and the Violin Sonata were as inspired as they are lusty, they would be masterpieces.

A POINT OF VIOLIN TECHNIQUE

In the *Zeitschrift für Musik* (February 15) Prof. Robert Reitz, referring to various books on the technique of violin playing by Siegfried Eberhardt, emphasises the advantages of doing away with the practice of inserting a pad between the violin and the shoulder. If the violin be tightly held by the chin, the collar-bone, and the shoulder, the left hand will work more efficiently and the bowing will be better.

M.-D. CALVOĆRESSI.

MUSIC AND LETTERS

The April number of Mr. A. H. Fox-Strangways's distinguished quarterly, *Musical and Letters* (published at 22, Essex Street, W.C., 5s.) is even richer than usual in good things. Dr. Adrian C. Boulton commemorates Nikisch. There are articles on three latter-day composers. The Bishop of Ripon and Mr. Steuart Wilson discuss different points of liturgical music. Seven public schoolmasters write on 'Music in Public Schools.' Mr. J. D. M. Rorke, author of 'A Musical Pilgrim's Progress,' pleads for 'The Personal Note in Musical Criticism.' Miss Muriel Silburn remembers the short, flashing career

of an infant prodigy of the past, George Aspull, of Manchester, 'the most extraordinary creature in Europe,' in Rossini's pronouncement, famous at the age of nine, dead at nineteen. It is Schumann's turn under the rubric of Song Translations, and there are fourteen translations added to the anthology which *Music and Letters* is offering to English singers, to persuade them to the sensible course of singing the classic German lyrics in the language of their audience.

On Nikisch, Dr. Boulton says :

'I would almost go so far as to say that there were few works that I would not have felt could have been better given by other conductors, in spite of the marvellous fascination of Nikisch's art. But whatever he touched was alive and warm, and vitality is the alpha and omega of executive music.'

He puts first Nikisch's Wagner (except perhaps *Die Meistersinger*), his Mozart and Haydn (often), and his Weber (always) :

'Even when we felt we must disagree, there was such poetry and beauty, not to mention technical mastery, that we were held spell-bound.'

Mr. Herbert Howells gives an attractive study of Vaughan Williams's *Pastoral Symphony* :

'You may not like the Symphony's frame of mind ; but there it is, strong and courageous. It is the truth of the work, and out of it would naturally arise whatever risk it has run of being publicly cold-shouldered.'

Mr. J. B. Trend puts us on still more friendly terms with the admired Spaniard, Manuel de Falla, and Déodat de Séverac's delicate art is celebrated with enthusiasm by Mr. W. W. Roberts.

The Bishop of Ripon :

'Cathedral organists surely ought to be recognised as expert authorities in their own line, and should control the musical side of the services much more fully than they do.'

Mr. Steuart Wilson :

'The surpliced choir in the chancel is the root of all the difficulties. The music is at the wrong end of the church to promote good congregational singing. The congregation must be *driven* to sing, in fact, not *led*. Again, in a village, women's voices must be used if the choir is to succeed.'

Miss Lucia Young's four Schumann translations are charming, and we venture to quote in full this recommended version of Heine for the song Op. 142, No. 2, signed F. S. :

Here, eye to eye, our falling tears
Shall mingle with one another ;
Here, heart to heart, our hopes and fears
Shall break into flame together.

The flame of hope shall dry away
The mounting tears of sorrow ;
And here to my heart I'll hold you to-day
Though I should die to-morrow.

C.

The Musician's Bookshelf

NATIONALISM IN MUSIC

M. Jean Chantavoine has in *De Couperin à Debussy* (Paris : Félix Alcan, 7fr. 50c.), collected eight essays, the most substantial of which is 'The General Characteristics of French Music.'

Is there a music with a peculiarly French character? That 'art knows no frontiers,' that 'music is a *lingua franca*, an international speech,' has been said so often that we have become unable to believe it. And the prevailing passions of the day are all for more and more frontiers. We were always conscious of the difference between French novels and our own, and of the different table manners of the Germans. But consciousness of differences has been extraordinarily sharpened everywhere of late. To be interested to-day, the world must see the national interest, and in music there is this new quivering susceptibility just as everywhere else. If European music ever has been really a *lingua franca*, the nations are now so busy forming each their own dialect that analogy is suggested with the degeneration of Latin in the dark ages. It was inevitable, too, for we come to the end of generalisations, but not of particularisations. Grant that Palestrina or Bach spoke a universal tongue, that tongue must take on local peculiarities in its use by generations of men for whom frontiers are more actual than day and night.

Of course nothing of the sort can be granted about Palestrina or Bach. But for those German words which are like bricks, German hymn-tunes would not be what they are, and but for German hymn-tunes Bach were not what we know him. And German feet—so different from Italian feet! Do not they have something to say in the difference between Bach's dancing rhythms and Scarlatti's?

Nevertheless the national interest is somehow harder to define in the European music of three or four hundred years than in last year's novels or even in the just allocation of war indemnities. M. Chantavoine makes a readable essay in defining what is French in music, and when we say readable we mean that his nationalism is not extravagant. (Really high-spirited nationalism is insufferable to the reader across a frontier. The stiffer the tone the more does the other fellow bristle. And Europe is far from having tired of the game, even now.) In his moderation he has not reprinted a newspaper article on Beethoven we remember (in *Le Temps*), which went to show that Beethoven was pretty nearly all French. It is true that he appears to allot something to France out of the 'French Suites' of Bach, without even mentioning any claim here to a share in the 'English Suites'!

M. Chantavoine's best point in defining the notion of the national character of a given music is the influence of language. Music to begin with is song and dance rhythm. The national physique and temperament (a matter of climate, these) dictate the dance forms. In early song the music is ancillary to the words.

'The first characteristic to strike us in French music is one noticed by Jean-Jacques Rousseau, I mean the weak "vocality" of the French language and a resultant inferiority for our singing music. The French language, so little accentuated, with the weak sounds of its mute

e's, with the platitude of its nasal sounds, with the uniformity and lack of rhythm of its poetry, which is measured instead of being cadenced—the French language is not very apt to arouse melody or to sustain it, whereas the sonorous vowels and balanced rhythm of the Italian phrase are already an embryo or a sketch of melody in themselves.'

M. Chantavoine interestingly pursues this obviously just notion of the influence of speech and prosody on music, a suggestive notion which we should like to see applied comparatively to the whole of European music.

If the French has not the amplitude of Italian melody, neither has France vied with Germany in pure musical (wordless) development. This, according to M. Chantavoine, is due to the special origins of French music in the ballads and ditties of mediæval minstrels and troubadours—songs the verbal sense of which possibly counted three parts to one of the music. Hence the impregnation of French music with a verbal element and with an ensuing 'intellectuality.' 'In purely instrumental music the understanding loses foothold, and a Frenchman hates not being able to understand.' So that Couperin and Rameau adorn their harpsichord pieces with alluring little poetic titles, and in the 19th century Berlioz and Liszt (Liszt, from his environment, is considered French enough for the argument) create the symphonic poem.

Again a point which our author argues with elegance; but here we want to know why the lays of the minstrels so specially had this effect in France, while their German contemporaries did not succeed in doing anything to frustrate the coming of the German symphonic school.

After these admissions, courageous indeed in a nationalist age, M. Chantavoine readjusts the balance with the tale of the French musical qualities we all esteem—mobility, inventive curiosity, precision, vividness, elegance, and liveliness—with especial mention of the science of Rameau and the orchestral imagination, never enough to be admired, of Berlioz. The later essays treat of the Couperins (largely based on Bouvet), Rameau, Gluck, Berlioz, Chabrier, Massenet, and Debussy. M. Chantavoine, himself no disparager of Gluck, allows himself a touch of malice in telling of the remarkable outburst of Rameau-worship (involving the disparagement of Gluck) at Paris some twenty years ago. It was perhaps a shade more theoretical than practical, so at least those who saw the revival of *Castor and Pollux* of three years ago can only conclude. C.

GROVE—WITH A DIFFERENCE

The American Supplement to *Grove's History of Music* (Macmillan) is in two parts. We have first a section giving us a kind of history of music in America, broken up from time to time with a chronological register. This portion fills about a hundred pages. The remainder of the volume is on the lines of Grove, the bulk of the articles being devoted to musicians and musical matters in America, plus a bringing up to date of Grove references to living European musicians. (But where is Vaughan Williams?) The Supplement breaks away from the Grove tradition in one important respect. We have always regarded admission to the pages of the famous volumes as a kind of honourable *cachet*. To

be noted in Grove, however briefly, was to have arrived. But the net has been thrown very wide in the Supplement, and the haul contains as many minnows as big fish. If you would realise how inclusive the scheme is, make a list of all the tenth-rate English composers known to you—organists who have delivered themselves of invertebrate *Evening Meditations*, *Andantes*, and cantatas, composers of songs and ballads we could very well do without, and the like. Having made the list, imagine the bulk of them in Grove—but no! it can't be done. Yet the American equivalent of such small fry have somehow got into the Supplement. This is Grove with a difference—a difference so big that it lowers the status of the book very considerably. It gives a misleading impression of musical life in America—at least we hope it is misleading, for if America regards all these nobodies as somebodies she has still a lot of leeway to make up in the musical race. This view is based on an examination of no small amount of recent American composition. The perpetrators of similar music in this country would no doubt make money—lots of it, in fact,—but they would make nothing else, and they would always be well outside our standard works of reference and musical journals. Apropos of the latter, the references to English musical journalists are curiously inadequate. This country is rich in excellent workers of the kind, but the only ones honoured by inclusion in the Supplement are Eaglefield Hull, Ernest Newman, and Percy Scholes. The omission of Edwin Evans is strange, seeing that his *Musical Times* articles on British composers have been liberally drawn on by the editors of the Supplement. This book will be useful, of course, especially across the water, but in manner and matter it falls so short of the real Grove that we on this side must needs have some difficulty in regarding it as *The Sixth Volume of the Complete Work* (vide title-page). H. G.

PLAYER-PIANO PROSODY

Mr. Sydney Grew's *The Art of the Player-Piano* (Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d.) is an important work if only for the fact that it is the first of its kind in the field. In comparison with it Mr. Ernest Newman's book is a mere *jeu d'esprit*, the leisured musings of a man-about-town—and all the more delightful for that. Mr. Grew takes things very seriously, and has certainly provided an exhaustive treatise, though I am doubtful as to the value of a good deal of it. See this (*italics mine*):

The intellectual effort required in chh. xxv.-xxxix. is slightly less than that required in the study of instrumentation, canon, *building construction*, algebra, and so on; but it requires the same qualities and similar determination.

This forbidding prospect is calculated to knock nine-tenths of player-piano humanity out of the race to start with.

The book may be roughly divided into four parts: (1) Some sound practical matter which lies well within the reach of the human playerist (as one has to call them now)—ch. i.-xiii.; (2) Some transitional matter that is on the borders of common-sense and moonshine—ch. xiv.-xvii.; (3) A full flood of the latter—ch. xviii.-xxiv.; (4) Some very irritating instances of the worst form of pedantry.

Ch. iii. gives a list of suitable works to start on. The Federation of British Music Industries will rejoice to see that it opens with Ancliffe's *Night of Gladness Waltz*, but will be less enthusiastic over the third item, Böhm's *Attaque des Uhlans*.

Ch. xiv.-xvii., which deal with 'metrical counting,' take a lot of the edge off our determination, and at the end of ch. xvi. we are a little surprised to read:

And here I imagine many of us will part company after what has probably been an acquaintance of two or more years. Player-pianism beyond the point we have now reached appertains to the finely-instructed mind; it escapes sensation and the stimulus of excitement, and so it is not for all of us. Moreover, the course of study I now outline may not in the minds of some of us seem adequately related to music, and so we shall not see the profit of following it out. Therefore we shake hands as necessary.

Alive as I am to the rapid passage of time—well, anyhow, I felt instinctively that I belonged to the 'some,' and having shaken hands somewhat hastily with the author, forgot all about him, leapt on to the box-seat, and drove my old 'bus with Chopin's Op. 10, No. 10, as never before.

Mr. Grew's plan is, he believes, original:

The non-musical material which I use for the purpose is poetry, though battles have been fought in the past on the problem of how to reconcile poetic and musical rhythms, and much futile labour gone in the task of applying prosodical terms to musical cadences. Being original, it may be that my plan will not be clearly worked out or expressed intelligibly.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating (p. 155):

The first short of the anapest may be anacrusic to the second short, if that second short is weighty enough to be spondaised with the long of the figure:

3-4	1-2	3-4	1-2	3-4	1-2	
I am	out of	hu-	man-	ity's	reach	[Chorus of
II.	I.	II.	I.	II.	I.	'Hear, hear!']

This sort of thing goes gaily on for about five chapters, after which we come to a series of most lucid prosodical guides to accepted musical masterpieces. I quote the following gem from an analysis of Chopin's Prelude in D flat, Op. 28, No. 15:

The acatalectic ditrochee may be set out in the cadency of this amphibrach. . . . Thus in this one phrase we have three manifestations of the trochee, the poetic equivalent of the eight counts being a dimeter catalectic trochaic (a verse of four feet, incomplete to the degree that its final foot is empty), and the musical value being an expanding of the third foot to the full quantity of the measure (see page 255).

Occasionally the style becomes a little more complicated—as, for instance, in a description of the relation of triple to duple time:

Three counts may stand for two, in the sense that a certain couple of the three counts represents a doubling of the quantity of a certain one count of the two. This statement, read quickly, sounds like a conundrum; but it means that if two pieces of elastic substance, each an inch long, are placed end to end, and the half of one piece stretched out to the length of a full inch, and fixed in that position, the result will be as the conversion of duple-time music into triple-time (see page 245).

But, like everything else in life, the book is leavened with touches of conscious and unconscious humour. Here is an example of the former:

The shrieks in which the stressed weak counts culminate are depictions of the sounds made by Peer Gynt as he becomes more sore on the one hand

(hand of course is used here as a figure of speech only) from the repeated kickings of the gnomes, and as they, on the other hand, perfect the power and direction of their kicks.

As for the latter, here is a sample from ch. xxx.:

To show the average taste of the player-pianist, I give a list of compositions made by a girl during the first two years she used the instrument. [A list of works played is then given.] . . . those marked with an asterisk being especially pleasing, and those set up in capitals the most pleasing of all.

The fact that amongst the 'most pleasing of all' is Strauss's *Heldenleben* (Corder's Prelude No. 2 is also included in this category) is clear proof that the girl in question looked on her instrument—largely as I do on mine—as a means of ploughing through a mass of otherwise inaccessible music, quite regardless of whether the latter is particularly suited to the player-piano. Had she any other end in view she could not possibly have included *Heldenleben*, which, whatever its merits as a composition, provides a revolting din on the player-piano quite in a class by itself.

Mr. Grew's book is a mass of erudition—but erudition is emphatically one of the things that should be rationed. Had the author limited himself to the erudition that was strictly to the purpose, and cut out all the pedantry, his book would have been treble its present value.

Mr. Harry Drake's booklet, *The Piano-Player Explained* (Musical Opinion Office, 2s.), calls for little comment and certainly no criticism. The author goes about his job in a quiet, workmanlike way which at once inspires confidence in anyone who wants to know how the wheels go round. It contains, amongst other things, a short history of the player-piano, which might very well have been treated a little more extensively. Mr. Drake's descriptions are as straightforward as Mr. Grew's are involved. The book is amply illustrated, and should prove useful to incipient tuners. R. L.

A BATCH OF BOOKLETS

The youngster of to-morrow will be encouraged to do his little bit of creative work in music, as he is to-day in letters. Why not? If we teach him that music is a kind of language, we must be consistent, and teach him to think it and speak it. Here are two little works that should be read by those who are teaching the young idea how to shoot in this particular way—*First Steps in Melody-Making*, by Ernest Read (Joseph Williams, 2s.), and *Improvising: A simple method of teaching the subject to children of average ability*, by Ethel Home (Kegan Paul, 2s.).—Organists and others who are holding congregational practices with a view to improving the standard of taste in hymnody will be helped by a fourpenny book of *Hymns selected from the English Hymnal as suitable for occasional use* (Humphrey Milford). There are twenty-four of them, and the tunes cover a wide range, including as they do the beautiful mediæval Rosy Sequence, Randall's 'University,' Orlando Gibbons's 'Song' (set to noble words by J. W. Chadwick), the rugged 'Martyrs,' Carey's 'Surrey,' the Coln melody, now so well-known in this country through arrangements by Frank Bridge, Holst, and others, and Vaughan Williams's 'Sine Nomine.'—*Nonconformist Church Music* is

a re-issue of a series of addresses given by the Rev. Joseph Wood at Oxford in 1920 (The Lindsey Press, 2s. 6d.). The style of the book is refreshingly informal, and the matter thoroughly practical. The author joins hands with the reform party in the Church of England in his condemnation of the weak and shoddy. Occasionally he trips over a matter of detail, as, for instance, when he says that "Ein feste Burg" is made up of phrases from several secular sources.' It is undoubtedly a skilful piecing together of melodic fragments, but the component parts are to be found in the plain-song of the Roman Gradual, and especially in the Credo of the *Missa de Angelis*. The book contains some good illustrations of how not to do things. Thus, speaking of voluntaries, the author says, 'I once preached a sermon on "Peace," and the organist, a Mus. Bac. of Durham, followed with "The Lord is a Man of War," from *Israel in Egypt*. He was a candidate on trial. At the evening service he gave us the "Habañera" from *Carmen*. That decided his candidature.' As well it might.—The interest in hymns and hymn-tunes is perennial, so there should be no lack of readers for Frederick John Gillman's *The Story of our Hymns, being an Historical Companion to the Fellowship Hymn Book* (The Swarthmore Press; George Allen & Unwin, 2s. 6d. paper; 3s. 6d. cloth). About a hundred and fifty hymns are discussed, some old friends, and some that deserve to be. An index of authors and translators gives dates of birth and death. Lecturers and others will find this volume full of useful powder and shot.—*Training in Music* (Pitman, 2s. 6d.) is a collection of the musical articles in the *Encyclopædia and Dictionary of Education*. It was a happy thought to issue them in this way. There are twenty-one articles, and the names of the authors are a guarantee of soundness—Parry, Yorke Trotter, Martin and Geoffrey Shaw, Borland, Kidson, Dunhill, Yeomans, the late Dr. McNaught, &c. The subjects range over Musical Appreciation in Schools, Training a School Band, The Gramophone in Education, Voice Culture, The Tonic Sol-fa System, Student Songs, The Teaching of the Violin, &c. The book is of a handy pocket size, well bound and clearly printed—a remarkably well-produced and meaty little work.

H. G.

New Music

ORCHESTRAL FULL SCORES

A gratifying feature of to-day is the comparative promptness with which the full scores of important orchestral works follow their first performance. Twenty years ago the student had few opportunities of examining the orchestration of scores of contemporary composers; to-day he can obtain beautifully printed copies of pretty well every important new work. The ideal state of things will be reached when publication precedes first performance, so that reviewers and critics may be able to help the public by quoting themes and giving some information about the general character of a new work. The three scores received for review call for no more than brief notice, as the music has recently been heard in London and elsewhere. The Bach-Elgar Fugue has already taken its place as one of the most immediately popular orchestral works of recent years, and the publication of the score should be a boon to students. Those who wish to see the complete orchestral bag of tricks

employed in the most telling fashion in a brief space will see it here. Moreover, the score supplies us with an exposition of the principle of transcription as opposed to mere arrangement. The recent discussion on the subject, brought about by this example, showed that a good many musicians confuse the two things. Thus we had the futile complaint that the orchestral version sounded very different from the original. Of course it did, because the material had to be translated into the terms of the new medium.

The result was that instead of being reminded of the organ we had the effect of a work composed for the modern orchestra. Had Elgar transcribed the work for string quartet it would have sounded like a piece of chamber music, and the less it recalled the organ the better the job would have been done. It is worth notice that musicians are now expressing the view that the best pianoforte transcriptions of Bach's organ works are those which give us the music in the idiom of the pianoforte instead of attempting to reproduce the purely organ effects of the original. And organists, in transcribing orchestral works, have mostly made the mistake of trying to give us as much instrumental detail as possible, instead of following the example of the best French transcribers, who aim rather at the production of an effective and practicable piece of organ music. The fact is, in music as in literature, transcription is to no small extent creative work, and a first-rate transcriber is really a composer at second hand. This digression calls for no apology; the subject is one that seems likely to be more and more in the air, and the sooner the widely varying views are laid on the table the sooner we shall arrive at some working principles. Anyway, here is the full score of the Bach-Elgar Fugue—not a miniature, by the by, but a full-sized copy, ready for the conductor's desk or the student's library.

Full-size too is the score of Bax's *November Woods* (Murdoch). Of the work itself there is no need to speak, save to express the opinion that another performance is long overdue. Those who wish to read a detailed review of *November Woods* will find one by Mr. Edwin Evans in the February issue of the *Sackbut*. By the way, my review copy has a blue pencil mark on the cover drawing attention to the words 'Printed in England.' We have heard so much lately about the art of music engraving being more or less a German affair, that we are glad to be able to speak in high terms of these full scores, not only in regard to engraving and printing, but in the hardly less important matters of binding and quality of paper. Nothing better could be wished for, and if superior work is done abroad it hasn't met my eyes so far.

From Durand, Paris, comes a miniature score of Ravel's *La Valse*, a work not for every palate, but an amazingly brilliant piece of orchestration. The size is rather larger than that of our old friends the Donajowski miniature scores, but not too big for a sensible jacket pocket. The student who has these three widely different examples of modern orchestration before him may give his text-books a rest.

H. G.

SONGS

Out of a parcel containing between thirty and forty songs a few are easily selected as being distinctly above the average. To some of these can be applied Benedetto and Croce's definition of

beauty as successful expression. Prominent among them are Eric Fogg's *Songs of Love and Life* (Elkin). The words are from a volume of poems by Rabindranath Tagore, entitled *The Gardener*. The composer has assimilated the different moods of the poet, and has committed to music his own sympathetic response to them. Applied to these songs, the term 'set to music' seems a little stiff and conventional. The inornate accompaniment to *Peace* suits the tranquil cadences of the music and the prose poet's resonances of thought, which would be dispelled by any overloading of harmonies. The words of *Free me from the bonds of your sweetness* are of a more exotic character, and the composer expresses himself correspondingly with more colour and fantasy. In *The dusky path of a dream* the underlying motif is the tenuity of the insubstantial vision, which is well expressed in the delicate tracery of the melody and in the harmonies and arabesques of the accompaniment. Tagore's shadowy flight of fancy is finely sensed in this song. Though quite personal and original it is, together with *It was in May*, in direct line of succession from Debussy's *Chansons de Bilitis*. *One morning in the garden* is not equal to the others, but is a simple and direct rendering of the theme of the blind girl who offered the poet a flower chain and knew not how beautiful was her gift.

John Ireland's Album of Six Songs, *The Land of Lost Content* (Augener) draws on A. E. Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*. *The Lost Lily* evokes at once the English dells and hedgerows of almost any county, while the fitful rhythm of its setting recalls very especially the Westmorland poet's fluttering daffodils. The melody is joyous and lively to suit the 'spring's array' of primrose and wind-flower. *The Encounter* is more realistic with its march accompaniment in the bass. Syncopated harmonies are elaborated in the treble, and sustain a martial melody. The poignancy of *Lad's Love* and *The Vain Desire* is achieved by what seems simple means. But it is just this economy of treatment which is so difficult, and denotes the experienced hand.

Herbert Hughes's *Parodies* (Books 1 and 2): *Nursery Rhymes reset for Voice and Piano-forte* (Metzler) throw one's mind into the state depicted by the late Coquelin *ainé* in the French song he was wont to sing describing a man haunted by a tune. All his activities were set to its persistent rhythm. Finally he threw himself into the Seine, and in the act of drowning the water gurgled in and out of his mouth to the accompaniment of the same obsessing tune. In *Parodies* phrases from all sorts of well-known compositions are turned topsy-turvy, and are used as leitmotifs or accompaniments or melodies. *A frog he would a-wooing go*, so he sets off on his amorous pilgrimage to the accompaniment of an inverted and demoralised Fugue of Bach, and *Old King Cole* is described as 'a merry old soul' on a shatter-pated phrase from Isolda's *Liebsteod* which persists at intervals through the song. In *Hey, diddle diddle*, cat, fiddle, cow, dog, dish, and spoon execute their several antics, in *moto perpetuo*, to a burlesque of Weber's *Il moto continuo*. A bar from Beethoven, scraps of an Italian opera or German lied are fitted in here and there to these musical jig-saw puzzles, along with many another too familiar phrase which however sometimes refuses to allow itself to be 'spotted' until one's mind is in a worse

state than Coquelin's drowning man, because instead of being obsessed by one tune, half-a-dozen or more are jazzing unnamed in one's brain. *Three Satirical Songs* (Enoch), by the same composer, are equally clever and amusing, and *A Cradle Hymn* (Enoch), from a poem by Isaac Watts, is a charming and soothing lullaby.

Two Songs for Children: A Mystery and From a Bedroom Window, by H. V. Jervis Read (Elkin), are certain to delight the kiddies, for whom they are intended, as well as the grown-ups who will sing them to the youngsters. Gabriel Setown's words expressing the child's wonder at the mystery of the clean, always well-washed flowers, and the longing of the invalid boy for the coming Spring and the open air are well reproduced by the composer. His sea-song or shanty of *Linehouse Wharf* (Elkin) is equally successful. In his *Caprice* (Elkin) he gives an artistic rendering of Francis Thompson's words.

Huit Chansons by E. Jaques-Dalcroze (Société Anonyme des Editions Genève) do not reveal any special distinction. They are settings of poems by Henry Spiess. There is in some of them a good deal of striving for effect, and the effects are often realised for the pleasure of those to whom they will appeal. *Summer Holidays*, also by Jaques-Dalcroze (Augener), is a cantata for children's voices. There are songs for all the little performers in this summer masque. The songs are tuneful, and will be easily learnt.

Cinq Poèmes de Ronsard, by C. Saint-Saëns (Durand, Paris), will not add greatly to this composer's posthumous fame. Some are facile, like *Graisselette* and *Maigrelette* and *A Saint Blaise*. None of them give evidence of any particular inspiration or originality.

Six songs of C. Villiers Stanford (Cramer), severally named *The Monkey's Carol*, *Drop me a Flower*, *The Winds of Bethlehem*, *Lullaby*, *The Unknown Sea*, and *A Song of the Bow*, will be acceptable to the admirers of this composer's music. They are easy both for singer and accompanist. *Soliloquy*, by George Oldroyd (Elkin), will meet with popularity. The reiterated arpeggios in the accompaniment are a trifle monotonous. It is published in three keys.

An Eastern Lover, by John H. Foulds (Enoch), from a text selected from *The Song of Songs*, is not of any marked originality but is suitable to those who like a distinct melody in voice and accompaniment.

Very melodious and facile are S. Coleridge-Taylor's *The Gift Rose*, *She rested by the Broken Brook*, and *Until* (Winthrop Rogers). L. L.

A PIANOFORTE AND VIOLA SONATA

Miss Rebecca Clarke's Sonata for viola (or violoncello) has already been heard in public, and on the whole the comments it excited were favourable. It is now published by Messrs. Chester, and the reading of the score justifies both the praise we gave and the misgivings we felt while the Sonata was being played. Throughout the work there appears an admirable determination to do something new and striking, to avoid all that is 'crooked and awry'—to quote from the play of the hour—and to make boldly for new paths, new ventures, and new goals. Now it would hardly be fair to suggest that Miss Clarke has achieved this giant's task. Clearly her strength is not quite equal

to the intention, as she will undoubtedly perceive when her own powers of criticism and observation have ripened. At the same time, it is but too easy to do less than justice to a work of this kind. A Sonata for viola and pianoforte has its own problems, and they are problems which apparently more experienced composers than Miss Clarke have found little to their liking, for the literature of the instrument is exceedingly limited. Miss Clarke undoubtedly deserves much credit for balancing her parts well, and, more particularly, for showing the resources of her instrument in the best light. She possesses many of the qualities that qualify for composition; but she must acquire the art of skilful and drastic curtailment. Much that is good in the Sonata is less effective because it is preceded and followed by indifferent matter. This will come in time, for the Sonata is very promising in some ways. But composition, like husbandry, implies a knowledge of pruning as well as of planting, although the subject does not appear in the curricula of music schools.

B. V.

ORGAN MUSIC

Eugène Gigout's *One Hundred Short Pieces for Organ or Harmonium* (Chester) are on the lines in which this admirable composer has long since worked with success. In some respects they are more useful than his previous sets of short pieces. For one thing they are longer as a whole, and there is a larger proportion of movements suitable for in- and out-voluntaries as well as for interlude purposes. Another good point is the addition of an optional pedal part in many of the pieces. The degree of difficulty is perhaps a trifle higher, but as the difficulties are purely manual, instead of being concerned with pedals or with independence of hands and feet—the knottiest point of all—any pianist or organist with a fair technique in polyphonic playing will find little that will give him trouble. As in his former albums of this kind, Gigout writes about half the pieces in the ecclesiastical modes. Players and composers who wish for guidance in the free handling of ancient tonality will learn much from Gigout's delightful examples. The collection is published in the handy form of three books, each containing about thirty pieces.

Alan Gray's *Twelve Short Preludes*, in one book (Augener), are also for the benefit of players who cannot improvise or who wish to avoid the necessity. There is an obligatory pedal part, though only two staves are employed. These well-written pieces are as English as Gigout's are French. As they occupy on an average from two to two and a half minutes in performance, they will serve well for in- and out-voluntaries.

Further admirable specimens of this useful kind of work are C. H. Kitson's *Three Voluntaries* (Augener).

No doubt many of us have tried our hand at playing Ravel's *Pavane pour une Infante Défunte* on the organ from the pianoforte score, feeling that there was much in the grave beauty of the music that would be well brought out by our instrument. A real organ transcription is at last available, made by A. Seutin (Demets, Paris). Although there are some excellent points in this version, the composer has retained some purely pianistic features that will not 'come off' on the organ, e.g., the demisemiquaver *rapide* whips-up, which can be made delicate on the

pianoforte, but which on the organ must be of the same power as the sustained part played with them. Mr. Seutin might with advantage have given us fewer notes here and there, seeing that we have 4-ft. and 16-ft. stops for duplicating purposes. Some of the wide stretches, too, are easy on the pianoforte, where they may be spread and the sustaining pedal used, whereas on the organ they must be taken cleanly and held. Organists will find this arrangement useful as a version which they can easily modify and make workable. No doubt they will decide, too, that the directions for *ff* are ill-advised, especially the example at the end, following *pp*. The *fortissimo* of a big modern organ is bound to be noisy, whereas that of a pianoforte and even of an orchestra is not necessarily so. Faulty as this transcription is, we are glad to have it. By its aid the *Pavane* can be made into a very impressive organ solo.

The ground-bass is a form that has long been associated with the organ, and no instrument is so well able to give it due effect, so there is room for Reginald Goss-Custard's transcription of Dohnányi's *March on a Ground-Bass* (Lengnick). This effective treatment of the first four notes of the descending scale was written for pianoforte, but gains in every way from its transference to the organ. It is only moderately difficult, but care and taste are needed in the matter of registration in order that the steady persistence of the *ostinato* be not broken. This March should be a popular recital piece, its skill and musicianship pleasing the player, and its picturesque character appealing to the average hearer.

Two numbers of Paxton's Organ Library show a very wide difference in quality. J. Sturges Archer's *Five Short Variations on a Scots Air* are not only well written but poetic. Mr. Archer has a neat hand for this kind of work. The air is that beautiful specimen 'Gala Water,' and it should make many new friends through these charming Variations. The other piece is J. A. Meale's *Fountain Melody*, the commonplace character of which is not disguised by such directions as 'with grandeur,' 'intensify,' 'somewhat languid,' and a glowing descriptive paragraph at the beginning. If such labels could be heard they might help things along, but as they are only seen . . .

H. G.

BACH ARIAS

A second set of solos from the sacred cantatas of Bach has just been issued by Novello. The album for soprano contains four songs: the tenderly-simple 'Open wide, my heart' (*Come, Redeemer*), 'Father, what I proffer' (*Give the hungry man thy bread*), 'I have waited for the Lord' (*How brightly shines*), and 'Come, visit, ye glowing, ye God-given ardours,' a splendid, swinging air from *If thou but sufferest*. Of the four contralto numbers, the palm is divided between the long and flowing 'The Lord hath heard' (*Lord, rebuke me not*) and the poignant 'Jesus sleeps,' from the cantata of the same name. The four tenor airs are all of the florid type, but they are florid in widely different ways. The example from *Come, Redeemer*, flows along in pastoral measure; 'What voice is in the tempest' is a trying test in rhythm and intonation; 'Tuneful harps and voices' and 'Thou art my God' have the jubilant swing of a Handel song. The bass set contains the recitative, 'Ah, when on that great day,' from *Watch ye, pray ye*, leading into the noble air,

'Blessed Resurrection Day,' with its interrupting *presto* section, 'Clash now, crash now, Judgment Day.' The harmonization of the well-known Luther's hymn in the accompaniment to the recitative is worth studying. A dramatic bass with a big voice will find splendid scope in this number. Of the remaining three songs, 'With Jesus will I go' (*Wailing, crying*) is perhaps the finest. These handy albums are important additions to the vocal repertory. For both singer and accompanist the task set is never light, and is often heavy; but long and hard as they may work they are not likely to exhaust the beauty and interest of the music.

H. G.

SOME ELEMENTARY PIANOFORTE MUSIC

A batch of pianoforte albums and pieces, ranging from very easy to moderately difficult, and providing an attractive and varied selection for young pianists, can be dealt with only briefly. Particularly useful for developing lightness of touch are Felix Swinstead's *Five Caprices* (Bosworth). Although not difficult, these admirably-written little pieces require neat handling. From the same publishers are two pleasantly-written albums for quite elementary players—Herbert Fryer's *Tunes for Totola* (seven in number), and Una Bourne's *Days of Old* (three short dances); and for more advanced players, *A Little English Suite*, well-written and straightforward in style, by Felix Corbett.

Edith Alford's *Five Sketches from Grimm's Fairy-Tales* (Elkin) provide useful practice, and are calculated to stimulate the youthful imagination. *Little Prelude*, four expressive movements—by H. V. Jer. Re. d., and H. Scott-Baker's lively *Dance of the Dominoes*, issue from the same firm.

Three *Western Dances* by Gustave Lind (Augener) are characteristic examples of this popular composer's work, and are published in separate numbers in both solo and duet form. For beginners Geoffrey Shaw has provided *A Medley* (Winthrop Rogers)—eight tuneful pieces in the five-finger position.

In *First Adventures on the Keyboard* (J. H. Larway, two books) Ernest Austin, who has written much charming music for young players, has endeavoured, he tells us, to make the beginner's pianoforte lessons 'easy and jolly.' Book 1 is a course of easy lessons, carefully graduated, in which duet-playing with the teacher forms a big part. Book 2 is a series of supplementary solo pieces with the compass of five notes for each hand, in easy keys. These make a really capital selection of pieces, and may be recommended for use in conjunction with any other 'First Course.'

Elementary players will find useful recreation in Ernest Newton's *Romany Life* (Novello), a suite of four short pieces. More difficult, and requiring a full-sized hand, are a *Minuet*, a *Little Waltz*, and a *Rondo*, under one cover, by Gustave Robert (Goodwin & Tabb).

Twelve Studies in Style and Expression, by B. Burrows (Augener) are gracefully written, and will afford pleasure as well as profit to the young pianist. They are moderately easy. H. Baynton-Power has provided light recreative fare in *The Enchanted Garden* (J. H. Larway)—six melodiously-written *Impressions* of only moderate difficulty.

Finally, from Anton Benjamin (Hamburg) come a set of seven books of graded studies, and six Sonatina Albums edited by Edmund Parlow. Interspersed with the sonatina movements are pieces by

modern composers—Tchaikovsky, Raff, Jensen, &c. Both sets are for elementary and middle stages.

G. G.

Gramophone Notes

BY 'DISCUS'

With a month's arrears to overtake and an editorial threat as to space, this batch of records—all H.M.V.—must be run over briefly. Pride of place among the vocal examples must go to a couple of Chaliapin's—Moussorgsky's fine song, *The Prophet*, and Schumann's *The Two Grenadiers* (12-in.). The latter has the great pull in being familiar, otherwise I fancy most of us would decide that *The Prophet* was the better song. The Schumann record is perhaps an improvement on the platform performance. During his recent visit Chaliapin was a bit inclined to play to the gallery in the last verse, acting rather than singing. There is no call for acting before the recorder, so he seems to have been content to sing—with the best results.

A 12-in. d.-s. record gives us Peter Dawson in everybody's old friend 'Non più andrai' and 'Credo' from Verdi's *Otello*. Both are sung in English. This ought to be another way of indicating that you will hear what Mr. Dawson is singing about, but I am sorry to have to say that you will do so only in snatches. Evidently there is a special technique required in articulation for gramophone purposes, and very few singers have acquired it so far. This same excellent singer is heard also on a 10-in. d.-s. in a couple of new songs, *The Smuggler's Song*, by Kernochan, and *The Pauper's Drive*, by Homer—not he who 'smote his bloomin' lyre,' but an American descendant. In both these songs the words are far clearer, so we have another example of the capricious results I have frequently mentioned. Why should there be so much difference, or, indeed, any difference at all?

Of the other vocal records *Santa Lucia luntana* by Mario is a poorish song well sung by Beniamino Gigli (10-in.); Rosina Buckman is heard to advantage in Mendelssohn's *On wings of Song* and 'Thou art flown' (*Tales of Hoffmann*) (12-in.); Emmy Destinn rather less so in 'Morrò, ma prima in grazia,' from *Un Ballo in Maschera* (12-in.); that amazing veteran Battistini sings Carissimi's *Vittoria! Vittoria!* (10-in.)—with rather too violently contrasted *tempi*, I venture to say; and Edna Thornton gives us the music but not many of the words of *Barbara Allen* and Sachan's *One perfect night* (10-in. d.-s.).

Among the chamber music records my choice is a 12-in. d.-s. of the Catterall Quartet in the *Allegro* of Haydn's Quartet in G (Op. 76, No. 1), and the *Agitato* of Brahms in B flat (Op. 67). Both are unusually clear, the jolly Haydn being especially telling. The same players are heard in the *Andante* from Schumann's Quartet in F (Op. 41, No. 2), and the *Scherzo* of Tchaikovsky's (Op. 22) (12-in. d.-s.). This record is hardly so good, some of the soft passages being a trifle too much so. Some happy day the gramophone will be induced to shed the last vestage of surface noises, and then chamber music players may go to work as delicately as they like without loss.

A good 12-in. record is that of the Flonzaley party in the *Allegro moderato à la Polka* from Smetana's E minor Quartet.

Heifetz is recorded with the usual success in Sarasate's *Zigeunerweisen* (12-in.), and Mischa Elman plays Mendelssohn's *Song without Words* in E (No. 36 in the complete set). On the label it is called *Cradle Song*, but it hardly suggests a lullaby. It makes a good violin solo, though as recorded here the pianoforte accompaniment is so faint at times that we don't get the harmonic basis as clearly as we should like.

The most satisfying pianoforte record is Lamond's in Liszt's *Ronde des Lutins* and the second movement of Beethoven's Sonata in F, Op. 10, No. 2 (10-in. d.s.). The 10-in. d.s. of Cortot—a couple of Chopin Études (Op. 10, No. 5 and Op. 25, No. 9)—suffers from some faint patches, at all events on my engine. A showy affair is Mark Hambourg's performance of d'Albert's version of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in D major. To those who have not been brought up on the original form of this brilliant work I suppose the result is fine—it must be, judging from its popularity. But organists will miss all sorts of effects that only their instrument can give—the sustained bass, the suspensions, and especially the polyphony of the dramatic minor passage at the end of the Prelude. All the feeling and nobility goes with the *sostenuto*. The Fugue is played at a tremendous rate—too much so for clearness, in places—and the emphatic pulling-up at the cadences is opposed to the spirit of a piece that is nothing if not a *moto perpetuo*. The *Alla Breve* section of the Prelude, however, is made interesting by the good round pace. On the organ it is usually played so slowly that we cannot help being made aware of the poverty of a good deal of its material. But I should like to take Hambourg and all the other players of this pianoforte version of the work and make them hear it played by one of our best organists. They would either want to study the organ (as Liszt wanted to after hearing Best play) or they would decide to keep their hands off Bach's organ music and give the '48' and the clavier works a show instead. The Samuel recitals have shown that there is a big public ready for the latter.

London Concerts

ORIANA MADRIGAL SOCIETY

This versatile choir sang even better than usual on March 7. What is the supreme test of a choir? The ability to sing superlatively well one work diligently prepared for competitive purposes, or the showing of its mettle in music of diverse styles? The question (which surely answers itself) is called forth by Mr. Ernest Newman's *Sunday Times* comment on the fact that he had, a few days before, heard a working-class choir at a competition in Scotland sing Morley's *Arise, Awake* better than the Oriana Society sang it on this occasion. That may be so, but a comparison of the kind has little value, because with the competitive choir the Madrigal had been a kind of obsession for months; it was sung to Mr. Newman after unlimited rehearsal, and aided by the stimulus of the arena. With the London singers *Arise, Awake* was merely one item in an exacting programme the whole of which was sung from memory after—how many rehearsals? Seven! Is it daring to suggest that the Oriana might have reached the working-class choir standard in the Morley had the singers really set themselves to that task and let the

rest go? Let us be glad they did nothing of the sort. The three Oriana concerts per season are among the choicest of London's music-makings, and we wouldn't lose one of them for the sake of that little bit of super-choralism which seems to be obtainable only north of the Trent, and then only in single works at competitions or similar special occasions. However . . .

An audience so crowded that the late-arriving members thereof had to sit on the floor had a feast of old and new in Madrigals by Morley, John Ward (the splendid *Hope of my Heart*), Pilkington, rounds by Byrd and the inexhaustible Anon., chansons by Jannequin, sung in French (the delightful *Ce mois de may*, and *La Bataille de Marignan*, a famous old piece of programme music of small musical value, but of great historic interest and fiendishly difficult), part-songs by Parry and Stanford, settings of North Country Folk-songs by W. G. Whittaker, and Bax's Carol for small choir, harp, 'cello, and double-bass, *Of a Rose I sing a Song*—this last-named heard for the first time and so much enjoyed that its second performance followed immediately. Midway through these good things a party of members of the English Folk-Dance Society gave a half-dozen of old dances with great success. It is good news that Mr. Kennedy Scott and his singers, finding Æolian Hall too small to house their audiences, are repeating this concert elsewhere—at the Guildhouse, Eccleston Square (March 14), Sevenoaks (March 25), and at King Edward Hall, Finchley, on April 4. H. G.

THE NEWCASTLE BACH CHOIR: LONDON FESTIVAL

Here is another choir whose excellence lies rather in the quantity and quality of the things it sings than in the way it sings them. It would be easy to name a good many choral bodies (even in the despised and voiceless South) who on purely technical grounds could give our Newcastle friends a start and a beating. But it would be hard to find three to approach them in enterprise and enthusiasm. Their chorism is far more than a recreation; it is a high adventure, a crusade. The choir is a babe in years (b. 1915), but it is a veteran in repertory, as this tale shows: both the Bach Passions, the *Christmas Oratorio*, all the Motets, forty Cantatas, a number of instrumental works, Byrd's five-part Mass, Holst's *Hymn of Jesus*, and works by Vaughan Williams, Bantock, Walford Davies, Bax, Dale, Goossens, Delius, Balfour Gardiner, Howells, Boughton, and Bainton. Its visit to London was a great success, large audiences attending the two concerts at Æolian Hall (February 22 and 23) and St. Michael's, Cornhill (February 24). We heard some Cantatas that have almost certainly not been heard in London before—*There arose a great strife; O God, how many pains of heart; Comfort sweet; and O fire everlasting*—besides Motets, songs, and instrumental items. The soloists were Misses Dorothy Silk and Margaret Champneys, and Messrs. Steuart Wilson and Clive Carey, with Mr. Harold Darke in charge of the continuo and Mr. Gerald Cooper at the harpsichord. Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse delighted us with harpsichord solos—Partita in G, &c. Dr. W. G. Whittaker conducted. He and his singers are to be thanked for many things, but perhaps the most valuable result of their efforts is the proof that these works of Bach, hitherto regarded as forbiddingly difficult and unvocal, are well within the powers of a choir of moderate size and average material. (There is a compliment rather than a slight in those last two

words.) On the question of the rightness of performing Bach's choral works with a small choir in preference to a large one there is a good deal more to be said than purists appear to realise. Take one point only: Bach used a small force not from choice, but necessity. Had the result of his limitations been music suited only for a small choir there would have been one Bach problem the less. But we are hit in the face by the fact that most of his choral music is of a character that can not only carry a large body of tone; it even demands such resources. Nobody suggests that the B minor Mass should be sung by a small choir, yet it is certain that Bach never heard any of it sung by a large one. Are we therefore to attempt it with a handful of picked singers? Although much of the music of the Cantatas is of an intimate character, many of their choruses are on too big a scale for a small choir—e.g., the tremendous opening number of *Ein feste Burg*. But the most convincing argument is to be found in the Motets. What sized choir sang them under Bach? Just a little group of boys and men. Should we care to hear (say) *Sing ye to the Lord* performed by a choir of thirty? A few exceptional singers to a part might get through it flawlessly, but only a big choir can give us all there is in the music, and (what is even more important) do it without the sense of effort that is always present in a performance by a choir of less than a hundred and fifty to two hundred voices. Now that Bach's smaller choral works are coming into their own, there are a good many questions calling for early discussion. Meanwhile our hats are off to Dr. Whittaker and his fellow enthusiasts. H. G.

THE HYMN OF JESUS AT THE ALBERT HALL

When first it was reported that the Royal Choral Society had decided to perform *The Hymn of Jesus* there were many who inclined to doubt the authenticity of the information. It was said, on the one hand, that the Royal Choral Society had never shown much partiality for modern music, and that the rather complex texture of Mr. Holst's *Hymn* would act as a deterrent. On the other hand, the most desirable things are those which, as a rule, do not happen, and it was desirable in every way that *The Hymn of Jesus* should be tried in the Albert Hall by a choral organization not inferior in numbers to the Royal Society's chorus. The composer has obviously thought of the innumerable legions of heaven rather than of sopranos and altos, tenors and basses of an earthly choir when he was writing his monumental work, and if the Albert Hall is not exactly the musician's idea of heaven, it is spacious and it lends itself to all kind of effects of distance, including those which occur in the *Hymn* of Mr. Holst. On the whole, our expectations were not disappointed. Sir Hugh Allen, who conducted the *Hymn*, secured some fine effects of sonority and majesty. There was also unusual clearness in the choral singing, and conductor and choir well deserved the congratulations of the numerous audience. The only fly in the ointment was represented by the orchestra, which was, or seemed, numerically not quite adequate. The majestic figure in the bass which follows upon the choral outburst, *Glory to Thee, Father*, was dwarfed by the very fulness and gorgeous sonority of the choral tone. But of course this was inevitable in the circumstances, and the experience was, otherwise, memorable. In the first place, it showed in a new

light certain sections of one of the most remarkable works of recent years. In the second, it proved beyond doubt that the Royal Choral Society is quite capable of appreciating and performing in a most satisfactory manner a work both modern and certainly not easy. The remainder of the programme was overburdened with solos of mediocre interest. An excellent performance was given (under the conductorship of the composer) of Sir Frederick Bridge's *The Forging of the Anchor*—a good work, but typical of a fashion that is no longer ours. Brahms's *Song of Destiny* was also sung at the beginning of the concert, with, however, less general finish and less spirit. B. V.

MR. FRANK BRIDGE AND THE PHILHARMONIC

The Royal Philharmonic Society had promised nothing out of the way for February 23, and during the day or two before the concert there had been argument among the gods whether even so ordinary a promise should be allowed fulfilment. Some ungracious god, enemy to Apollo, smote with sickness first one conductor, Sir Landon Ronald, then another, Mr. Eugène Goossens. Apollo won, however, having in reserve a faithful servant, Mr. Frank Bridge, one who, for all his long faithfulness, had not been rewarded with full generosity by the Olympian powers. Still he sallied forth, saved the precarious situation, and after this will surely come into richer honours. For though there cannot have been much rehearsing even for Strauss's *Don Juan*, the C minor Fugue of Bach-cum-Elgar, and the Concerto (Lalo-cum-Thibaud), and probably still less for Beethoven's fifth Symphony, the concert was not to be denied real brilliance, and the reflection was made that once in a while a precarious situation is not so very unwelcome. No one of the Philharmonic musicians, for all their experience, could dare to be anything but alert in these circumstances—even in 'the C minor' they had to 'look out.' Danger was where danger had never been before. A slip or two was actually made, and it was very exhilarating. It was a night that Mr. Frank Bridge will remember; one also for which he deserves to be held in remembrance. The touching *Shropshire Lad* Rhapsody of George Butterworth was the purely native piece on the programme. C.

SIR HENRY WOOD'S CONCERTS

Sir Henry Wood's symphony concert at Queen's Hall, on March 11, began with a Suite of three Fantastic Dances, by the Spaniard Joaquín Turina—a name not unknown already either here or in the smaller concert rooms. These dances beguiled us in moderation with their hints of swaying bodies and of clear and coloured southern nights. This 'moderation' is perhaps less a reproach to Turina's pleasant art than to ourselves, but somehow it is not easy to be lightly beguiled at a Saturday afternoon symphony concert in London. If our heads are to be turned the brew must be strong. The proud art of M. Thibaud took up with the Concerto in B minor of Saint-Saëns. It is interesting to have been presented to royalty, even though royalty said nothing to you of much note. The Symphony that afternoon was Beethoven's Second. At the previous concert (February 25) it had been Schubert's in B minor, and M. Moiseiwitsch played Tchaikovsky—nimblest of jockeys on a Derby winner (the B flat minor Concerto). C.

A SET-BACK IN THE MILE END ROAD

The best that can be said about it is that it did not come a week before, so that at least a sadly and singularly beautiful performance of the *London* Symphony of Ralph Vaughan Williams was saved from the wreck. The premature end of the symphony concerts of the British Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Adrian C. Boult at the People's Palace, Mile End, occurred on March 5. They were the best Sunday concerts in London, but the hall could be only one-third filled, so the deficit was crushing. The programmes were of purely orchestral music—not an irresistible lure for people of the locality, who possibly might have been more engaged with a little of the personal and dramatic interest of solo singing and concerto playing; while people of other localities did not appreciate exactly where Mile End is, or how easy of access. The set-back is sad, but it may be made good next autumn. Meanwhile there is the best performance yet heard of Vaughan Williams's Symphony to the credit of orchestra and conductor. Or at any rate the fresh winds and tides of the music seemed this time to sing a more direct appeal. We were helped to hear the composer's recent *Pastoral* Symphony by this forerunner, and now the forerunner gives up more secrets in the new work's light. Rare music!

C.

THE BIRMINGHAM QUARTET

The Birmingham Quartet, which has been winning high praise on its recent tour, gave a concert at a private house on March 18. The combination represents Mr. Percival Hodgson (first violin), Mr. Frank Venton (second violin), Miss Grace Burrows (viola), and Miss Joan Willis (violincello). The balance is very satisfactory, and the players have achieved a good deal of unanimity. They first played Mozart's Quartet in G, K. 387 and it was at once evident that they are very careful as to detail, and that their phrasing is musical. Their danger is over-attention to minutiae, which obscures the general outline. They are almost too much afraid of exaggeration, and are apt to fall into the opposite fault—lack of robustness; but their chief merit is that they resist the temptation of getting scratchy in strenuous passages. Some want of vigour was perhaps more noticeable in the Variations from Haydn's *Emperor* Concerto, which were if anything too elegantly played, and had not quite the breadth which can be given to them. Luckily we can now enjoy the beauty of the melody without thinking of the sinister associations which gathered round it. The performance of Ravel's Quartet was imaginative and flexible, and Mr. Hodgson and Miss Willis played solos.

A. K.

THE LENER QUARTET

The Lener Quartet from Budapest came to London heralded by not a few nor over-temperate 'advance notices.' But, on the whole, its performance on March 15 did not disappoint the expectations of the wise. The Quartet consists of Messrs. Jeňo Lener (leader), Joseph Smilovits (second violin), Sandor Roth (viola), and Jmre Hartman ('cello), who form a group of well-balanced and exceedingly well-drilled players. Common aims and sympathies give to their performances a unanimity of colour and expression which are, of course, most valuable. If the leader tends at times to assert his authority he

evidently does so with the full consent of his colleagues. Balance and quality of tone are for them of supreme importance. Even the passionate eloquence of Brahms cannot induce them to overstep the self-imposed limits. When they have agreed to a climax their tone will be robust and sonorous. But they do not allow tone to wait on sentiment, but rather feeling on tone. Thus the impression the listener derives is one of extraordinary smoothness and finish, qualities which added much to the charm of Ravel's Quartet in F, although they made Brahms's Quartet in A minor perhaps more severely beautiful and less human than it is wont to be. Haydn's Quartet in D major suited to perfection the reticence of the leader, who in Haydn got more of the lion's share of honour and responsibility than his devoted partners.

B. V.

MISS DOROTHY SILK'S 'ANCIENT' CONCERTS

Miss Dorothy Silk gave at Steinway Hall the last of her 'Concerts of Old Music,' with the collaboration of a number of excellent musicians, including the Pennington String Quartet, Dr. Harold Darke, Miss Norah Dawney, and a contingent of the Newcastle Bach Choir under Dr. Whittaker. It was the occasion of congratulations to the delightful singer who so happily cultivates the field of 17th century and early 18th century music, for her out-of-the-way concerts have not meant a pecuniary loss. She had a well-filled hall, and the series is likely to be continued. To hear Miss Silk sing the *Evening Hymn* of Purcell on this afternoon was to drop the carping habit of analysis in the feeling that the sweet music had quite simply found its natural outlet in this singer's accents. There were also some numbers of Bach from the *Schemelli Hymn Book* as touchingly sung, and the Church cantata, No. 115, came at the end.

C.

CHALIAPIN

Bowled over by a cold immediately on his arrival here from America, Chaliapin had to postpone his recital from the date fixed (February 16) to February 24. A crowded Albert Hall greeted him. He had not fully recovered, and his three groups of songs, without the glamour of that wonderful voice to transfigure them, seemed in most cases poor stuff. Miss Isolde Menges and Mr. H. L. Balfour played violin and organ solos. On the following Monday—February 27—Chaliapin gave an extra recital at Queen's Hall, where a big audience heard him to far greater advantage. He brought down the house with his final group—'comique songs,' he called them—that included the Moussorgsky *Flea*, and one or two songs in which the joke was concerned with mild inebriation. Here he carried realism, especially in the matter of gesture, a trifle beyond the limits generally allowed to the concert singer,—for example, in the Moussorgsky song, the little wriggle of the shoulders at 'To scratch they were forbidden' (we could see the bitten courtiers longing for a convenient post) and the fruity voice and hint of a stagger in 'One night the old miller came home drunk.' Acting rather than singing, this; but so far from complaining, the audience was insatiable, and gave up asking for more only when Chaliapin, after a lot of recalls, stood pointing pathetically to his Adam's apple.

H. G.

(Continued on page 260.)

I weigh not Fortune's frown

MADRIGAL FOR FIVE VOICES

BY

ORLANDO GIBBONS

Transcribed by H. ELLIOT BUTTON

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

1st SOPRANO. $\text{♩} = \text{about } 116.$ *mf*

I weigh not, I weigh not For - - tune's frown'..

2nd SOPRANO.

ALTO. *mf*

I . . . weigh . . . not . . . For-tune's frown

TENOR. *mf*

I . . . weigh not For tune's

BASS.

PIANO (For practice only) $\text{♩} = \text{about } 116.$ *mf*

nor smile, nor smile, I weigh

I . . . weigh . . . not For - tune's frown nor

nor smile, not For - - tune's frown nor smile, I weigh

frown nor smile, not Fortune's frown nor smile, I

I weigh not For - - - tune's frown

not For - - tune's frown nor

smile, I weigh not For - - tune's frown nor

. . . not For - - tune's frown nor smile, I weigh not For - tune's frown, I . .

. . . weigh not For - tune's frown, not For - tune's frown nor

nor smile, frown nor smile, I

The first system of the musical score consists of six staves. The first five staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass, and a fifth voice part), and the sixth staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with hyphens indicating syllables spanning across notes. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

smile, I joy not much in . . earth - ly joys,

smile, I

. . weigh not For - tune's frown nor smile, I joy not much in earth - ly joys, . .

smile, I joy not much in earth - ly joys, earth .

joy not much in earth - - ly joys, I joy . . not

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. It consists of six staves. The lyrics continue below the vocal staves. The musical notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern in the left hand and more melodic lines in the right hand.

cres.
I joy not much in earth - ly joys, in earth - ly
cres.
joy not much in earth - ly joys, . . . in earth - ly
cres.
. . . not much in earth - ly joys, I joy not much, not
cres.
- ly joys, . . . I joy not much, not much in earth -
much in earth - ly joys,

joys, I joy not much in earth - ly joys, . . . in
joys, I joy not much in earth - ly joys, . .
much in earth - ly joys, I joy not
- ly joys, I joy not much in earth - ly
mf *cres.*
I joy not much in earth - ly joys, . . . in

earth - ly joys, I seek not state, I reake not style, I
 . . . in - earth - ly joys, I seek not
 much, not much in . . . earth - ly joys, I seek . . . not state, . . .
 joys, I seek not state, I reake not style, I seek not
 earth - ly joys,

seek not state, I reake not style, I seek not state, I reake not style, not
 state, I reake not style, not state, I reake not style, I seek
 . . . I reake . . . not style, I . . . reake not style, I . . . seek not
 state, I reake not style, not style, I seek not state, I reake not
 I seek not state, I reake not style, I

style, I am not fond of Fan-cy's toys, I . .
 not state, I reake not style, I am not fond of
 state, I reake not style, I am not fond of Fan-cy's toys, I
 style, I am not fond of Fan - - cy's
 seek not state, I reake not style, I am not

. . . am . . not fond . . of Fan-cy's toys,
 Fan-cy's toys, I am not fond . . . of Fan-cy's toys, of . . .
 am not fond of Fan-cy's toys, I . . . am not fond of Fan-cy's
 toys, of Fan-cy's toys, I am not fond . . . of Fan-cy's
 fond of Fan-cy's toys, I am not fond of Fan-cy's toys, not

p
I rest so pleased . . with what . . . I have,
p
Fan - cy's toys, I rest so pleased with what I have,
p
toys, I rest so pleased with what . . I have,
p
toys, Fan - cy's toys, I rest so . . pleased with what . . I have,
p
fond of Fan - cy's toys, I rest so pleased with what I have,

The first system of the musical score for 'I Weigh Not Fortune's Frown'. It consists of five vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano part is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The first vocal staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment also begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

mf
I wish no more, no more . . I crave, I wish no more,
mf
I wish no more, no more . . I crave, I wish no more,
mf
I wish no more, no more . . I crave, I wish no . .
mf
I wish no more, no more . . I . . crave, . . . I wish no
mf
I wish no more,

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The vocal parts are in treble clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment also begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

[illegible]

more, no more I crave, I wish no more, no more . . . I crave.

I wish no more, no more . . . I crave, no . . . more I crave.

I wish no more, I wish no more, no more I crave.

more I crave, I . . . wish no more, no more . . . I crave.

. . . no more I crave, I wish no more, no more . . . I crave.

(Continued from page 252.)

MADAME NIKITINA

No singer who has appeared in London during the past few weeks has made a deeper appeal than Madame Nikitina, who sang at Steinway Hall on March 2. The statement is made in the full knowledge that Chaliapin, Gerhardt, and John Coates are in the count. Unfortunately Madame Nikitina is not well known, and only a few were present to appreciate her qualities. By subtle ways—and the extreme skill which is concealed in them—she gives her interpretations an imaginative beauty that is rarely attained by the singers we are accustomed to hear nowadays. Her programme on this occasion included songs by Bantock, Borodin, Stravinsky (*Printemps au Monastère*), Debussy (*La Chevelure*—wonderfully sung), Strauss, Sibelius, Schubert, and Moussorgsky. M.

COATES AND PARKER

The evening of the royal wedding offered a solitary musical side-show. This, happily enough, was Mr. Coates in Shakespearean song at Chelsea. Here was yet another experiment in 'juxtaposition'—old and new settings of the same lyric. The hall was not very full. At the next concert, on March 14, the audience encroached on the platform, having come to hear Mr. Coates sing of love as interpreted by British composers. In the same paragraph with Mr. Coates it is proper to put Mr. George Parker, who sang nothing but home-grown songs at Æolian Hall on February 24. There is no need always to write at length about such concerts as these, which we enjoy like an occasional breath of fresh air. M.

MISCHA ELMAN

The second concert of Mischa Elman was awaited with no less interest than the first, for the programme included the Mendelssohn Concerto—one of Mr. Elman's most popular successes in pre-war days. His recent performance was neither more nor less remarkable than were his performances of ten years ago. His tone is perhaps a little more urgent, and his grip of the music possibly stronger. On the whole, his reading was essentially what it used to be—admirably clear, warm, and full of energy. The general impression of the concert confirmed the opinion formed a few days before, namely, that if technically Elman has nothing to learn from the interpretative point of view, he appears to be somewhat immature, and rather inclined to place flawless execution before a faithful interpretation of the composer's individuality. The Handel Sonata, for instance, with which the concert began, was a capital exhibition of good violin playing, but it was not Handel. There are certain features of Handel's music which cannot be ignored without altering substantially the very character of his music. The judicious addition of a little brandy may add to the merits of a plum-pudding, but a work of art is not a kitchen confection which can be seasoned 'to taste.' If you find Handel 'stodgy,' then it is best to leave Handel alone. Bach's Chaconne, on the other hand, showed to perfection the player's complete mastery of solid violin technique and unexceptionable taste. B. V.

LOUIS GODOWSKI

It were easy to do Mr. Godowski a serious injustice either by praising too highly his facile talent for violin playing or by placing too much stress on the present lack of any intellectual quality in his readings. The truth is that he has reached the 'awkward age' of players. His hand can do more than his intelligence can control; especially the left hand, whose task is of a more material kind and can be trusted to do almost any trick and do it well. His bowing is in a less advanced stage, for the obvious reason that the bow produces tone, and tone is to the fiddler what style is to the writer—the quintessence of personality. It may all come in time, and it probably will, but at present Mr. Godowski seems fascinated by the lure of a big tone—as are most young violinists at some time or other of their career. This gives to his performances an inevitable monotony relieved, however, by the ease and brilliance of the left-hand work. The programme told us that the recital was 'previous to a Continental tour.' The decision to send this promising player on a Continental tour at his present stage of development is surely unwise. In all probability, a year or two hence he will have improved beyond recognition. His best effort at Steinway Hall was in Lalo's Spanish Suite. B. V.

MR. HOWARD-JONES'S RECITALS

Mr. Howard-Jones, at three pianoforte recitals at Wigmore Hall, played first some Bach and Brahms, then four Sonatas of Beethoven, including Op. 109, and lastly John Ireland's Sonata, along with some Chopin and Ravel. If 'eurhythm' be the flashing response of almost unerring action to flashing thought, then we saw in many of these performances eurhythm in all its beauty. Images of fitness, cleanness, eagerness, and expertness crossed the mind. The Sonata of Mr. Ireland, it was made clear, had not previously been dealt its due. This time we saw the silver lining of some of its clouds. C.

WILLIAM MURDOCH

Apart from a not unusual classical programme—does not the Chopin Sonata hold the record for yearly number of performances?—Mr. William Murdoch played on March 11 a number of fairly short, characteristic pieces of the Spanish school—de Falla, Granados, Turina, &c. He played them exceedingly well, with point and grace; above all, with that alertness and zest that are to this music as salt and pepper are to meat. And yet he did not quite succeed in completely hiding the inherent weakness of the music—a weakness that is inevitable if picturesque daintiness and refinement are the main goal of composition. Indeed, if musical idiom continues to develop along present lines we shall all have no 'language but a cry.' Taken apart these pieces are pleasing enough; their taste and texture impeccable. A succession of them, however, is bound to surfeit the appetite as an overdose of the best sauces is apt to do. No one wishes to deny that, at least in the case of Granados and Turina, we do get occasionally something more substantial than tasteful cleverness. But in music that endures the proportion of substantial elements and dainty trifles is usually reversed. B. V.

HAROLD SAMUEL

Mr. Harold Samuel gave the first of a series of recitals at Æolian Hall on March 18. He realises that he was in danger of being considered exclusively a Bach player—a sort of 'single-speech Hamilton' in music—consequently he has not put any Bach music into his present programme. The chief items of his list on this occasion were two Sonatas of Mozart and the C minor Fantasia and Sonata. Mozart's Pianoforte Sonatas are very seldom heard now, and it is the fashion to say that they are undeservedly neglected; but the reasons for their rare appearance are not far to seek. The C minor Sonata, however, is a work which deserves to live, and a good many of those who heard it were probably surprised at the amount of fine music and strong drama that it contains. Mr. Samuel's programme also included the *Essex Rhapsody* of Armstrong Gibbs, in which he showed that he can play modern music with the best of them, and Sir Charles Stanford's Four Rhapsodies for pianoforte are music with which we can desire better acquaintance. They are not only good music, but effectively written for the instrument. A. K.

M. EGON PETRI AND OP. 106

M. Egon Petri, the Hungarian pianist and pupil of Busoni, played at Wigmore Hall on February 26 to the scantiest handful of listeners, so short apparently are the memories of those Londoners who crowded to hear him in 1913 or 1914. But for those present he won back his deserved fame. The formidable Sonata in B flat, Op. 106, of Beethoven was played. Petri's relation to Busoni was too well-known for comparisons to be avoided. The pupil is proudly tempered, like the master. He is more self-contained. There is an iron will, but little enough of the older man's personal assertion, expansiveness, and not infrequent caprice. Such judicious grading of tone was to be achieved only by the coolest head and a finger control which one is tempted to call unsurpassable. The performance of the great Sonata, then, made something of the effect of a masterpiece thoroughly wrought well previously, and now for good or ill exhibited in every way definitive. C.

CHOIRS IN THE SUBURBS

Alexandra Palace Choral and Orchestral Society gave the B minor Mass at the Northern Polytechnic on March 18, under Mr. Allen Gill. The choir was at its best in the more vigorous and majestic choruses. From the *Resurrexit* to the end these singers seemed exempt from the ordinary processes of fatigue.

In February, Dvorák's *The Spectre's Bride* was part of the programme given by the South London Philharmonic Society, conducted by Mr. William H. Kerridge; and *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast* was the work of the Loughton Choral Society and Orchestra, under Mr. Henry Riding.

The South-West Choral Society showed how far it has progressed by singing *The Dream of Gerontius* on March 1, under Mr. Arthur Saunders, and singing it well.

Mr. J. C. Clarke is conductor of the recently-formed Wandsworth Male-Voice Choir, which gave a successful concert at Battersea Town Hall on March 8, singing Elgar's *Feasting I watch*, Schumann's *Battle Song*, MacDowell's *As the gloaming*, and West's *Fill the bowl with rosy wine*.

On Good Friday the Crystal Palace and Dulwich Philharmonic Societies amalgamate for Rossini's *Stabat Mater* (with the London Symphony Orchestra), Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock conducting.

The Audrey Chapman Orchestra brought an excellent series of concerts to an end at the Northern Polytechnic on March 11. The lady string players have a professional technique and, joined by well-known wind players they gave a first-rate performance of the *New World Symphony* under Mr. Frank Bridge. The concerts are to be resumed in the autumn.

Mr. Gerald Cooper opened a new series of concerts of old music at Æolian Hall on March 15. Miss Dorothy Helmrich sang Dowland, Mr. Godfrey Ludlow played Bach and Corelli on the violin, and Mr. Cooper was at the harpsichord. An evening well spent. M.

ST. MARTIN'S PAGEANT

St. Martin's Pageant, first produced in November last year, was performed by two hundred members and friends of St. Martin-in-the-Fields at Church House, Westminster, on March 6 and on following evenings for a fortnight. Unfolded in some twenty scenes (passing of the Roman empire, mediæval episodes, then post-Reformation and modern developments) the pageant, the work of Mr. Lawrence Housman, aimed at depicting the struggle of the Christian ideal of fellowship through the ages. It was not hard to pick holes in the author's share in the show. (For instance, his exaggerated insistence on 'women's wrongs.' Read the Paston Letters if you conceive mediæval woman to have been something between a serf and a beast of burden.) Still he evolved a coherent, moving spectacle which was performed in a spirit of devotion. These modern Church-folk are determined that the devil shall not have all the best stage shows! Some scenes were extremely beautiful. Memory of the Joan of Arc tableau lingers, and the acting of the crowds, especially in the processions up and down the hall, was spontaneous and remarkable in effect.

Most of the action was accompanied by vocal and instrumental music, arranged by Mr. Gustav Holst, who conducted. The choir and orchestra (of more than a hundred Morley College students) were in a gallery at the back of the hall. The splendid old Irish hymn-tune 'St. Patrick's Breastplate' struck the right note to begin with. The pageant wound up with the 'Old 124th' from the Genevan Psalter. Between there was solemn and joyful music by Vittoria, Tallis, and Bach. The Latin hymn 'Personent Hodie' (from a Swedish book of carols) gave the fine theme for a Crusaders' March, most stirring in rhythm. So present-day devotion does not scorn colour and stage action, and the devil is far from having all the best tunes either! One grumble must be allowed (since the pageant will assuredly be again revived): the final episode, a contemporary street scene, was an artistic blunder. P. W.

W. G. ROTHERY, M.V.O.

As a Member of the Victorian Order, Mr. W. G. Rothery is awarded due recognition for valuable services performed in the background of our musical life. All the widespread work of the Professional Classes War Relief Council and the body into which it was afterwards merged—the Music in War-Time Committee—was administered by Mr. Rothery as the able lieutenant of Sir Hubert Parry and Dr. W. G. McNaught. Since 1910 he has been a popular secretary to the Royal Choral Society, and the success of the Society's recent Jubilee celebration was largely due to his activities.

Opera in London

DAVID GARRICK

With commendable courage, Mr. Reginald Somerville has taken his opera *David Garrick* out of the hands of the Carl Rosa Company and mounted it for a run at the Queen's Theatre. For this purpose Mr. Somerville has made sundry changes in his work, its original form being that of grand opera. That it met with a very cordial reception when presented at the Queen's Theatre on March 2 was a satisfactory sign that the public is ready to listen to British music in the lighter forms in spite of the fact that on this occasion it did not quite turn out to be the 'comedy' opera it was described as being. But Mr. Somerville's genuinely melodious score carried the day, and his flow of real melody completely won the goodwill of his listeners. The opera is founded, by Mr. Somerville himself, on the Robertson comedy, which it follows fairly closely. Personally I think it follows it too closely. There was not all the fun the public looks for in the lighter musical entertainments. The mounting was extremely good, and it was quite refreshing to see a British production so well put on the stage. Mr. Paul Shelving, of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, was responsible for the designs of dresses and scenery, and he did his work well. Mr. Nigel Playfair was the producer. The representation introduced an uncommonly good tenor in Mr. Leonard Ceiley, who appeared as David Garrick. His work showed great promise and his singing was excellent. Miss Madeleine Collins as Ada Ingot, Mr. Herbert Cameron as Ingot, and Mr. Miles Malleon as Squire Chivvy were among those who served the composer best. It was very satisfactory to find such care bestowed upon a British work, for every detail had been carefully considered, not forgetting the orchestra, which is a particularly fine body, directed by the composer himself.

F. E. B.

THE PEER GYNT MUSIC AT THE OLD VIC.

By utilising the whole of Grieg's incidental music to Ibsen's moral drama, *Peer Gynt*, the attraction of the production at the Old Vic., which took place on March 6 and onwards, was increased considerably. I do not propose to speak of the dramatic merits of the play, for it was written for a definite purpose as a national warning. I do not remember that the music was given when the play was performed some sixteen years ago, but in this instance it was of immense service in keeping alive the interest of a wonderfully interested audience at the Old Vic. In its form of a suite or suites the music is well-known, but it assumed a different and no less pleasing complexion when heard with the literary context. The whole had been arranged and got together by Mr. Charles Corri, the conductor, whose task cannot have been an easy one. But everything went smoothly, and the music itself was beautifully played in just the right mood of intensity, and it received the great compliment of being listened to eagerly.

F. E. B.

COWEN'S INCIDENTAL MUSIC TO PINERO'S THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE

Once again Sir Frederic Cowen acts as musician-in-ordinary to Sir Arthur Pinero. He has provided the incidental music to Sir Arthur's new play *The Enchanted Cottage*, produced at the Duke of

York's Theatre at the end of February. The musician's opportunity comes when the piece takes on its fantastic garb and deals either with the ghosts of those who have inhabited the cottage or with the imaginings of the leading female character, Laura. Needless to say that Sir Frederic Cowen, with his vast experience and his large resources, supplies all that is wanted. And I note with satisfaction that he does not rely solely on weird harmonies for an emotional appeal, but frankly writes melody. The lovers of the various periods and the dream are all illustrated by melodic passages of great charm and effect, with becoming characterisation suitable to the dates represented. The music is to be issued as an orchestral suite, and I think there will be as much approval for it in the concert room as there is in the theatre, where it is so well played—first under the composer, and afterwards under Mr. Edward Clarke.

F. E. B.

THE LONDON HIPPODROME

Like most entertainments of the kind, the new show at the Hippodrome, *Round in 50*, will give musicians some uncomfortable moments. We wonder at the small—almost negligible—amount of good singing, both solo and choral. Perhaps, however, the singing is better than we think, for the orchestral playing is so uniformly on the loud side that the singers are generally submerged, coming to the surface only on an occasional high note. Some day an enterprising management will prove that good singing and original light music are hardly less of an asset than good low comedy work, and far more so (and much less expensive) than lavish mounting. The strength of *Round in 50* lies in its having a story (an adaptation of Verne's *Round the World in Eighty Days*), some gorgeous production, an effective use of the cinema, and some very droll work by George Robey, Renée Reel, and two of the Lupinos. Thanks to these constituents the show is far above the average, and should make the Hippodrome slump-proof for the rest of the year.

H. G.

Church and Organ Music

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY'S TOMB

BY H. T. GILBERTHORPE

It needs no great daring to affirm that Samuel Sebastian Wesley was one of the brightest stars that ever shone in the English musical firmament. His music is known and loved wherever English speaking people are gathered together 'in quires and places where they sing.'

Wesley died at Gloucester on April 19, 1876, at the age of sixty-five, and by his own wish was buried at Exeter by the side of his only daughter. These facts are recorded by Mr. John E. West in his valuable book 'Cathedral Organists, Past and Present,' and also in other works of reference. Nevertheless, many people, otherwise well informed upon matters connected with the career of Wesley, have, to say the least, a very hazy idea as to where he was buried.

During the recent Congress of the National Union of Organists' Associations, when the members met at Messrs. Novello's rooms in Wardour Street, Mr. John E. West related the great difficulty he had had in finding Wesley's grave. He told how he

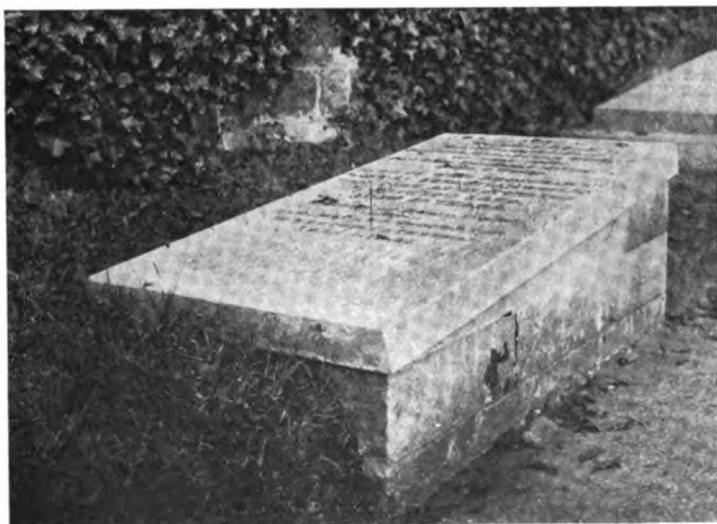
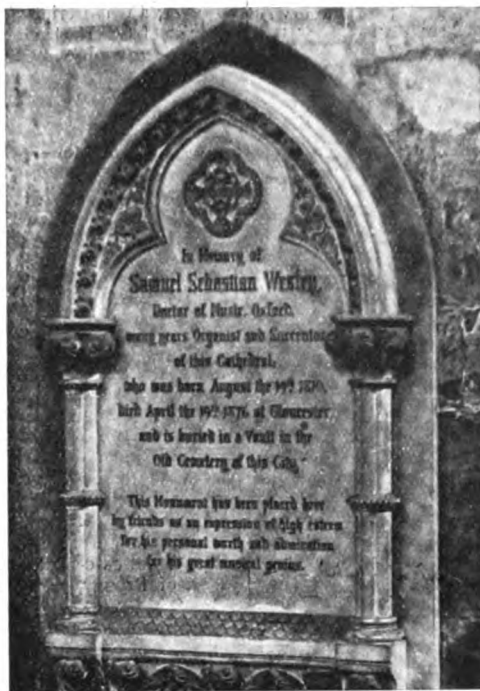
spent over an hour, in the broiling heat of a summer afternoon, wandering around the Old Cemetery at Exeter before he could find the spot that he was seeking. Dr. Ferris Tozer drew attention to the fact that many people do not know that Wesley was brought to Exeter for burial, supporting this assertion by quoting the words of the Very Rev. Henry Gee, Dean of Gloucester, who, on page 32 of a book entitled 'Gloucester Cathedral, its Organs and Organists' (recently published by the Chiswick Press) says that S. S. Wesley was buried at Winchester.

Wesley's grave is in the upper part of the Old Cemetery at Exeter, under the shadow of a portion of the old city wall. Its flat granite slab has nothing about it to attract the casual visitor's attention, and shows many signs of neglect. The metal letters forming the inscription have become corroded, and the stone round about them is very worn and discoloured. Some years ago the grave presented such a dilapidated appearance that the late Dr. W. B. Gilbert (composer of the well-known tune 'Maidstone,' usually sung to 'Pleasant are Thy courts above'), who saw it

1840, aged 9 weeks. Also of the above named Samuel Sebastian Wesley, who died at Gloucester, April 19th, 1876. Aged 65 years. Doctor of Music, Oxford. Organist and Succentor of Exeter Cathedral, 1835-1841.

As will be seen by the accompanying photograph, the lettering is now very bad, and it is not easy to decipher the inscription from a distance of a few yards. The whole appearance of the grave is such as to convey the impression that it is utterly forgotten and uncared for. Surely there must be some amongst the lovers of the priceless heritage which Samuel Sebastian Wesley has bequeathed to English Church music for all time in such works as *The Wilderness*, *Blessed be the God and Father*, *Ascribe unto the Lord*, and many other equally beautiful anthems and services, who would be

willing to bear their part in defraying the cost of placing a suitable and permanent memorial over the last resting place of this great man. There is a memorial tablet to Wesley's memory in the north aisle of the nave of Exeter Cathedral, and to the right of it is a tablet (not shown above) which has



THE TOMB OF S. S. WESLEY IN THE
OLD CEMETERY, EXETER

whilst on a visit to Exeter, raised a fund to defray the cost of re-cutting the inscription. Probably the metal letters were supplied at the same time.

The inscription on the stone is as follows :

In memory of Mary, daughter of Samuel Sebastian Wesley of this City, who died February 13th,

recently been put up in memory of the late Dr. D. J. Wood. A memorial in the Cathedral is, however, not the same thing as one which marks the actual burial place, and judging from the present appearance of the grave, if nothing is done there, and wind and weather are allowed to work their will upon the

present stone, in a few years' time the inscription will have been practically obliterated, and the place will become unrecognisable as that where lies, awaiting the Resurrection, one of the greatest of English Church musicians.

THE ORGAN IN THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY

BY SIDNEY J. AMBLER

The fine Church situated at the south-east corner of the court-yard of the Guildhall, London, ranks as one of Wren's happiest inspirations, and is dedicated to the Saint and Martyr born at Huesca, in the kingdom of Arragon, Spain. St. Lawrence was a Deacon of Bishop Sixtus, and a Treasurer of the Church of Rome, A.D. 259, and was martyred by being laid on a gridiron and roasted alive under the persecutions of the Emperor Valerian.

The Church of St. Lawrence Jewry is the Parish Church of the united parishes of St. Lawrence Jewry, St. Mary Magdalene, Milk Street, and St. Michael Bassishaw. The last-named parish was united with the other two more than twenty years ago, and since then the patronage of the benefice has been in the hands of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's and the master and scholars of Balliol College alternately.

The only noteworthy object rescued from the old Church in the Great Fire of 1666 is the picture of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, which was hastily cut from its frame over the altar before the conflagration reached the Church, and was thus saved from destruction. It now occupies a position in the vestry. The dimensions of Wren's fabric are approximately 80-ft. in length and 65-ft. in breadth, with a height of roof of 40-ft., flat and panelled. The acoustic properties of the building are perfect, there being resonance without undue echo.

The earliest records of an organ appear to be in a Vestry Minute of 1683:

'The Committee having seen drafts and proposals of Mr. Harris and Mr. Smith for the Organ, and how it should be made, and being satisfied that they were both good workmen, it was put to the vote whether of them should make the organ, and it was speedily carried that Mr. Harris should make the same, which is ordered to be done by Mr. Harris accordingly. After Mr. Harris was ordered to be the maker of the organ as by the order above, it was agreed by Mr. Harris that he would make the same according to his proposals, and that he would not expect any money till the organ is finished and approved by the Parish. If the same was not approved he would take it away; and he would finish the organ within three months after the joiner and carver should finish their work.'

The carver here referred to was no less than the great artist, Grinling Gibbons, whose craftsmanship is here seen to this day in its perfection. Volumes could be written of the wealth of carved woodwork to be found in the Church and vestries, but it must suffice to say that it is doubtful if a finer example of an organ-case can be found anywhere, whether judged from the standpoint of craftsmanship or good taste in design.

A later Vestry Minute states that Harris was given £100 to go on with, and had to find security for repayment if the work was not approved of. Harris was afterwards paid £300. The carver and joiner received £285 for their work, but the Vestry considered this price was excessive.

A further extract reads:

'It is ordered that Mr. Browne shall proceed in playing the organ [1685] in the Parish Church, and be organist for one year from the time he begin [began] to play the same, he having for his satisfaction left himself to the goodwill of the Parish.'

He was later given a salary of £20.

There appears to be no authentic record of the names of the stops of the original Harris organ as it left that builder's hands in or about the year 1685. For the earliest

reliable specification of an organ at St. Lawrence, we have, however, a manuscript of a Mr. Henry Leffler, at one time organist of St. Katharine Cree and an official of the Bank of England, whose descendants are at present members of this institution, and personally known to the writer. Mr. Henry Leffler, writing in 1800, gives the list of stops as follows:

Three sets of keys from GG—C, short octaves. Swell from Fiddle G to D, by Byfield. *Great* (10 stops): Open Diapason, Stopped Diapason, Principal, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Tierce, Larigot, Sesquialtera (four ranks). Cornet to C sharp (five ranks). Trumpet. *Swell* (seven stops): Stopped Diapason, Principal, Cornet (three ranks), Trumpet, Hautboy, Vox Humana. *Choir* (three stops): Stopped Diapason, Principal, Flute.

The Choir (Chayre) organ, as customary, was placed behind the organ-stool, and this old Choir case with the Harris pipes—or some of them, at least—is to be seen now in the same relative position.

I have recently taken out some of these pipes and examined them. From the composition of the metal they are undoubtedly of Harris's make, and voiced on about 1½-in. wind.

About 1856 Russell rebuilt and enlarged the organ and some more case-work was added; and later still Henry Jones, of Brompton, made further extensions.

In the year 1875 Gray & Davison totally rebuilt the organ, retaining all the old case-work, extending the perimeter of the loft, and providing new screens and panels, mainly confined to the south side. This work is much inferior both in workmanship and material. The following is the list of stops of the Gray & Davison organ:

Great (ten stops): Double Diapason, Open Diapason, Open Diapason, Clarabella, Octave Flute, Octavante, Quint, Super-Octave, Mixture (five ranks), Trumpets.

Swell (ten stops): Lieblich Bourdon, Open Diapason, Keraulophon, Rohr Flöte, Voix Celeste, Geigen Principal, Mixture (three ranks), Cornopean, Oboe, Clarion.

Choir (seven stops): Lieblich Bourdon, Salicional, Lieblich Gedacht, Viol d'Amour, Suabe Flute, Flageolet Harmonic, Corno di Bassetto.

Pedal (six stops): Open Diapason, Violone, Quint, Violoncello, Super-Octave, Trombone.

Couplers (five): Swell to Great; Swell to Pedal; Swell to Choir; Great to Pedal; Choir to Pedal.

Four composition pedals to Great; three composition pedals to Swell.

Compass, CC to A; Pedal, CCC to F.

In this organ the original Choir case was preserved, as already stated, in front; but the Choir organ wind-chest was placed inside the larger case, to cover up the pipes of which the dummy fan trumpet was added to the case-work.

Norman & Beard in 1900 converted the tracker key and pedal action to tubular pneumatic, but not the drawstop action, the general set-out remaining as before. A new feeder reservoir was placed over the door leading into the south aisle, with Watkins & Watson high-pressure engine. All the pipes were re-voiced, and harmonic trebles supplied to the chorus reeds. New keys, frames, jamps, draw-knobs, and pedal board were added.

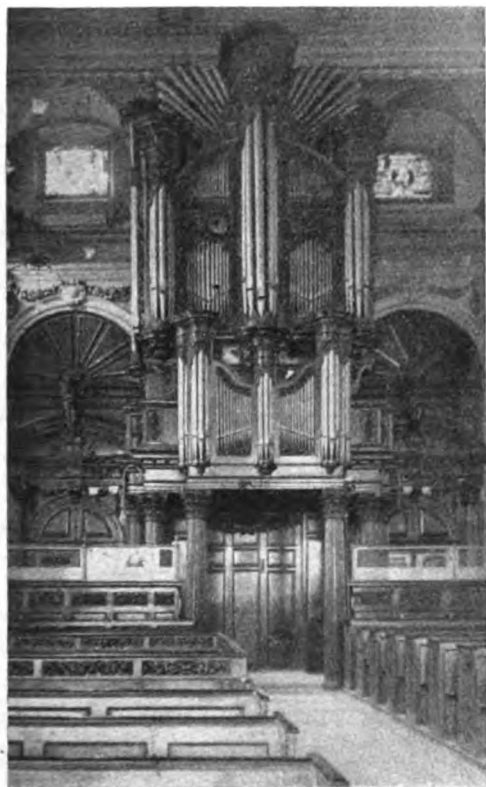
The specification as it stands is practically as it was in 1875, slight changes having been made in the names of the stops. The only practical alteration is the conversion of the pedal Quint into a Bourdon, and the addition of an octave-coupler to the Swell.

The Rector and churchwardens are contemplating the cleaning and renovation of this fine instrument, and at the same time remodelling the interior to the extent of starting with a new building frame. It is not proposed to alter in any way the fine case or to modify the old pipe-work, but some tonal additions are desirable to improve the balance, and what is of greater importance is the rearrangement of the console, with the inclusion of piston action for the stop combinations. At the time of the last rebuild the

arrangement of the drawstops of the manual and Pedal departments was left as in Gray & Davison's time, the Pedal draw-knobs being placed under the Swell division on the left-hand side of the console with the couplers. The old cramped building frame made it mechanically impossible to include in the Great composition pedals the Pedal organ registers, and thus every change in the Pedal organ tonality has to be registered independently by hand.

The musical traditions of this Church are of no mean order. It was here, between 1867 and 1870, that the memorable services in connection with the Pan-Anglican Synod were held, and, under the direction of the choirmaster of the Church, the late Robert Turner, that the London Gregorian Choral Association was inaugurated.

The old tradition musically is being well maintained. The Rector, the Rev. Walter P. Besley, is a keen and cultured musician. Organ recitals by organists of the front rank are given weekly on Tuesdays at one o'clock.



ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY

Choral work, in the hands of Mr. Lewis Jones (the present organist), now occupies a prominent place in the activities of the Church. This Advent Brahms's *Requiem* and the *Christmas Oratorio* have been sung in a manner which was felt to be much more of an act of worship than a mere performance; and during Lent Bach's *St. John Passion* and Dvorák's *Stabat Mater* will be heard.

As has already been pointed out, it is very difficult for players of modern organ music to handle the tonal resources of the organ, and some of the technical feats that we hear are only appreciated by those who are aware of the mechanical deficiencies of the instrument.

If so many of our best organists are good enough to go to St. Lawrence and give recitals, it is felt that they should not be limited in their repertory by antiquated mechanism, and the Rector with his churchwardens and advisers (amongst whom there are practical organists) hope to see a scheme carried out shortly involving the taking down of the organ and modernising the interior. It is not the intention to alter the tonal characteristics of the pipe-work—

moreover, as stated previously, no one would be allowed to do this—but a limited amount of new tonal resource and an improved balance is thought desirable. Advantage will doubtless be taken at the same time to put in fan-blowing plant, to enable the large reservoir to be eliminated and thus give room for a better disposition for the pipes and wind-chests. The exhaust tubular pneumatic key-action should be retained, as it is equal to every demand that can be made upon it.

Whatever is contemplated for the future, all concerned may rest assured that in an old classical instance like this, nothing will be permitted to be done to the organ without the most careful inquiry by the Church authorities.

DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER

This versatile man—musician, Bach scholar, organ-builder, theologian, and physician—has lately given recitals at Cambridge (Trinity College), Oxford (Christ Church Cathedral), Birmingham, and Westminster Abbey. His playing has drawn large audiences, and it goes without saying that his methods have roused much discussion among organists. Generally speaking he plays Bach much more slowly than do most English organists. His registration also is more elaborate, and to ensure its being carried out without interference with the music he has helpers at his side. In this he claims to follow the example of Bach himself, who (he says) played always with two of his sons managing the stops. His programmes have been drawn chiefly from the lesser works of Bach, his Westminster scheme being typical—the 'Little' E minor Prelude and Fugue, the Canzona in D minor, the *Adagio* from the Toccata in C, the C minor Fugue (subject *c-g-g-g-a* flat), and some short and quiet Chorale Preludes. In the E minor Fugue he doubled the E's in the pedal final entry, and made his cadence major. The C minor Fugue he played very slowly, a programme note giving his view that it expressed 'tragic sorrow'—a startling idea, seeing the vigorous nature of the subject and the animation of the counterpoint. The beautiful elegiac Fantasia that precedes it is far better suited by the description. The collections at these recitals have been in aid of the Doctor's work as a medical missionary in Africa. Thus his beloved Bach is a means of raising funds, as well as a constant solace in his lonely post in the primitive forest. The only luxury he allows himself, we hear, is a grand pianoforte with pedal attachment, presented to him by the Bach Society of Paris, whose organist he was for many years. He says his native servant doubled up with laughter when he first saw his master play with his hands as well as his feet. The Doctor carries back with him the admiration and good wishes of all his fellow Bachites in this country.

ORGANISTS' BENEVOLENT LEAGUE

We have received the twelfth annual report of this body, and note with pleasure that, despite the present economic difficulties, which affect church organists in a special degree, the League is in a flourishing condition. It appears, however, that so far this results rather from the self-denying energy of a few than from the support of the many. Thus the balance sheet shows that the 1921 receipts from organ recitals and concerts amounted to £145. This represents far too small an amount of rank-and-file effort. As Sir Frederick Bridge, the president, says, there should be at least five hundred such recitals given annually. At the modest estimate of £2 per recital, this would bring in £1,000. What an easy way of helping along a good work! Practically every organist enjoys giving recitals. To give one for the benefit of the old and destitute of his profession costs so very little in the way of extra trouble, that we think Sir Frederick's suggested total is far too small. There are enough keen recitalists to make it a thousand—or even two—for no one need limit his effort to one recital per annum. Readers who wish for a copy of the report, or for any other information, should write to the Secretary, Mr. Thomas Shindler, at the Royal College of Organists, Kensington Gore, S.W. 7.

On March 13, Mr. H. C. Colles gave a lecture at King's College on 'Quality in Hymn-Tune.' The main points of his address will appear in our next issue.

New organs have recently been erected by Messrs. Rushworth & Dreaper at St. Germain's, Edghaston—a two-manual with nineteen speaking stops—and at Middleton Parish Church, Manchester—a three-manual of twenty-eight speaking stops. Both instruments are liberally supplied with accessories. The Middleton organ is enclosed in an oak case designed by Sir Charles Nicholson, whose admirable lecture on organ-cases will be remembered by many of our readers.

The fine parish church of St. Mary Redcliff was well-filled on a recent Saturday afternoon by members and friends of the Bristol branch of the Church Music Society, when Mr. Geoffrey Shaw conducted a Hymn Festival. Mr. Shaw gave an address on the ideals to be aimed at in the choice of hymns, both in regard to words and music, after which hymns were sung in various ways—full, choir, people, in unison, in harmony, with faux-bourbons, with and without organ, &c.

An election will be made on July 4 to a Musical Exhibition at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, of the annual value of £40. Candidates must not be over twenty-five years of age on June 30, 1922. The exhibition is tenable for one year, and is renewable annually for a period not exceeding three years. Further particulars may be had on application to the Principal.

In our March issue we announced that the *St. John Passion* would be sung at St. Michael's, Cornhill, on March 31 and April 7, at 8 o'clock. This was a slip. Here is the correct programme: Friday, April 7, at one o'clock, Part 1; Monday, April 10, at six o'clock, the whole work; Wednesday, April 12, at one o'clock, Part 2.

ORGAN RECITALS

Mr. Eric Brough, St. Lawrence Jewry—Fugue in C minor, *Bach*; Choral, *Honegger*; Prelude and Fugue in G minor, *Dupré*. Jackson's Lane Wesleyan Church, Highgate—Prelude on 'Rhosymedre,' *Vaughan Williams*; Choral in E, *Franck*; Rhapsody No. 1, *Howells*.

Mr. J. G. Bamborough, South Parade Wesleyan Church, Grimsby—Sonata No. 1, *Harwood*; Irish Phantasy, *Wolstenholme*.

Mr. Harold M. Dawber, St. George's, Stockport—Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*; Passacaglia in C minor, *Bach*.

Mr. Reginald Silver, Beer Parish Church—Gothic Suite, *Boëllmann*; Fantasia in four parts, *Gibbons*.

Mr. Louis H. Torr, St. Laurence, Southampton—Grand Chœur in G minor, *Hollins*; Imperial March, *Elgar*.

Mr. H. L. Balfour, Clapham Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in D, *Bach*; Sonata No. 2, *Merkel*.

Mr. Ambrose P. Porter, St. Matthias', Richmond—Sonatas Nos. 1 and 6, *Mendelssohn*; Choral No. 3 and Pastorale, *Franck*; Prelude and Fugue in F minor and Chorale Prelude, 'Come, Holy Ghost,' *Bach*.

Mr. Arthur Meale, Central Hall, Westminster—Sonatas Nos. 7 and 8, *Guilmant*; Pastorale and Finale (Symphony No. 2), *Widor*.

Mr. S. Maurice Popplestone, Wesley Chapel, Frome—Prelude and Fugue in C, *Bach*; Concert Fantasia on 'Hanover,' *Lemare*.

Mr. J. Gray, Adam Smith Hall, Kirkcaldy—Benediction Nuptiale, *Saint-Saëns*; Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*.

Mr. Herbert Weatherly, Bromley Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Symphony No. 6, *Widor*. St. Stephen's Wallbrook—First movement, 'New World' Symphony; Prelude and Fugue in D, *Bach*.

Church of the Holy Communion, New York: Mr. Lynnwood Farnam—Toccata and Fugue in D, *Bach*; Introduction, Passacaglia, and Fugue, *Healey Willan*; Prelude on 'Martyrs,' *Harvey Grace*. Mr. Channing Lefebvre, at the same Church—Prelude, 'In Dir ist Freude,' *Bach*; Choral No. 3, *Franck*; Scherzo, *Gigout*.

Mr. W. J. Lancaster, Bolton Parish Church—Prelude on 'Old 104th,' *Parry*; Passacaglia with Choral, *Karg-Elert*; Toccata in D minor, *Stanford*.

Mr. Alfred Hollins, Clapton Park Congregational Church—Concert Overture No. 3, *Hollins*; 'Lied des Chrysanthèmes,' *Bonnet*.

Mr. C. H. Trevor, St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta—Fantasia, *Rheinberger*; Fugue in D minor and Prelude in B minor, *Bach*.

Mr. Claude A. Forster, St. John's, Forfar—Sonata da Camera, *Peace*; Fantasia and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*.

Mr. Herbert Howge, St. Nicholas Cole Abley—Pastoral Sonata, *Rheinberger*; Epilogue, *Healey Willan*; and a Bach programme. St. Stephen's Wallbrook—A Bach programme.

Mr. Fred J. Tarris, Barking Parish Church—Visione, *Rheinberger*; Overture in E flat, *Faulkes*.

Mr. W. Hunt, St. George's, Belfast—Sonata No. 1, *Guilmant*; Theme with Variations, *Stuart Archer*.

Mr. J. Matthews, St. Stephen's, Guernsey—Concert Rondo, *Hollins*; Symphonic Poem, *Matthews*; Finale (Sonata No. 1), *Guilmant*.

Mr. Francis W. Sutton, All Saints', Northampton—Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Sonata No. 1, *Guilmant*.

Mr. Cyril G. Church, Church of the Holy Cross, Crediton—'Occasional' Overture; 'Finlandia.'

Miss Doris Fenner, St. Dunstan's-in-the-East—Prelude on 'Eventide,' *Parry*; Fugue in D minor, *Bach*.

Mr. A. Martin Hawkins, St. Michael's, Stockwell—Trumpet Tune and Air, *Purcell*; Prelude on 'Old 104th,' *Parry*.

Mr. Chassey Hector, Brighton Parish Church—Introduction and Finale from Sonata, *Reubke*; Postlude in C minor, *Steggall*.

Mr. Marcel Dupré, Hove Town Hall—Final, B flat, *Franck*; Pastoral Symphony No. 1, *Vierne*; Prelude and Fugue in G minor, *Dupré*.

Mr. John Pulein, St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow—Sonata in A flat, *Rheinberger*; Pastoral in F, *Bach*; 'The Blessed Damozel' and 'The Little Shepherd,' *Debussy*.

Mr. G. Bernard Gilbert, Town Hall, Stratford—Sonata No. 1 and Prelude and Fugue in G, *Mendelssohn*; Variations on an Original Theme, *Hesse*.

Mr. Albert Orton, St. Mark's, Southampton—Pastoral Sonata, *Rheinberger*; Introduction and Passacaglia, *Keger*. St. Lawrence Jewry—Air and Variations in G, *Rheinberger*; Prelude and Fugue in C, *Bach*.

Mr. Bertram Hollins, Beckenham Congregational Church—Sonata No. 6, *Mendelssohn*; Finale (Symphony No. 1), *Vierne*; Prelude, 'Rockingham,' *Parry*; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*.

APPOINTMENTS

Mr. J. D. M. Hodge, organist and choirmaster, St. Augustine's, New Barnet.

Mr. J. T. Horne, organist and choirmaster, Cork Cathedral.

Mr. R. H. Pill, organist and choirmaster, Burley Lawn United Methodist, Leeds.

Mr. E. G. Yeo, organist and choirmaster, St. Luke's, Hornsey.

Mr. R. C. Young, organist and choirmaster, Holy Trinity Cathedral, Shanghai, China.

Letters to the Editor

THE ENGLISH LITANY OF 1544-60.

SIR,—Dr. Grattan Flood has misunderstood the letter of Cranmer to Henry VIII. which he quotes. On his own showing the letter was written months after the publication of the Litany, and therefore could not have referred to the music of this prayer. But in addition to this consideration there is Cranmer's own explicit statement:

'I have translated into the English tongue, so well as I could in so short a time, certain processions to be used upon festival days . . . If your Grace command some devout and solemn note to be made thereunto (as is to the procession which your Majesty has already set forth in English) [*i.e.*, the Litany] . . . As concerning the *Salve Festa dies* the Latin note, as I think, is sober and distinct enough: wherefore I have travailed to make the verses in English, and have put the Latin note unto the same. Nevertheless they that be cunning

in singing can make a much more solemn note thereto: I made them only for a proof to see how English would do in song.'

It is quite clear, therefore, that Cranmer was referring not to the Litany, but to the *Salve festa dies* and other processions for festival days. Another proof that the Litany was not intended originally to be the only procession in the English Church may be found in a note contained in the Prayer Book of 1549:

'Upon Christmas Day, Easter Day, the Ascension Day, Whitsunday, and the Feaste of the Trinity, may be used any part of Holy Scripture hereafter to be certainly limited and appointed, in the stead of the Litany.'

No doubt something was intended after the style of the Antiphons and Responsos formerly used for this purpose.

I should be interested to learn Dr. Flood's authority for the use of 'Processioner' as meaning the Litany. The word generally means the *Processionale*, or book of processions. Bede does not say that St. Augustine and his companions on entering Canterbury sang 'the Litany' and the Antiphon *Deprecamur te*; he says: 'they sang this Litany *Deprecamur te*.' The Antiphon is of considerable length; the music is published by the Plainsong and Mediaeval Music Society if Dr. Flood cares to see it.

There is one more sentence of Dr. Flood's that may possibly be misunderstood. He says there is no 'doubt that in 1545-46 the newly translated English Litany was roughly adapted to the old plainchant melody.' But (1) the Litany was not a 'newly translated' version of any Litany which previously existed in England, but was a compilation from various sources; (2) the melody was not 'the old plainchant melody' of the Litany, but was an adaptation from two or three plainchant phrases.

Dr. Flood also says that *Kyrie Eleison* was popular in Gaul in the early years of the 5th century, but Mr. Edmund Bishop tells us that it was imported into Gaul in the early part of the 6th century.—Yours, &c.,

E. G. P. WYATT.

STILL IN THE VAN

SIR,—A few days ago I saw in Maida Vale a laundry van bearing on its sides the words, 'SONATA LAUNDRY, BRETHOVEN STREET.' After this, who dares to say that the Bonn master 'won't wash?'—Yours, &c.,

JOHN E. WEST.

MR. SCHOLES, HOW DARE YOU?

SIR,—I was greatly astonished to read Mr. Percy A. Scholes's deprecating remarks concerning Brahms's Great C minor Symphony in a recent number of the *Observer*. This Symphony is assuredly one of the most glorious ever written, and nothing in the whole of musical literature is more wonderfully thrilling than the Introduction to the magnificent *Finale*. I had the privilege of hearing this Symphony under the immortal composer's own direction, when it was first produced at Leipzig in 1876.—Yours, &c.,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

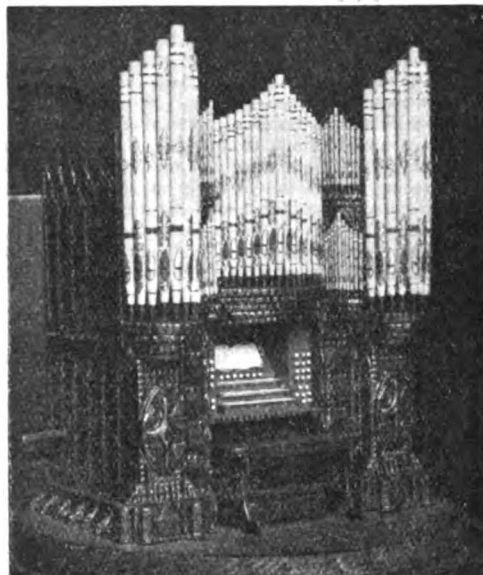
22a, Carlton Vale, Maida Vale, N.W.6.

March 12, 1922.

AN INTERESTING MODEL.

SIR,—Enclosed you will find two photographs of a miniature model organ which I have made, and I am sending it with the hope that it may provide some little interest for you or your readers. The organ itself is very small, being only 8½-in. from base to top of largest pipes; the width is 6½-in., and the depth 4-in. The organ-case is elaborately carved and panelled, painted dark oak and varnished. The length of the two largest pipes is just 5-in., while the four small groups of pipes range from 1½-in. to 18-in. The pipes themselves are all hand-painted and decorated; the ground colour is a light blue enamel, and the groups of small pipes are a darker shade to give relief. The mouth-piece of each pipe is done in English

gold and dark crimson enamel alternately, the leaf or floral design being in English gold lined with black. The tops of all the pipes have a band of white enamel, lined with very fine bands of gold and crimson, making the effect and grouping very charming. The pedal board, which is of full range, is radiating and concave. There are six composition pedals, representing three for Great and three for Swell, with Balance Swell Pedal in centre. The stops are grouped somewhat in the usual way—Great and Choir on the right, Swell and Pedal on the left. The stops over the Swell manual represent couplers. Perhaps I had better add that I myself am a voluntary organist, and that love for and interest in the organ no doubt provided



the patience, as I may state there are over 2,500 different pieces altogether. The model has occupied my spare time for about three years.—Yours, &c., R. MASSEY.

119, Crescent Road,

Great Lever, Bolton.

February 21st, 1922.

THE MUSIC OF THE PICTURE-THEATRE

SIR,—No music-lover could have read your notes on the problem of the cinema without the utmost sympathy for your point of view, or without desiring an issue which would be as good for music as for the prosperity of the cinema. With all deference to Mr. Gordon Craig and Mr. St. John Ervine, their criticisms can only assist when it has admitted what is obviously permanent in the cinema. The cinema, a precocious art, is passing through acute growing-pains; but the complaint from which it suffers is the same for which these critical gentlemen have found no specific in their own crafts. I postulate as a feasible idea that the very extremity of a problem of this sort as it affects art is in itself an opportunity if used wisely and with deliberation. In the case of the cinema, the cult of the novelette, with all its artistic evils, has been brought nearer to an end in a few years than the publishers of cheap shockers could possibly have feared. The cinema has revealed at close quarters the shoddy stuff of the popular novel and the popular melody. It falls low, but that at least is not entirely because of the cinema, whose capacity, moreover, to transform dull tales and to infuse delight has been proved a hundred times. The failure of the cinema, the theatre, the art gallery, and all the arts which call for practical as well as artistic efficiency, cannot in my opinion be turned to account unless artists recognise the increasing irresponsibility of commerce where art is concerned, and take steps to displace the profit-making element to which the disastrous conditions are due. And if this be not done,

then next year, and ten and twenty years hence, we shall still be reading academic criticism without having advanced a single step towards reform.

An important thing that would be welcomed is the appearance of a magazine entirely devoted to the cinema, and run on critical and progressive lines.—Yours, &c.,

STUART GUTHRIE.

Flansham, Bognor.

March 11, 1922.

SIR,—I venture to congratulate you on the incisiveness of your remarks in your last issue on the subject of cinema music, but my pleasure was tinged with regret at the small chance of their being read by the 'unmusical managers and trade officials'. . . usually inartistic and frequently even illiterate.' Truly these are the cuttle-fish. This wonderful race of men, even if they were able, have no time to think for themselves, and engage others to perform this function for them—generally the cheapest they can procure. The 'musical director' is one of these. More often than not this misnamed official has some pretension to his adjectival qualification, and sets out to provide at least a coherent entertainment. But he has not reckoned with Sir Knowall, who, on seeing a film run through on Monday morning, whistles a tune and insists that it is *the* music for such and such a scene. The musical director has no option, and down it goes. The outcome of this unlovely partnership is to be heard at practically every picture-hall from 2.0 to 11.0 p.m. (continuous).

I was recently invited into the orchestra of a cinema to witness the band in action. I was given a sketch of the music to the 'feature film.' It was amazing, appearing more appalling on paper than in performance, which was heart-breaking enough. Rag rubbed shoulders with Tchaikovsky and Bones hobnobbed with Wagner:

'Garden Scene,' 1½ minutes ... *Rose in the Bud.*
'The Breaking Point' ... *Unfinished* (seven bars N, Y).
'But he forgot,' 1 minute ... *Barcarolle.*
'While in Paris,' 2½ minutes ... *Air de Ballet* (?)
(Omitting second section).
'Gerald returns,' 1½ .. *Flying Dutchman*
(to letter 'M').

And so on.

Yet the band was a good one—well-balanced, and the instrumentalists efficient. They had to be, to cope with such a jig-saw.

It is not easy to see whence salvation will come. I fear it is a long cry to the third alternative suggested in your notes, that of a specially composed setting for each film, nor am I quite certain that this would prove ideal. Progress is sure to be slow, but a great step forward would be the extended and *complete* performance of recognised items, chosen to convey and may be to emphasise the general feeling (I hate 'atmosphere') of the picture or of any one part of it. This calls for a careful and earnest mental search through what must needs be a very wide range of music. The task is rendered none the easier by the prevailing custom which requires the musical director to provide his own music. (Incidentally a grant of even £2 to £3 a week would soon enable a discriminating musician to establish a library which would prove an asset in more than one sense to the company concerned.)

Parallel with this should be an improvement in the treatment of the breathing spaces which the orchestra must needs take. At present the pianoforte forges ahead, quite indifferent to the screen, playing from cover to cover any album of pieces which happens to come to hand. The Chopin Polonaise Album is a hot favourite. Alternatively, a deep pedal rumbling heralds the performance of an organ, not infrequently an instrument discarded by a discerning organ committee, and now redecored as a grand orchestral organ. Both of these are equally painful, bad, and inartistic.

Where the theatre is fortunate enough to possess an organ designed and built with an eye to the work it has to perform, the problem is partly solved, for the majority of films, apart

from rough and ready comedy, afford good opportunity for an organist's powers of invention and improvisation. I recall hearing one of our leading organists (called in by a frantic management to fill a gap) improvise to a film for over an hour, and by allotting a definite theme to each of the chief characters, gave as near a perfect interpretation as could be wished. Its value to the audience was enhanced by the fact that the themes were chosen for the most part from well-known songs. I am glad to record that even the management was visibly affected, as it offered two guineas in excess of the prearranged fee.

In the ordinary way, the organ does not shine—for many reasons, a digression into which is tempting but not opportune. Yet apart from this, why do we not get more instrumental variety? Why the eternal solo pianoforte? Why not a string quartet, solo strings with pianoforte, organ and pianoforte treated antiphonally, pianoforte and woodwind, &c.? As a humble Tommy I once marched two miles to Church service with nothing more than the big drum and trombone. Ludicrous may be, but a very welcome change and not uninteresting musically!

The keynote to success in an entertainment lasting ten hours is variety.—Yours, &c.,

March 11, 1922.

MORIC FAN.

'A NOTE ON BEST SELLERS'

SIR,—I have just read the article in the March issue of the *Musical Times*, entitled, 'A Note on Best Sellers,' and I submit the following for 'A. K.'s' consideration.

I have not the faintest notion to whom 'A. K.' may be referring, but it seems to me that there is a lot of cheap (yet superior) rubbish being written lately on the subject of 'best-sellers' by self-appointed and (mostly) anonymous critics. There are other people (just as well qualified to judge, perhaps, as 'A. K.') who, if they knew to what 'A. K.' refers, might not be quite so cocksure of the 'poison gas' element in these much-maligned 'best-sellers.' Cannot 'A. K.' come out into the open, and give us names? We should like to be able to form our own judgment—perhaps.

I imagine no publisher who spends so much money and time 'nursing' a best-seller would object to its being advertised as such!

Anonymous criticism is very easy (if you can get an editor to publish it), but it also seems to me to be rather cowardly, and surely the entire *raison d'être* of criticism is nullified if readers do not know definitely to *what* the criticism refers, so, Sir, I ask for names.—Yours, &c.,

15, Frognal,
Hampstead, N.W.3.

ALBERT W. KETÉLÉRY.

March 22, 1922.

Sharps and Flats

I have just been reading, playing, and singing some seventy-five songs for the fifth or sixth time. It must have been rather trying to my neighbours. . . .
L. Duntun Green.

No musician ever makes a noise.—*Herbert Fryer.*

I consider myself a melodist and a classic. That is all.—*Alfredo Casella.*

Perhaps the most inspiring moment of the whole ceremony of the Royal Wedding was the famous *Sevenfold Amen*. Unaccompanied by the organ, the choir's voice thrilled through the building until it melted away in a whisper.—*Lady Diana Manners.*

The most beautiful feature of the marriage ceremony was the singing of the choir—particularly when they sang Stainer's *Sevenfold Amen* was their singing perfection. 'It made you feel as though you were among the angels,' said someone who was there.—*Hannen Swaffer.*

The auditorium could have accommodated three times the number of patrons had the seating capacity made it possible.—*Rene Devries, Musical Courier.*

I cling to my right to regard most of Bach's Fugues—there are exceptions—as objective music, which I am free to endow with as much humour as I like . . . So, to me, the '48' will remain a jovial companion to the end.—*Edwin Evans.*

We had a long recital by Madame Vera Lavrova (Baroness Royce Garrett). . . . At the same concert a number of pianoforte solos were played by the Princess Galitzine-Poushchine. I came away a democrat.—*Ernest Newman.*

Chamber Music for Amateurs

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur chamber musicians who wish to get into touch with other players.

South Hampstead and St. John's Wood, N.W. There are vacancies for good amateur instrumentalists in the Amateur Orchestral Society. Meetings on Thursday evenings in the Lecture Hall of the New College Chapel, Adelaide Road entrance. Low fees. Music provided.—*Apply, WATSON HARDING, 6A, Upper Park Road, N.W. 3.*

Mezzo-soprano wishes to join party or meet accompanist for mutual study.—*M. A. A., c/o Musical Times.*

Viola player (gentleman) wishes to join string quartet, meeting preferably in S.E. London district.—*A. J., c/o Musical Times.*

Young gentleman, experienced, would like to join good male-voice quartet or small concert party requiring a 2nd bass; Kensington district preferred.—*Write, H. S. H., c/o Musical Times.*

Young pianist (gentleman) wishes to meet a young tenor or soprano for mutual morning practice. S.W. or W. districts preferred.—*H. J. T., 1A, Adeney Road, Hammersmith, W.6.*

Bass, who is in London alternate week-ends, would give services to Church choir. Also would like to hear of accompanist for mutual practice. West London.—*B. A. S. S., c/o Musical Times.*

Pianist (lady) wishes to practise oratorios and songs of Tchaikovsky, Schubert, &c., with first-class baritone.—*Write, T. J., c/o Hadson, 238, Brixton Road, S.W.9.*

Gentleman (23), with well-trained tenor voice, desires to meet a pianist for mutual practice, for two or three evenings a week. London, S.W. district.—*H. G., c/o Musical Times.*

Pianist (young lady) would like to meet good violinist and 'cellist. Small Heath, Birmingham.—*PASTORAL, c/o Musical Times.*

Quartet, North London, seeks experienced and enthusiastic amateur 'cellist (male).—*KINGSBRIDGE, c/o Musical Times.*

Violist would like to meet violinist or pianist for mutual practice, or would join trio, quartet, or orchestra.—*J. S. HALL, 55, Gt. Marlborough Street, W. 1.*

Accompanist (male), good pianist, wishes to meet vocalists or instrumentalists with view to mutual practice. North London preferred.—*A. BIGGS, 10, St. Edmund's Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.8.*

Young lady, pianist, would like to meet violinist or 'cellist (or both) for mutual practice on Monday, Thursday, Saturday, or Sunday evenings.—*E. Sydenham, 31A, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.19.*

Wanted.—Good 'cellist, living in Blackburn or Darwen districts, to join amateur enthusiasts (flute, three violins, and pianoforte, ages 14-17), also players of the viola, double-bass, bassoon, &c., for a small amateur orchestra.—*WALTER MITCHELL, 82, Blackburn Road, Darwen, Lancs.*

Keen Lovers of Music are invited to join small string orchestra; amateurs only. Rehearsals, Tuesdays, 7 to 9. Central London.—*SECRETARY, 12, Sandmere Road, S.W. 4.*

Mezzo-Contralto, some professional experience, would like to meet lady pianist accompanist for mutual practice. District, S.W.2.—*A. N. H., c/o Musical Times.*

Vacancies in St. Matthew's Amateur Orchestra for 'cello double-bass, and efficient brass and wind players. Rehearsals on Saturdays, 5.30.—*Parochial Hall, Wandsworth Bridge Road. Conductor, E. H. Melling, F.R.C.O.*

Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times* of April, 1862:

EXETER HALL.—The third of the Great Choral Meetings of the London Division of the Handel Festival Choir took place on March 21, under the direction of Mr. Costa. The sixteen hundred members of the choir occupied the greater portion of the body of the hall, as usual leaving but little space for the musical public who were desirous of testing the effect produced by so vast a number. The programme for the evening comprised the choruses from Handel's *Solomon*, which are to be included in the second, or selection day, at the forthcoming performance at the Crystal Palace. The principal defects observable upon this occasion were the extreme weakness of the soprano voices and the overpowering tone of the tenors. The directors would do well to add considerably to their female voices. It must be well known that half the young ladies, if they sing at all, have but very feeble voices, while there is a much greater number of real singers among the men. Although there was of course some unsteadiness and incorrectness, yet it was wonderful how well the music generally was sung. There is a breadth and grandeur about the choruses from *Solomon* that will be productive of superb effect in the immense area of the Crystal Palace.

SIGNOR GIUGLINI'S favourite Romanza, 'O breathe those thrilling notes again.' Sung by him with great applause. Composed expressly for him by Emanuel Nelson. Price 2s. 6d., post-free. Liverpool, Magasin de Musique, 63, Bold Street.

MODERN DEVELOPMENTS IN MUSIC

A large audience assembled at the meeting of the British Association, on January 10, to hear Mr. Eugène Goossens discourse on the above subject. After alluding to the conservatism of musicians as a body, and deprecating the attitude of extremists—whether propagandists or reactionaries—Mr. Goossens said that in order to examine the situation dispassionately and without prejudice, we must rid our minds of trivialities and accept as inevitable every evidence of the enduring work of the past on the one hand, and significant progression of to-day on the other. The so-called modern movement might be said to date, roughly, from the beginning of the present century, chiefly in the work of men such as Stravinsky, Schönberg, Ravel, and certain of our own younger composers.

The technique of modern composition was a very different matter compared with that of former generations. The technical means at our disposal were so much more extensive, and the intricacies of harmonic speech were so much more elaborate and involved, that the present-day composer was very hard put to it to express himself in terms which might be considered at all different from his immediate predecessors. Harmony was used in a different manner from that of our forefathers, for now it not only served us as a backing, but most often constituted the whole *raison d'être* of the work. Rules for correct harmonic deportment were non-existent in the modern composer's code of musical manners, and still the possibilities remained infinite and capable of yet further exploitation. It was not to be assumed, however, that the modern employment of harmony had ousted melody. Certain composers had discovered that certain harmonic progressions, and certain methods of employing chromatic harmony, did themselves create melody. It was harmonic speech, as exemplified in the work of Stravinsky, Schönberg, and others, which alone would serve as illustration of development. The objective use of harmony, or a combination of particular sounds, was nowhere better exemplified than in the work of Stravinsky, which abounded in examples of daring, skillful, and some-

times brutal passages, to which no text-book could provide the key, and which was alone justified by the result achieved.

Emotion in music to-day might be differently expressed, but it was none the less as much behind every great modern work of art as it was behind the masterpieces of Bach and Beethoven. The methods of expressing it were very much more extensive, and it was the objectiveness and forcible directness of modern art which so misled the sentimental in this connection. Why should melody alone (in its diatonic sense) represent the only vehicle for real depth of expression? Who would deny the expressiveness of great modern works wherein the utmost possible emotional effect was achieved by an absolute inevitability of harmony and rhythm? In these days of shifting chromaticism it was the result of the combined rhythmic, harmonic, and melodic effect, and not necessarily harmony, or rhythm, or melody *per se* which was designed to convey the emotional meaning.

It was interesting to note the fondness of the modern writer for the somewhat cold precision and uncompromising qualities of wind instruments. This was almost a mild revulsion against the excessive abuses which had crept into the string-playing of some of our orchestras, wherein the strings as a body have full license to wallow in excessive *rubato*, *vibrato*, *portamento*, and other evils which did so much to detract from the musical value of so many impressive passages. Composers nowadays could therefore trust a simple unadorned theme to a wind instrument with far fewer misgivings than would be the case had the passage been relegated to the tender mercies of an over-sentimental violinist. In point of fact, the strings of the orchestra were far more constantly employed in a rhythmic, figurative, or percussive capacity than was the case formerly.

A feature of modern development, particularly in the matter of form, was the manner in which each successive work of our generation evinced more and more a tendency to eliminate ornamentation and excessive length of subject-matter. Ornament in music had recently reached a climax of fussiness and stupidity, and was often a mere pretext for covering over the bare bones of the work with a minimum of labour and a maximum of cheap effect. The poverty of thematic material which could be camouflaged in this manner was astonishing, but the resultant effect was hardly convincing. Nowadays the composer was taking a leaf out of the book of such giants as Bach and Beethoven, inasmuch as their constructive processes and the intrinsic strength and value of their musical foundation were eminently satisfying.

As regarded rhythm, the present tendency seemed to be reverting to the manifestations of the sub-conscious mind and abandoning ourselves to everything and anything but the 'set' rhythm. Elemental rhythms were in themselves a rather useful antidote to counteract the somewhat heavy glut of programme-music which many composers of to-day thought indispensable to public appreciation.

If music was to develop on normal progressive lines, the public must keep in touch with every manifestation of the actual developments which were taking place to-day. Both press and public were unwilling to throw their sense of the proprieties overboard and frankly accept once and for all the evidence of a new speech. It was necessary to keep in touch very closely with all the evidences of a progress which had gone before, for it was impossible to appreciate a significant modern art-work without studying to some extent the influences and examples which had led up to the creation of that work. We talked airily of classics, romantics, and moderns in a sense of watertight compartments with no sense at all of their very intimate co-relationship. It was obvious that unless all who profess any show of interest in music can keep abreast of the times, development in itself will be a slow process.

The fact was that art in general and music in particular did not play the part in our national life that it ought to do. We did not realise that every new evidence in the functioning of art was as important to our national welfare as any scheme of social or economic politics. Following upon the general stagnation of the past six years, a very energetic awakening among artists had occurred. In no art was this shown so completely as in music, and in no country more than

our own. There was tremendous activity; London was the musical centre of Europe, where could be heard the finest music of to-day incomparably performed and interpreted. Providing the public would renounce its musical snobism and approach the business of hearing music with an open mind and a high degree of concentration; if all artists would work together in co-operation and shun mediocrity; and if we could forget occasionally the word 'British' and think of Art as a thing cosmopolitan and international, the next few years should show a condition of music and musical art in which all that was best and finest would immediately receive due recognition, and the mediocre and the immature be confined to outer darkness.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Two performances of the *Yeomen of the Guard* were given by the students, under the direction of Mr. Cairns James and Mr. Henry Beauchamp, on February 17 and 18, the cast being changed for each evening. Apart from a few weak points the productions reached a high level, both in singing and acting, and reflected much credit upon the pupils and their teachers.

The chamber concert on Wednesday, March 1, opened with an excellent performance of Bach's Concerto in C major for two pianofortes (Messrs. Alan Bush and Roy Ellett), accompanied by the Junior Orchestra under Mr. Spencer Dyke. Amongst other interesting items in the programme may be mentioned the first movements of a Pianoforte Sonata by Balakirev (Miss Olive Pull), of a Pianoforte and Violin Sonata by Arnold Bax (Misses Eileen Wright and Madeleine Windsor), and of Frank Bridge's Pianoforte Quintet. The programme also included songs by A. Bax and Michael Head, a Caprice for the harp by Pierné (Miss Florence Edgcombe), and three movements from Schumann's Pianoforte Quintet.

On Wednesday, March 8, the choral class gave an admirable reading of Benjamin Dale's *Before the paling of the stars* and Dvorák's *The Spectre's Bride*, the former under the direction of the composer and the latter under Mr. Henry Beauchamp.

On Thursday afternoon, March 2, the Bishop of London, who had only recently recovered from a very serious illness, gave an interesting address to the students in the Duke's Hall. He explained to them that his chief reason for doing so was his desire that they should regard him as their Bishop, as he was regarded by other classes and professions which centred largely in London.

The death of Mr. Oscar Beringer has removed one of the oldest and distinguished professors. For many years he held a foremost position amongst pianoforte teachers in London, and as a member of the Committee of Management he had rendered long and valuable service to the Royal Academy of Music.

The Stierndale Bennett Prize (pianoforte) has been awarded to Betty Hunby (a native of London), Denise Lassimonne being very highly commended, and Joan Lloyd and Elsie Betts commended. The adjudicators were Miss Jessie Davies and Madame Elsie Horne. The Charles Mortimer Prize (composition) has been awarded to Kathleen V. Summers (a native of Buckhurst Hill), Leslie Cochran being commended. The adjudicator was Mr. Alec Rowley. The Goldberg Prize (singing) was awarded to Roy G. Henderson (of Edinburgh), H. Foden-Pattinson being highly commended. The adjudicators were Messrs. Frederick B. Ranslow, Arthur Walenn, and J. Mewburn Levien (chairman). The Joseph Maas Prize (tenors) has been awarded to Manuel Jones (of Ferndale, Wales), Denys Erlam being commended. The adjudicators were Messrs. Alfred Gibson and W. Henry Thomas.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The orchestral rehearsals held under the auspices of the Patron's Fund are enlarging their scope, and a scheme is now in operation which provides for a series of rehearsals as follows:

- (a) For British composers, irrespective of age or sex, affording them an opportunity for hearing their works played by a first-rate professional orchestra,

and to the public, the critics, and students of music the opportunity for acquainting themselves at first hand with what is being done in this country in the way of British composition.

- (b) For British executive artists (singers and instrumentalists), giving them an opportunity for performing under the conditions, approximately, of a public appearance. For the present they will be drawn chiefly from the principal musical institutions of the country.
- (c) For British conductors who have had few opportunities for working with a full orchestra.
- (d) Of extracts from new operas by British composers. These will be rehearsed in the Parry Opera Theatre of the College, and will give an opportunity for assessing their value from the stage point of view.

A rehearsal of type (a) took place on February 16, type (b) on February 9, and types (b) and (c) combined on March 9. At all of these the New Queen's Hall Orchestra played, conducted by Dr. Adrian C. Boult.

There have been two private dress rehearsals of *Madame Butterfly* in the Parry Opera Theatre, on March 6 and 13, produced by Mr. L. Cairns James and conducted by Mr. S. P. Waddington.

There have been five chamber concerts, one choral and orchestral concert (notable for the second performance of Vaughan Williams's *Pastoral* Symphony conducted by Dr. Boult, and for Hulst's *Hymn of Jesus*, conducted by Sir Hugh Allen), and several 'informals,' at one of which four members of Dr. Boult's conducting class each directed a movement of Mozart's G minor Symphony.

M. J.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

By the death of Sir John D. McClure, the distinguished headmaster of Mill Hill School, the College has lost a highly valued friend and active supporter. Sir John's first connection with the College arose when he was preparing under Dr. C. W. Pearce for the D.Mus. London degree. This was quickly followed by his appointment as a member of the Corporation and of the Board, of which former body he afterwards accepted the office of chairman. Only a week before his death he represented the College at a distribution of certificates at New Cross, a function that proved to be so unexpectedly the occasion for his last service to the College.

Possibly little more evidence is needed to demonstrate the very live condition prevalent amongst the students than that afforded by the necessity that has arisen for forming a Social Club. As usual the Club will be open to past and present students, together with the professorial staff, and will receive the whole-hearted support of the College authorities. With a present terminal roll of more than six hundred students, the success of the movement is fully assured. The secretary of the Club will be pleased to hear from any past students thus wishing to renew or more firmly establish their association with the College at headquarters.

That the end of the term approaches has been manifested by the special students' concert given recently at the College, the chamber music and choir concert given at Steinway Hall, and the orchestral concert at Queen's Hall, all of which fixtures are the usual features of the rounding off of the term's work.

Quite a large number of distributions of certificates were held during the month, the list of the centres including the names of such separated towns as Reading, Bath, Dover, Wrexham, Kettering, and, in London, West Ham and Walthamstow. At this last centre H.R.H. Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) was graciously pleased to attend and make the awards.

Mr. Cyril Scott played his Pianoforte Concerto at Vienna on February 20, the conductor being Nls Grevillius, of Stockholm. J. D. Davis's new Violoncello Concerto was announced for March 25 at Berlin. M. Jacques van Lier being the soloist and Mr. Appleby Matthews the conductor. M. van Lier also promises Elgar's Concerto at Berlin, and has invited Mr. Dan Godfrey to conduct it.

Music in the Provinces

BARNSELEY.—The St. Cecilia Society gave *King Olaf* on March 9 in collaboration with a good orchestra. Dr. J. F. Station conducted, and the soloists were Miss Edith Wright, Mr. Harold Jolley, and Mr. Frank Holroyd.

BARNSTAPLE.—On February 18, the recently-formed Ladies' Choir, conducted by Mr. Alfred Long, sang Horne's *A Choral Hallelujah*, *My true love* (Challinor), *I saw lovely Phyllis* (Miller), and *The song of the bees* (Sargent).—The Orchestral Society, which consists entirely of amateurs and is conducted by Mr. J. W. Brannan, on February 27 played Coleridge-Taylor's *Petite Suite de Concert*, Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance*, a Suite from *Monsieur Beaucaire* (Rosse-Bucalossi), *The Caliph of Bagdad* (Boieldieu), and a selection from *The Gondoliers*. The educational value of the work of this Society is wisely assisted by annotated programmes.

BEN RHYDDING (YORKS).—Franck's Pianoforte Quintet, Elgar's Quintet, and Haydn's Quartet in D, No. 5, comprised the main part of the chamber-music programme arranged by Mr. Raymond Hartley on March 7. The Ghent String Quartet were the players, and Miss Etty Ferguson sang.

BRETHESDA (NORTH WALES).—Mr. R. D. Griffith has formed a choir for oratorio work, and on March 15 *Judas Maccabaeus* was performed with orchestra. Mr. Griffith, an amateur musician, is doing splendid musical work in this big quarrying village.

BINGLEY.—Bingley and District Orchestral Society wisely restricted its programme on March 7 to music suited to its resources, and thus gave a creditable performance of the *Jupiter* Symphony, played, according to the custom of the Society, with the movements separated by solo items. Violin solos were played by Miss Jessie Hinchliffe, and the vocalist was Miss Alice Moxon.

BIRMINGHAM.—The closing Mossel concert of the present season, on February 25, was orchestral, a well-found little orchestra being conducted by Mr. Julius Harrison. Mozart's *Hafner* Symphony was played, but the most interesting number was Wolf's orchestral arrangement of his *Italian Serenade* Quartet, in which was heard charming viola, flute, and violoncello playing. Rhythmically, it is one of the most fascinating things in music. Hamilton Harty's arrangement of Handel's *Water Music*, two little pieces by Chabrier, and the conductor's jolly *Widdicombe Fair*, were played, and also Mozart's Violin Concerto, with Miss Daisy Kennedy as soloist; she also giving some Bach pieces for violin unaccompanied.—Dr. Albert Schweitzer gave at Birmingham (Carr's Lane), on February 27, 'An hour of religious music,' playing the Bach Organ Prelude and Fugue in G major and Epiphany Choral Preludes, displaying Bach as a mystic.—The series of 'celebrity' concerts closed on March 3 with an orchestral programme by the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald, comprising the *Hansel and Gretel* Overture, music from *The Mastersingers*, and Elgar's *Enigma* Variations. Miss Irene Scharrer was the soloist in Liszt's *Hungarian Fantasia*, and Miss Florence Austral was the vocalist.—Solihull Musical Society on March 13 was conducted by Mr. Tracy James in Hamerik's *Symphonic Spirituelle* and music by Bach and Mozart. The choir sang Grieg's *Landerkenning* and Percy Godfrey's *The Song of the Amal*.—St. Paul was sung in the Town Hall on the same date in conscientious manner, conducted by Mr. Adams, with Mr. C. W. Perkins at the organ. The soloists were Miss Lilian Green, Mr. Arthur Gilbert, and Mr. Frank Macnamara.—The City Orchestra, at Bearwood, on March 12, produced a Serenade for strings by Alfred M. Hale. Mr. Appleby Matthews conducted this, and familiar light music, including Lully's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Mr. Paul Beard played violin music, and Mr. Harold Casey and Miss Eva Benson were the vocalists.—This Orchestra's last Wednesday concert for the season on March 8 was conducted by Sir Landon Ronald, and included Brahms's Symphony in D (No. 2) and Delius's *Brigg Fair*.—A choir of workers, conducted by Mr. T. A. Charge, sang

at a concert of the Arcadian Musical Society on March 15, their programme including Boughton's *Early Morn* and Charles Wood's *Full fathom five*.

BLACKPOOL.—The fourth of the Chamber Concert Society's series was provided by the Manchester Ladies' Trio, who played Dvorák in F minor and Beethoven in B flat. —The *Creation* was performed by the Adelaide Street Wesleyan Choir on March 5, conducted by Mr. Herbert Whittaker. —The Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald, visited the town on March 5.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Mr. Eugène Goossens's first visit to Bournemouth was on the occasion of the annual benefit concert of the Municipal Orchestra on February 15. The conductor's arrangement of Bach movements (originally written for *Phæbus and Pan*) and his *Tam o' Shanter* received their first performance at Bournemouth. The *Don Giovanni* Overture, Percy Grainger's *Irish Tune* and *Shepherd's Hey* were also given. Miss Marie Hall played the Bach Chaconne and two movements from Gordon Bryan's Suite (which she recently produced in London), with the composer at the pianoforte. —On February 16 Mr. Dan Goffrey conducted Rimsky-Korsakov's *Capriccio Espagnol*, Ernest Farrar's *English Pastoral Impressions*, and the *New World* Symphony. —On February 23 Vaughan Williams's *London* Symphony was given its fifth performance at these concerts, and Somervell's *Highland* Pianoforte Concerto was played.

BRADFORD.—Pianoforte trios played by Messrs. Dunsford (violin), Bentley (cello), and Midgley (pianoforte) were the feature of the Free Chamber concert on February 20. Beethoven's Op. 70 and Dvorák's Trio in G minor were played, and the other instrumental number was Stanford's Cello and Pianoforte Sonata in A. Miss Alice Moxon sang duets by Liszt, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Cyril Scott, Quilter, and Frank Bridge. —On February 18 the Permanent Orchestra was joined by Mr. Frank Mercer, a local pianist, in Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, under the baton of Mr. Eugène Goossens, who also conducted his own *By the Tarn* and Liszt's *Les Préludes*. The concert was to have been conducted by the late Mr. Julian Clifford, and in his memory his poetic piece *Lights out* was given, under the baton of his son. Miss Doris Vane was the vocalist. —At the concert given by the Permanent Orchestra on March 11, Miss Bessie Rawlins played the Kreutzer Sonata, the Orchestra gave Mr. Hamilton Harty's arrangement of the Handel *Water Music* and Butterworth's *Banks of Green Willow*, and Mr. Percy Allatt sang two new songs by Mr. Julius Harrison, the conductor. —The Old Choral Society, closing its centenary season on March 15, gave Debussy's *Blessed Damsel*, Parry's *Pied Piper*, some of Stanford's *Songs of the Sea*, with Mr. Edward Hughes as soloist, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The able conductor was Mr. Wilfred Knight. —The subscription chamber concert on March 10 was of exceptional character, for the programme was provided by the Hallé Wind Quintet, with Mr. Hamilton Harty at the pianoforte. Beethoven's Quintet in E flat (Op. 16), Bach's Flute Sonata in B minor, Brahms's Clarinet Sonata in F minor, and a Sextet by Ludwig Thuille were played.

BRAMPTON (CUMBERLAND).—On February 23 the Choral Society, numbering a hundred and fifty, was conducted by Mr. Drakeford in Handel's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, a Madrigal by Walmisley, and choruses from *Faust*.

BRISTOL.—On February 21 Miss Dorothy Godwin gave a harp recital, assisted by Mr. Edgar Hawke (violin), Mr. Frank Taylor (pianoforte), and Miss Gertrude Winchester (vocalist). —The Royal Orpheus Glee Society on February 23 held its seventy-eighth annual ladies' night, and, conducted by Mr. George Risely, sang part-songs by Cooke, Lovatt, Walmisley, Moore, Hegar, and Lee Williams. —The Great Western Choral Society on February 28 was conducted by Mr. G. A. Beavis in Stanford's *Phauldrie Crohoore*.

CARDIFF.—The Musical Society, conducted by Mr. T. G. Aylward, sang part-songs of different epochs from Palestrina to Debussy and John Ireland, at its second concert of the season. —Mr. Herbert Ware's String Orchestra, on February 26, was heard chiefly in Mozart. The players were assisted by Mr. Zacharewitsch (violin), Miss Doris

Woodall and Mr. William Boland (vocalists). —On February 26 the Catholic Choral Society, in conjunction with Mr. Garforth Mortimer's Orchestra, performed Mozart's twelfth Mass, conducted by Mr. T. J. O'Leary.

COLLINGHAM.—M. de Greef, during a recital on February 23, played Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor, two Scarlatti pieces, a Country-Dance (arranged by himself from one of Grétry's operas), Saint-Saëns's Variations and Fugue on themes from *Aleste*, and a showy *Tarantella* of Moszkowski. Mr. Roy Russell sang modern songs and Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, with Mr. Lloyd Hartley at the pianoforte. —Miss Keighley Snowden (pianoforte) and her brother, Mr. John Snowden (violinocello) played Brahms's Sonata in E minor on February 18; also a *Folk-tale* of Arnold Bax and some pieces by Purcell Warren. The violinocellist played an unaccompanied Suite of Bach, and Miss Elsie Suddaby sang Delius's *To Daffodils* and Armstrong Gibbs's *The fields are full*.

COVENTRY.—Mr. John Chapman conducted the Musical Club on February 23, when a fine performance was given of Bantock's *War Song of the Saracens*, with Miss Annie Danks and Miss Emily Rudge as solo vocalists and Mr. Walter Heard as flautist.

CUDWORTH (YORKS).—The Choral Society is a remarkable body for so small a village, and quite creditably sang Cowen's *The Rose Maiden* on March 13, and unaccompanied part-songs.

DUMFRIES.—Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens* opened the concert of the Mechanics' Institute Choir on March 15, and Stanford's *Phauldrie Crohoore* occurred later in the course of an excellent programme, which Mr. C. F. Eastwood conducted.

EDINBURGH.—The Reid Orchestra collaborated on March 11 with the Royal Choral Union in a fine performance of the *Choral* Symphony, conducted by Prof. Tovey, Miss Flora Mann, Miss Lilian Berger, Mr. Steuart Wilson, and Mr. Clive Carey being the solo vocalists. Gustav Holst's *Hymn of Jesus* was given under the direction of Mr. Greenhouse Allt. —The last of the Mossel concerts on March 4 was orchestral, Mr. Julius Harrison conducting. The orchestra, consisted only of some thirty performers, played well in Wolf's *Italian Serenade*, two movements from Chabrier's *Suite Pastorale*, and Mr. Harrison's *Humoreske* and *Widdicombe Fair*. —For the Reid Orchestral Concert on March 4, Prof. Tovey secured the co-operation of the Royal Choral Union, and gave Gustav Holst's *Hymn of Jesus*. The choir also sang Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*, conducted by Mr. Greenhouse Allt. Of special interest was the performance of Beethoven's Triple Concerto for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, with Miss Mary Grierson, Mr. Camillo Ritter, and Miss Ruth Waddell as soloists. —The three weeks' season of the British National Opera Company opened on March 6 with *Aida*, and on the following day *Parsifal* was given. A novelty for Scotland was Offenbach's *Goldsmith of Toledo*, and *The Mastersingers* was included in the repertoire.

GLASGOW.—In the course of its season, the Carl Rosa Opera Company, on February 20, gave *Die Meistersinger* with great success. Included in the company is a young local artist, Miss Maude Neilson, who has been equally successful in such different rôles as the Doll in *Tales of Hoffmann* and Micaela in *Carmen*. —With half-a-century of useful work to its credit, Glasgow Amateur Orchestra, on February 18, scored a success with a fine interpretation of Beethoven's seventh Symphony and a Hungarian Dance of Berlioz, Mr. Herbert A. Carruthers conducting. —On February 23, the Bach Society, conducted by Mr. A. M. Henderson, gave performances of the Concerto for two violins and pianoforte in D, and Arthur Somervell's *Conversations about Bach*. The choir sang the Chorales, *O sacred Head now wounded* and *What tongue can tell Thy greatness?* with violin obbligato. —The Ingram Musical Association, members of which are drawn from the employees of Messrs. J. & W. Campbell, was conducted by Mr. John Brown (in the absence of Mr. Robert Brown) in part-songs and choruses on March 1. —On March 11 Mr. William Robertson, conductor of the William Morris

Choir, secured a good performance of an interesting programme of Madrigals and part-songs. Miss Jelly d'Aranyi played violin solos.—The University Choral Society on March 10 gave an interesting concert under the direction of Mr. A. M. Henderson. The choir was equally successful in a Palestrina Motet and in Gustav Holst's setting of Psalm 86 for tenor solo and mixed choir. The female voices sang Ireland's *Aubade*, and the male voices two songs by Walford Davies for baritone solo and male voices—*Fear no more the heat of the sun and For a' that*. Miss Helen Henschel sang to her own accompaniment, and Mr. Henderson played modern Russian pianoforte music.

GUERNSEY.—The annual Festival of the Guille Allès Choral and Orchestral Association, on February 23 and 24, surpassed all previous records of success. The programmes included *Elijah*, *The Revenge*, and Hubert Bath's *Wedding of Shon Maclean*. Mr. John David conducted, and the soloists were Miss Cecilia Farrar, Miss Ethel Peake, Mr. Albert Downing, and Mr. Herbert Parker.

HALIFAX.—The Choral Society has suffered a blow in the resignation of Mr. C. H. Moody, who has rendered great service to the Society since he succeeded Mr. H. A. Fricker in 1917. The farewell concert, on March 3, produced enthusiastic recognition of his labours. The Leeds Symphony Orchestra played the *Merry Wives of Windsor* Overture of Nicolai and Tchaikovsky's *Casse Noisette* Suite, and accompanied various choral numbers. Stanford's *Songs of the Fleet* (with Mr. Norman Allin as soloist) and Frederick Cliffe's *Ode to the North-East Wind* were sung, and numbers for ladies' voices included *The Witches' Carnival*, by Percy E. Fletcher. Basil Harwood's Organ Concerto, with orchestra, composed for the Gloucester Festival of 1910, was played by Mr. Shackleton Pollard.

HUDDERSFIELD.—The Glee and Madrigal Society gave a good programme on February 21, conducted by Mr. C. H. Moody, whose expressive *Elegy*, *Give rest, O Christ* opened the programme. Other pieces sung were *As Vesta was* (Weelkes), *My bonny lass* (Morley), *Chivalry of the Sea* (Parry), *Country-Dance*, *Choral-Dance*, and the *King Arthur* folk-song (Rutland Boughton), and some pieces for women's voices by Bantock and MacDowell.—The Philharmonic Society, composed of amateurs and therefore an educational institution, did its best—and very well, too—on March 4 in the *Andante* and *Finale* of Schubert's Symphony in C and in Grieg's Piano-forte Concerto, Mr. F. J. Sykes conducting and Miss Frances Cocking being the soloist. A novelty was an *Elegy* for strings and percussion by Mr. Thomas H. Clay, who conducted. Fould's *Keltic Suite* was effectively played.

HULL.—The Harmonic Society, on February 24, gave a performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, conducted by Mr. Walter Porter, and also sang the Easter Hymn from *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The orchestra played the *Meister-singer* and *Rosamunde* Overtures.

ILFRACOMBE.—The Choral and Orchestral Society presented a programme on March 1. The latter organization—composed entirely of local players—has for some time benefited by the training of Mr. Watt-Smyth, and this occasion provided an opportunity for hearing the combined forces under his direction. The orchestral numbers included Coleridge-Taylor's *Othello* Suite and Tchaikovsky's *Trepak*.

KELSO (N.B.).—The Choral Union, consisting of a hundred voices under the conductorship of Mr. M. B. Kidd, sang Gade's *Erl King's Daughter* and Gounod's *Gallia* on February 22.—Mr. Kidd has also organized three chamber concerts, the Edinburgh String Quartet being the chief performers. Prof. Tovey joined them as pianist in the Elgar Quintet.

LEEDS.—The Philharmonic Society, on February 15, performed for the first time Elgar's *The Music-Makers*, conducted by Dr. E. C. Bairstow. The choir sang with close observance of every nuance, and the playing of the Leeds Symphony Orchestra was of a high standard. Miss Dilys Jones was the soloist. Delius's Concerto in C minor was given, with Mr. Frederick Dawson as pianist, and this player also introduced an Impression, *Water Pearls*, by a Yorkshire composer, Mr. William Baines. The choir was hardly up to its usual standard in Bach's *Sing ye*

to the Lord. According to custom, the concert closed with Parry's *Jerusalem*, effectively orchestrated by an anonymous hand.—At the University, on March 13, Mr. Hoggett discussed Brahms and his songs, and Miss G. V. Selby sang several examples in German. Russian music was a feature of the programme given at Leeds University on March 13 in aid of distressed Russian students. Songs by Purcell, Strauss, Bemberg, and Dunhill (*Cloths of Heaven*) were sung by Madame Hopper.—On the same date the Arts Club gave a concert of works by contemporary British composers, including Elgar's Sonata for pianoforte and violin, German's *Bacchanalian Dance* for violin and pianoforte, music by Balfour Gardiner and Cyril Scott, songs by Elgar (*Like to the damask rose*), Graham Peel, Frank Bridge, John Ireland, Rutland Boughton, and Roger Quilter.—The programme of the Symphony Society on March 4 was interesting without being hackneyed. Conducted by Mr. Harold Mason, the orchestra was happier in the *Prometheus* Overture and in the *Larghetto* and *Finale* of Beethoven's second Symphony than in Quilter's *Children's Overture*. The Pavane from German's *Romeo and Juliet* Suite and the *Gopak* of Moussorgsky provided contrast, and an *Albumblatt* by Wagner completed the list of orchestral pieces. Vocal items were given by Mr. F. Lewis and Miss K. Burnell.—M. Kolni-Balozky, who is on the staff of Leeds University and happens to be a capable musician, has formed a students' orchestra, which made an auspicious beginning on March 7. It is at present wanting in balance, the lower strings being weak. A few professionals were enlisted, and Mr. Nagley led and also played Bach solos. The orchestra played three dances by Purcell, a Serenade by Elgar, *The Deluge* (Saint-Saëns), and Grainger's *Molly on the Shore*.

LEICESTER.—Dr. Malcolm Sargent, organist of Melton Mowbray parish church, at the recent Hallé orchestral concert conducted *A night with Pan*, a new orchestral work of his own. Mr. Hamilton Harty conducted Ravel's Suite *Ma Mère l'Oye* and Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade*.—The Glee and Madrigal Society at its second concert of the season sang music by Palestrina.—It is proposed to form a permanent Symphony Orchestra at Leicester under the direction of Dr. Malcolm Sargent, and four concerts are planned for next season. The existing organizations for giving orchestral concerts are the Leicester Orchestral Union with its annual concert under Major L. V. Wykes, and the Philharmonic Society, whose last concert was conducted by Sir Henry Wood.

LINDFIELD (SUSSEX).—The Musical Society, at its first concert, on February 22, numbered fifty performers and gave well-balanced performances of *The Revenge*, Elgar's *The Snow*, and Eaton Fanning's *Daybreak*. Dr. Henry T. Pringle conducted. Charles Hambourg's String Quartet played some Mendelssohn music.

LIVERPOOL.—At Mr. Crane's *matinée* concert on March 1, Elgar's Violin and Pianoforte Sonata was played by Miss Nanette Evans, a Welsh violinist, and Mr. Anderson Tyrer, and the latter also played an *Étude* in F minor by Lloyd Hartley, the Bach-Busoni Chaconne, and a Chopin group.—On February 28 Moiseiwitsch played Rachmaninov's Piano-forte Concerto No. 2, in C minor, with the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Mr. Julius Harrison conducting. Of special interest was the first performance at Liverpool of the conductor's *Worcestershire Suite*. The Philharmonic Choir sang part-songs—*In these delightful, pleasant groves* (Purcell) and *O happy eyes* (Elgar).—The British Music Society on March 8 devoted itself to the music of Arthur Bliss, who lectured on 'Tendencies in Modern Music,' and expounded the possibilities of the chamber orchestra. Demonstrations were given of the unusual combinations for which Mr. Bliss writes, such as voice and clarinet, voice and string quartet, two voices and chamber orchestra, voice (without words) and orchestra, as in *Rout*. The vocalists were Miss Grace Crawford (soprano) and Mr. Gerald Cooper (tenor), with an orchestra of ten.—There is in this city a dearth of first-class orchestral concerts of popular character, and therefore the visit of the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra on March 4, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald, was particularly welcome.

The chief attraction was Elgar's *Enigma Variations*, and the programme included excerpts from *The Mastersingers* and *Hansel and Gretel*, the Passepied from Delibes's *Le roi s'amuse*, and Liszt's Pianoforte Fantasia on his fourteenth Rhapsody (with Miss Katharine Goodson as pianist). Miss Leila Megane was the vocalist.—The National Opera Company closed a two weeks' run of unparalleled success, on March 4, with *Tannhäuser*, and left behind it a very solid satisfaction.—Miss Lucy Pierce, giving a pianoforte recital on March 8, played the Handel-Brahms Variations and Saint-Saëns's Caprice on the *Alceste* music.—The Post Office Choral Society sang *St. John's Eve* on March 8, conducted by Mr. Arthur Davies, and supported by an orchestra.—Audrey Smith, a ten-year-old pianist, gave a recital on March 9, showing an inner impulse as well as good teaching. Her brother Rodney, still younger, played the violin with confidence and good technique.—Recent recitals include that of Miss Marion Keighley Snowden, with four Sonatas of Scarlatti.

LONG EATON.—Mr. W. Woolley gave a sketch of the life and work of Sir Edward Elgar on February 11, with vocal illustrations by the Co-operative Senior Choir, including *How calmly the evening, O happy eyes, As torrents in summer, Weary wind of the West, The Snow, and My love dwelt in a Northern land*.

MANCHESTER.—The Hallé concert on February 24 was an exceptional success, for the music was not just such as he who runs may read. It was in some ways even forbidding, yet numbers and enthusiasm ran high. Busoni was the pianist in Liszt's Concerto No. 2, and also played his own Chamber Fantasy on *Carmen* and Liszt's E flat Paganini Study. Mr. Hamilton Harty conducted the orchestra, and memorable were the *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales* of Ravel, which followed Wagner's *Faust* Overture. Gustav Holst's *The Planets* suffered for lack of understanding (to be gained only by long acquaintance) and certainly left the listener who expected purely æsthetic delight a little flabbergasted.—The concluding Harty-Catterall recital for the season, on February 25, created the finest and most decisive effect in unfamiliar music. The Sonata in A by Pizzetti made a clear impression of distinction and beauty. Schumann's Sonata in D minor and one of Grieg's Sonatas completed the programme.—The C.W.S. concerts are now seriously established, though the programme on March 2 was somewhat too miscellaneous. Cyril Jenkins's *Fallen Heroes* and Schubert's *The Night is Cloudless* (with Miss Caroline Hatchard as soloist) were included; Mr. Peter Dawson sang Loewe's ballad *Edward*, and Mr. Edward Isaac played pianoforte music by Turina and Albeniz.—A Beethoven programme was offered at the Hallé concert on March 3, demonstrating the contrast between Beethoven in his first Symphony (C major) and his last (the Choral). Mr. Hamilton Harty missed some of the sublimity of the opening of the latter, but gave a superb reading of the *Scherzo*. The choir had the greatest triumph, its tone being rich, fine in substance, and the extreme pitch was reached easily. Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Sonnenberg, Mr. Herbert Eisdell, and Mr. George Parker were the solo quartet, and Miss Nicholls sang the air *Ah! perfido*. The *Egmont* Overture completed the list.—The O'Malley Quartet on March 4 played the Quartet in B flat by four Russian composers—Rimsky-Korsakov, Liadov, Borodin, and Glazounov.—On March 3 Mr. Martin Shaw gave a recital of his own songs at the University. In a short address he disclaimed any cultivation of a national idiom. Miss Alice Shawcross and Mr. George Parker were his exponents.—Mr. Gustav Holst was well received at the Brand-Lane concert on March 4, when he conducted three numbers from *The Planets*—*Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn*. The rest of the programme—which Sir Henry Wood conducted—was of popular character.—At the Hallé operatic concert on March 13 *I Pagliacci* was given with Miss Ethel Austen and Mr. Frank Mullings as principals. Mr. Hamilton Harty conducted the orchestra in Tchaikovsky's Suite in G major and *Casse Noisette*, *In the steppes of Central Asia* (Borodin), *Gopak* (Moussorgsky), and the chorus and orchestra in the choral dances from *Prince Igor*. Dvorák's *Poetische Stimmungsbilder* (*Twilight's Way*) and Palmgren's *Auf dem Wasser* and *In Polka tak*

comprised the programme.—On March 9 New Mills Orchestral Society, under the direction of Mr. Baguley Waters, played Beethoven's C minor Symphony and Brahms's Variations on a theme by Haydn, and Miss Agnes Nicholls sang.—Sir Edward Elgar conducted a number of his own works at the Brand-Lane concert on February 27. Miss Beatrice Harrison was the soloist in the Violoncello Concerto, and other orchestral pieces were *In the South* Overture, the Bach Fugue, the *Wand of Youth* Suite, and *Cockaigne* Overture. Miss Phyllis Lett sang the *Sea Pictures*.—Other events to record are a recital of Max Mayer's songs, and pianoforte recitals by Mr. Maurice Cole and Mr. Robert Gregory.

MIDDLESBROUGH.—After forty years' strenuous work in the cause of music, Dr. Kilburn, on February 16, laid down the baton as hon. conductor of the Musical Union, he having entered on his eightieth year. The choir sang Brahms's *Song of Destiny*, the Epilogue from *The Golden Legend*, and Dr. Kilburn's setting of Ben Jonson's *Queen's Hunting Song* (accompanied by strings and two trumpets). The London Symphony Orchestra played a Suite of Dr. Kilburn's and Liszt's *Les Préludes*. Miss Agnes Nicholls and Mr. Herbert Brown sang Wagner music. A presentation was made to Dr. Kilburn by Sir Hugh Bell, supported by the Mayor.

MORLEY (YORKS).—The Choral Society, conducted by Mr. John Groves, performed *King Olaf* on March 13, with the assistance of the Leeds Symphony Orchestra. The second part of the programme was miscellaneous and all-British, and in addition to orchestral pieces by Elgar, songs by Purcell, Parry, Stanford, German, and Bairstow were included.

NEWCASTLE.—The Male-Voice Glee Union on February 16 celebrated its twenty-first anniversary. Mr. S. G. Lovatt conducted, and part-songs and glees included *The tuneful sound of Robin's horn* (Grimshaw), *Winter wraps his grimmest spell* (MacDowell), *Whither runneth my sweetheart* (Gerrard Williams), *Hushed in death* (Hiles), *Hereward the Wake* (S. G. Lovatt), *The Wedding of Shon Maclean* (Patterson), and a *Border Ballad* by Maunder. Miss Ethel Fenton sang W. Morse Rummel's *Ecstasy* and *Lovers' sighs* by Maud Stewart Baxter. Violin music was played by M. Zacharewitsch.—The Glee and Madrigal Society opened the year on February 23 with a fine performance of Cooke's great glee *Shades of the heroes*, and other pieces sung were Beale's *Come, let us join the roundelay*, Paxton's *How sweet, how fresh*, Spofforth's *My dear mistress*, and some familiar and more modern pieces. Mr. Herman McLeod played Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in E minor.—Benton Orchestral Society, newly-formed, gave its first concert on February 23, playing Mozart's *Jupiter* Symphony, Thomas's *Le Cid* Overture, and Three Dances by Sárakovski.—The concert given by the Bach Choir, on March 1, was in the hands of the Catterall Quartet, which charmed everyone by its execution of Pizzetti's Quartet in A and Arnold Bax's Quartet in G minor, Beethoven's Op. 132 completing the programme.—The Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Hamilton Harty on March 8, played a Bach Concerto in G for strings, Ravel's Orchestral Suite, *Mother Goose*, Tchaikovsky's B flat minor Pianoforte Concerto, with Mr. Anderson Tyrer as soloist, and the *New World* Symphony.—On March 6 the Carl Rosa Opera Company opened a twelve days' season with the usual repertoire.—On March 9 the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, under the auspices of the International Celebrity Concerts, was conducted by Sir Edward Elgar in Beethoven's fifth Symphony, the rest of the programme being somewhat on popular lines.—On March 15 the chief work of the Armstrong College Choral Society and the College Orchestral Society, which are conducted by Dr. W. G. Whittaker, was Bach's Magnificat. North-country songs, in Dr. Whittaker's arrangements, were successful, especially *The Willow Tree* and *Elsie Marley*. The orchestra played Handel's *Concerto Grosso* for strings, No. 1, and Mozart's Symphony in E flat.—Dr. W. G. Whittaker lectured on March 11 at Armstrong College on the B minor Mass of Bach. The Bach Choir sang the *Kyrie, Credo*, and other important choruses.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. William Turner's Ladies' Prize Choir gave a concert on February 26, and Miss Mabel Linwood gave a vocal recital at Heaton on February 27, assisted by Miss H. Eveline Hurcum (pianoforte).—On March 4 the Philharmonic Society, conducted by Mr. William Turner, sang Cyril Jenkins's *Ode to the West Wind*, Stanford's *The Revenge*, and part-songs. They were supported by an orchestra.—The William Woolley Choral Society on February 23 sang Elgar's *The Fountain*, Bantock's eight-part chorus, *They that go down to the sea in ships*, and Wilbye's *Sweet honey-sucking bees*. Mr. Woolley conducted.

OXFORD.—On February 26, in Queen's College Chapel, Mr. Besly directed the *Deltingen Te Deum*, Brahms's *O heart subdued with grieving*, Vaughan Williams's *The Burial Psalm* (Motet for baritone, chorus, quartet, organ, and orchestra), and *Crossing the Bar* (Besly), the chorus and orchestra being that of the Eglesfield Musical Society. Miss Norah Dawnay sang Purcell's *Evening Hymn*.—A programme of Schubert's pianoforte music and songs was given at Sanfield on February 28, the pianist being Miss Carola Geissler-Schubert (granddaughter of Schubert's brother), and the vocalist Miss Edith McCullagh.—Oxford Orchestral Society, conducted by Mr. Besly, on March 2, gave a programme chiefly of 'classics.' Bach's Trio in C minor for organ was played in Mr. Besly's orchestral arrangement, a fair development of organ music in the larger medium. With Mr. Claud Biggs as pianist, Brahms's second Pianoforte Concerto (B flat) was also given.—At the fifth Subscription Concert on February 16, the English String Quartet played Beethoven (Op. 95), Schubert (Op. 29), and the Ravel Quartet.

PENRITH.—On February 23 the Musical Society performed *Elijah*, under Mr. J. Pollard. The choir numbered two hundred, and the orchestra fifty.

PLYMOUTH.—Dr. Harold Lake's Madrigal Society, on March 1, sang Wesley's *When Israel came out of Egypt*, Bach's *I wrestle and pray*, and Tchaikovsky's *How blest are they*, all for double choir. Among Madrigals and modern part-songs rendered were Delius's eight-part *Midsummer Song* and Julius Harrison's *In the Forest* (first performances in the West of England), *To Daffodils* (Harold Lake), *Two Roses* (César Cui), Wilbye's *Sweet honey-sucking bees*, Geoffrey Shaw's *Gossip Joan*, and MacLaren's *The Three Fishers*. Pianoforte quartet music was played by Mr. Reginald Ball, Miss Hannaford, Miss Winifred Blight, and Dr. Harold Lake.—Dr. Weekes's Orchestral Society on March 8 played Balfour Gardiner's *Comedy Overture*, Sullivan's *Di Ballo*, and the Prelude to Act 1 of *Lohengrin*. Dr. Weekes and Mr. Walter Weekes conducted. The former has announced his retirement after sixty years' strenuous work for music.

PORT TALBOT (WALES).—Grove Place Welsh Church Choir, conducted by Mr. George Llewellyn, gave, on February 16, Franco Leoni's *The Gate of Life* for the first time in the district. The orchestra was led by Mr. Gomer Jones.

PORTSMOUTH.—The third concert of the Quartet Players, on February 27, included William V. Hurlstone's Pianoforte Quartet and an excerpt from Richard H. Walthew's *Five Diversions* for strings. The players were Miss Edith Bunny (violin), Major R. Bullin (viola), Mr. Frank Cranmore (violinocello), and Mrs. Bullin (pianoforte). Mr. Ernest Groom sang Purcell's *Hark! the echoing air*. Handel's *Where'er you walk*, and Mullin's *Sing, break into song*.—The Temperance Choral Union, on February 18 (conducted by Mr. T. Plater), sang Elgar's *Challenge of Thor*, the choral fantasia from *Tannhäuser*, *Sweet honey-sucking bees* (Wilbye), and an Irish folk-song for female voices, *Follow me down to Carlow*. Mr. Cyril J. Fogwell was at the organ.—Under the direction of Mr. Ernest C. Birch, North End Choral Society gave excerpts from light opera on March 4. Mr. W. H. Heighway (violin), Mr. Cuthbert Walters (cello), and Mrs. G. Taylor (pianoforte),

played Frank Bridge's *Londonderry Air*, and a set of his *Miniatures*.—Recitals have been given by Moiseiwitsch, and a local boy pianist, Reginald H. Renison.

SHREWSBURY.—The Philharmonic Society gave its third concert this season on February 16, performing *The Hymn of Praise* and miscellaneous choral and instrumental items. The soloists were Miss Gertrude Johnson and Mr. Hubert Eisdell. Mr. F. G. Rowland conducted.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. Franz Somers has organized a series of Sunday concerts which have proved very successful. His co-operators are Miroslav Shlik, a Jugo-Slovak (violin) and John Hume (pianoforte). On February 19 the programme included John Ireland's Sonata in D minor.

SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA.—The Madrigal Society of which Mr. Walter L. Booth is the conductor is a fine exponent of its art. On March 2 the programme included Eaton Fanning's *Daybreak*, *Dream love* (Fletcher), *Now is the month of Maying*, *Drink to me only with thine eyes*, and *A Franklyn's Dogge*. Miss Hilda Blake sang songs, and Mr. Giovanni Barbirolli played cello pieces.

SUNDERLAND.—The Sunderland Vocal Union, a hundred and sixty strong, successfully undertook Mr. Alick Maclean's much-neglected work, *The Annunciation*, on March 16, under the composer's direction. An expressive performance drew great effect from Mr. Maclean's music, which provides profitable material for choral study. The solo parts were taken by Miss Flora Woodman, Miss Muriel Brunsell, Mr. John Booth, and Mr. Ernest J. Potts.

TORQUAY.—For the Orchestral Society's twentieth annual concert on March 7, Mr. Henry E. Crocker brought members of the Royal Marine Band from Plymouth to supply wood-wind and brass. Beethoven's Symphony in C and the *Prometheus Overture*, two Suites for strings by Elgar, Waltzes by Coleridge-Taylor, and Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, with Mrs. W. H. Mortimer as soloist, comprised the programme.

TORRINGTON.—Mr. F. J. Webber conducted the Choral Society and a small orchestra in Hubert Bath's *Shon Maclean* on February 22.

WEDNESBURY.—The programme of St. James's Choral Society, on February 20, included a concert version of *Maritana* with orchestra, conducted by Mr. Edward Bliss, the concert being a success from all points of view.

WORCESTER.—At the ladies' night of the Glee Club on February 28 the programme was largely orchestral.—The programme offered at the Symphony Orchestra Concert on February 26 consisted of chamber music. Bach's Double Concerto for violins and pianoforte was played by Mr. J. W. Austin, Mr. C. H. Baker, and Mrs. W. Hill, and Beethoven's String Quartet in D was given with Mr. F. Fielder as viola player. Mr. George Austin played organ music, including three Chorale Preludes on Welsh hymn-tunes by Vaughan Williams, and a Choral Prelude by Harold Darke.

YORK.—Acomb Choral Society, conducted by Mr. T. G. Robinson, on February 22 sang *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast* and Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*. Mr. Maude led a good orchestra, and also played a Hungarian Rhapsody for violin by Hauser.—Sheffield String Quartet played to members of the British Music Society, on March 11, an Andante by William Baines, Elgar's Quartet, and with Mr. Raymond Hartley as vocalist, Vaughan Williams's cycle, *On Wenlock Edge*, Dr. E. C. Bairstow being the pianist.

The Chiswick Chamber Concerts Society gave an excellent programme on February 28. The Spencer Dyke Quartet played Gossens's *By the Tarn* and *Jack o' Lantern*, and, with Miss Isabel Gray, Elgar's Quintet. Miss Gwladys Naish sang *Five Miniature Ballads* by Hurlstone.

SOUND RANGING

At the meeting of the Musical Association on February 14 Mr. E. Lancaster Jones read a paper on 'Sound Ranging: with special reference to its use during the recent war.' The problem of finding the distance of an object, he said, was generally reduced to that of finding the direction of the object from each of a set of base points. Usually the object ranged was in motion, and the necessary measurements must be made quickly. In order first to perceive the object, and secondly to determine its direction, it was necessary that there should be a transmission of some kind of energy through the intervening medium, and that suitable detectors with means for determining the direction of transmission should be placed at the base points. Optical range-finding failed when the necessary light was absent or the opaqueness of the intervening medium prevented its transmission. In such circumstances sound ranging offered a practical alternative.

Before the war sound ranging was rarely employed except as an aid to the navigation of ships in foggy weather. During the war the intense development of such weapons of attack as long-range guns, night-flying aircraft, and submarines—all of which could be screened from visual observation—led to a corresponding development of sound ranging as an alternative. Since the war attention had once more been focussed upon the application of sound ranging to navigation in foggy weather and to marine surveying.

When a gun was fired it generated an impulsive sound-wave of very low frequency. The flight of the shell generated a series of waves of high frequency, which were a disturbing influence. The elimination of these was effected by using a resonant detector which was sensitive only to low frequency sounds. The detector used with most success was invented by a British subaltern, and was known as the Tucker Hot-wire Microphone. The lecturer gave a detailed explanation of the method of working this, and said that by it the position of the gun could be located to within fifty yards on an average about ten minutes after it was fired.

The perception of sound direction, so long as the sound affected both ears of the observer, was known as the Principle of Binaural Audition. A sound-wave coming from one side would impinge upon the ear upon that side slightly before the other, and by turning the head until the sound was central it was possible to determine the direction, either in front or behind. Special apparatus, consisting of conical horns mounted upon a frame which could be rotated about a vertical and also about a horizontal axis, and having the horns attached by tubes to the ears, increased the accuracy of determination. This method was used for locating aircraft.

Locating submarines was the most important problem of sound ranging during the war, and led to innumerable methods and appliances for its solution. The submarine, when in motion, generated sound-waves of a quality and rhythm easily recognised by a skilled observer. The energy of the sound-wave was readily transmitted by sea-water, and it was therefore only to be detected at the necessary distance by means of a receiver in contact with the water. The ship's own noises, &c., were disturbing elements whose effects had to be minimised. These considerations, together with the well-known properties of sound-waves as regards speed of propagation, reflection, refraction, interference, &c., determined the general character and development of the appliances used. Two main types of detector were employed—one purely acoustic, the other microphonic. In the former, some type of electric diaphragm responded to the sound-waves, and produced a corresponding wave in the air, which was transmitted by an air path to a suitable receiver on board the listening ship. The microphonic detector converted the sound-wave into an electrical wave, transmitted by wires to the ship, and mostly transformed back again to sound by a telephone receiver. The acoustic detector gave a more faithful response to the sound, but the electrical one was more sensitive and convenient. The lecturer exhibited and described several kinds of apparatus before passing on to navigation and marine surveying.

Some system of sound ranging had long been employed in connection with the navigation of ships in foggy weather, but

it was not until the beginning of the present century that a practical system of sound-signalling was evolved. The receivers consisted of microphones, one on each side of the ship, and suspended in tanks filled with water. Direction was ascertained by comparing the intensity of the sound with each receiver and swinging the ship. In 1912 another system of oscillators or vibrators, which could be used either as generators or receivers of sound-waves, was devised. The hydrophones devised during the war had been extensively used for navigational purposes by the Americans, who had got very good results with what are known as M.V. tubes. These were also employed in sounding. Finally, reference was made to hyper-acoustic or ultra-audible methods, where the sound-waves had a frequency very much higher than the audible, being nearly similar to light-waves, but with the important difference that they were readily transmitted by media opaque to light.

MUSIC IN IRELAND

The organ recital given in the Chapel Royal, Dublin, on March 10, by Mr. W. E. Hopkins, 'Director of the State Musick,' was a notable event. By special request, Mr. Hopkins, who is organist of the Chapel Royal, repeated the programme which he had recently given with such conspicuous success at Æolian Hall, London. The recital was in aid of the fund for the restoration of Rheims Cathedral.

Although the 'Mater' concerts (which were not an outstanding financial success) ended on March 4, yet the Dublin Symphony Concerts, under Mr. Vincent O'Brien, will continue for some time longer, and on March 11 a musical feast was provided, which included Nicolai's *Merry Wives Overture*, and Elgar's *Marche Militaire*. Signor Lenghi Cellini sang.

Quite an interesting treat was afforded at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on March 15, when a benefit concert was accorded to Signor Simonetti, the well-known violinist. The artists included the *beneficiare* as well as Dr. Esposito, Miss May Meehan, and Mr. Michael Gallagher, and a charming programme was gone through.

As Ulster Hall, Belfast, has been commandeered by the military owing to the disturbed condition of the city, the operatic 'celebrity' concert advertised for March 14 had to be postponed till further notice.

The Belfast Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Godfrey Brown, gave a concert on March 11, in aid of the Belfast branch of the Musicians' Union, the principal item being Beethoven's C minor Symphony.

Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths:

OSCAR BERINGER, on February 21, in his seventy-eighth year. For over fifty years he had made London his residence. His gifts as a teacher of the pianoforte became widely known, and he soon won his way to a position of great influence. In 1885 he was appointed professor at the Royal Academy of Music and at the Royal College of Music, and for over twenty years he conducted an 'Academy for the Higher Development of Pianoforte Playing.' A correspondent sends the following personal appreciation:

'The passing of Oscar Beringer brings many recollections of his young teaching days to the mind of an old pupil, who began at the age of thirteen, about the year 1875, to have lessons with this enthusiastic young musician in a small house in Great Marlborough Street, where he had started his "Academy for the Higher Development of Pianoforte Playing," a cumbersome title derived from the German name of the Tausig School where he himself had studied. We were taught in classes of three, lasting an hour, twice a week. Various harmony professors also held weekly classes, of whom Prof. Ebenezer Prout was the most eminent, and the other pianoforte professors included Franklin Taylor, Dannreuther, and Bache. This means that this little music school really was a pioneer in England of the best pianoforte playing, and it is difficult for

the young musician nowadays to realise the revelation it meant, after years of Thalberg's compositions and *La Prière d'une Vierge*. Beringer's chief insistence, it always seemed to me, was on clarity, truthfulness, and absence of muddle. His teaching in these respects led far beyond music, and made one feel their necessity in every branch of study. Sparing in praise, a few words of encouragement from him weighed far heavier than from an easier master, and were something to be remembered always—and, indeed, gloated over. In those days, at any rate, he had not much sympathy with so-called "interpretations." We were expected to play Beethoven and Schumann as the composers had written, and to learn to walk before we tried to run. His friend Von Bülow was a noted exponent of this school of playing. He opened to the writer, and doubtless to many others—among whom are numbered some of the most brilliant English pianists of the day—a new world of interest in music study for which we can never sufficiently be grateful.

ARTHUR HERVEY, on March 10, composer, author, and critic. He was of Irish descent and born at Paris. His early education took place at the Oratory, Birmingham, and among his earliest musical instructors was Berthold Tours. He was destined for the diplomatic service, but the claims of music were too strong. He completed his studies in France, which accounted for the particular interest he always took in French music. Some of his orchestral compositions attained a certain amount of popularity, and his works were heard at some of the big musical festivals. Among these may be mentioned *Scena* for baritone and orchestra *At the Gates of Night*, performed at the Gloucester Festival in 1901; two tone-poems, *On the Heights* and *On the March*, performed at the Cardiff Festival in 1902; and *Youth*, played at the Norwich Festival in the same year. At the succeeding Cardiff Festival (1904) his tone-poem *In the East* was performed. *Summer* was composed for the Cardiff Festival of 1907, and *Life Moods* was produced at the Brighton Festival of 1910. His tone-poem *Jane* was produced by the Philharmonic Society in 1907. He also wrote an opera *Ilona* in 1914, and his little one-act opera *The Post Box* was performed at the Court Theatre in 1885. He was the author of many graceful songs, and his *Romance* for violin is still often heard at concerts. He published a book on *Masters of French Music*, a book on *French Music of the 19th century*, a monograph of Alfred Bruneau, and his latest work on Saint-Saëns was published only a few weeks before his death. Also he contributed many articles, chiefly on French composers, to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He will probably be best remembered as the musical critic of the *Morning Post* from 1892-1908. In that capacity he was conspicuous for his broad views, which were not unduly influenced by his predilection already referred to for the music of France. His severest criticism was always couched in courteous language, which could not offend the people criticised. In private life he was a man of unflinching courtesy and great geniality, and always ready to help all who sought from him information or advice. He will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends: His compositions had a charm of their own. They were always marked by melodiousness, straightforwardness of utterance, and polish of manner.

HENRY R. EDMONDS, a young organist of great promise. He was born at Swindon, in 1901. Obtaining his F.R.C.O. diploma at the age of eighteen, he was awarded an organ scholarship at the R.C.M. in the following year, but resigned this with the intention of entering Exeter College, Oxford. Ill-health intervened, however, and after a short period as organist to the Countess of Craven, he was appointed, in the autumn of 1921, to the English Church at Hyères, where he died shortly after his arrival.

FANNY KEMBLE POOLE, a well-known and popular contralto of the 'seventies and 'eighties, who died on March 8. Madame Poole was primarily associated with oratorio, and sang at most of the musical festivals of her day. She was a descendant of 'the Kembles,' and a sister of Miss Alice Barnett, whose name is indelibly associated with the original productions of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas at the Savoy.

Musical Notes from Abroad

AMSTERDAM

Mengelberg brought his season's activities to a climax by a splendid performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*. After his departure for New York there followed a respite in orchestral programmes, only interrupted by a few popular concerts conducted by Prof. Max Fiedler, of which an evening devoted solely to Brahms (the Haydn Variations, Double Concerto, and first Symphony) will be remembered on account of the conductor proving himself a unique interpreter of this music.

Dr. Karl Muck, whom we are glad again to have as conductor during Mengelberg's absence, conducted his first concert on February 2—Beethoven's *Fidelio* Overture and the seventh and eighth Symphonies. Of his subsequent concerts one was devoted to Russian music, Anton Witke coming from Berlin to play Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto. Subsequently we had a Strauss evening (with the Suite from *Der Bürger als Edelmann* and the *Sinfonia Domestica*), a classical concert (Handel, Bach, and Mozart), and a Beethoven concert.

On January 24 the Christian Oratorio Society, conducted by M. Schoonderbeek, was heard in a highly meritorious performance of César Franck's *Blatitudes*, for the chief tenor part of which M. R. Plamondon, of Paris, lent his valuable assistance.

A great number of chamber music concerts have taken place in the last four weeks—indeed, there were so many that I must confine myself to recording only the most prominent events. Among these has to be reckoned the visit of the Meredyll Pianoforte Quartet. This fine body of artists roused universal admiration at their first appearance in Holland, the high standard of their performance being evident in works by Mozart, Dohnányi, and G. Fauré. M. Schörg, the former leader of the famous Brussels String Quartet, came over with a new body of confrères. Their playing of works by Dohnányi, Schubert, Wolf, and Beethoven was perfect in every way. Very high demands were satisfied in a Trio evening given by Messrs. Evert Cornelis, Leydensdorff, and Canivez (one of the *Concerts Royaux* by Couperin and Trios by Ravel and Beethoven). The violinist Telmányi and the pianist Sandor Vas came this year only on a flying visit to Holland. This time they eschewed solo items, and gave a Sonata evening (works by Leo Weiner, Schubert, and Brahms), a venture which cannot but be said to have been wholly satisfactory.

In spite of present bad times and scanty public attendance, the number of soloist recitals has so far shown no diminution. In the majority of cases they were given by pianists. Only two violoncellists were heard, viz., M. Orobio de Castro (whose playing still shows a preponderance on the technical side) and the wonderful M. Gerard Hekking, a veritable king of his instrument. A Hungarian violinist, M. Alfred Indig, gave evidence of considerable talent, although he still lacks perfection. Among the many pianists hardly one has created so much interest as M. Paul Schramm. His performance, moreover, was due to a mere accident. He was to have acted as accompanist to the well-known Wagner singer, Madame Hertha Dehmlow. Unfortunately Madame Dehmlow succumbed to a spell of influenza, and the hall being already hired, the agent induced M. Schramm to give a pianoforte recital instead. Nothing like so perfect and finished interpretations have been heard for a long time. Dirk Schäfer, one of the few pianists who can always rely upon a crowded attendance, has this time included in his scheme some of his own works.

Finally, I have to record a concert given by the Finnish bard, M. Olli Suolahti, who accompanies himself on the national instrument called cantele, which plays such an important rôle in the Finnish national epic *Kalevala*. The cantele may not inappropriately be described as a hybrid form of the German zither and the Russian balalaika, surpassing both, however, in its multifarious resources of expression. With Suolahti came the Swedish singer, M. Johan I. Junghvist, who gave us a fine selection of Swedish folk-songs.

W. HARMANS.

GERMANY

In spite of widely spread materialism in Germany a deepening of the spiritual life seems to be taking place conjointly with the performance of the inexhaustible treasures of musical art. People's high schools and working men's committees everywhere seek to prepare the way towards a raising of the masses. With the disappearance of the Court, the town of Altenburg (S.A.) seemed to have lost considerably in æsthetic culture, but with the seizure of political power the cleverly organized working classes did not neglect the cultivation of musical and dramatic art. So long as they provide real art an explanation of the old cry *panem et circenses* may well pass muster. Kapellmeister Klaus Nettsträter produced during the past few months not only *The Flying Dutchman*, *Aida*, and *Figaro*, but also works by Schillings (*Mona Lisa*), Pfitzner (*Christoffel*), Waltershausen (*Oberst Chabert*), Puccini (*Tosca*), giving finally sixteen highly successful performances of *Parsifal*. *Tosca*, which was felt to be in glaring contrast with the home products—although the same singers appeared in all operas—afforded proof that although valuable foreign operas ought to be produced, yet the chief attention of German managers must be devoted to German works. Chamber music (Tchaikovsky's Trio in A minor, Brahms's Trio in B major, &c.), choral works (Beethoven's *Missa solennis*, Brahms's *German Requiem*), and orchestral music (three Beethoven Symphonies), helped to vindicate the reputation of Altenburg as a musical centre.

The devoted work done in these small German towns cannot be overestimated. Sondershausen, a town of about seven thousand inhabitants, can point to an artistic tradition of hundreds of years. At the last Loh-Konzert, Prof. Corbach's Orchestra played a *Sinfonia patetica* by Gottfried Herrman (Court conductor at Sondershausen, 1844-52) which had been lost. It was recently discovered by Dr. Göhler. Composed in 1841, the work is interesting as pointing directly towards Wagner on the one hand and Brahms on the other.

Wurzburg boasts a princely castle (built 1720-45) that is one of the most beautiful examples of the German baroque style. The desire to establish in its quaint halls a home for music was but the revival of the artistic interests of such lord-bishops as Friedrich Carl von Schönhorn and Adam Friedrichs von Seinsheim, which were not confined to the Court chapel. The Kaisersaal, where some recent Festival concerts took place, was well-suited for chamber music of all periods. While the main attention was concentrated on the treasures of the 18th century, the programme also contained little-known works by Tognetti, Galuppi, Rameau, Scarlatti, *Phæbus and Pan*, and songs by Philip Emanuel Bach, the 19th century being represented by Beethoven, Schumann, and Grieg, with vocal quartets by Brahms, and the art of our epoch-finding voice in Hermann Zilcher's *Volksliederspiel*. Admirers of Church music enjoyed a special treat in the Court Church, where Palestrina's *Missa Papa Marcelli* and an Offertorium by Orlando di Lasso were performed; in addition to which the Gregorian Choral of the Vatican was sung. Altogether, the Festival excited great interest among the large audiences assembled.

Stuttgart Theatre has produced two operas by Schubert, the first of which, *Der treue Soldat*, composed in 1815, when Schubert was eighteen years of age, has never been performed. The second work, *Die Verschworenen*, was written in 1823, and first performed in 1861 at Vienna. Although several theatres produced it, and although Motl gave it in 1890 at Karlsruhe in a revised form, it did not find favour with the public. Now Herr Rolf Lanckner has seized upon the opera, revising the entire text, while Herr Fritz Busch, along with Prof. D. F. Tovey, has taken charge of the music, in the hope of rescuing a very beautiful work.

A charming short opera by Mozart, *Die verstellte Einfalt*, composed by him at the age of twelve, was some time ago produced at Karlsruhe 'for the first time' (apart from a private performance in the year 1760 in the palace of the Archbishop of Salzburg). Herr Anton Rudolph has retained the original plot, but has replaced the nonsensical Italian text by a German text conforming with the music

in style, form, and colour, and deepening the psychological interest.

The third day of a highly successful musical Festival in the old town of Naumburg a/S., famed in ecclesiastical history as well as in trade, presented two novelties in the shape of Gluck's *Marienkönigin* and Weber's *Abu Hassan*—charming operettas—in which the leading members of the Leipzig opera took part.

While the smaller German towns thus drink at the fount of pure art, the State Opera of Berlin performs Puccini's *Tosca*. It is surprising that such a work is staged at one of the foremost institutions of Germany. It does not elevate, it does not form the sense for beauty. Its appeal is to the lowest instincts of the masses.

A healthy contrast is found, however, in Pfitzner's Christmas play, *Das Christoffel*, which, like Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel*, was originally written for a private circle, and, in order to preserve its valuable music, was afterwards rewritten as an opera. Pfitzner is no Humperdinck. What he writes is somewhat heavy. Children find the work too philosophical; to adults it is too naive. But the beautiful music overrides these defects. Hans Pfitzner is coming more to the front from year to year. The chief work of the Berlin Pfitzner-Woche (January 22-27) was a romantic Cantata, *Von deutscher Seele*, for four solo voices, mixed chorus, grand orchestra, and organ, based on poems by Eichendorff. The press is unanimous in recognising the Cantata as a very valuable work.

The Bochum Brahms Festival brought together a large concourse of enthusiastic listeners, led thither by such choice works as the Trio, Op. 8, the Quintet, Op. 88, the Sextet, Op. 18, the Pianoforte Quartet, Op. 38, the Clarinet Quintet, Op. 115, as well as songs and choruses for female voices. The Festival was a great success.

Foreign artists are again winning popularity in Germany. Mattia Battistini had a great reception in *Un ballo in maschera*; Anna Hegner has proved herself among the leading lady violinists of the day; Romuald Wikarski has given a successful Chopin recital; Frau Elsa Rydin-Oeberg has shown gifts of voice and mind in songs by Sibelius, Gluck, Peterson, Berger, Sjögren, Rangström, and Dvorák; Russia has sent Schelkov with songs by Moussorgsky; England supplied Miss Dorothy Robson, with songs by Delius, Parry, Arthur Bliss, Brahms, Wolf, and Strauss; the south of Europe was represented by Carmen Osorio, eleven years of age, whose playing of Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin was much admired. Other foreign artists who have sought appreciation are Jeanne Koetzier (songs), Anite Voileann (a Bach evening), Iris Törn (pianoforte), Frederic Drissen (songs), Elena Ivanova (songs), Louis van Laar (violin), Elsa Rydin-Oeberg (Northern songs), Lamond (Beethoven Sonatas), Lambrino (Bach and Beethoven), Josma Selim (chansons), Henry Holst (violin).

One of the greatest operatic successes of the past few years is Waldemar Wendland's *Peter Sukoff*, which was first performed at Basle and has now been repeated at Mayence. Olga Wohlbruck, the wife of the composer, has written a dramatic 'book' on a stirring tale from Russia under the Czars. Action predominates. In the music Wendland speaks a language entirely his own. The whole opera is so saturated with Russian spirit that it is unnecessary to inquire which are genuine Russian melodies and which are the composer's creations. There are climaxes of great beauty, born of the dramatic situations, and songs and dances are cast into concise forms. The opera was staged with great splendour. It is to be repeated at Paris, the text having already been translated into French.

Hans Bullerian is one of the stronger personalities among composers of to-day. His *Stuck* Symphony was received with unusual enthusiasm when recently performed at the Opera House of Charlottenburg. It is a series of symphonic poems, each describing a picture of Frank Stuck. In his orchestration the composer employs the most modern means of expression, and the players have to struggle with problems hitherto unknown. Frasselt and his artists carried off a great victory, and Press and public declared the performance a modern musical triumph.

Felix Draeseke's *Sinfonia tragica* was revived at the last symphony concert of the Dresden Opera-house Orchestra.

Draeseke (1835-1913), better known as the composer of *Christus*, is one of the most characteristic of modern composers, and his Tragic Symphony may be placed among the masterpieces of German music. Its 'tragic' character is confined to the slow movement—a majestic funeral march—and to a *Finale* that works up the material of the other three movements to a witches' Sabbath. The *Sinfonia tragica* has also been included in the programme of the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts.

Dresden, the Weber-town *par excellence*, commemorated the centenary of *Der Freischütz* by producing the greater part of Weber's operas on six successive nights. While *Freischütz* was modernised, *Preciosa* carried the spectators back a hundred years. Servants in old-fashioned costumes lighted the footlights and rolled up the curtain. Such things do not give the opera new life; but for the charming music no one would ask for a repetition of the work. Besides the stage works other little-known compositions were produced at a special concert, such as the pretty *Peter Schmoll* Overture; a Hungarian Rondo for viola and orchestra (which Weber afterwards arranged for bassoon); the *Aufforderung zum Tanz* (which gave the ballet an opportunity to take part); the *Ubelkante* (minus the Overture) with its beautiful choruses and soli; and the amusing operetta, *Abu Hassan*. Owing to a 'Weber-strike' the costumes for *Oberon* could not be furnished in time, and *Euryanthe* was repeated instead. The Weber Festival was a great success, and all the operas are to be performed again in the spring.

In the *Finale* of *Don Giovanni* Mozart quotes a melody from an old Spanish opera, *Una cosa rara*, by Vincenzo Martin y Soler, which for a time had been a serious rival to *Figaro*, but which soon after disappeared altogether. In rescuing this opera from oblivion, Leopold Sachse, of Halle, presented the stage with a work of great melodic beauty, dramatic strength, and characteristic instrumentation, a work which might almost have been composed by Mozart himself. The audience, which numbered many professional critics and such connected with the stage, pronounced the opera a distinct gain to the répertoire of the theatre.

F. ERCKMANN.

NEW YORK

Perhaps it is the restlessness of the present age that accounts for the seemingly inordinate intrusion of so much ultra-modern music in our concert programmes. I use the word 'intrusion' instead of 'demand,' for those who crave the dissonances are few in comparison with those who love melodies and harmonies. A Beethoven-Tchaikovsky-Wagner programme is considered old-fashioned by the modernists, yet a sold-out house and overwhelming applause greets such programmes, while Schönberg's *Five Orchestral Pieces* (which have been five years in reaching New York, and which would never have been missed if the score had been lost in mid-ocean) are listened to with smiles and even audible giggles from those who endure them for the sake of what Mr. Stokowski provides for the rest of the evening. Hardly less offensive was Mulhau's second Orchestral Suite, played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under M. Pierre Monteux. The third movement, called 'Pastorale,' was a good imitation of a barn-yard in great commotion, while the Nocturne following suggested exhaustion from the conflict rather than the soothing influence of night and sleep. Sometimes the ultra-modernists over-reach themselves, with ludicrous results. At a song recital, when four *Oriental Sketches* by Henry Eichheim were presented, the singer got mixed with her music, and sang one number while the orchestra played the accompaniment to another, but nobody seemed the wiser until she had nearly finished!

Mr. Albert Coates (who might be called the apostle of the modernists) has, as guest-conductor of the New York Symphony Society, given us some better things. *The Planets*, by Gustav Holst, though formidable and demanding close attention, deserves more than one hearing, for the one hearing holds our interest sufficiently to induce a desire for a second, though it would require a great stretch of imagination to find any relation between the composition and the solar system. Eugène Goossens's *Four Concerts*,

also produced by Mr. Coates, conveyed musical thoughts, though not very profound ones. A clever piece of modern work among those labelled 'first time anywhere,' played by the Philharmonic Society under M. Josef Stransky, was a Symphonic Fantasy called *In the Court of the Pomegranates*, by Emerson Whithorne, a young American composer. The Fantasy is brilliantly written, and it is not hard to visualise the appearance of the Court with 'the scarlet blossoms of the pomegranates scattered on the pavements, strange and gaudy birds nesting in the cornices, and giant cacti raising their horned heads.'

Very interesting, and in many places very delightful, is Gustav Mahler's *Song of the Earth*, given by the Society of the Friends of Music, under the baton of M. Artur Bodanzky. Mahler called the work a 'Symphony with contralto and tenor solos.' The words are taken from Chinese poems of the 8th century, and deal with the intoxication of wine alternating with periods of reflection. The drinking songs have been put into German, and were admirably sung by Mrs. Charles Cahier and Mr. Orville Harrold. The score is strongly imbued with the spirit of the Orient. 'While the birds trill,' the Chinese teacups tinkle in the pavilion of green and white porcelain, until finally the world sleeps and the temple gongs sound farewell.

At the Metropolitan Opera House Mr. Gatti lately produced Rimsky-Korsakov's *Snow Maiden*, with Signorina Lucrezia Bori in the chief part. It was written twenty years before *Cog d'Or*, and gives no intimation of Rimsky-Korsakov's later and more matured style.

For several years the Chicago Opera Company has made an annual visit to New York. It seldom introduces many novelties in composition, but often presents fresh and beautiful voices. Miss Edith Mason, an American soprano, who sang for some seasons at the Metropolitan, is now a member of the Chicago Company, and is delighting her audiences with the beauty of her voice. Mr. Edward Johnson, an American, is an exceptionally fine tenor, and Lucien Muratore seems to have no rival since the death of Caruso. Richard Strauss's *Salome* is being given this season by the Company, and though the work is not a novelty, it always produces something of a sensation and draws large and distinctively musical audiences. Yet *Salome* is not Richard Strauss at his best, nor is Miss Mary Garden at her best in the title-rôle. The Chicago Company is fortunate in having Signor Giorgio Polacco as chief conductor, as he is undoubtedly one of the best operatic conductors of the day.

From all the surfeit of digestible and indigestible modern music, we have sought and found relief and joy in the work of Hofmann and Kreisler, regardless of what they offered us. We must not entirely forget the newcomers, among whom none has given greater pleasure than that sterling English artist, Miss Myra Hess. She is a thorough musician, of fine intelligence, and has an excellent technique. Her répertoire is comprehensive, and she seems impartially to enjoy the old and the new, from Scarlatti to Ravel.

M. H. FLINT.

PARIS

Every week the concert-goer at Paris is able to map out his course well in advance, thanks to an admirable little periodical, *Le Guide du Concert*, which gives him a complete table of forthcoming events, with the full programmes and historical or analytical notes, generally quite useful. But those industriously-compiled lists only serve to drive home more forcibly the fact that it is impossible to attend every interesting concert that is given: three or four in the afternoon, four or five in the evening, day after day, is what confronts us. Despite all that is said about an uninterested and *blasé* Paris, those concerts, as a rule, are fairly well supported, and the musicians who give them must find it worth their while, for almost every week seems to bring with it an increase among competitors for halls and audiences.

At the Opéra has been produced Charles Silver's *La Mère Apprivoisée*, a not unpleasing but conventionally operatic version of *The Taming of the Shrew*, with Mlle. Marthe Chenal as Catharina and M. Rouard as Petruchio. The Schola Cantorum has given a concert

performance of the whole of Pierre de Bréville's *Eros Vainqueur*, a fine lyric-drama, legendary in character, produced at Brussels in 1910, but still awaiting its production in the composer's native country. At the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées the Swedish Ballets have reappeared. They have added to the many quaint things in their repertory a *Skating Rink* full of quaintness in a limited way, for which Arthur Honegger has contributed music far less baffling, and far less exciting, than that of his *Horace Victorieux*. Another novelty, unpretentious and pleasing, is *Dansgille*, founded on Norwegian folk-dances.

At the Concerts-Colonne have been given A. Borchard's Fantasy for pianoforte and orchestra, *Eskual Herria*, on Basque folk-tunes (the composer at the pianoforte), and Debussy's Fantasy for pianoforte and orchestra written at Rome in 1889-90, and revised by the composer at a late period of his life (Mlle. M. Long at the pianoforte). At the Concerts-Lamoureux M. Charles Kœchlin's Chorale for organ and orchestra was a welcome novelty. At the Concerts-Pasdeloup we have had no new works, but among items rarely heard both Paul Dukas's fine Symphony in C major and Sylvio Lazzari's impressive Prelude to *Armor* deserve special mention.

A few examples of British music were included in the month's budget, thanks chiefly to Mr. Howard-Jones's initiative. That excellent pianist has given two recitals here, at the first of which he played Ireland's Sonata, and at the second pieces by Goossens, Delius, Moeran, and Bax. Goossens's Suite for flute, violin, oboe, and harp was given at Marcel Grandjany's concert, and Cyril Scott's *Sonnet and Irish Dance* by Pierre Fol at a concert of L'Heure Musicale. I entirely agree with the suggestion recently made in the *Musical Times* by Mr. Calvocoressi that steps should be taken to submit contemporary British works to the committees of the Societies which exist here specially with a view to producing modern music. For the time being, British music is practically ignored. Meanwhile we could do with a few more propagandists as efficient and disinterested as Mr. Howard-Jones.

At the S.M.I. special interest attached to the first performance of five songs by a Japanese composer, Yoshinori Matsuyama, and to Eugène Grassi's *Les Equinoxes*, which are impressive and delightful. Works by M. Desrez have been given at the Salle du Conservatoire (a Pianoforte Trio and songs) and at the Concerts-Lamoureux (a lyric poem, *Le Retour du Printemps*); works by A. Kullman, J. Pillois, and Georges Sporck, at the Société des Compositeurs; Honegger's Violin Sonata (very interesting) at the Heure Musicale.

Mlle. Janacopulos's last recital, with its programme of works by Huré, E. Bloch, Milhaud, Ravel, Moussorgsky, and others, proved no less interesting than the foregoing. The same may be said of the last concert of the Société Orléine d'Alheim, at which Madame Orléine d'Alheim sang new songs by Honegger, and Mrs. Swainson songs by Roussel and Schmitt. At the Union Artistique an unusual item consisted of Troubadour songs (Ch. de Coucy, Thibaud de Champagne, and G. de Machant), harmonized by Ch. Neveu.

At the Lyceum Club M. Hans is producing a pianoforte with two keyboards invented by him. It would probably be interesting to compare it with the Emmanuel Moor instrument.

A. BOLD.

ROME

A concert recently given by the Amici della Musica aroused great interest, for the programme included a little-known work of Beethoven—a set of Variations on Mozart's air 'La ci darem' from *Don Giovanni*. These Variations have only seen the light since 1914, when Riemann discovered the MS. at Dresden.

At a concert of the Philharmonic Society, Signor Renzo Silvestri played an ultra-modern composition of Santoliquido bearing the title *Ex humo ad Sidera*. Probably the intention of the composer was to represent the earth by the basses, the stars by the extreme high notes of the pianoforte, and the passage by rapid chromatic scales, where a direct jump was not sufficient. A babe would have recognised the servile imitation of Debussy, and the audience did not fail to

manifest its disapproval. The same composer, however, revealed himself as gifted with a certain personality in the song *Riflessi* sung by Signorina de Crisogono.

At the Sala Bach a cycle of three concerts illustrated the Sonata for violin and pianoforte, from its origin to our own day. The examples chosen were Corelli (in D), Bach (in A), Mozart (in G flat), Beethoven (in F), Schumann (in A minor), Brahms (in G), Grieg (in D minor), Franck (in A), Reger (in D minor), and Respighi (in B minor).

An excellent enterprise had birth on February 6, when, in the presence of the Queen Mother of Italy, the new Society of Wind Instruments for Chamber Music gave its first concert under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society. The programme was also of special interest to English-speaking musicians as containing a Quintet by Leo Sowerby, the young American composer who has just been awarded the American Prix de Rome. It is written for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, and fagotto, and divided into three movements—'gaily,' 'elegiac,' and 'fox-trot' manner. The composer has good talent, particularly in melodic treatment, and is likely to benefit by the advantages offered him by the American Scholarship.

It is pleasing to note the activities of the *Rivista Nazionale di Musica* as a sign of an awakening in the somewhat behindhand musical journalism of Italy. Founded and directed by a well-known musico-literary critic, Vito Raeli, the *Rivista* includes amongst its contributors some of the best-known writers of Italy, such as Cametti, Orefice, Gasco, Alaleona, R. de Angelis, Elisabeth Oddone, Dr. Zabughin, &c. It was this journal that gave the first notice of an interesting discovery made by Albert Cametti, viz., that Rubino Mallapert was the master of Palestrina when the latter was a singer in the Cappella Liberiana of Rome.

Polyglot concerts—the taste and utility of which may be questioned—are generally a feature of the Roman season. Latest on the list is that given at the Sala Bach on February 7 by a lady of German origin—and good contralto voice—Madame Eugenia Von Klemm, who sang in no less than seven languages (Italian, German, American, Swedish, Estonian, Greek, French, and Russian!). The American songs were *Croon*, *Croon*, *My Pickaninny Babe*, and *Ma Curly-headed Baby*.

The Roman Philharmonic Society has continued to provide programmes of high interest and performers of the first class. The principal visitor has been Paul Loyonnet. His first programme was intended to illustrate the development of clavicembalo music, from the English virginalists to Bach, and included the following composers: Byrd, Bull, André de Chambonnières, Louis Couperin, Lulli, François Couperin, Scarlatti, Purcell, Rameau, Handel, J. S. Bach and Friedemann Bach. A later programme included *La Plainte, au loin, du Faune* by Dukas, written as a tribute to the memory of Debussy, and intentionally recalling the noted *Après-midi*.

The well-known Society of the Quartet, of Naples, whose component members are Vincent Cantani, Vincent Parmiciano, S. Scarano, and Sergius Viterbulii, has also been the guest of the Philharmonic and played Martucci's Quintet (Op. 45).

At the Sala Bach the principal event of the month has been a fine vocal and instrumental concert, organized and directed by the promising director of the hall, Dr. Ippolito Golante. The programme consisted of a Concerto Grosso by Handel, Bach's Cantata *Christ lag in Todesbanden*, an anonymous 17th century Motet, *Ecce Quam Bonum*, Pergolesi's *Salve Regina* for contralto, strings, and organ (the original form); and Scarlatti's Psalm *Dixit*. The concert was very successful, and was repeated by general request.

The 'Amia della Musica' at its fourth concert of the season presented Dohnányi's Sonata for violoncello and pianoforte, Martucci's Pianoforte Trio in C major, and the following works for pianoforte: Frescobaldi's *La Frescobalda*, an Allegro by L. Rossi (1760), a Giga by G. M. Rutini (1730-91), *Il cuculo* by Pasquini (1637-1710), and a Caprice by Scarlatti.

On January 23 the musical section of the American Academy at Rome inaugurated a series of monthly musical reunions, the object of which will be to make American music known at Rome. About a hundred persons, including the principal musicians of Rome, accepted the invitation.

and Mario Corti, the Roman violinist, acted as soloist. The music included the following works by Leo Sowerby: Quintet in F major for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon; three transcriptions of Folk-songs and Country Dances for pianoforte, *Money Musk*, *Lord Rendal*, and *Irish Washerwomen*; Sonata in B flat major for violin and pianoforte. As was said above, Sowerby is the young composer who has recently come to Rome on the newly created musical 'bursé' in the American Academy.

At the Augusteum, the eagerly awaited commemoration of Luigi Mancinelli (who died on February 2, 1921) took place on February 26 under the able direction of Bernardine Molinari. The first part of the programme was devoted to an interesting revival of eight movements from Vivaldi's *Concert of the Seasons* for string orchestra, cembalo, and organ. The second part was entirely devoted to music of Mancinelli, and consisted of the children's chorus and the Final Hymn from *Isaiah* (written for the Norwich Festival of 1887), a scene from *Frate Sole* for cinema and orchestra, the Berceuse from *Tizianello* (1880), sung by Madame Pasetti, a dance from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (the last unelaborated work of the deceased master), a movement from the *Venetian Scenes* (1888), *The Bacchanale* for choir and orchestra from *Hero and Leander*, written for the Norwich Festival of 1896, and the ever-fresh and welcome Overture to *Cleopatra* (1877), undoubtedly one of the compositions destined to preserve the memory of Luigi Mancinelli.

For the other concerts, it is to be recorded that the Augusteum has been the scene of two fierce artistic battles this month, the one occasioned by Alfredo Casella's playing of his new—very new!—musical poem *A notte alta*, and the second by Bruno Walter's presentation of Schönberg's *Transfigured Night*. Howls, whistles, shouts, and the general accompaniment of epithets by which the Roman public makes its sentiments felt marked the reception of both these works, which, it must be confessed, well-merited such attention! At the Costanzi the principal event has been the revival of Strauss's *Rosen Kavalier* after eleven years.

LEONARD PEYTON.

TORONTO

It has fallen to the lot of Toronto during the past few months to hear some new and essentially modern music. Under the auspices of the rapidly developing Chamber Music Society, the Flonzaley Quartet played to a packed house—truly an event for a chamber concert here—of nearly three thousand people, and chose for one of its chief items the Eugene Goossens Phantasy Quartet, Op. 12. This work shows clearly the trend of the present-day English composer, and both in thought and construction proved very interesting to musicians who are not lucky enough to hear very much of the recent contributions from England.

To Mr. Albert Coates there fell a double honour—that of introducing what is perhaps one of the most impressive orchestral works of the time, Gustav Holst's *The Planets*, and also of showing what a guest-conductor of the young modern school can do with an orchestra which has not one of the best reputations even in its native city. The interpretation of this Symphonic Suite by the New York Symphony Orchestra was as remarkable as it was competent. Mr. Coates received one of the heartiest ovations Toronto has ever given to a conductor. The audience simply lost control. The impressions of most people seemed to be in favour of 'The Magician,' the fifth movement, for its original construction and material, the fourth 'Mercury,' for atmosphere and musical conception, and 'Mars' for mastery of rhythm. But rather in vain did the critic strain his senses for something which could definitely be termed 'Gustav Holst.' Perhaps in this age of rapid musical development it is unfair to ask for too much from a pioneer. One point, however, could not be overlooked—the composer's remarkable grip of orchestration. A second hearing might be more enlightening.

Enhancing his past reputation, Mr. Campbell McInnes delighted a large audience with a comprehensive reading of Schubert's song-cycle, *A Winter's Tale*. Educationally,

this fourth Nine o'Clock gave Toronto a chance of hearing what otherwise would probably have remained remote.

Two choral concerts have been given recently. The Toronto Operatic Chorus, under the direction of Signor Carboni, was heard in *Aida*, and the National Chorus, under Dr. Ham, showed careful training in an *à cappella* programme. Miss Jeanne Gordon, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was the contralto, and certainly revealed musicianship and personality above the usual platform standard. The numbers included: *A Morning Song of Praise* and *On Jordan's Banks* (Bruch); *The Outgoing of the Fishermen's Boats* (H. S. Robertson); *Eili, Eili* (traditional Yiddish melody, arranged by Kurt Schindler); *Sea-drift* (Coleridge-Taylor); *Now Sinks the Sun* (St. Christopher), by Horatio Parker, which has been performed at the Worcester and Bristol Festivals; and *Awake, Sweet Love* and *Now is the Month of Maying*, by Morley.

'Rapidly developing' is the phrase used above in connection with the Chamber Music Society. The truth of this statement was clearly illustrated in the second local concert given at the Arts and Letters Club by the Toronto String Quartet, led by Mr. Frank Blachford. For the first time in this city the Elgar Quintet, Op. 84, for pianoforte and strings, was heard and more appreciated than any other new work here this season. Profiting by the performances of the Letz, London, and Flonzaley Quartets, the style of playing and strength of interpretation of the local body showed very marked improvement upon previous performances.

Miss Myra Hess made a great impression at her recital with the Toronto Women's Musical Society. Her programme included works of Chopin, Scarlatti, Debussy, and Bach. She is undoubtedly the most talented and finished lady-pianist ever heard in this city.

From February 20 to 22 the Mendelssohn Choir held its twenty-fifth Anniversary Festival, assisted by the Philadelphia Orchestra (Leopold Stokowski). The works can only be mentioned, as space does not permit of any detail. These were: the Bach Motet, *Sing Ye*; Berlioz's *Faust*; Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony* (Parts 2 and 3); *Ave Maria*, Arcadelt; *Judge me, O God*, Mendelssohn; *An Indian Lullaby*, Dr. A. S. Vogt; *Love's Tempest*, Elgar; *The Men of Harlech*, Somervell-Schindler; *The Fairies*, Fricker; *Scots Wha Ha'e*, Leslie; *Loch Lomond*, Vaughan Williams; *London Town*, German; *Festival Te Deum*, Gustav Holst; *Blest Pair of Sirens*, Parry; *Bless the Lord, O My Soul*, Ippolitov-Ivanov; *The Fairy*, Vivian Hamilton; *The Miracle of St. Raymond*, Kurt Schindler; *Sleep, My Pretty One*, Ferrari; *Old King Cole*, Forsyth; *The Wreck of the 'Julia Plant'*, Geoffrey O'Hara; *Meistersinger*; *An Eriskey Love Lull*, Robertson.

VIENNA

THE VOLKSOPER

In my February letter I gave some particulars of the Staatsoper. Our second operatic theatre is the Volksoper, which is situated in the outer districts of the city, thus clearly indicating its true mission. The idea leading to the foundation of this opera house, in 1905, was to supply the middle and lower classes with good operatic performances at moderate prices. One of the promoters of the Volksoper scheme, and incidentally the first director of the house, was Rainer Simons, a clever theatrical manager with a keen perception of the needs and possibilities of such an enterprise. He understood from the outset that the purpose of the smaller and more modest Volksoper, with its limited financial means, could not be in competition with the luxurious and spacious Staatsoper, as regards lavishness of scenery and staging, but rather the presentation of well-rounded performances, chiefly of the great classic operas, sung and acted by a well-balanced and thoroughly efficient ensemble not of stars but of young and ambitious singers capable of carrying the message of the masters to the minds of the masses. He was aided in his work by an almost unfailing sense for genuine talent, and many a singer whom he discovered and engaged for his Company has since acquired international fame. Having built up a comprehensive repertoire of the standard operas, M. Simons proceeded to enlarge the scope of his programme by adding

interesting novelties of contemporary composers which were unduly neglected by the Staatsoper, and thus acquired for his theatre a clientele comprising both working people and musical connoisseurs. In 1917 M. Simons fell a victim to various unfavourable circumstances. His successor, who failed utterly, resigned a year later. It was then, immediately preceding the great 1918 Revolution, that Richard Strauss was appointed Director of the Staatsoper, and that the financial backers of the Volksoper, prompted by an ill-applied spirit of ambitious rivalry, induced Felix Weingartner to assume the directorship of their house. Once before Weingartner, who is principally a symphonic conductor, had attempted an operatic career when he directed, with small success and for a short period, the then Imperial Opera of this city. Undaunted by his first failure, he now decided to try his luck once more as an operatic manager.

Both Strauss and Weingartner were doomed to failure. It was probably unfair to demand from Strauss a knowledge of the practical requirements of theatrical management. Lack of practical theatrical experience also is, at least partly, responsible for Weingartner's mishap at the Volksoper. For the rest, his failure is due to his apparently declining powers as a conductor attendant upon his increasing age and, most of all perhaps, to the peculiar state of Austria's economic conditions. His income at the Volksoper is small as compared to the tempting salaries offered him for his South American and European tours, and these have more and more distracted his energies from his duties at the Volksoper. Weingartner has frequently been absent from his theatre for four or five consecutive months, relinquishing his office to irresponsible agents and second-rate conductors. Rehearsals were neglected, bad performances became the rule, and hardly any novelties were produced at his theatre of late, with the single exception of Weingartner's own *Genesius*, a thirty years old opera which proved to be an uninspired and antiquated medley of Wagnerian motives, and consisting mainly of 'Kapellmeistermusik.' Worst of all, the Volksoper has gradually forgotten its avowed purpose as a theatre for the masses. Prices were raised to such an extent as almost to equal those of the Staatsoper, but the repertoire grew dull and uninteresting. Finally he reverted to producing the popular operas of the ubiquitous Puccini, but even these would not attract the crowd, which preferred to attend the more spectacular performances of these works given at the Staatsoper at similar prices. Thus the present situation of the Volksoper is most critical and, according to well-founded rumour, Weingartner intends shortly to resign his post at that house.

THE PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Besides the Volksoper, Weingartner is also governing the destinies of the Philharmonic Orchestra which, in addition to doing nightly duty at the Staatsoper, gives a series of subscription concerts every season. Many consider the Vienna Philharmonic the greatest orchestra in the world, and while a certain over-estimation of this organization has become the rule among local patriots, it is surely to be regarded as one of the best of European orchestras and, at any rate, the foremost orchestral body at Vienna. Thus it is all the more painful to admit that the fluctuating state of affairs at present prevailing in this country, and the deplorable general decay resulting from the existing disorder, economic and political, have affected even this precious relic of a glorious past. Many of the most important of its members have accepted favourable offers from foreign countries, and Arnold Rosé, the Konzertmeister of the Orchestra, has practically left the organization for the sake of extended concert tours with his celebrated Quartet. The traditional dislike of rehearsals, which has been a privilege of the Philharmonic Orchestra's members even in old times, has grown beyond precedent, and Weingartner, all too often absent from the city, seems to lack the authority and energy required to combat this spirit. In view of Weingartner's alleged intention definitely to leave Vienna in the near future, the question arises as to his successor. According to the unanimous verdict of public and press, this should be no other than Wilhelm Furtwängler.

FURTWÄNGLER

Notwithstanding the popularity of Richard Strauss, the commanding figure of Vienna's musical life to-day is unquestionably Furtwängler. Three years ago he came here from Mannheim almost unheralded to succeed Oscar Nedbal as leader of the Tonkünstler Orchestra's subscription series, and within the short space of time which has since elapsed has succeeded in practically breaking the supremacy previously held by Weingartner and his Philharmonic Orchestra. The Tonkünstler series—the public has become accustomed to calling them 'Furtwängler concerts' pure and simple—is sold out twice for the entire year, and is ranked among the great events of the season, even in spite of the quality of the Orchestra which, though of fair standing, is not at all equal to that of the Philharmonic. The miracles which Furtwängler accomplishes with this body of players may best be judged by hearing the Orchestra play under any other leader. Ever since growing financial difficulties forced the Tonkünstler and Konzertverein Orchestras to merge—the combined forces bearing the name of 'Vienna Symphony Orchestra'—the two rival societies promoting these two series are, strangely enough, employing the same orchestra for their respective concerts. This affords an opportunity for hearing the same orchestra play under Furtwängler at the Tonkünstler concerts, and under Löwe on the Konzertverein evenings. Löwe is rather an exponent of a conservative older school, who excels in his readings—always authoritative, but never brilliant—of Brahms and Bruckner, which composers he prides himself in having numbered among his close personal friends. He is not at all a great conductor, but a sincere and earnest musician. If present plans materialise, Löwe is soon to retire to his other post as head of the Austrian State Conservatory of Music, of which he has been director for three years. The Singakademie, which is the choral section of the Konzertverein, has recently been united with the Philharmonic Chorus, formerly led by Franz Schreker, and the conductor of the combine is Bruno Walter, *chef* of the Munich Opera, who started his career at the Vienna Imperial Opera under Mahler. Furtwängler, besides his duties with the Tonkünstler Orchestra, has succeeded Franz Schalk (now co-director with Strauss at the Staatsoper) as leader of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde choral concerts, alternating there with Leopold Reichwein, who was formerly a conductor at the Staatsoper, but is now chiefly engaged in the more lucrative work of composing musical comedies for Viennese operetta theatres.

TWO POUNDS A MONTH

The orchestra undertaking all these concerts is the Symphony Orchestra already referred to, which is furthermore giving two popular concerts every Sunday afternoon, besides collaborating in a series of so-called Workers' Concerts, promoted by the Socialist Party of Austria in conjunction with the Austrian Government. These latter concerts, however, do not merely benefit the working classes. They also rally wide intellectual circles—professors, doctors, and students—who are at present practically excluded from attending the expensive concerts which are the rule here. In view of the tremendously important rôle which falls to the lot of the Symphony Orchestra, the news that this organization is now labouring under serious financial straits must be considered a national calamity. The State subsidy granted the Orchestra of less than two million crowns annually, and the annual municipal subsidy amounting to half a million crowns, have proved utterly insufficient to defray the growing deficit, although the monthly salary of each individual player amounts only to the pitiful sum of 71,000 kröner, which is approximately £2.

PERFORMING NEW WORKS

A Society which has been in existence for many years, having been founded by no less a personage than Johannes Brahms, has come forward recently with a timely new venture. The organization referred to is the Tonkünstler-Verein, which has resumed work, after some years of comparative retirement, with a very definite programme worthy of hearty commendation. By a series of concerts it

proposes to give a hearing to the works of young and aspiring composers whose works are now precluded from public production owing to the high expense connected with such undertakings. The meetings of the Society are open to members and their friends without restraint, the membership fee is very low, and the best artists have volunteered their services for the cause of our rising composers, who will benefit by this enterprise not less than the musically-interested public. The organization seems destined to play an important part in the musical development of the city, far more so, for instance, than Arnold Schönberg's Society for the Promotion of Private Musical Performances. This organization—which was based on the autocratic principles of that firm believer in an aristocracy of art, Arnold Schönberg, and which strove for effectiveness within the narrow realm of a limited coterie of fanatics—has, for the present at least, suspended its activities owing to lack of funds. Even a genius like Schönberg will some day awake to the fact that great movements, musical or otherwise, though they originate with the elect few, are dependent upon the support of the masses in order to become productive. He will probably find that the necessary financial support for his aims will flow lavishly so soon as he decides to make his Society a matter of general public concern instead of, as has been the case heretofore, an affair governed solely by his own supreme, and at times erratic, will and supported exclusively by a small clique of his blindly and unconditionally devoted personal partisans.

PAUL BECHERT.

EARLY CHARTERS OF INCORPORATION GRANTED TO MUSICIANS

BY MURIEL SILBURN

(Continued from March number, page 275)

Another interesting example of the incorporation of executant musicians at an early period is found in the Tutbury Minstrels, who were incorporated by John of Gaunt, King of Castile and Duke of Lancaster, in 1381, during the reign of Richard II. This deed was known by the title of *Carta le Roy de Minstralx*, and applied to all the musicians within the 'honour' of Tutbury—an area comprising the counties of Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, and Warwick. Hawkins gives an exhaustive account of this corporation, most of which is taken from Dr. Plot, the historian of Staffordshire, who was an eye-witness of the proceedings of the Tutbury Minstrels in 1680, thus proving that the customs established by the Charter of 1381 prevailed for three hundred years at least. The head of this body was known by the title of King of the Minstrels, and was supported by a bailiff and four under-officers or stewards. The election of officers took place yearly on the Eve of the Assumption, at Tutbury Castle. The proceedings began with an attendance at divine service: returning thence to the Castle, the roll was called; after which a jury of twenty-four—twelve representing Staffordshire, and twelve the other counties—was empanelled for hearing any 'plaints, or cause,' also for imposing fines for non-attendance and breaking the rules, and for the granting of licenses. The next procedure was the election of the officers, which was an annual procedure, followed by a banquet. Sports and pastimes were next in order, and a loathsomely full account of a bull-baiting is given by Hawkins. The charge by the steward to the jurors on such points as Dr. Plot mentions seems worthy of quotation:

'Then, to move them better to mind their duties to the King, and their own good, the steward proceeds to give them their charge, first commending to their consideration the Original of all Musick, both Wind and String Musick; the antiquity and excellence of both; setting forth the force of it upon the affections by diverse examples; how the use of it has always been allowed, as is plain from holy writ; in praising and glorifying God; and the skill in it always esteemed so considerable that it is still accounted in the schools one of the liberal arts and allowed in all godly Christian Commonwealths: where by the way he

commonly takes notice of the statute, which reckons some musicians amongst vagabonds and rogues: giving them to understand that such societies as theirs, thus legally found and governed by laws, are by no means intended by that statute, for which reason the Minstrels belonging to the manor of Dutton, in the county palatine of Chester, are expressly excepted in that Act. Exhorting them upon this account to preserve their reputation: to be very careful to make choice of such men to be officers amongst them as fear God, are of good life and conversation, and have knowledge and skill in the practice of their art.'

It will be seen that the real object of the musicians' corporations was to act as a protective scheme against uncontrolled and vagabond minstrels. A commission granted by Elizabeth in 1567 for the protection of the Welsh bards, furnishes proof of this. The deed begins by declaring that:

'... it is come to the knowledge of the Lord President . . . that vagrant and idle Persons, naming themselves Minstrels, Rhymers, and Bards, are lately grown into such intolerable multitude within the Principality of North Wales that not only gentlemen and others by their shameful disorders are oftentimes disquieted in their Habitations, but also the expert Minstrels and Musicians in Tonge and Cunynge thereby much discouraged to travaile in the Exercise and Practise of their Knowledge, and also not a little hindred [of] Livings and preferment.'

To meet this state of affairs Elizabeth granted a commission to certain persons named, who were to utter a proclamation 'in all fairs, market towns, and other places of assembly' within the five most northerly counties of Wales that all persons 'that intend to maintain their living by name or colour of Minstrels, Rhymers, or Bards' shall appear before the commissioners. Calling to their aid 'men expert in the Faculty of Welsh Music,' the said Commissioners were then to appoint such as they deemed worthy, to 'use, exercise, and follow, the Science and Faculty of their Profession.' To those deemed unfit they were to give 'streight Monition and Commandment, in our Name, and on our Behalf, that they return to some honest labour. . . . such as they be apt unto for the Maintenance of their Living, upon pain to be taken as rude idle Vagabonds, and to be used according to the Laws and Statutes provided in that behalf.' This commission was signed by Elizabeth at Chester. Whether Her Majesty was petitioned on the subject we are not told.

It now remains to speak of the charters granted by the Kings of England for the protection of the musicians of the land. These charters, we are told, owe their existence to the fact that certain persons gained access to the houses of the wealthy by representing themselves to be members of the King's Minstrels. Accounts of Royal Minstrels extend as far back at least as the time of Edward III.; it is said that at the marriage festivities of that monarch's daughter, Margaret, as many as four hundred and twenty-six musicians were assembled. The earliest Royal Charter (the origin of which is explained above) was issued under the Great Seal of the Realm of England in 1472-73, by Edward IV., and provides that certain persons, the King's Minstrels, shall be 'in deed and name one body and cominalty, perpetual and capable in law, and should have perpetual succession.' The corporation was governed by a Marshal—a post held for life—and two wardens, who were elected annually. Their jurisdiction apparently comprised the whole of England—with the exception of the County of Cheshire, where the minstrels were already a corporate body, as we have seen. Their duty was 'the survey, scrutinie, correction, and government of all and singular the musicians within the kingdom.' Speaking of this charter, in Sandys's and Forster's *History of the Violin* it is declared that 'it did not prove of much benefit, and they [the minstrels] contrived to lose their reputation by the time of Elizabeth.' Surely an erroneous statement: far from not proving of much benefit it is 'the one charter' from which sprang all that came after.

The next charter that was granted by Royalty appears to have been obtained by the musicians of London from James I., in prejudice to the rights granted by Edward IV. to the musicians of the entire kingdom. According to Hawkins: 'James I., though it does not appear that he understood or loved music, yet was disposed to encourage it; for, after the example of Charles IX. of France—who in 1570 had founded a Musical Academy—he, by his letters patent, incorporated the musicians of London, who are still a society and corporation.' From this charter, therefore, the Musicians' Company originates, not from that of Edward IV., as is commonly stated.

(To be continued)

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ROBERT RADFORD



The Musical Times

AND SINGING-CLASS CIRCULAR

MAY 1 1922

BRITISH SINGERS AND PLAYERS:

V.—ROBERT RADFORD

It is the executive musician's lot to win the brightest but the soonest withering wreaths. Theirs are plaudits and notoriety such as a composer hardly comes by. But their names are mostly ephemeral. Still a memory does now and then emerge from the tides of time. Acclaimed names of the 19th century, such as John Braham and Charles Santley, still have a meaning. They speak to us still of the best achievement and best taste, in that particular line, in a given period, and Mr. Henry Davey, the historian of English music, surely is right in insisting that the taste to which an outstanding singer appealed, the taste which at the same time he helped to form and refine, is part of the matter of history.

Robert Radford, our English 20th century bass, appears to us such a singer. What he has done and sung in the past twenty years speaks for what the English taste of the time has most required of a singer, and at the same time his taste and art have had their action on what we like sung and how we like it sung. Posterity then will kindly note the name of Radford in its records; the type of the good English singer, who starts by doing the things that are expected of him, only rather better, and then proceeds to do other things, enlarging his field without at all abandoning the first plot. In the unexpected achievement is the preservative touch against time. The thought of Santley sticks in the mind—the great, the one Elijah of the Mendelssohnian heyday, and at the same time the first English Vanderdecken, and the most brilliant. Similarly Radford, the established bass soloist of Handel Festivals, steps out as the first English Boris and Ivan, and a zealous mason in the new rebuilding of English opera.

Robert Radford, at this moment when we approach him with our little catechism, stands at the top of his half-completed arch of life-work: twenty years of public singing well and soundly built—twenty more to be done. But how peripatetic is the job of these modern master-singers! They are wondrous stores of lore about railway routes and hotel accommodation, and the catechiser's well-nigh only chance seems to be in an express dining-car. Linger elsewhere with your questioning, and your busy mastersinger is probably risking the missing of a train or defrauding an audience of its Judas Maccabæus or its Sarastro. Mr. Radford, however, is one day cornered, and then cheerfully submits.

AT THE ACADEMY AND THE FESTIVALS

Q. 'What is your age, birthplace, hereditary musicianship, nationality past and present, and so on?'

A. 'In spite of all temptation, an Englishman. Nottingham born and bred. A deserter from the honourable vocation of accountancy. A climber, who rose to the height of the Royal Academy of Music doorway by means of the step-ladder of accompanying a pseudo-nigger minstrel troupe. My mother was musical, my father had a good voice. As a boy I was a treble soloist. My voice broke, and I accompanied and conducted the minstrel troupe in spare time from office-work. Miss Agnes Larkcom thenadays used to come to Nottingham to teach. She gave me an introduction to Mr. Randegger. His encouragement meant my farewell to books and figures. I entered the R.A.M. in Mr. Frederic King's class. From the first my voice as a man has been a real bass, but I remember at the R.A.M. opera class singing Carmen's Toreador—transposed down. While I was still an Academy student I was given a small part in Berlioz's *Faust* at the Norwich Festival of 1899—I sang alongside Albani, Lloyd, and Black.'

'What was the real starting-point of your public singing?'

'Percy Harrison, of Birmingham, a powerful impresario in those days, engaged me for his subscription concerts. But for a time things were hard. I had the usual little humiliations of a young singer who wants to be a really commanding figure straightaway, but has to be glad enough to accept little engagements for—well, for the smallest possible number of guineas, if guineas are in the plural at all! My first Covent Garden year was 1905. It was the opening night—*Don Giovanni* under Richter, with Destinn, Renaud, and Journet. I was the Commandatore—not a small ordeal, I rather seem to remember.

'The next year (1906) was my first Handel Festival. I sang Judas Maccabæus. I was the "kid" of the Festival, and at the public rehearsal things went swimmingly enough. But before the performance I had not been particularly well, and in *Arm, arm ye brave* I "cracked" on the top E. Dreadful moment! I felt that the sound of that note at such an august ceremony must have gone forth to all the nation, and certainly I wasn't allowed to forget it by chaffing friends. But anyhow everybody still remained quite kind, and I was applauded charmingly by the chorus and audience, and in spite of that E I have sung at the other Handel Festivals since.'

'At how many Festivals all told have you sung?'

'Sorry! But it is so long since I gave up being an accountant. Roughly, say thirty.'

'And how often have you sung in *The Messiah*?'

'Sorry again! But, at a guess, two hundred times. And certainly a dozen to fifteen times in many years.'

'And how often have you sung in public?'

The question has Mr. Radford thoroughly beaten. He diffidently ventures the estimate 'three thousand.'

THE ENGLISH OPERA-SINGING REVIVAL

'Discuss [so the catechism proceeded] one or more new musical influences of your time.'

'There appears to me to have been a new dawn of appreciation of opera. The English *Ring* performances of Richter fourteen years ago, followed by Denhof's seasons and then, of course, Sir Thomas Beecham's, are bound to be historical. I must say I am an enthusiast for opera myself. I think it is a branch of music that a country cannot properly do without. There are people for whom it is the only avenue to music. I think a national school of opera singing (I do not mean a "National School" in capitals) is necessary if singers are to be complete artists. All this is rather more a faith of mine than just a professional outlook. I mean to say that as things are at present opera is not exactly an overwhelming pecuniary lure! I might even hint that a good many English singers who have given themselves to opera in the past dozen years or so were far from doing the best thing pecuniarily for themselves. But opera has a lure—a permanent lure both for singers and for the public. There are other musical forms as good, of course, but nothing that quite takes its place.'

The talk was inevitably drawing near the subject of the recent successful launching in the North of the British National Opera Company, which this May is taking the boards at Covent Garden. In the refloating of this Company—reported two and a half years ago, under the name of the Beecham Company, to be, after many a gallant expedition, a complete wreck—Mr. Radford has, of course, been a prime mover.

'February and March at Bradford, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Leeds, and Halifax showed that there is in the country an appetite such as had never been before for opera. Hopes have been surpassed. And so, although Italian and German and French and Russian ghosts may rise in myriads when we sing at Covent Garden in May, I remain quite optimistic about London. When I look round for the causes of this fresh appreciation it occurs to me that one share in the credit must go to the gramophone. Gramophone discs have taught people far and wide to know well certain portions of many operas. Many who have never been opera-goers are now not in fear of being entirely in the dark.

The gramophone is undoubtedly making rapid changes in the musical world. Apart from opera, it is changing the teaching of music in schools. Take Oundle; I suppose it is one of the most progressive of our public schools. Full-dress oratorios are performed there, and the gramophone is a regular means of musical instruction.'

THE SINGER'S TECHNIQUE

'Is opera-singing calculated to improve the English oratorio style?'

'We often hear now that it does. It is true enough, of course. It is also true that a good oratorio style is useful for opera. It is fair to English oratorio tradition to remember that Richter enlisted very many of his English *Ring* performers from the oratorio school. A good singer of Bach and Handel is already in no small part equipped for singing Mozart, Verdi, and Wagner. After all, some of the demands are the same. The singer of Bach and Handel has learnt to carve, so to speak, a formed and decided and eloquent vocal line. That too is wanted if a voice is going to be effective in a large theatre with a large orchestra storming at you. Now there is a modern type of quite artistic singer who is a failure at both. This is the type of singer who has never learnt to use a big brush.'

'This type, then, is something new since your own student days?'

'Apparently; anyhow I seem to come across more youngsters to-day whose one and only ambition is the singing of "art songs," and remarkably intelligent and musicianly youngsters they often are. But there is a tendency among them to mix their tastes in general music with matters of vocal technique. They wish at all costs to sing the music of certain modern composers, and certain modern composers seem to me to have the fault of writing vocal music which disregards the very nature of the human voice. Do they write for the violin in a way which would be more appropriate for kettle-drums? Anyhow, at colleges where I examine I find the level of intelligence and musical perception high and the average command of voice production poor. These clever students cannot, for all their musicianship, step out and take a creditable part in the B minor Mass or *Aida*.'

'What music, then, if not Schönberg and Stravinsky, should be the singer's school?'

'Sing Purcell, Bach, Handel, and Mozart I suggest, and if you can sing them well, then you may shame the devil!'

'What music is your own private delight?'

'The answer is in four letters—B-A-C-H. When I need a tonic I sit down and play Bach—cantatas and so on. For pleasure in actual singing give me Handel, Mozart, Verdi, and Wagner—all of them men who knew how to

write for the bass voice. There comes in a little grievance I have against composers of to-day. How many of them think of differentiating voices? Of course there is Elgar, and every bass must take off his hat at the name. Judas, in *The Apostles*, is one of the greatly characterised parts of universal music. There are some first-rate songs of John Ireland. (And in parenthesis I rather pat myself on the back for having been some sort of factor in getting Ireland's earlier songs published.)

'But if you grumble to an ordinary composer that his songs are too high for you, he gaily says, "Oh, transpose down a third or so!" Yes, transpose down, accompaniment and all, and the composition becomes dull and ineffective! It is curious that in days when so much is thought of orchestral colour-values composers are so indifferent towards vocal values. I should have thought it was clear that in a bass song the distribution of the accompaniment, for instance, ought to be quite different from a soprano song. In the orchestra a composer does not lightly say, "Oh, transpose that trumpet part down and give it to a bassoon."

'I think huge credit is due to Mr. Plunket Greene for winning nowadays a hearing for bass voices in music of a better stamp than used to be the vogue. It is not so long ago since a bass soloist could sing little more interesting songs than *The Diver* and *The Skipper* type. I notice, too, that there appear to be more true basses nowadays than twenty years or so ago. I seem to remember that a true bass was rather a rare bird. We could to-day do well with a first-class basso cantante, heavy and with a big upward range—I mean a Wotan voice. It is not easy in the length and breadth of the land to find a good English Wotan, I can assure you.'

[Mr. Radford's own range is from about F sharp above the bass stave to the C below it.]

'Beecham was once conducting a rehearsal of *The Magic Flute*, and at one place in Sarastro's recitative, where one usually goes up to C, Beecham pointed down, and I dived beneath the stave. It "came off," and ever since I have sung the low C.'

TRANSLATIONS AND SCENERY

Mr. Radford draws by way of a hobby, and he confesses to having composed 'on the quiet.'

'One of my songs was published under a *nom de guerre* by Boosey, and had something of a success, but I don't really suffer from swelled head on that account.'

In the first English *Ring* Mr. Radford sang Hunding and Fasolt. Then in the first Beecham season he took part in Strauss's *St. John's Eve* and

in Mozart's *Seraglio* (Osmin). Among very many later rôles some of his favourites are Boris Godounov, Ivan the Terrible, the Father in *Louise*, Pogner, and King Mark. He feels strongly about the inadequacy of many English versions of well-known operas.

'Ludicrous translations have been a great handicap to the singing of opera in English. The chief responsibility is the publisher's. Some foreign publishers in particular seem neither to know nor care what nonsense in guise of English is printed in the score. Then there are able literary people who write readable translations which however ignore the quality of singableness. Before anyone dares to publish an English version of an important opera there ought to be a round-table conference at which all the points could be discussed. This is a question which one day the National Opera Company is going into thoroughly. As it is, most singers edit their parts themselves. Bit by bit we ought to build up a collection of definitive English librettos, each one tested in sense and in use. There are few enough existing ones that will pass all tests.

'A valuable innovation which the National Opera Company can already plume itself on is the new substitute for scenery—Mr. Oliver Bernard's device—which has been approved lately in the North. The principle is: curtains played on by shifting lights instead of solid "sets." My own belief is that in all the non-realistic operas this will entirely replace conventional scenery. Mr. Herbert Thompson, at Leeds, gave it the warmest praise, and to my mind the poetic, atmospheric effect is incomparable. The idea derives, no doubt, from Gordon Craig's theories of stage decoration. There is furthermore the additional advantage that much money is saved in avoiding the transport of scenery. In fact, it opens up a fresh future for opera performances, particularly in the provinces. *The Magic Flute*, *Tannhäuser*, *Tristan*, *Faust*, and *Madame Butterfly* have already been staged in this way. The experiment is to be tried next month at Covent Garden.'

Mr. Radford remembered that when his words saw the light, 'next month' would be 'this month,' the fateful month of May.

'It will be a month of crucial importance to English singers. We do not ask for overmuch indulgence from opera-goers. At the same time, let them be as kind as they can be. This is the reorganized Company's first year, and difficulties are pretty considerable. But the give-and-take and the *esprit de corps* behind the scenes are extraordinary—a refutation of those who scoffed at vain opera-singers being incapable of pulling together in a common cause.'

In a last word, Mr. Radford was asked about the prospect of English music finding a home among these English singers.

'A ticklish question! The size of Covent Garden is such a consideration. If we were playing in a smaller theatre there are half-a-dozen English operas which it would be a pleasure and an assured success to stage; but isn't it a fact that the indubitable masterpieces of English opera are little masterpieces—I mean *Savitrì* and *The Immortal Hour*, and *The Boatswain's Mate* and *Shamus O'Brien*—whereas Covent Garden was built for Meyerbeer and Verdi? Can you yourself name an English grand opera, of the Covent Garden scale, appropriate in every way for production by us this summer?'

[But here the catechised catechiser blenched, and was still.]

'But as time goes on the production of English operas will be one of the very reasons of the National Company's being,' said Mr. Radford.

And he mentioned a name or two; but for these the time is not yet. C.

PROTECTION FOR CRITICS

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

The critics seem to have been having rather a bad time lately. First of all there was the case of the Editor of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, who was ordered by a court—apparently in perfect seriousness—to place at the service of some dramatist or other, who thought he had not been treated with sufficient respect, twice the space of the original article for a reply to a criticism. Next came the Parisian actress who threatened proceedings against an artist for having exhibited a caricature of her—which of course is only another form of criticism. Then another Parisian actress sued a dramatic critic for damages because he gave in print the true reason for the sudden termination of one of her performances—which was not that she was overcome by the emotion induced by her part, but simply that her dental plate had come in two. The lady did not deny the truth of the explanation, but felt that in making it public the journalist had been lacking in reverence for her as an artist. They are a touchy lot. You can't chaff them without their being offended; you can't discuss them seriously without their being offended. What *are* you to do with them?

Recently we have had the sad spectacle of Mr. C. B. Cochran being compelled to conquer his well-known aversion from self-advertisement and come into the limelight with an attack on the dramatic critics. Mr. Cochran is nothing if not thorough-going. It is only his kindness of heart that holds him back from suing for libel those

critics who are so thick of head or so hard of heart as not to recognise that whatever Mr. Cochran does in revue is right. 'I imagine,' he says, 'that if a newspaper stated that a customer at Harrod's Stores indignantly refused to pay for a handkerchief sold as silk but actually of calico it would make itself liable for a libel action unless it could prove the statement to be true.' I suppose it is only my stupidity, but it does not seem to me that the two cases are absolutely parallel. Whether a handkerchief is made of silk or of calico is a matter of fact, not of opinion. There are tests by which it can be settled to everyone's satisfaction. But whether a 'turn' in a revue is sufficiently clever or amusing for a critic to write home about, or even to write to his paper about, is a matter less of fact than of opinion; and I cannot quite see our judges and juries, as yet, sending people to gaol for the crime of differing from an impresario on a matter of taste.

Now that threats of legal action are in the air, perhaps the critic may be allowed to contribute a note or two to the chorus. He is generally regarded by the people who are technically known as artists as something to be fired at. What if, as a change, he begins firing himself? It may easily come to this if certain people in the world of music do not mend their ways.

They are strange people, these artists. They profess to have the utmost contempt for criticism and the critics; yet they spend many pounds every year in reprinting the criticism of the critics—when it happens to be favourable. No critic objects to that procedure in and by itself. Critics are kind-hearted people, and if they can help a lame dog over a stile they are only too glad to do so. But they have a right to object, and they do object, to the dog getting the lift under false pretences. The dog, for his part, has no right to go about making it appear that a critic has been admirably helping him over the stile when what the critic really tried to do was to push him under the stile and keep him there, in the interests of other dogs and of humanity's calves. Still less right has the dog to go about saying that the critic tried to poison and hamstring him, when all the critic did was to say that he did not like the dog's bark, or was doubtful as to his having a license.

Some of these 'artists' have a way of cutting out a sentence here and a phrase there from a criticism, and reprinting these in such a way as to make it appear that what was at its best a tolerant or ironic smile on the critic's face was really a grin of ecstatic welcome. Sometimes the 'artist' goes beyond even this mild form of sharp practice. I once wrote about a certain foreign singer in terms that were designed to make it clear even to him how little I thought of his art. A little later a compatriot of this person, returned from a tour in his native country, told me that this 'artist' was everywhere proclaiming in the native press and in his programmes that I had alleged him to be one of the greatest singers I had ever heard. I have no remedy, of course. Sheer mendacity of this

kind is rare, but the methods of one or two 'artists' in this country also have made me doubt whether they have pondered very deeply on the ethics of quotation.

I am moved to these remarks by a recent experience with an English composer who shall be nameless. This person advertised in at least two English newspapers that the *Sunday Times* had said that 'this composer's work is dead, dead beyond recall.' I quote in full what I did say, omitting only, in charity, the name of the composer and that of the work under discussion :

'At the same concert we had the Overture to Mr. X.'s ——. I should have preferred to say nothing about it, for it is against my nature to speak ill of the dead, and ——*, I fear, is dead beyond the hope of resurrection. Sometimes, however, an autopsy on a musical work is desirable in order to determine the cause of death. —— evidently died because of a lack of harmony between its various functions. The Overture is typical of the whole. It shows Mr. X. as a composer without the smallest faculty of self-criticism. Whatever comes into his head apparently goes on to paper; there is no sifting out, no refining of this and scrapping of that. The result is that each of his long works is the strangest medley of real genius and distressing commonness. Genuine inspirations rub shoulders with ideas that make you wonder how any man could write them out and not see the banality of them. There are things in the —— Overture that make you catch your breath with astonishment and delight; there are other things that make you blush for the composer.'

It is clear from this, surely, that I was discussing not the composer's work as a whole, but one work only of his, and that even in that work I found a good deal to admire. Is it a constitutional incapacity for accuracy that makes him pervert this judgment, in his advertisements, into 'this composer's work is dead, dead beyond recall'—the implication of these words being that I was referring to the whole of his work—or must we seek another explanation? Even the phrase 'dead, dead beyond recall' is not mine.

Anyhow, this sort of thing cannot be permitted to continue. Mr. X.'s perversion of my words must have come under the eyes of many people who would have no means of knowing that it *was* a perversion. I found it innocently reproduced, as gospel truth, in two American journals, and no doubt it appeared in others. I am not taking the incident too seriously. Students of instrumentation are familiar with the description of the bassoon as the clown of the orchestra. This particular composer is regarded by some people as the bassoon among composers; and for that reason they look with an indulgent eye upon his escapades.

* *I.e.*, this particular work—an opera.

It may interest composers, artists, and agents to know that the Critics' Circle (in connection with the Institute of Journalists) has recently been deliberating on matters of this sort. The critics have too long submitted uncomplainingly to their criticisms being distorted and perverted for the purpose of advertisement. Artists and agents, as a result of license too long unchecked, have come to believe that they have not only a prescriptive right to *quote* part or all of an article for their own purpose (which, of course, by law they have not), but a right to *misquote* it in any way that suits them best. Sometimes a critic who invariably initials his own articles in the newspaper for which he writes finds that an uninitialled notice by some other member of the staff is reproduced with his name appended to it. He is thus made responsible in the public eye for an opinion with which perhaps he disagrees. Sometimes, by selection and rearrangement of words, he is made to say something quite different from what he really did say. I write, let us suppose, that 'among the violinists of the third class, Miss Jones is a player of the first order.' This is reproduced in the advertisements with the first seven words omitted. I have seen critiques so mutilated in this and other ways that in their advertised form they have expressed the exact opposite to what the critic meant to convey.

Occasionally the alteration is so slight that one can hardly say positively that it amounts to perversion, yet the critic knows that the reader of the advertisement is getting from it an impression rather different from that which he would have got from the article itself. Here is an example of this milder form of manipulation. In a recent *Musical Times* review of new pianoforte music (not by me, let me add) appeared the following: 'Cyril Scott's *Inclination à la Danse* (Elkin) has an impetus that is too often lacking in his music. Its harmonic flavour is sharper, and its rhythm more incisive. We could do with more Scott of this kind.' This has been condensed in an advertisement into eight words: 'We could do with more of this kind.—*Musical Times*.' I leave it to the reader to say whether he thinks this conveys accurately the full meaning of the reviewer.

A principle is at stake, and it is time either some aggrieved individual or some responsible journalistic body took action upon it. In law, the rights in an article are vested in the author or the paper. The moral right to reasonable quotation has never been denied, but if the quotation is to be not merely unreasonable but positively misleading then it is time someone put the law into force against a transgressor, as a lesson to the others.

A few months ago, it will be remembered, Mr. Rudyard Kipling brought an action against the makers of a certain proprietary article for the alleged unauthorised and improper use of a verse of one of his poems to advertise their preparation. He won his case, and was granted an injunction to restrain further infringement, with costs against the defendants.

'It was said [remarked Mr. Justice Peterson, in giving judgment] that quotation was permissible if it was fair and reasonable. No doubt an author might not object to quotation for certain purposes; but there was no right to take a substantial part without the author's consent, and he [the learned judge] saw no reason why an author should permit the use of a quotation for the purpose of pushing the goods of an advertiser.'

Now it is frankly for the purpose of pushing their goods that composers and performers reprint the remarks of critics; and the critics have at least the right to ask that in this process of unauthorised reprinting they shall not be made to seem to say something quite different from what they really said—either by pure falsification on the advertiser's part or by manipulations of, or omissions from, the original text. These people and their agents have too long assumed that a critic's articles are theirs to do what they like with. I suggest that it be impressed upon them that if they wish to reprint an article, or part of one, for advertisement purposes of their own, they should first submit to the critic or the newspaper, for his or its approval, the summary or the paraphrase they propose to make of it: and that every such reprint shall bear the date of the original article. This is sometimes of the first importance to the critic. I myself have had the annoyance of seeing some many-years-old references of mine to a certain composer—about whom my opinion has largely changed in the interval—circulated without their date being given, and so made to convey a wholly false impression of my present views upon him.

Some day, I think, the courts will have to be asked to decide as to whether these traditional practices of artists and agents are permissible. Within the last few months an American author, Mr. W. F. McCaleb, brought an action—and, I believe, won it—against the exhibitors of an 'historical' film for misquoting on the screen from an historical treatise of his. He

'... alleged in his pleading that the purported quotation is erroneous, and that it expresses a view diametrically opposed to the opinion in fact expressed by him in his book, and that it is injurious to him in his reputation and standing as an author and historian.'

Commenting on the case, the *Author* (the journal of the [British] Incorporated Society of Authors) says that

'... it would seem, on the principle of the British cases,* that Mr. McCaleb is right, and that he ought to succeed in his action if he can prove that the quotation attributes to him an opinion which, in fact, he never expressed.'

* Cases decided by English courts in the author's favour on the ground of 'misrepresentation of facts as to what the author had written, thereby falsely imputing to him the authorship of work inferior to his own standard of work in the same class.' Some of the perversions I have seen of a critic's words for advertisement purposes would certainly come under this category.

I hope that the people who are in the habit of manipulating Press notices for their own purposes will take note of these legal opinions. The majority of these good people are not consciously dishonourable; they are simply doing blindly or semi-humorously what it has become the practice in the profession to do. Now they know how the critics resent it, they will no doubt see that it is not cricket, and give it up. To the others—who are impervious to any appeal to their honour—the friendly warning may be given that they are playing a dangerous game.

ZOLTÁN KODÁLY

By CECIL GRAY

While the name of Kodály is already vaguely familiar to a few, his work remains almost entirely unknown for the very good reason that, with the exception of two early works, none of it has hitherto been published. This omission, we are glad to note, is now being speedily made good, and the recent simultaneous issue by the Universal-Edition of several of his latest works affords ample opportunity to everyone who is interested in contemporary developments for making the acquaintance of a singularly talented and original personality.

The fact that he already enjoys a certain legendary and shadowy reputation among *cognoscenti* without his works being known is in great measure due to the constant association of his name with that of his compatriot and contemporary, Béla Bartók, whose works are relatively familiar. This association, though doubtless inevitable, is not at all to Kodály's advantage, all the less so because there are at first sight sufficient superficial resemblances between them to justify it, and even to warrant the inference that Kodály is only a follower or imitator of Bartók. Nothing could be further from the truth. Such stylistic similarities as do undoubtedly exist are not the result of the influence of either composer upon the other, but are simply the outcome of wholly impersonal and extraneous influences to which both have equally been subject. Their respective talents have been nurtured by identically the same conditions, and have reacted to precisely the same artistic stimuli, particularly that afforded by the distinctive idiomatic peculiarities of Hungarian folk-music. But there the resemblance ends. Although both speak the same language to a certain extent, they express a totally different order of ideas and emotions. Their personalities are quite distinct from each other, and this, after all, is the only thing that really matters. It is not, ultimately, the national element which Borodin and Moussorgsky share in common that imparts significance to their music, but their individual genius. They merely happened to make use of certain hitherto neglected modes of expression for their own very good purposes. The reason why the music of

Rimsky-Korsakov, on the other hand, does not exhibit the same genuine and lasting qualities lies precisely in his utter lack of personality, in his almost entire reliance upon novel and exotic colouring and idiomatic piquancies which fail to retain our attention once the charm of their novelty and unfamiliarity has worn off. Although Kodály's utterance is highly coloured by national peculiarities, the quality of his thought is markedly personal, and a comparison of his music with that of Bartók reveals more contrasts than of similarities, more points of divergence than contact.

Kodály has written very few works—surprisingly few, in fact; but it would be a great mistake to assume that this is due to any lack of invention. As a matter of fact, sterility in art is far more frequently characterised by excessive than by restricted production; in any case, a few good works constitute a surer earnest of virility than a multitude of bad ones. The exiguity of Kodály's output, like that of many other fine artists, is due rather to a deliberate restraint and self-control than to any lack of invention. He is the possessor of an unsparing critical sense, and a laudable distaste for encumbering the already

groaning earth with even one more unnecessary or imperfectly realised work.

This aristocratic reserve and sensibility reveals itself also in his choice of *media*. He does not appear to be greatly attracted to the orchestra, but prefers to confine himself almost entirely to the comparatively restricted domain of chamber music. Two songs with orchestral accompaniment are his sole contribution to the larger forms. It is this curious and possibly unique combination of a popular and idiomatic mode of expression with refinement and delicacy of feeling, which constitutes the peculiar charm and appeal of Kodály's art.

In the earlier works the popular element tends to preponderate, and in some of the pianoforte pieces (Op. 3) can be found traces of an exasperated sensibility and a less restrained emotion than his later works exhibit. Particularly interesting is the group of sixteen songs with pianoforte accompaniment, settings of traditional words to music which embodies to such a remarkable degree the idiomatic characteristics of the Hungarian folk-songs on which they are modelled that they are almost indistinguishable from the originals. Here is a typical passage from No. 4:

SIXTEEN SONGS, OP. 1, No. 4.

KODÁLY.

Ex. 1. *mp cresc.*

Indeed, Kodály is much more uncompromisingly national from the very beginning than Bartók. The latter in his early works shows evident traces of the influence of Wagner and Strauss; but the former seems always to have evinced a decided hostility to German music, and to have altogether escaped its influence, for better or for worse. But in the course of time, while Bartók becomes more Beethovenian, Kodály falls to a certain extent under the influence of the modern French school, to certain members of which he reveals a marked affinity—although, unlike them, he neither falls into a bath of tonal impressionism nor makes use of any programmatic implications, literary or pictorial.

But while his style becomes more cosmopolitan and eclectic, the quality of his thought becomes increasingly personal. This is generally found to be the case with nationalist composers, unless they are content to write a few works, or, alternatively, to go on repeating *ad infinitum* what they have already said. It is no mere coincidence that Borodin, to use his own words, was only a *Sonntags-musiker*, who nevertheless found time to say all that he had to say in the intervals between his chemistry lectures at a girls' school (or was it experimental physics, like Dr. Pangloss in *Candide*?); that Moussorgsky similarly wrote very little, and seems to have spent most of his time in trying to supplement

the somewhat poor yield of the national soil by means of too copious libations to local deities; that Synge had already begun to repeat himself before his untimely death; that Mr. Yeats, not being a professor of chemistry nor a *Sonntags-dichter*, nor yet a dipsomaniac, and still very much alive, came to an end of his limited, if exquisite, vein many years ago; or that Sibelius, Bartók, Stravinsky even, have all to a very large extent abandoned nationalism, or have, at any rate, mixed so many extraneous elements with it that it is no longer pure and undefiled. The fact is that although nationalism is a fertile field for musical exploitation, it is one which is quickly exhausted. Its many and indisputable riches lie near the surface, and its soil needs the constant enrichment of the more fecund, though probably more corrupt, loam of cosmopolitanism. The deeper and more profound an artist's utterance, the more universal in style, the more individual in conception it tends to become. Nationalism is a *via media*, a middle term, neither one thing nor another, neutralising complete individuality of thought and inhibiting a large and impersonal utterance of it.

And so we find that in his later and maturer works Kodály adopts a slightly broader and more eclectic style, although, as with Bartók or Sibelius, his thought is still recognisably coloured by racial proclivities.

It is difficult to think of any work for a solo instrument other than the pianoforte since the time of Bach which is able to awaken and maintain our interest except possibly Paganini's Violin *Capricci*. Stravinsky's clarinet pieces, for example, short though they be, succeed in outlasting our even shorter patience. To write an unaccompanied 'Cello Sonata in three movements, as

Kodály has done, demands considerable courage, but his musicianship is more than equal to the test. Our attention is held from first to last, as much by the abstract musical interest of each movement as by the wealth of resource and ingenuity of treatment which so eloquently testify to the intimate understanding of the nature and capabilities of the instrument for which the work is written. It is all the more worthy of serious attention in view of the scarcity of interesting modern 'cello music. It must be admitted, however, that it demands a virtuoso to perform it, the last movement in particular being of exceptional difficulty.

The *Duo*, Op. 7, for violin and 'cello, is hardly so satisfactory, largely on account of the almost insoluble problem which the combination presents. The perfect balance and texture of the quartet or even of the trio are unattainable, while the compensating advantages of the free, rhapsodic, and improvisatory possibilities at the disposal of the solo instrument are similarly excluded. A duo is not an ensemble nor yet two solo instruments, and in a work of any considerable length the unsatisfactory nature of the combination is bound to manifest itself. The slow movement nevertheless is one of great charm and melodic beauty.

The second String Quartet, Op. 10, is stylistically akin to the Quartets of Debussy and Ravel, relying less upon melodic independence or intricacy in the part-writing than on harmonic or colouristic contrast. The second movement—a slow movement, *Scherzo*, and *Finale* in one—is characteristically national in the constant vivid alternation of emotional extremes which it exhibits, between a mood of tender and elegiac sorrow and one of exuberant, almost boisterous, gaiety. Here is an extract:

QUARTET NO. 2, OP. 10.

KODÁLY.

Ex. 2.

pp molto dolce. ppp ppp mp f

senza sord. f cresc. con fuoco. cresc. f allargando.

The *Serenade* for two violins and viola (Op. 12) is the most recent of Kodály's works and one of the most attractive, particularly the second movement—a dialogue between the first violin and viola, while the second violin sustains throughout a soft, murmuring accompaniment—

a conception full of charm and delicate ironic fantasy:

SERENADE, OP. 12.

KODÁLY.

Ex. 3.

Lento ma non troppo. (♩ = 92.)

1st V. *p* *indifferente.*

2nd V. *sempre p p* (*tremolo con sordino.*)

p espress. *cres.* *cres.* *cres.* *p* *ff* *p* *ff*

In fact, Kodály's slow movements strike us as being on the whole his best; they are certainly the most completely personal. He has a vein of wistful meditation, of searching melancholy and tenderness, which is peculiarly his own. With all his simplicity and directness we are nevertheless always conscious of a curious subtlety and refinement of style, a studious exactness and precision of touch underlying the somewhat deceptive appearance of candour and ingenuousness in his procedure.

Bartók touches greater heights and wider extremes than Kodály; his genius is of a more robust order. Kodály seems rather to avoid extremes, not necessarily because he is fundamentally incapable of them, nor because he subscribes to the anti-

emotionalist dogmas of a certain momentarily prominent group of composers, but simply out of a natural and instinctive reticence and a habit of emotional reserve.

There is a delicate and elusive fragrance about his music which it is impossible to define or analyse; a subtle flavour and aroma not unlike that of his native Tokay, imperceptible no doubt to palates vitiated by the vodka of the modern Russians, or by the cocktails and Cocteaux of 'Les Six.' We may be indifferent to it at first, but in time we learn to appreciate it. If this brief and inadequate notice should be the means of introducing it to a few potential admirers, its modest purpose will have been achieved.

PLAYER-PIANO PROJECTS

By J. D. M. RORKE

Mr. Carroll Brent Chilton is an enthusiast for musical culture, and, in particular, for the player-piano. I understand he was in at the birth of that invention, and he has been its devoted exponent and advocate ever since. Mechanically, the player-piano has reached a limited perfection, and for a number of years the only improvements have been in points of detail. It is also in widespread use. Mr. Chilton, however, is disappointed with the results. It has not achieved, and does not promise to achieve, for the cause of music anything like so much as he had hoped. In particular, it is not leading to any increase of technical musical knowledge. Mr. Chilton believes that, to a large extent, the standard form of instrument used is responsible for this failure. He has evolved ideas of his own for developing its educational possibilities. Apparently he has been unable to get any manufacturer to carry them out, and he appeals to musical people generally for support and pressure.

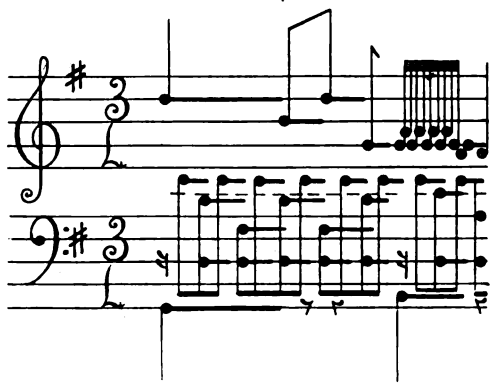
Mr. Chilton presents his case with perhaps rather too much abundance and impetuosity for the average Englishman. He takes a big view, and is full of ideas, very sound and illuminating, but by the time his 'pen has gleaned his teeming brain' the reader is somewhat dazed. Yet this ought not to blind us to, what seems to me at least, the very real importance of his argument and the very great merits of his suggestions. His proposals are two.

I.

'Audiscript Score.' This is the name given to a roll, perforated in the ordinary way, on which appears also the printed score. It is to be used in combination with an instrument Mr. Chilton has planned, in which the tracker-bar, music-roll, and take-up spool are set perpendicularly; in operation the paper passes laterally across the tracker-box, from right to left, the natural motion for reading. In addition, a running analytical commentary is printed on the roll.

The question arises of where the score would be placed on the roll. It is obvious that, even on the uppermost portion of the paper, the notation would be cut up and largely obliterated every time the music made an excursion to the top of the keyboard. This difficulty is met by printing the score very large across practically the whole width of the roll. As a matter of fact, the staves are so planned that the printed notes are in actual association with the perforations which they represent. The cuttings in the paper grow out of the notation, as will be seen in the accompanying photograph.

3 ANDANTE By MOZART
from a four hand Transcription.



This, in brief, is Mr. Chilton's proposal. A consideration of it raises certain practical queries and criticisms which I can indicate, although I am not competent to gauge their seriousness. As to the horizontal movement of the roll, there would certainly be no mechanical difficulty in this, and it would seem to me to be an improvement even with the rolls that we have (*e.g.*, for song rolls, with the words printed on them). The only doubt is, how would it affect the tracking of the roll? Mr. Chilton claims that it would improve the tracking, that gravity would keep the paper in constant alignment by its lower edge, and make a self-tracking device unnecessary. On the other hand, it seems to me possible that there would be an increased tendency of the paper to 'billow.'

The 'Audiscript' score is not such plain sailing as at first sight it may appear. There are no accidentals in the excerpt reproduced. If you think out the problem of these, and then consider a page of very chromatic modern music, it is obvious how continually notation and perforation must part company. The attempt to make them coincide might as well be abandoned; it will often lead to that very obliteration which it is designed to avoid. It must be left over, unless and until the day comes of a reformed notation, in which every note on the pianoforte is shown always in the same position on the stave, whatever its name. Further, the cost looms big. I do not

know what the expense of such large-scale engraving would be, or of such a triumph of adjustment as would be needed to make the printing register with the perforation through a long roll, with various changes of key-signature. It is no use pretending the cost would not be high, and possibly prohibitive, except for rolls with a very large circulation. Alternatives suggest themselves: an extra two-inch strip at the top of the roll on which the notation and commentary could be printed. But this would unclass the standard width, and unfit or handicap the instrument for playing existing rolls. The only practical course would seem to be Mr. Chilton's first idea of printing the notation at the top of a standard-size roll, and letting it take its chance, and occasionally suffer from invasions by the perforation.

These are practical difficulties which I think should be exposed. But there is none of them which cannot be overcome, and which ought not to be overcome when we realise the very great importance of this proposal. I do not think even Mr. Chilton himself overstates it.

To begin with the most immediate result: It would lead not only to more intelligent but more artistic renderings, the player-pianist having phrase-marks, bar-lines, and every indication of the score before his eyes.

But the possible gain that comes into view is something very much bigger. There are thousands of people using player-pianos, perhaps hundreds of thousands, and among them a great many real enthusiasts, who are handling music in masses quite out of reach of the ordinary performer, and getting bigger views and wider impressions than are otherwise possible to any but the very best-informed musicians. This is all to the good. It has unlocked a whole new realm of interest and joy to the layman, and it is bound to affect the general level of musical taste. But it is becoming very obvious now that the effect of the player-piano on musical culture is strictly limited, and shows no signs of ever passing its limitations. The lover of music in this sort shows little or no tendency to pass on into the freedom and mastery of the art for creative or any other purposes. The gulf between him and the musician remains as wide as before. Music may be for him one of the most real and familiar values of life, but it is still an entirely mysterious thing. However great or small a factor technical understanding may be reckoned to be, it is certain that without it there can be no possession of music. The mere music-lover hasn't got the freedom of the city. He may know its length and breadth and beauties better than many of the citizens themselves—that is a common case—but he has to confess that he is a stranger and sojourner. The cloud-capped towers, gorgeous palaces, solemn temples, and so on are for him too, but the fact remains that there are these others who can at least build some No. 57, Harris Street, and would in time evolve a new city if the old were swept away, while he couldn't begin to put brick to brick.

Now the perforations of a music-roll treat one as a tourist and sight-seer, but the musical notation treats one as a citizen. One may be very far from deserving or desiring to be taken so seriously, but I strongly feel that we ought not to be given the first without the second. I could almost say that it is immoral. It is the kind of thing an artistic and paternal government would make illegal. Only by being treated as citizens can some few here and there among the outsiders ever develop towards that status.

It would be a great mistake to claim too much. I am not under the delusion that any sensational revolution is going to be effected simply by deploying the score under the eye of our average player-pianist while the music is in his ears. On the other hand, we must not underestimate the immense psychological importance of a graphic representation, especially for those unused to classifying sounds. I am perfectly sure that even that rough presentation of what is happening which the existing music-roll supplies is a very large factor in the ordinary man's apprehension of music that he gets in this way. He has a right to be given a graphic representation in a rational and intelligible form. Our present musical notation is not one of the triumphs of the human mind. It is excessively clumsy and makeshift, but it is the accepted written language of music. We don't give an infant a picture-book without some lines of text below, which he can ignore or presently spell his way through, and in music we ought not to treat anyone as outside the pale. No doubt the bulk of players will remain unable to read, but we shall have thrown open the way, and there will be some, especially among young people, who will take advantage of it.

In addition, I hardly need to urge the value of the running commentary on the music which it is proposed to print on the roll. Mr. Chilton, I think, plans his notes too elaborately. One doesn't want to stop to read through a paragraph of biographical information or of poetical description; that can be got from books. All that is desirable is a brief analysis of structure. The sections, for example, of a movement in sonata form would be marked—Introduction, Exposition, Working-out, Recapitulation, *Coda*, any Episodes, &c.; the main subjects would be lettered and their recurrences and derivatives noted, and every change of key pointed out. It may be said that this information, too, can be got from books. Not always, and besides it usually wants more effort and skill to apply than the plain man is equal to. What is the use of asking him to locate bar 256, even with some such additional direction as 'after a brief incursion into G minor'? But with notes printed in their proper place on the roll, he would lap up knowledge of form without knowing he was being educated. This would be a very simple and uncostly improvement, and the only wonder is that it is not already standard practice.

I would reiterate, however, that the vital matter is the printing of the musical notation. Of all

that is being said and done to develop the educational possibilities of the player-piano, this proposal takes on for me the momentous importance of a key-position, a sort of bridge-head, if we hope at all to open up a way from the love of music to the freedom and possession of it, and if the widely-diffused enthusiasm that this instrument generates and nourishes is going to contribute anything solid to the musical culture of our time. There is, unfortunately, no public demand for it, and accordingly no commercial motive for introducing it. All that can be done is to try to spread the feeling that there is something almost artistically immoral in the present position. Ever more and more people, like myself, are living on an art which they don't hold up, which they couldn't keep alive, far less lift up to that increasing life which is the only alternative to decadence.

II.

Only a very short note can be given to Mr. Chilton's second proposal, though it also is interesting. He wants to see on the market a small and cheap students' player-instrument for the reading of music. Our only idea of a player-piano is a display instrument that weighs a ton and costs from £150 upwards, and in a fair wind can be heard a mile. Mr. Chilton plans a 'Ford' player, the size of a small writing-desk, weighing fifty pounds and costing £20: simply a 'Reader,' inaudible a few yards away. A stringed instrument of any compass seems to me impracticable on this tiny scale, but perhaps the idea could be carried out with tuning-forks on 'Dulcitone' lines, or in the form of a reed-organ.

I said that the perforated roll should not be put into the layman's hands without the musical score. The larger significance of this second proposal would seem to be that the printed score should not be put into the student's hands without a presentation to the ear.

Probably it will always be a small percentage of musical people who can read a score by eye alone quickly and satisfyingly. Even these may be in difficulties when they meet with a new idiom—compare Schumann's change of opinion about *Tannhäuser* when he heard it, having previously only seen the score. Again, a skilled reviewer of the *Musical Times* was complaining only a month or two ago of the difficulties of his task in dealing with a good deal of modern music—quartet music, for example—incapable of being played by hand, and of an advanced type. But a 'Reader,' within the means of nearly all, will present the score simultaneously to eye and ear.

Mr. Chilton dreams of a time when all music will be published in that double character, and doesn't regard any music as well and truly published until it is offered in a form which makes it both visible and audible.

The Apostles will be performed at Bedford on May 18 by the Bedford Musical Society with full orchestra, a choir of two hundred, and a strong cast of soloists. Dr. H. A. Harding will conduct.

PEARSALL'S LETTERS*

By W. BARCLAY SQUIRE

VI.

To Chancellor OEHLER,

Hotel de la Poste, Rohrschach,

Sunday morning, Feb. 7, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR AND FRIEND,—I regret much that I could not stay to-day at St. Gall (where I arrived last night on my return from Einsiedeln) in order that I might have had the pleasure of communicating to you verbally the greeting and remembrances which the Sub-Prior requested me to express, and have had also an opportunity of telling you what passed at the Monastery.

Now let me say something of music. The *Kapellmeister* at the Monastery is a very amiable person and has practical knowledge of his art, but he is too little acquainted with the Church music of the great masters of the 16th and 17th centuries to have that admiration of it which it deserves. He was so obliging as to order the performance of my *Salve Regina*. It was sung by the school-students, and on the third repetition it went correctly. He was kind enough to pay me some compliments, but I do not think he cared for it. But the Sub-Prior was more satisfied with it: I am sure of this, for when it began he was at the other end of the room, which was a long one, and he came over to us and sang with the students, which was a proof to me that the music pleased him and that what he afterwards said to me was his genuine opinion. As Professor of Music in the school they have a person (I forget his name) from Cologne who has been educated in the *Conservatoire de Musique* at Paris. He plays the violin and pianoforte very well and is also esteemed there as a good composer. P. Gall told me that he had sent you a *Tenebrae* of this person's composition. His manners are more French than German, but I have no doubt that he deserves the praise which they gave him for skill and good conduct.

The collection of music at Einsiedeln is not (so they told me at least) very large, but there are very interesting things in it. Six Masses by Caldara were shown me. But only the parts are there. The partitions appear to have been lost, so that I could not judge of their merit. Yet the voice parts are flowing and the forms of the different figures employed so graceful, that I would desire no greater pleasure than an opportunity of reproducing the partitions from the parts. There are also some Motets by Scarlatti, printed at Amsterdam, I believe, in the year 1705. These are unknown and perhaps not likely to be known at Einsiedeln, but their author was so great a master that they *must* be remarkable. These are also merely printed in parts. They have the parts also of some Masses of Eberlin. He was a composer who flourished about the middle of the last century and had a great and, according to Burney, a deserved reputation. I have heard much of Eberlin's Church Music from old people who remembered it and who spoke of it in terms of high commendation, but I have never seen any of it. I have no doubt that there are other things equally interesting in their archives, but I had not time to make a regular inspection.

P. Gall has made very interesting discoveries with regard to the music of the more ancient time. On the inside of the covers of most of the MS. books at the Convent (I mean those of the 10th and immediately succeeding centuries) were parchment leaves torn out of still older books and pasted there to keep the covers firm. These he has unpasted, and many curious things have appeared. Amongst others an Oratorio with music in *Neumenschrift* of the 12th century. The neuma characters are, however, simple and not difficult to decipher, because they are written on five lines. A

part also of an old (so at least it seems to me) instruction-book with neuma notation has also been recovered, but this presents more difficulty than the other with regard to its interpretation.

I wish it were possible for me to remain there six months in order that I might see what I could dig up. There are materials at Einsiedeln which would throw light on the ancient history of the art such as has never been thrown yet. But they can only be understood by a person who has a practical knowledge of it and has been accustomed to read the musical characters of the 15th and 16th centuries. Would it be impossible to form a Society whose object should be: 1st, to explore and explain the Church Music previous to the 15th century; and 2nd, to ascertain what compositions of the great masters of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries exist in the cloisters of Switzerland, Bavaria, Austria, and Bohemia? If P. Gall and you and I and a few others would work at these objects, how much might be discovered and rescued from oblivion! I do not know whether the Abbot of Einsiedeln, as chief of a *monastic* order, could consistently with his position be President of such a Society, but if not the Bishop of St. Gall might be President of it, if he would accept the office, and at the end of each year its discoveries might be published. I wish you would mention this to P. Gall and ask him whether the formation of such a Society be feasible? My paper is at an end; therefore I will delay what I have further to say until I next come to St. Gall, which will be probably in the next week. In the meantime,

Believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

R. L. P.

What the project was which took Pearsall to Einsiedeln does not appear, and there is no further allusion to it in his correspondence. The P. Gall who is frequently referred to in these letters was Benedict Morel, born in 1803, who became a monk in 1820 (when he changed his name to Gall), was ordained Priest in 1826, early in life was Librarian at Einsiedeln, and from 1848 Rector of the Monastic Stiftschule. He was a poet and musician, and his collection of Latin mediæval hymns, which appeared in 1868, is still a standard work. He died in 1872. It is interesting to note that the *Collection of Music at Einsiedeln*, which Pearsall describes in the above letter, was enriched after his death by a number of MSS. from his own library.

VII.

To the Rev. HENRY THOMAS ELIACOMBE,
Vicar of Bitton.

[At end:] February 18, 1847.

[Beginning missing.] I have before me a long letter almost three parts written in answer to your last, but I will wait for something which I want to enclose in it, and so will not finish it till I get them. In the meantime I will send you a piece of music which I intended to enclose in its also. It is a *Salve Regina* which was sung at the Monastery of Einsiedeln with very good effect. (N.B.—I spent two days last week at this celebrated cloister, and made some interesting discoveries and acquaintances there, of which I have written an account in my letter.) I have written it in a style long obsolete in our Church, but capable of producing a great effect when understood and well sung. It was the custom of the earliest hymn-composers of the Christian Church, in setting words, to select a vowel in some important word at or near the end of each verse, and thereon to sing, or rather write, a musical phrase such as might allow the singer to let his soul gush out in adoration of God. The phrase

* Other letters of R. L. Pearsall appeared in the *Musical Times* for October, 1920.

was technically termed a *neuma* (quasi *νεῦμα*) which in the old books, *de Cantu et Musica Sacra*, is thus defined, '*Suspiratio animae redemptae ad coelestem patriam*.' Such *neuma*-phrases occur on the words *salve, lacrymarum, ostende, virgo*. If sung by disciplined singers with the enthusiastic devotion which is sometimes to be found in the monasteries, and particularly in Italy, where even the lower classes can give way to a passionate expression of their feelings and still be graceful, I am told that these phrases have an indescribable effect, and I believe it from what I heard at Einsiedeln. Be so good as to send the *Salve* (after you have copied it, if you like to do so) to Mr. Corfe for the Madrigal Society, and explain to him what it is and ask him to do me the favour of trying its effect there. I think it will not fail to please, although we English are too cold in our natures to sing it like the natives of a more genial climate, who, considering it as an aspiration to Heaven, employ not only voice but heart and soul in its execution. And it is all very well that we should not try to do so, for the attempt without the natural impulse would be little better than a detestable caricature. For the present moment, adieu. Give my affectionate regards to all at Bitton and my felicitations to Miss Barker, and believe me,

Ever yours sincerely,

R. L. P.

The *Salve Regina* which was sung at Einsiedeln is evidently the earlier version of the four-part setting published in 1856 by Schmid of Gmünd, and later in 8^{vo} form by Messrs. Novello. From Oehler's copy in Add. MSS. 38543, it is clear that Pearsall wrote it originally for three voices (s.s.a., solos and chorus), and that it was in this form that it must have been sung at Einsiedeln and sent to Mr. Ellacombe. The 'Mr. Corfe' mentioned later in the letter was John Davis Corfe (1804-76), organist of Bristol Cathedral, and for many years conductor of the Bristol Madrigal Society.

(To be continued.)

RANDOM NOTES ON A RECENT EUROPEAN TOUR

By C. À BECKET WILLIAMS

Just a word or two by way of preface. When I go abroad I do not go with the express intention of hearing music. I go to collect material for my own (which does not mean plagiarism, though it sounds rather like it!). So if these notes should surprise my readers by reason of their brevity, the above must form my excuse. And if they are astonished that their own conceptions should not agree with mine, my reply is that I write as I find things, not as other people suggest they should be found. So without further preamble let us start on our journey.

The first place of importance I stopped at was Cologne, where I went to the Opera to see *Hansel and Gretel*. The orchestra was rather too subdued—owing perhaps to the prevailing decorousness of the town under British occupation—the chorus was poor, and the principals bad. But for a provincial town the production was splendid, the transformation scenes especially being wonderfully handled. The witch flew about like a veritable fowl, and the fire burnt with a brilliance I have never seen equalled even on the stage. The impression brought away was that the mechanics were excellent, but the singing and acting poor.

From Cologne I went to Innsbruck, and on arriving at that melancholy spot promptly went to bed for the whole of Christmas week with some sort of fever or another. It was at this town that I saw what was, musically speaking, perhaps the most pathetic thing I have ever witnessed. This was a performance of *Aida* at the Town Theatre. It was really heart-rending. The poor orchestra—one felt they were half-starved—the dirty, old dresses of the chorus, and the makeshift scenery altogether formed a spectacle meet for tears. If the reader could but realise the martyrdom that poor Austria is undergoing! I could indeed open his eyes to some of the things I have seen happening to a people who are without doubt the most charming and agreeable in Europe. For example, the chambermaid at my hotel received as salary the sum of eight hundred crowns a month, and out of that had to provide most of her own food. (The pound was then worth about thirty thousand crowns.) One day I saw her emptying the tea-leaves out of my pot of tea and drying them on the hot-water pipes for future use. But the Austrians are a proud race, and do not complain. The upper classes live and die in the direst straits without a word. The country is full of parasites of all kinds—Jews, Bavarians, Italians, and the less intelligent sort of English, forced by the high cost of living to cross the Swiss border for this year.

Yet there is no ill-will towards the English. I was in a cabaret one night, and a group of Bavarians were baiting an Englishman who understood but little of what they were saying. Some Austrian students present soon cracked their heads for them! Luckily, there was plenty of snow about. But this is to digress.

From Innsbruck I went into the mountains for some ski-ing, and from thence to Vienna. On the way I passed Salzburg, and immediately understood Mozart, as he can never be understood without seeing this truly idyllic town.

I arrived at Vienna late at night, and found that the taxi's were as dear as in England. But the next day I discovered that living was extremely cheap, taking into account the valuta—indeed much cheaper than at Innsbruck. And what a lovely place! No wonder it has been for so many years the spiritual home of music. Culture and refinement seem in the air, and friendliness also. Yet those lucky ones who knew Vienna before the war aver it is all so changed and sad. Well, it must have been fairly gay in those days!

Many foreigners give concerts here, although there can be no profits. Certainly the expenses are small. For instance: a 'Wigmore Hall' type of concert costs about £5, including advertising, and a 'Queen's Hall' concert with orchestra, £60. Among well-known people who have given or are giving concerts, I noticed the names of the two Harrisons, Dorothy Moulton, Violet Clarence, Poulenc and Milhaud, Sorabji, and others whose names escape me. Sorabji seems to have bemused the good Viennese with his music, and amazed them by the astounding skill of his performance.

Judging, however, by the programmes I saw, Vienna is still rather conservative. Korngold, Strauss, and Reger, with a sprinkling of the early Schönberg, seem to be as much as will be tolerated at present. Of course, generally speaking, the cultured middle class (the sort of circle Schubert drew around him) are either starving or at any rate cannot afford the mere penny or so that a good seat costs:

but even the workmen and profiteers at Vienna seem musical, and opera is exceptionally popular. I heard two performances. The first was *Rosen Kavalier*, conducted by Strauss himself. (I sat in great state in the stage box for five shillings.) The performance was good beyond words, and the work itself a revelation to me, who had never yet heard it. Surely Strauss in this opera, and in some of his songs, has written music which makes him the peer of any master, living or dead.

The other opera I heard at the Volksoper, a sort of Viennese 'Old Vic.' It was *Die Meistersinger*, and really excellently done. The soloists were good, the chorus competent, and, as usual, the production satisfactory, the last Act being a feast of colour.

Of course Vienna is renowned for its light operas. I saw two of the new ones, the titles of which I forget. For some unknown reason they both dealt with the adventures of Indian princes, and each contained one jolly tune which was much in evidence, but beyond being better written than English examples, they did not attract me. The plots and action were poor, and even the 'lingerie' part of the business badly managed. Some terrible person has written a musical comedy in which all the songs are set to airs by Schubert, and I am told this is enjoying enormous popularity. We groaned at *Peer Gynt* being turned into rag-time, but that was nothing compared to this grotesque and tasteless sacrilege.

I went to two organ recitals at the great Kuntsler Haus. Even going to an organ recital is a terrible business at Vienna. First of all, one can never get tickets where he expects to get them, and nobody seems capable of giving any information. Secondly, the whole of the ground floor of the vast hall is arranged like a railway station, with numberless cloak-rooms, and one may not go upstairs without leaving even his hat at these places, the fee for which is often more than the cost of the concert ticket itself. It is really an awful experience, and matters are not improved by the sight of the hall above, which is intensely and horribly baroque. Nothing can be seen of the organ but the console and a sort of grating behind which can be caught occasional glimpses of pipes. A most inartistic organ-case, I thought. The instrument itself is very powerful, but it struck me that there was too much reed tone and too few diapasons. However, this is always noticeable about foreign organs, especially in France. The performers in each case were good, but not wonderful, and the music consisted of Bach, Reger, and Liszt (the *Ad nos Salutare* Fantasia). Reger seems to be played *ad nauseam*, and Karg-Elert, for whom I have a sneaking preference, not at all. In both cases the performers hardly changed their registration at all from start to finish. It seemed as if they had their manuals prepared beforehand, and stuck to them all through. The result was unnecessarily colourless, considering the impressive array of gadgets the player had at his disposal. But this is better than changing stops and rhythm at the same time!

While on the subject of organs I cannot help mentioning the singular organ-cases to be seen abroad. But perhaps I shall be allowed to write about these at some future date.

From Vienna I went to Venice—a place to read about, but not visit, unless one is a millionaire. In St. Mark's, the music I heard was slightly more horrible than the building (one sympathises with Mendelssohn and his remarks on Italian organists).

At Florence I heard no music, and having very little time at my disposal at Rome, I heard only one opera, but this was quite enough. The Roman performance requires a hardy constitution to endure it. The work begins at '9.0 sharp' (which means 9.30). There are tremendous waits between the Acts, and you are lucky to be out by one o'clock in the morning. I heard Puccini's *Il Tabarro* and *Suor Angelica*. At midnight I left, and they were still at it. Judging from the programmes, the Italians are even more conservative than the Austrians. Casella is popular, but more as pianist than composer—or so it would appear. I noticed a performance of one work by Santoliquido, otherwise convention seemed to rule the day. But as I was in the city for only ten days, it would be absurd for me to express any opinion on its musical life. I finally went to Naples. It is, I should fancy, the dearest town in the world, and the most irritating. Everywhere may be heard infernal mandolines, and singers with voices like screeching crows. You go to Pompeii, mandolines; you climb Vesuvius, mandolines; you sail to Capri, or drive to Baia, mandolines again. To crown all, pirates and bandits at every corner tried to make me buy models of this diabolical instrument. I am pretty tough-skinned as regards bad music, but literally and truthfully, the street musicians of Naples drove me from Italy. May I recommend my more advanced brethren to try tonal experiments with mandolines and fiddles out of tune, *à la voix celeste*? Such music as resulted should surely portray all the perversions known to Tiberius, or even to the modern Neapolitans. Can one say more?

NEW LIGHT ON EARLY TUDOR COMPOSERS

By W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD

XXV.—JOHN DYGON

Among the few early Tudor composers whose works are quoted by Sir John Hawkins the name of John Dygon gets an honoured place. Hawkins printed a Motet of his from the Royal Collection, namely, *Ad lapidis positionem*, but so little did the great English musical historian know of Dygon's biography that he considered the work as having been composed towards the middle of the 16th century.

Since Hawkins's day no new light has been thrown on the career of Dygon save that he graduated Mus. Bac. at Oxford, in 1512, and that he was Prior of St. Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury, at the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538. Neither Dr. Ernest Walker nor Mr. Henry Davey has pierced the obscurity which has hitherto enveloped Dygon's biography, and though the amount of new information which I have gleaned is not so large as could be desired, yet the facts now brought to light will serve to stimulate some future delver of Tudor records.

John Dygon was a nephew of John Dygon who was elected Abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, in January, 1497, and was a novice under his uncle between the years 1497 and 1504. It is safe to assume that he was born *circa* 1485, and he doubtless entered the famous Canterbury choristers' school, in 1494. This choristers' school had been endowed so far back as February, 1319-20, by Prior Henry, of Eastry, and had therefore a good tradition. Young Dygon, after his reception as a

novice, displayed uncommon musical abilities, and at length, in April, 1512, graduated Mus. Bac. at Oxford.

Meantime, Dygon's uncle died in 1509 and was succeeded as Abbot by John Hampton, after whom came John Essex. A curious hypothesis was started by Mr. A. Hughes-Hughes in his article on Dygon in the new edition of Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* to the effect that John Dygon was probably an *alias* or assumed name for John Wyldebere, or else that he was to be identified with John Wilborne, who was alive in 1557.

Fortunately, there is no need for this complex hypothesis as to the identity of John Dygon, because we learn from Twyne, the famous antiquary, who was a friend of John Essex, last Abbot of St. Augustine's (whose rule extended from 1520 to 1538), that the Abbot 'sent John Dygon, sub-prior of the monastery, to Louvain,' in 1521, in order to avail himself of the tuition of the celebrated Juan Luis Vives, the Spanish humanist.

Dygon studied under Vives at Louvain from 1521 to 1523, and then returned to England with his master, who had been urged by Cardinal Wolsey to take up the post of Lecturer on Rhetoric in Oxford University. As is well known, Vives came over, and resided at Corpus Christi College, then under the presidency of Dr. John Claymond. So great was his fame that he attracted vast numbers to his lectures, including Henry VIII. and Queen Katherine, and he was also appointed tutor to the Princess Mary (1524-26). Two other distinguished scholars had come over with John Dygon and Vives, viz., Nicholas Wotton and Jerome Ruffaldus, in 1523.

Not alone the antiquary Twyne but Vives himself has borne ample testimony to the outstanding abilities of Dygon. Vives mentions him with eulogy, nay, 'with great affection,' as Cardinal Gasquet writes (*The Eve of the Reformation*, p. 38). Dr. Nicholas Wotton was made Dean of the Chapel of the Princess Mary. He was afterwards an Ambassador; and Jerome Ruffaldus subsequently became Abbot of St. Vaast, Arras.

So great were the merits of Dygon both as a musician and a learned monk that Abbot Essex, in 1526, promoted him to be Prior of St. Augustine's. Meantime, his friend Vives had married Margaret Valdaura at Bruges, in 1524, but he returned to England on October 1, 1528.

Dygon continued as Prior of St. Augustine's from 1526 to 1538, and was also schoolmaster of the Almonry School (which had been confirmed by a Bull of Pope Eugene IV., dated December 28, 1431). At length came the dissolution of this famous Abbey, when Abbot, Prior, monks, and Song School had all to disappear. The deed of 'Surrender' is dated July 30, 1538, and the first two signatures are those of the Abbot and Prior, namely, John Essex and John Dygon. The late Dr. James Gairdner in his *Lollardy and the Reformation* (1908) caustically writes that Henry VIII. had been guilty of many villainies, including 'the plunder of St. Augustine's monastery, from which he turned out the monks, and put deer in their places.'

In the list of pensions granted to the monks of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, on September 2, 1538, the Abbot and Prior were assigned substantial amounts. Abbot Essex did not long survive his deprivation, as his death took place in January, 1541, but John Dygon is believed to have become secularised and to have assumed the name of John Wilbore. Mr. A. Hughes-Hughes says that 'there is

good reason for believing that he was the John Wylbore who was appointed prebendary of Rochester Cathedral, in 1541, and who died there in 1553.'

Anyhow, John Dygon, Mus. Bac., Prior of St. Augustine's, was assigned the pension of £13 6s. 8d., and as such disappears, but if we assume that he adopted the name of Wilbore, there is some reason to agree with the view of Mr. Hughes-Hughes, as, in the new constitution of Rochester Cathedral on June 18, 1541, Hugh Ap Rice was appointed first Prebendary, John Wilbore second Prebendary, and Robert Johnson third Prebendary, with Walter Phillips as Dean. All the same, I have a shrewd suspicion that John Dygon's name was his own, just as was John Essex's, and if so, unless he adopted an *alias*, he disappears from the records in 1538. His master, Juan Luis Vives, had been imprisoned for espousing the cause of Queen Katherine over the divorce question, and died on May 30, 1540. It is not at all improbable that Dygon also died before the close of the year 1541, if not earlier, and that he was known only by the name of John Dygon to such intimate friends as Vives and the antiquary Twyne: in fact the authority of the latter, who was a contemporary, goes far to disprove the ingenious suggestion of Mr. Hughes-Hughes as to Dygon's change of name.

Unfortunately most of the compositions of Dygon have disappeared, but sufficient remain to attest his powers. In particular his beautiful three-part Motet, *Ad lapidis positionem*, stamps him as attempting higher flights than most of the English Tudor school of the period 1500-20. Mr. Hughes-Hughes thinks that this Motet 'bears some resemblance in style to the music of Okeghem, as was very natural considering how nearly contemporary the two composers were,' but it must be borne in mind that Okeghem wrote between the years 1453-83, whereas Dygon was not born till 1490. Further, Mr. Hughes-Hughes says that 'some passages bear a comparatively modern stamp, and one can detect a foreshadowing of Giovanni Croce, and even of a still later style in several places.' I cannot agree with this opinion, as assuredly Dygon's style is very far removed from that of Croce. Yet Dygon's work is really good for the period, and does not deserve the harsh verdict passed on it by Dr. Ernest Walker, whose opinions on many composers, including Handel, Arne, and Sullivan, are at variance with those of equally well-equipped musical critics. Canterbury may well be proud of Dygon and also of Sir William Haute, whose memoir will next engage our attention.

CHOPIN

BY CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

(Authorised translation by Fred Rothwell)

'Chopin!' When the good King Louis Philippe was alive you should have heard with what a dainty accent and eager expression women uttered the two syllables. The artist's elegant manners, and the ease with which his name was pronounced, certainly contributed largely to the huge success he attained. And besides, he was consumptive at a time when robust health was unfashionable; women, on sitting down to table, would thrust their gloves into their glass and nibble only a few dainty morsels at the end of a meal. It was *bon ton* for the young to look pale and thin: Princess Belgiojoso appeared on the boulevards dressed in black and silver white, looking as wan and ghastly as Death himself.

Chopin's illness, though real enough, was regarded as an attitude he had assumed. This *jeune malade à pas lents*, a foreigner with a French name, son of an unhappy country whose fate was pitied and whose resurrection was desired by all in France, was in every way calculated to please the public of the day; indeed, all this served him better than his musical talent, which, as a matter of fact, this same public did not in the least understand.

Proof of this lack of comprehension is to be found in the popularity of a certain *Grand Waltz* in E flat, now quite forgotten, but in those days strummed on every pianoforte to the exclusion of other works of Chopin that were really characteristic of his talent. He had but few admirers worthy of the name: Liszt, Ambroise Thomas, Princess Czartoriska (his best pupil), Madame Viardot, and Georges Sand (who extolled him to the skies in her *Memoirs*, proclaiming him the greatest of composers, 'approached by Mozart alone,' she added—a childish exaggeration, though at the time a useful counterpoise to the general opinion which saw in Chopin merely an agreeable pianist and looked upon Liszt as a performer of amazing powers of execution). Thus was judged and interpreted the musical ability of the two geniuses whose influence on the art of music has been so great!

Times have changed. After prolonged years of barren strife, the great compositions of Liszt have taken their rightful place. The *Waltz* in E flat is relegated for ever to the lumber-room, and all the dream-land flowers that appeared in the garden of the marvellous artist claimed both by France and by Poland now blossom in perfect freedom and scatter their fragrance around. We admire and love—but do we understand them?

Chopin's musical studies had been so incomplete that the great vocal and instrumental fields were not for him; he had to confine himself to the pianoforte, wherein he discovered an entirely new world. This specialisation, however, may lead the judgment astray. When interpreting his works we think too much of the pianoforte—of the instrument regarded as an end in itself: we forget both musician and poet. For Chopin is, above all, a poet who may be compared with Alfred de Musset: like the latter, he sings of love and women.

More than all else, Chopin was sincere. His music, without being in accordance with any particular programme, is invariably a tone-picture; he did not 'make' music, he simply followed his inspiration. He expresses the most varied human feelings; he also gives musical form to the impressions produced in him by the sights of nature. But whereas in others—in Beethoven, for instance—these impressions may be pure and unalloyed, in Chopin's music (with the exception of a few polonaises that voice his patriotism) woman is ever present; everything is referred to her, and it is this stand-point we must adopt if we would give his music its rightful character. His music thrills with a passion—now overflowing, now latent or restrained—that gives it an inner warmth of feeling which makes it live intensely. Too frequently this passion is replaced by an affected and jerky performance, by contortions utterly opposed to his real style, which is both touching and simple.

This latter word may excite surprise when speaking of music that bristles with accidentals, with complicated harmonies and arabesques; but we must

not, as is generally done, lay too much stress on these details. Fundamentally the music is simple, it betokens great simplicity of heart, and this must be expressed when playing it, under penalty of completely falsifying the intentions of the composer.

Chopin distrusted himself: he invited—and sometimes followed—pernicious advice, unaware that he himself, guided by instinctive genius, was more clear-sighted than all the savants around him, who were devoid of genius of any kind.

At the beginning of the famous *Ballade* in G minor, the last bar of the introduction, we find in the original edition a D, evidently written, though subsequently corrected into an E. This supposed E gives an expression of pain, quite in harmony with the character of the *morceau*. Was this a printer's error? Was it the original intention of the composer? The note produces a dissonance with unexpected effect. Now dissonances were at that time dreaded, though nowadays as welcome as truffles. From Liszt, whom I questioned on the matter, I could obtain nothing except that he preferred the E flat. So do I, but that is not the point. The conclusion at which I have arrived is that Chopin, when playing the *Ballade*, sounded the D; but I am still convinced that the E flat was his first inspiration, and that the D was adopted on the advice of timid and maladroit friends.

These marvellous works are threatened with a great peril. Under pretext of popularising them there have appeared new editions bristling with erroneous fingering. That, indeed, in itself would be a small matter; but, alas! they have also been improved upon, *perfectionnées*, and this means that alien intentions may gradually replace those of the composer himself.

I cannot enter into the technical details necessitated by such an inquiry, but it is high time someone thought of bringing out an edition—if not of all his works, at least of those that deserve to be handed down to posterity—going back to the fountain-head and showing us the master's thought in all its purity. This fountain-head consists of manuscripts, wherever they can be found; original editions, now very rare; and Tellefsen's edition, at present difficult to find, badly engraved and printed, and containing many faults, though these are easy to see and can be corrected. Before it is too late, may a really intelligent editor raise to Chopin's memory this imperishable monument that has nothing in common with the *Kritik-Ausgaben* with which the musical world is invaded as by some destructive phylloxera!

A REMARKABLE HANDEL COLLECTION: CHRISTOPHER SMITH'S TRANSCRIPTS OF HANDEL'S WORKS

BY E. VAN DER STRAETEN

Christopher Smith, Handel's amanuensis, made three sets of transcripts of the great master's works, and Charles Jennens, who wrote the words of *The Messiah* and other works of Handel received one of these sets from Christopher Smith the younger. From the latter it went into the library of his relative, Heneage Finch, Earl of Aylesford, about 1774, where it remained until the Aylesford library at Packington Hall was sold about two years ago, when Mr. Harold Reeves acquired the greater part of the Handel transcripts, as well as a considerable number of MS. copies from the works of 18th century

composers, and sold them to Mr. Newman Flower, who is deeply interested in Handel. Mr. Flower succeeded in tracing and acquiring a number of volumes of the Handel manuscripts which at the sale had been purchased by other buyers, and with the assistance of Mr. W. C. Smith, of the British Museum, supplemented it by the acquisition of odd instrumental and vocal parts, mostly in Christopher Smith's hand, as well as a number of books, pictures, prints, &c., connected with Handel and his period, from various sources. Mr. Flower's library contains at present the largest collection of original Handel transcripts, amounting to nearly two hundred volumes.

The particular interest attaching to these transcripts lies in the fact that they were made under Handel's personal supervision, and thus give an authentic version of his scores, containing in some instances corrections and alterations in his own handwriting. They give, moreover, as was the custom of the times, at the beginning of the songs the names of the singers—for whom, in some instances, they were specially written—and likewise the names of those to whom they were allotted at subsequent performances. Apart from the information which this affords us about the great singers of Handel's time, it reveals another fact of even greater interest—more clearly illustrated, however, in Chrysander's collection of Christopher Smith's transcripts, now in the town library of Hamburg. In Handel's time these scores were evidently used for quite a number of performances. They contain notes, alterations, and corrections, not unfrequently in Handel's own handwriting, which showed that he attached less importance to the specific tone-colour or character of a given key in which he had composed a song than to a perfect rendering. Our greatest modern composers, from the beginning of the 19th century downwards, choose singers who are able to sing their parts as they are written. Handel, on the other hand, whenever he found a singer in whom a fine voice was allied to artistic qualities, would not hesitate to transpose a song to suit that particular voice, or even give a woman's song to a man, or *vice versa*. The famous arioso, 'Softly, Sweet,' from *Alexander's Feast*, among others, presents a flagrant instance. The original version, with violoncello obbligato, is in the key of D major. Against the voice-part, written in the soprano C clef, we find the name of 'Signora Strada,' but underneath the stave, at the beginning of the line, is written in Handel's hand, 'Sig: Tend' (Tenducci). Against the line of the violoncello solo he wrote in pencil 'Mrs. Cibber in Contralto ex C \sharp ,' and underneath, 'Mrs. Weichsel ex A.' Here we have, apparently, a record of four different performances, and transpositions of the song for two of these, unless the notes relate to his frequent troubles with the singers, and denote that another had to be substituted for the one first selected for a particular performance. The recitative of this version is written in the tenor clef, and the arioso in the soprano clef. The whole of this is struck out, and another version is inserted between the leaves for contralto with violin (instead of violoncello) obbligato. The recitative is now in the key of E minor, ending on the dominant of A major, in which the arioso then follows. At the top of this page we find in pencil the name of 'Sig: Mosor,' at the bottom, 'Wrote in the Soprano clef,' and underneath, 'for Guard,' meaning evidently the famous singer, Guardacci. A transposition of a

third higher is indicated by letters in pencil being placed over the printed notes, in which Handel, according to the German custom, used the letter 'h' for the note 'b.' The original version of *The soft, complaining Flute*, first given to Mrs. Cibber, then to Signor Guadagni, is struck out, and another version, with 'Flauto Traverso and Liuto Solo,' for Signorina Francellini, substituted.

In the oratorio, *Athalia*, the first scena, 'Blooming virgins,' with cembalo and violoncello soli, is cut out, and a number from *Parnasso in Feste* substituted. There are many alterations in the course of the work, but the end underwent the greatest changes. Under the words, 'Hail, royal youth, long live the King,' is written in pencil, 'the Church and save the King.' In the recitative, 'Reviving Judah,' the words, 'With firm united hearts we all shall (? illegible) conquer' are substituted, then all has been crossed out and 'Anthem, The King shall rejoice,' written over it. This ending was altered again, as is shown by a cembalo part, with indications for a trumpet obbligato, and for a chorus in D major of fifty-four bars, at the end of which are the words, 'End of the Oratorio.' On a subsequent page the recitative, 'Reviving Judah,' is continued with pencil notes of alternate words, but this again is crossed out. A chorus, 'Bless the true Church, and save the King,' follows this, and another recitative for *Athalia*, which is crossed out again, and underneath is written in pencil, 'Chorus, Around let acclamation—anthem, The King shall rejoice, *Fine*.' But this was not to be final yet, for on the next page we find a *Tutti unisono*, 'Oppression no longer I dread thee,' followed by a recitative for *Athalia*, a recitative and aria for Nathan, recitative for Joad, aria 'To Darkness Eternal' for *Athalia*, a recitative for Joad, at the end of which is written in pencil, 'Aria,' and two words which are illegible. Then follows a duet-aria for Joad and Josabeth, recitative Ab(ner?) at the end of which we find the words 'Concerto ex f(?),' and a final chorus, 'Give Glory.' The above reference to the introduction of an instrumental Concerto is interesting, as it shows that the prevailing custom of that time of introducing instrumental solos as interludes was not restricted to the opera, where many eminent artists used to play concertos between the Acts. That this was done also in oratorios is not generally known, yet in the above-mentioned score of *Alexander's Feast* we find two notable instances. After 'Timotheus placed on high,' &c., we find in Christopher Smith's handwriting the words, 'Concerto per la Harpa'; and after 'She drew an angel down' is written 'Concerto per l'Organo.' Unfortunately the names of the artists are not given, though we need not ask who played the Organ Concerto when Handel conducted.

The Christopher Smith copies from the Aylesford collection do not contain many notes, as they were evidently not used much, if at all, for public performances, but they comprise sets of vocal and orchestral parts of all the works therein, which have since been completed in many instances by Mr. Flower, who has been fortunate in obtaining from various sources original MS. copies of missing parts. He has, moreover, acquired the first printed editions of a great part of Handel's works, including some copies of great interest. There are, for instance, ten volumes of string parts of 'Handel's Songs. Selected from his latest Oratorios for Concerts. For Violins etc in six parts etc published by John Walsh.' They were used at the

'Concerts of Antient Musick,' and on the dissolution of that Society were removed to Buckingham Palace, and presented by Queen Victoria to the Royal College of Music. They contain many MS. insertions made for their use at the Concerts of Antient Music. An original edition of *Alexander's Feast*, edited by Mozart, belonged to the celebrated contrapuntist and composer, Eduard Grell, whose name is stamped on the title-page, and a German edition of *The Messiah*, by Joh. Ad. Hiller, contains very interesting contemporary MS. notes about the work and its first production at Berlin. A copy of *Songs from Messiah*, published by Walsh, is probably the earliest edition of this work, as the words 'To be sung an Octave lower' are engraved over the beginning of the air, 'He was despised,' the notes of which are printed an octave higher than in any subsequent edition. There is no copy of this edition in the British Museum, and Mr. Flower's copy may be the only one now in existence.

One of the greatest treasures of Mr. Flower's Handel collection is the autograph copy of the words of *Theodora*, by T. Morel, the author, with Handel's autograph inscription, 'I intend to perform this oratorio at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden. George Frideric Handel.' A reproduction of the autograph is given by kind permission of Mr. Flower.

Theodora.

*An
Oratorio.*

*I intend to perform this Oratorio at the
Theatre Royal in Covent Garden
George Frideric Handel*

The portraits in Mr. Flower's possession include the original of Hogarth's oil painting of Handel, a contemporary oil painting of Handel as a boy, by an unknown artist, a very fine contemporary miniature of the master and a number of interesting prints of Handel portraits, the very rare portrait engraving by Faber of the Handel singer, Carestini, and one each of Faustina Masse, Dr. Arnold, and others connected with the Handel circle. He has also an autograph letter of the famous singer Grimaldi, called Nicolini, and a number of other interesting Handel souvenirs.

The MS. volumes from the Aylesford collection contain also a considerable number of vocal and instrumental compositions of Handel's circle and other musicians, mostly of the Georgian period. Among these are several unique—and, in some instances, entirely unknown—works by famous 18th century composers, especially violinists; but we must reserve their description for another occasion, as it would lead beyond the limits of this article, and much has to be sifted and cleared up before it can be profitably undertaken.

A considerable number of works on Handel, and matters connected with him, completes a remarkable

collection which Mr. Flower has not brought together from selfish reasons, but intends to make accessible to serious students of the great master's works.

AN ITALIAN VIEW OF BRITISH MUSIC

The *Critica Musicale* of Florence for February contains a long article on English musical life—apparently one of a series—by Vittorio Ricci. He is concerned in this number with editors, critics, and instrument-makers, and begins with a general statement about the great development of musical education, noting, by the way, that music is more generally appreciated than any other art. Even in the lower classes, he remarks, there are few people who have not some knowledge of the elements of music. He attributes to this fact the number and excellence of the choral societies, and singles out for special praise the Glasgow Orpheus Choir. Curiously enough, although the details given are accurate in the main, all notice of the Competitive Festival is confined to a foot-note.

His knowledge of publishers is considerable, although apparently he thinks it worth while to mention specially the publishers of Mr. Frank Bridge and of Mr. Cyril Scott, and omit those of Elgar. The *Musical Times*, he says, 'is rich in very valuable articles touching upon all points of musical science.' Amongst the dailies he singles out *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, 'which on a special day of the week dedicate many long columns to music, and their articles are often exceedingly important.' The literary works on music chosen in illustration of his remarks are the 'bulky Dictionary' of Grove, the *Oxford History of Music*, and the histories of Mr. Davey, Dr. Walker, and Mr. C. A. Harris.

In conclusion Signor Ricci remarks that the last few months have marked a considerable improvement in the British world of music, which suffered no less than the Continent from the economic upset of the after-war period. On the other hand, the conditions of opera, which appeared to have most brilliant prospects thanks to the 'wealthy and able maestro Beecham,' are now worse than ever, and Covent Garden, once famous for its summer season, is now the home of all kinds of entertainment, not excluding the cinema.

F. B.

MUSIC UNDER BOLSHEVISM

BY C. D. GRAHAM

A telegram from Moscow, recently issued by the Russian Trade Delegation in London, throws an instructive sidelight on Bolshevik mentality. According to this document it appears that the Soviet is devoting particular attention to the maintenance and development of science and the arts, with particular reference to music. The Musical Department of the People's Commissariat, for example, has set itself to encourage 'the new musical institutions created by the revolution.' Among the institutions referred to are the Petrograd Philharmonic Orchestra and the Moscow Philharmonic and Symphonic Orchestras. All these, however, were in existence long before the revolution, and to claim them as products of Bolshevism is to carry special pleading to lengths which are scarcely permissible

even in political propaganda. Imagine, too, the unkind remarks that will be made by English composers concerning the apathy of our own Government when they learn that in Russia—as it is to-day—the Soviet thinks so highly of music as a panacea for famine and disease that official publications on the subject outnumber all others by more than three to one. Indignation may give place to doubt when we try to reconcile this statement with a recent foreign interview with Glazounov, in the course of which that eminent composer said that although he had completed several new works, he was unable to get them printed in Russia owing to the complete break-down of the music publishing apparatus.

To Ivan, lacking the bare means of subsistence, are also offered such questionable delights as discussions of his folk-songs, 'vocal and instrumental methodology,' and the 'construction of new tonal systems.' This last branch of the inquiries being undertaken by the National Institute of Musical Science should gladden the hearts of any young composers who are beginning to find themselves gruelled for lack of new dissonances. As business men, however, the Bolsheviks should appreciate the possibilities of a scheme that might, by means of a little judicious advertisement, develop into a new source of revenue. We may yet see something of this kind:

'Latest Tonal Systems while you wait! Do not invent your own Interplay of Sonorities, but send for sample of our up-to-date Tonal Tabloids. Extra strength, specially adapted to Symphonic Poems, &c., dealing with Battle, Murder, Sudden Death, and the Joylessness of Things Generally! Mr. X. Stravaginsky writes: "I owe everything to your wonderful System. Press and Public alike acclaim stupendous realism of my latest work, 'Gloom.' Please send at once another packet of your Cacophony Capsules.'"

It is, indeed, difficult to take seriously the cynical disregard of the functions of humane government displayed in this telegram. The actual facts, however, are stranger still; and information upon which implicit reliance can be placed fully confirms the Bolshevik policy of providing a starving population with circuses in preference to bread. As though to emphasise the prevalent misery, there are given nightly at Petrograd representations of opera and ballet which in splendour and costliness of mounting transcend anything of the kind to be seen in Russia before the war, or in the heyday of the Vienna Opera. It seems incredible that such lavish spectacles, together with first-rate classical concerts, can be given at all; but what are we to make of the fact that admission to them may be obtained without payment of any sort by all who care to avail themselves of the privilege? Such cynical indifference to the claims of a stricken populace invites inevitable comparison with the perverted mentality of another notorious patron of the arts, for in similar circumstances Nero was also a firm believer in the efficacy of 'instrumental methodology.'

Musical America for April 1 contains a note from a Montreal correspondent to the effect that Joseph Bonnet proposes to become a priest on his return to France from his present Canadian tour. Arrangements have been made for his reception as a divinity student at Paris. He will join the Benedictine order.

Occasional Notes

In a vague sort of way musicians have long believed their art to be possessed of healing powers. They remember the harping of David before Saul; they quote Congreve's tribute (usually ascribing it to Shakespeare); and they sing with approval:

In sweet music is such art
Killing care, and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Yet not many of them seem to be aware that at the present time music is being employed as a medicine in a systematic manner, and with a measure of success that must inevitably lead to important developments. How this is being done may be seen in the Annual Report of the Vocal Therapy Society, a Report which every musician should read. (It may be had from the Secretary, at 27, Grosvenor Place, S.W. 1.) This is the first full statement issued by the Society, and covers the period from Armistice Day, November 11, 1918 (the date of the first meeting of the committee) to November 11, 1921. The mere words 'annual report' suggest the driest of reading—lists of subscribers, balance sheets, and the like. But here is a document so full of poignant interest as to make the reader wholesomely uncomfortable. We have not forgotten the war—every quarter-day gives us a painful reminder; more or less we bear in mind those who lost their lives in it; but do we remember the wounded and shell-shocked who are still slowly recovering? Apparently not, for here is a Society doing wonderful work for them, and yet hardly able to maintain its activities—still less extend them—for want of money.

What is the Vocal Therapy Society doing? It is curing, largely by means of music, certain types of disability resulting from wounds and shell-shock—stammering, loss of speech, facial paralysis, nervous collapse, lung trouble, &c. The work is under the direction of an executive composed of medical and musical experts, among them Sir James Dundas Grant, Sir Frederick Mott, Drs. Walford Davies, Arthur Somerville, and J. E. Borland, and Messrs. Walter Ford and Geoffrey Shaw. Musicians among the vice-presidents include Sir Henry Wood, Sir Henry Hadow, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and Mr. Plunket Greene. Any doubt as to the practical nature of the Society's work should be settled by such names as these. If more evidence be needed, it is set forth, case by case, in the Report. Here you may read—in fact it is your duty to read—of (for example) T., shot through the right lung; lung full of adhesions, and very confined in action; after some months of treatment, in which breathing exercises played an important part, T. improved and went on to voice-production. He was 'very husky at first . . . owing to a wound in his throat,' but his voice developed, and he was soon singing at concerts. T. is now discharged, and is 'keeping very fit.' S. was a shell-shocked stammerer, hysterical, and 'with practically no confidence in himself.' After treatment by breathing, relaxation, speech, and singing, he was 'able to sing solos before a large audience'; discharged with good prospects, 'a fairly normal and contented man.' A. had been dumb for several years; recovered his voice, but stammered badly; 'his greatest joy was found in singing, and regularly every day for nearly six months he worked at singing

and breathing exercises'; voice increased in power; now an out-patient, but 'keeps in touch with the music-room and sings whenever possible.' B. made his first appearance in the music-room under painful circumstances, being 'highly nervous and about to "throw a fit";' was 'trembling so violently' that the teacher had to do something to take his attention off himself; the 'something' was the playing of Chopin's C minor Prelude; in a few moments 'every limb was still,' and at the end of the singing-class A. had got over his fright, and was singing and taking breathing exercises. A miner who had been blown up in Mesopotamia had not spoken for two years; recovered his speech, the first word uttered being 'Mother.' G. had lost his voice for years; found it again after nine lessons; 'spoke to the Sister in a strong, manly voice, to her great surprise. There were great rejoicings in the ward.' As well there might be.

Here are three comments of the men on singing: 'It's a regular tonic'; 'I don't feel the same person as I did before I began to sing; curious how it takes you out of yourself'; 'I lost ma leg and ma voice, but t'voice come back, so t'leg doesn't matter.'

An outcome of the work is the formation of the King's Services Choirs, which have given concerts, separate and massed; they have even a little competitive festival of their own, singing against one another for a cup presented by Lady Bective. In a lesser degree something has been done on the orchestral side. At the Enham Village Centre there is a successful band of ten players, one of whom deserves mention. He had been a trombone player before the war, but was no longer able to control his old instrument, having been wounded in the jaw, as a result of which the right half of his upper lip was paralysed. He was persuaded to try the cornet, and after assiduous practice became a first-class player; at the same time he 'greatly improved the condition of his lip.'

The Report dealt with above was sent to us by a member of the committee, who, in his accompanying letter, said: 'We do so want the public to take a little more interest in us.' He could not have uttered a more telling reproach. Think of musicians above all needing to be asked to 'take a little interest' in such a work as this! We ought to have taken a lot of interest since November 11, 1918. However, it's not too late. There is still plenty of work for the Society to do, and there will be for some years. If we musicians do our duty there will be such a shower of donations that the Society will be able to engage the extra teachers it wants; still more dumb men will speak (think of the one who led off with 'Mother!') and there will be further 'rejoicings in the ward.' The few of us who are really unable to give may still help by sending for the Report, reading it, and talking about it. Publicity is needed, and now that the daily press is no longer full of M. Coué and his auto-suggestion, it might do worse than give a push to the less showy methods of the Vocal Therapy Society.

An interesting experiment was made at Æolian Hall on March 30, when Mr. John Dunn played Elgar's Violin Concerto with the orchestral part supplied by Mr. G. D. Cunningham on the organ. The result, though not entirely satisfactory, was

good enough to encourage further effort along the same line. The idea is not new, for Mr. Bernard Johnson has frequently used the organ as a substitute for the orchestra in pianoforte concertos at municipal concerts at Nottingham. The combination of organ and pianoforte, however, is far more satisfactory than that of organ and violin. For one thing, the two keyboard instruments are both in the tempered scale; for another, the percussive effects of the pianoforte and the *sostenuto* of the organ are excellent foils. Moreover, the nuances of the pianoforte and the violin are very different in character. The real *crescendo*—that on a sustained note—is impossible on the pianoforte, and is one of the most characteristic effects of the violin. At Æolian Hall we felt that the power gradations of the solo instrument needed a far more sympathetic background. The string tone rose and fell in power while the accompaniment, when it happened to be played on an unenclosed portion of the organ, remained fixed. Occasionally, when Mr. Cunningham used only a quiet combination on the Swell, the effect was delightful. Excellent too were the little bits of orchestral detail from time to time—brief solo passages for the wood-wind, and so on.

But on the whole the constant organ tone became a trial to the ear by the time the work was ended. Perhaps the fact that the Concerto was immediately preceded by a long organ solo was partly responsible for this. After a work of the size of Bach's G minor Fantasia and Fugue (finely played from memory by Mr. Cunningham), we needed something as different as possible from organ tone before embarking on another forty minutes of it in the Concerto. Still, as was said above, the result was such as to encourage further experiment. There must be many violinists and 'cellists who wish to play concertos, but are put off, either by the cost of an orchestra or by the unsatisfactoriness of the pianoforte as a substitute. It seems to us that the solution lies in a combination of the pianoforte and organ, the former supplying the rapid decorative portions of the orchestration, and the latter backing it up with sustained wind passages, variety of tone-colour in fragments of solo work for flute, clarinet, oboe, &c., and a bass of the firm and sonorous type that is as characteristic of the organ as it is lacking in the pianoforte. Moreover, the two instruments atone for each other's defects in other ways. The organ is deficient in rhythm and accent—the pianoforte's strong points; the pianoforte is lacking in *sostenuto*—the department in which the organ is supreme. We hope to see a good organist and pianist laying their heads together and showing what can be done in this way. A successful trial would solve at least one of the economic problems of to-day, just as the use of the small chamber orchestra is solving others.

Among modern sets of part-songs few have equalled in popularity Elgar's group of five for male voices, the words translated from the Greek Anthology. We are glad to hear that these fine choral miniatures have lately been arranged for S.A.T.B. by the composer. The new version will be published towards the end of the present month.

Mr. Theo. Wendt, musical director of the Cape Town Orchestra, writes to us, giving particulars of the concerts which the Orchestra will give during its annual tour through the Union of South Africa. The programmes are of first-rate quality—a judicious

blend of works that are familiar and others that ought to be. British composers are well represented, as the following list will prove: Elgar's *Enigma* Variations, Holst's *Beni Mora* Suite, Howells's *Puck's Minuet*, Hart's *The Wild Geese*, German's *Theme and Six Diversions* and *Men of Harlech* March, Quilter's *Children's Overture*, and Fould's *Keltic Lament*. There will be two performances of *Hiawatha* by the Pretoria Choral Society, conducted by Mr. John Connell, and a programme devoted chiefly to Gilbert and Sullivan.

In view of the cosmopolitan character of the populations in the towns to be visited, this is a very fair show for our music. Inevitably the bulk of the programmes are made up of the standard orchestral repertory of Beethoven, Wagner, Tchaikovsky, &c., so not much room is left for contemporary work. Of such space as is available, however, British music occupies a larger share than any other school.

The many friends of William Higley will be glad to hear that he is returning to the concert platform. He will make his reappearance at Æolian Hall on June 2, when he will give a recital of songs by Vaughan Williams, Holst, Elgar, Dale, Brent Smith, Bairstow, Naylor, Pointer, &c., as well as *Airs* by Purcell, Bach, and Handel. A first hearing will be given to a set of three *Salt Water Songs* by Thomas Wood, the music-master at Tonbridge School.

Mr. R. J. Pitcher sends us a good specimen of English as she is wrote by a prospective customer in Mexico. As it amused us, it will probably amuse some of our readers, so we print it:

México, D.F., 17th march, 1922.

Miss F. J. Fitch,
21, Boundary Road,
Saint John's Wood, N.W.8.
LONDON.

Respectable Miss Fitch:

I will be thankful, if you please to send me information over 'The Techniquer,' in order to know its teaching's proceeding, as well as to taste the prices and conditions for to acquire the apprenticeship's.

I improve this opportunity for to present you my very respectful civility, as your

Very Truly, ———

But, while we laugh, let us remember that, funny as the letter is, it is nothing beside the result the average Englishman would produce if he tried his hand at writing Mexican.

A booklet giving particulars of Bach's music published by Novello has just been issued. It contains useful information as to the choral works—character of the music, degree of difficulty, solo voices required, time taken in performance, and so on. The list includes also Bach literature, references to songs, organ music, arrangements for organ, harmonium, pianoforte, orchestra, pianoforte and violin, &c. It may be had on application to the publishers.

We are glad to hear that the Glastonbury Festival work has been saved by the success of the School at Bristol, Birmingham, and other places. At Bristol extra performances have had to be arranged in order to meet the public demand; at Birmingham, Mr. Barry Jackson's production of *The Immortal Hour* has been drawing crowded houses, and arrangements are now being made for its transference to London.

It is indeed high time that Londoners had an opportunity for making acquaintance with a work which in a very unusual degree has impressed both public and critics. So far as we remember, its only London performance has been one that for various unavoidable reasons was far from adequate. There will be a Summer School of Greek Drama and Music at Glastonbury during August, the chief musical event being the production of Boughton's new opera *Alceste*. Lectures will be given by Prof. Gilbert Murray, Mr. R. W. Livingstone, Mr. F. W. Cornford, and others.

As a token of appreciation of Mr. Edwin Evans's constant efforts on behalf of contemporary music he is to be presented with his portrait, painted by Wyndham Lewis. The cost has been borne by a group of native composers that includes our 'four B's'—Bax, Berners, Bliss, Bridge (Frank)—Goossens, Hart, Holst, Ireland, Scott, and others, besides a number of prominent French, Italian, and Russian musicians. We take more than usual interest in this tribute because the bulk of Mr. Evans's work for modern British music—at all events the journalistic side of such work—has been done in the pages of the *Musical Times*.

In his new book *Interludes, Records, and Impressions* Sir Charles Stanford makes a lively attack on music publishers. Publishers have long been regarded as fair game, perhaps because they have not as a rule taken the trouble to defend themselves. But there is something to be said on their side, and it may be worth while trying to say it. The cause of music in this country is not helped by a feeling that publishers as a body have little enterprise and even less musical taste. Dealing with the question of publication, Sir Charles makes damaging comparisons between this country and Germany:

'The supply of English music of what may be called the serious type—chamber music, orchestral works, and the like (and quantities of it are in existence) are (*sic*) mostly in manuscript upon their composers' shelves. If the writers had been "made in Germany" most of their works would have been procurable by the public long ago. Being writers in a country where publishers follow the trend of society and disbelieve—or at any rate argue that the public disbelieve—in British work, they cannot find their way into print, still less obtain the smallest value for it. The consequence is obvious in every music-seller's window—a row of royalty ballads. The exceptions are sufficiently few to prove the rule.'

Why say 'every,' if there are exceptions? And are these exceptions so few? Do we see rows of royalty ballads in the windows at Novello, Curwen, Chester, Winthrop Rogers, Stainer & Bell, Elkin, Schott, Lengnick, Goodwin & Tabb, Murdoch, and Augener? This is not a small, but a large proportion of our publishers. As to the publication of serious native music, things are not yet all that might be desired—especially by the serious composers concerned—but they are far better than they were twenty years ago. It is worth noting, too, that the most marked improvement has taken place during the past four years—a period of exceptional difficulty, owing to the cost of production and the economic obstacles in the way of rehearsal

and performance of new works. Music publishers, as a body, have shown not less, but rather more, enterprise than the bulk of business houses, seeing that their wares are not yet regarded as necessities of life. And after all, a complaint comes ill from one who has had about a hundred and seventy works published, practically all by British firms. But Sir Charles will see little good in a native publisher :

'When a German composer, even a beginner and little known, produces a work in his own country the publishers congregate to hear it, and to form their judgment upon its suitability for print. If an English work is produced, the English publisher is at his own fireside ; he knows nothing of its fate and cares less. Even the favourable comments of the press will fail to move him to consider at second-hand the claims of any work which does not fall into the category of large profits and quick returns. A string quartet, an orchestral symphony or concerto, would be looked upon as matters far too ephemeral to be considered in the same breath as a three-verse song with organ obligato. Their author will be pitied for wasting his valuable time on visionary ideals.'

The best answer to this is furnished by the list of published works by Stanford himself, Elgar, and Parry, and by the present steady stream of new publications by such men as Vaughan Williams, Holst, Frank Bridge, Bax, Goossens, Ireland, and others.

Sir Charles goes on :

'A leading publisher in America—which is to all intents and purposes a new field for music, and a land where commercial interests are paramount—lately said that he made it a rule to include a solid percentage of high-class music in his catalogues, even if they spelt a deficit in themselves, for the credit of his house and of his country. The sooner it is brought home to the English music publisher that the credit of a nation's output depends in the main upon music of the highest class . . . the better will be the outlook of this nation in the world of art.'

There may or may not be more than one publisher in America of the type Sir Charles holds up as an example ; it is certain that practically every book and music publisher of repute does the same thing, and does it so much as a matter of course that he makes no song about it ; his catalogue will speak for itself. But he can do it only out of the profits made on the more or less ephemeral works and the certain successes, and even then, with the best will in the world, he has to see that his business earns dividends, or up will go the shutters—and away will go the chance of the serious composer getting anything published at all. Even publishers must live, and they should be no more expected to adopt a consistent policy of publishing at a loss, or even at a great risk, than a teacher should be expected to gather round him none but talented and impecunious students and teach them gratis or on a speculative basis. Elsewhere, speaking of the cost of orchestral rehearsals and concerts, Sir Charles says some wise things about the folly of killing the hen and then expecting the supply of eggs to continue. Much of it might easily be applied to this question of the issue of new and difficult music. Let us have fair play for publishers, no less than for hens.

Miss Ursula Greville is to be heartily congratulated on the success of her tour in Germany and Austria. Even more significant than the press eulogies is the fact that she has been engaged to sing in the autumn at a Vienna Philharmonic concert and at an orchestral concert at Berlin.

Music in the Foreign Press

D'INDY ON THREE CONTEMPORARY COMPOSERS

In *Le Courrier Musical* (March 15) Vincent d'Indy speaks severely of three works which he heard for the first time during his recent visit to the United States :

Schönberg's five Orchestral Pieces are incoherent, and the writer can find in them no trace of the various qualities which great composers have ever considered necessary in the practice of their art. Schönberg himself seems to be ashamed of their purposelessness, and to be trying to make up for it by needless violence and, fortunately, by brevity.

Korngold's *Die Tote Stadt* is described as second-rate Puccini and Leoncavallo at his worst ; the libretto as a travesty of Rodenbach's beautiful book *Bruges la Morte*.

Prokofiev's *The Love of the Three Oranges* (whose plot d'Indy describes at length) is a complicated piece of clowning, amusing in its way, but in which music is relegated to the background for the mere reason that it cannot be listened to in conjunction with the show on the stage. The music is skillfully written, and shows signs of a genuineness which would certainly assert itself more convincingly if Prokofiev were less concerned with 'out-Stravinskyng Stravinsky.' The score contains a few delightful pages.

A PROTEST FROM KORNGOLD

Dr. Karl Holl having written in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that the score of *Die Tote Stadt* contains a good deal of imposture and muck ('Attrappe und saloppe Arbeit'), Korngold adduces in the *Merker* (March 1) testimonials from various conductors to the effect that Dr. Holl's verdict is altogether unfounded. He further proceeds to protest against Dr. Holl's utterances in general, and particularly against his valuation of the libretto.

DENMARK AND SCHÖNBERG

In the *Signale* (March 8) Fritz Crome writes from Copenhagen :

Denmark, in musical matters, is progressive enough. To show that we whole-heartedly keep up with the truly significant modern currents, it will suffice to name Louis Glass, Peder Gram, Paul von Klenau, and especially Karl Nielsen. So far as the extreme radical movement is concerned, the experimental 'modernist' movement which is represented by Pratella in Italy, by Cyril Scott in England, and chiefly by Arnold Schönberg, we must confess that we have nothing to show, and have taken little pains so far to seek knowledge. It is only this winter that we have become acquainted with Schönberg's music, thanks to Paul von Klenau, who has given us a whole evening of it.

The writer considers that *Pierrot Lunaire*, which was the chief event of the concert referred to, produced a mixed impression, but certainly gave rise to the wish that it may soon be heard again. He doubts whether the road followed by Schönberg really leads anywhere.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV AND BORIS GODOUNOV

In *La Revue Musicale* (April) Robert Godet emphatically protests against the 'emendations' introduced into the score of *Boris Godounov* by Rimsky-Korsakov. Like Pierre d'Alheim, Jean Marnold and others, he considers the alterations altogether unwarrantable, and expresses the wish that Moussorgsky's masterpiece be known in its genuine form.

MUSIC IN SOVIET RUSSIA

In the same issue, André Julien writes that throughout Russia theatres are surprisingly active. At Moscow and Petrograd, operas and ballets are in great favour. The most popular composer is Rimsky-Korsakov. Tchaikovsky comes second, Borodin with his one opera, *Prince Igor* third, Moussorgsky fourth. Few foreign works are produced.

No new composers have cropped up, but a number of previously unknown conductors, singers, and instrumentalists are mentioned with praise. Stanislavsky, the famous manager of the Arts Theatre, is producing opera under particularly fine conditions. At a minor theatre the writer one night saw a conductor gravely beating time to an 'orchestra' consisting solely of a pianist; the opera performed was *Eugène Onegin*. *Petrushka*, *The Fire-Bird*, and many long-forgotten ballets are being produced. Glière has written two new ballets, *Khrysis* and *Comediantes*.

At the Moscow Grand Theatre symphony concerts are given. Most of the programmes during the last two years were devoted to Beethoven, Wagner, Strauss, and Scriabin. A room previously reserved for the Tsar's private use has been turned into a hall for chamber music concerts, where the whole series of Beethoven's Trios and Quartets was given. A number of concerts of modern chamber music took place last season.

A FORGOTTEN ITALIAN COMPOSER

In *Il Pianoforte* (March) Luigi Perrachio gives a thoughtful, thorough survey of Giuseppe Martucci's pianoforte works:

Martucci (1859-1909) remains most unjustly overlooked. At a period when pure music was practically ignored throughout Italy, he wrote works of outstanding merit. His output for the pianoforte is more important from all points of view than Sgambati's. Its chief characteristics are dignity and austerity. It is especially his later works that deserve close attention—for example, the *Novella*, Op. 50, the *Fantasia*, Op. 51, the *Capriccio* and *Serenade*, Op. 37, the *Prelude*, *Toccata*, and *Gigue*, Op. 61, the last *Serenade*, *Nocturno*, and *Intermezzo* (Opus numbers not given). The *Pianoforte Concerto* (Op. 66) is perhaps the finest of his works.

STRAVINSKY

Equally thoughtful and instructive is A. Hilio Cimbri's article on Stravinsky in the same issue. The writer deals with his subject on the plainest lines, and refrains from all forms of special plea. He likes Stravinsky's music, and says so, defining its chief characteristics felicitously, from the non-technical point of view.

BALAKIREV AND BERLIOZ

In *Le Ménestrel* (March 4) Adolphe Boschot publishes a letter from Balakirev to Berlioz, urging him to write a new symphony, and suggesting a complete programme founded on Byron's *Manfred*—

Balakirev at the time of writing (September, 1868), being apparently unaware of the existence of Schumann's *Manfred* music.

A PROPOSAL TO TAX MUSIC IMPORTED INTO FRANCE

The question—moved, apparently, by the French publisher Durand—whether it would be an advantage for France to impose a tax upon imported printed music is being actively discussed in the French press. Opinion, so far, is unanimously against the proposed measure. E. Vuillermoz (*Le Temps*, February 24), Jacques Hengel (*Le Ménestrel*, March 24), and A. Mangeot (*Monde Musical*, March), agree in declaring that it would be disastrous. It has since been decided that the question would not be considered.

Le Ménestrel states that Henri Rabaud (the Director of the Conservatoire), Widor, Théodore Dubois, Paul Vidal, Georges Hue, and other well-known French composers, were among the first to sign a protest against Durand's proposal.

In *Le Courrier Musical* (March 15) Ch. Tenroc emphasises that the French editions of the classics are more trustworthy, better printed (and on better paper), and cheaper than the German. Only custom, and systematic dumping on Germany's part, fight in favour of German editions.

THE GROTESQUE, THE COMICAL, AND THE HUMOROUS IN MUSIC

The first copy of the Prag monthly *Der Aufakt* to reach this office (March) is interesting enough to make me regret not having seen the previous issues. It contains an article by Dr. Th. Veidl on the principles of humour in music, with instances from Beethoven's works; an account by Dr. Paul Nettl, of the first comic-opera produced at Prag, *La Patienza di Socrate con due moglie* (text by Count Minato, music by Antonio Draghi, 1680); an essay by Richard Specht on 'The Grotesque in recent music' (in which no reference is made to Russian music nor, with the sole exception of one to Berlioz, of French music); and another, by Dr. Zdeněk Nejedlý, on the comical characters in Smetana's operas.

M.-D. CALVOCORESSI.

The Musician's Bookshelf

Sir Charles Stanford's occasional dashes into the field of musical journalism are so invariably successful that the fruits are too good to be left in the obscurity of magazine files. Here, in his *Interludes, Records, and Impressions* (Murray, 12s.), he reprints a batch contributed to various journals during the past few years, together with several papers that now see the light for the first time. Sir Charles has a big pullover most musical writers, owing to his having been on intimate terms with so many great musicians of the past generation. He has but to start telling us what Richter, or Joachim, or von Bülow said or did on a given occasion, and he has our ear at once. But a good deal more goes to the making of this book. Sir Charles is not only one of our most distinguished composers—and surely our most versatile; he is also the teacher of a large proportion of the men who are now putting the creative side of our music on its legs again. As a result, his pronouncements on composition and musical education are above all practical. Many a fat treatise on the former subject says less than is here

packed into thirty pages. The most interesting thing in a good chapter on 'Some Conductors and Their Methods,' is the comparison between Richter and von Bülow. (By the way, the author is hasty in saying that among the many absurdities 'abolished by Richter was the *pp* opening of "For unto us"'. If it was ever abolished it has revived, and may be heard right and left from choral societies large and small.) Apropos of conductors' methods, admiring audiences of the perspiring and Ajax-defying lightning types should bear in mind Sir Charles's remark that 'the best judgment of a conductor is formed by sitting in front of him, not at his back.' Richter and von Bülow often left the orchestra alone, so far as the folk behind them could judge, but all the time their eyes were busy. Sir Charles says that playing the organ under Richter, he 'felt the conductor's eye through his spine without looking round for the beat.' The chapter on 'Bayreuth in 1876,' is full of interest. Sir Charles approves of the Paris step of giving the *Ring* with the long and dull portions omitted—'a relief to the hearer, but anathema to the true Wagnerite.' Speaking of the Bayreuth performance, he says:

'I sat in the theatre immediately behind Liszt. I could not but smile at the amount of time which he spent at these moments in the arms of Morpheus. He walked up and down afterwards under my window, speaking with enthusiasm of those very moments which I knew he had not heard, or which came to him from reading the score, or from—dreams, nightmares, perhaps.'

There is a generous appreciation of Sterndale Bennett and an admirable tribute to the value of the amateur, with special reference to Sedley Taylor, Arthur Coleridge, Spencer Lyttleton, and others. The paper on 'Music and the War' expresses with vigour what most of us felt at the time it was written—1916. To-day we cannot get quite so hot on certain points. There is a touch of spleen in the discussion of Richard Strauss, though some of the hits are fair enough. For example:

'He cannot even leave the domestic hearth and the innocence of childhood alone, but blares at infancy with tubas and trombones. In his view Blake should have been a Boanerges in the nursery, howling Treitschke instead of baby rhymes; and the bath should have been sown with floating mines.'

But it does not do to argue, as Sir Charles does, that the elements of German militarism can be clearly traced in modern German music. If they are there they are also in the music of the Allies. The following sentence can be applied to a good proportion of English, French, American, and Russian composers of the past twenty years, and, going farther back, to Berlioz, and even Beethoven:

'He relies increasingly upon the numbers of his executants, upon the technical facility of his players, upon the additions and improvements to musical instruments, upon the subordination of invention to effect, upon the massing of sounds and the superabundance of colour to conceal inherent poverty.'

This is said of Strauss by way of showing that he is 'the counterpart of Bernhardt and the General Staff.' A German critic might almost as justly say that our massed band performances and Handel Festivals are signs of militarism and aggressiveness.

The question of the pace of some portions of Beethoven's ninth Symphony having lately been in the air, the chapter thereon comes at a good moment especially as it settles beyond dispute the fact that the *tempo* of the *Scherzo* and its *Trio* should be $\text{♩} = 116$ and $\text{♩} = 116$ respectively. A reproduction of a photograph of the original full score, giving the juncture of the two movements, is so conclusive that we wonder how any such a question could have arisen and remained debatable for a century. Other chapters in this enjoyable book deal with Jenny Lind, Pauline Viardot-Garcia, and Grove, recent tendencies in composition, and the growth of the symphony. There are a few signs of want of care in the final stages of proof-reading, e.g., a passage on Richter and horn- and oboe-tone in the chapter on orchestras is repeated almost word for word in that on conductors; there are a few eccentric punctuation; and in the prefatory note the *Musical Quarterly* becomes the *Musical Quarterly Review*, and *Music and Letters* has its title not at all improved into *Music and Literature*.
H. G.

The man who sets out to write warmly and picturesquely about art—and above all about music—treads the knife-edge of a path. A few words too many, a few badly chosen epithets, a slip on a technical term, and over he goes on the highfalutin and bathos side. So hard is it to keep the pot bubbling and brimming without slopping over! Here is a writer who can do the trick with brilliant success—Paul Rosenfeld. His *Musical Portraits: Interpretations of twenty Modern Composers* (Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d.), is a series of vivid studies of some of the most discussed composers of to-day—Mahler, Scriabin, Stravinsky, Schönberg, Ornstein, Ravel, Bloch, with some who are now accepted rather than discussed—Franck, Liszt, Wagner, and several of the Russians. The papers are reprints from various (American) journals, and to this fact must be put down the overworking of a handful of epithets of the punching kind. Reprints rarely get the revision they require; the process involves so many drastic changes. The cutting out of repetitive and other passages that, more or less necessary in journalism, are redundant in a book, calls for so much patching and rewriting that the author shies at it, especially if he sees a stack of current work waiting at his elbow. So we throw no stones at our Rosenfelds and Turners, being duly grateful when good stuff is rescued from magazines and put before us in book form. And Mr. Rosenfeld's is very good stuff indeed. Opening his volume almost at random, take this extract from the chapter on Sibelius, and see if it does not make us realise how our complacent Saturday afternoon audiences at Queen's Hall found it hard to get on terms with his two Symphonies:

'Sibelius has written music that seems . . . to be the very North indeed . . . There are times when he comes into the concert-room like some man of a former age, like some spare, knotted barbarian from the world of the sagas. There are times when he comes amongst us like one who might quite conceivably have been comrade to pelted warriors who fought with clubs and hammers; like one who might have beaten out a rude music by black, smoking hearth-sides quite as readily as make tone-poems for the modern concert-room. And his music, with its viking blows and wild, crying accents, its harsh and

uncouth speech, sets us without circumstance in that sunken world, sets us in the very midst of the stark men and grave, savage women for whom the sagas were made, so that we can see them in all their hurtling strength and rank barbarity, can well-nigh touch them with the fingers of our hands.'

This is no doubt the real Sibelius, whose bleak Symphonies will never oust *Finlandia* and the *Valse Triste* from their place in English repertory.

And take this passage as an impression of the Stravinsky of *The Rite of Spring*, the vivid fidelity of which will be felt by all who have heard the music—especially those who have heard it without the boring choreographic accompaniment of 1921 :

'The new steel organs of man have begotten their music in *Le Sacre du Printemps*. For with Stravinsky, the rhythms of machinery enter musical art . . . there has come to be a music stylistically well-nigh the reverse of that of the impressionists. Through him, music has again become cubical, lapidary, massive, mechanistic. Scintillation has gone out of it. The elegance of Debussy, the golden sensuality, the quiet, classic touch, are flown. Instead, there are come to be great, weighty, metallic masses, molten piles and sheets of steel and iron, shining adamantine bulks. Contours are become grim, severe, angular. Melodies are sharp, rigid, symmetrical. Chords are uncouth, square clusters of notes, stout and solid as the pillars that support roofs, heavy as the thuds of trip-hammers. Above all, there is rhythm, rhythm rectangular and sheer and emphatic, rhythm that lunges and beats and reiterates and dances with all the steely perfect tirelessness of the machine, shoots out and draws back, shoots upward and shoots down, with the inhuman motion of titanic arms of steel. Indeed, the change is as radical, as complete, as though in the midst of noble moonlit gardens a giant machine had arisen swiftly from the ground and inundated the night with electrical glare, and set its metal thews and organs and joints relentlessly whirling, relentlessly functioning.'

Against this tough and hammering prose, bristling with *d*'s and *t*'s, might be set in contrast passages from the chapters on Debussy, Franck, Scriabin, and others as warm and glowing as the music they describe. In this very real sense Mr. Rosenfeld does interpret his chosen composers to us, doing more with a few pages of words than many a writer manages with double the amount of language *plus* musical examples. It is a rare gift, though perhaps the result is not for everybody. It would be easy to pick out a few of the less successful passages and on the strength or weakness thereof pooh-pooh the book as mere 'fine writing.' Let this reviewer confess that he began to read with misgivings ('Hullo! another gusher!'), but was soon captured, for Mr. Rosenfeld's glowing and violent vocabulary is not mere sounding brass. It is a medium as natural to him as a harmonic idiom is to a composer, and through it he delivers himself of criticism usually fresh, and often penetrating.

The readers of this set of studies will ask for more. Why not a series on the older composers? The Stravinskys and Ornsteins, the Debussys and Scriabins, are well suited with flowers of speech that alternately suggest the cactus and the orchid. The Bachs, the Palestrinas, the Scarlattis, and Purcells

would call for something so very different that we should like to see what sort of a fist Mr. Rosenfeld would make of the job. H. G.

Luigi Torri's volume on the construction of the violin and violin makers (published by G. Zanibon, Padua) is a fairly comprehensive record of the books, monographs, and even essays, that have been written on the subject. Naturally enough, not all the author's definitions appear equally adequate. For instance, Wasielewski's *Die Violine und ihre Meister* surely deserves more than the cursory notice it gets from Mr. Torri. And there is little to be gained by giving *in extenso* such a title as that of Wettengel's work, which occupies sixteen lines. It is true that in this case the title is also a complete summary of the contents. But we should have preferred the collector's summary and criticism to the author's words. The value of a record of this kind is not so much in the number of works catalogued as in the judgment passed on their worth and on the writer's point of view. The fact that M. Tolbecque has written a volume on the luthier's art is not interesting in itself. The interest would lie in a brief comment on M. Tolbecque's views. As a preparation for a more exhaustive study of the subject, Mr. Torri's volume is, however, invaluable.

B. V.

The importance of imitation in the study of counterpoint cannot well be overrated, especially at the present time. Nature teaches that for any development of the higher branches of a tree there must be a corresponding development of its roots. And in view of the rapid and extraordinary developments that have taken place in music during the last twenty years or so, it becomes more important than ever to strengthen the roots of musical knowledge. We welcome accordingly such a work as Oreste Ravanello's *Study on Imitation* (published by G. Zanibon, Padua). The author deals fairly thoroughly with scholastic imitation, dividing the work into three parts, of which the first deals with definitions of various imitations (perfect, free, rising or falling motion, &c.), the second consists of exercises on short given basses, and the third offers fuller examples for practice.

B. V.

New Music

STRING MUSIC

String quartets of excellent quality are rarer now than they have ever been. It is evident that the modern taste does not run in the direction of this somewhat exclusive and certainly exacting form. On the other hand, quartets of very fair merit are perhaps more numerous now than they were when Beethoven wrote. Edward Norman Hay's Quartet, published by the Carnegie Collection of British Music, is certainly no exception. It is not too ambitious, and its effect ought to be pleasant enough on the whole. Only now and then are there passages which at least the reader of the score must consider less convincing. Mr. Hay apparently is aware of the fact that mere number of notes does not make for effect in violin or 'cello music as it does in the case of the harp or the pianoforte. But this otherwise praiseworthy reticence can be carried too far. For instance,

the *Poco Largamente*, at page 39, suggests a climax that a performance may realise very imperfectly owing to the distribution of the parts, and especially to the weakness of the 'cello part. A reading of the score is of course a different thing from actual consecutive performance, and an error of judgment which appears dangerous at first may pass almost unnoticed in the practical test. The trumpets in the first long *tutti* of the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto which appeared heinous to its first conductors are now accepted and condoned in view of the other merits of the work. But Tchaikovsky would have been wiser if he had accepted the criticism of Richter and deleted the offending passage. If Mr. Hay should find that in the actual performance a bar or two are not quite what he anticipated, let us hope he will have the courage to amend the flaws, for the Quartet deserves this, and the doctrine of infallibility is a very recent one.

Miss K. Dorothy Fox's *Chant Élégiacque* (Bosworth & Co.), dedicated to her 'Father and Brother,' has a touch of the family affair, namely, modesty, simplicity, and a certain degree of intimacy. (It is no use giving ourselves airs with those who know us well.) But the piece is none the worse on that account, and should be appreciated by amateurs in search of simple and attractive melody.

B. V.

FULL SCORES

Durand's have just issued Corelli's *Concerto Grosso* (No. 8) in G minor (*Fatto per la Notte di Natale*), edited by Rhené-Baton. The score is for first and second violin and violoncello solo and the usual string orchestra with the *continuo* 'realised' for pianoforte by the editor. A very pleasant Pastorale seems to be the best of the batch of movements.

From Chester's comes the miniature score of Joseph Jongen's *Tableaux Pittoresques* for small orchestra, Op. 56—*Le matin dans la campagne, Danses, Paysage de montagnes, and Fête populaire*. It belongs to the type of chamber-orchestral music that is a good deal in favour at present and is likely to be even more so. The composer, however, gives directions as to its adaptation for performance by a bigger force when the work is given in a large hall. So far as can be gathered from a reading of the score, this appears to be a delightful work. Jongen is one of the best of contemporary composers in this vein—one well suited to his delicate fancy and sense of colour.

H. G.

SONGS

A Song of Shadows (Winthrop Rogers). This poem of Walter de la Mare with its undertones of ghostly visitants, festooned frost-flowers, smouldering embers, its musician, with his viol or lute, playing by the light of the stars among the shifting shadows, has been sensitively expressed in song and accompaniment by C. Armstrong Gibbs. We shudder to think of the fate of this delicate lyric at the hands of a mediocre composer with unsatisfied longings for cheap effects. But this poem, and the same poet's *Silver*, have been merged into music by a composer who has poetic imagination and a sense of the beauty of words and their fitting adjustment to harmony and tone. The clear-cut chords of the accompaniment

to the tranquil cadences of *Silver* alternated by a single bass note and its deeper octave give the moonlit night effects of the poet's theme of the silvered surfaces of creatures and things when 'the moon walks the night in her silver shoon.' There are wit and humour in this same composer's setting of de la Mare's *Five Eyes* and *John Mouldy* (Winthrop Rogers). The melodic design of *Five Eyes*, with its five quavers and semiquavers to almost every bar representing the miller's three black cats with five eyes between them, is clever and amusing.

For his *Five Irish Songs* (Murdoch) Arnold Bax has chosen poems by two of the best contemporary Irish poets and J. M. Synge. Padraig Colum's *The Pigeons*, with its chromaticism, closely packed chords in constant semitonic progression, and hesitating chromatic triplets, is a vivid realisation of the wild pigeons' tremulous notes and iridescent colouring. The melody for the voice is simple and tender, expressive of a childless woman's sorrow stimulated by the sound of the young pigeons stirring in their nest. The Irish folk-song lilt and idiom, and the Irish sentiment which is always far removed, happily, from sentimentality, are heard in the fine settings of Joseph Campbell's *As I came over the grey, grey hills, and I heard a piper piping*, and in the exquisite, sensitive rendering of Colum's *Across the Door*.

Herbert Hughes's arrangements of old Irish songs and ballads are always as near perfection as can be. *If I had a-knew*, a fragment of an old Derry Ballad (Enoch), is arranged with the usual good taste and artistic restraint characteristic of this composer.

Massi-Hardman's *Near the Rill, To the Nightingale*, and *The Beloved's Voice* (Augener) are settings of poems by Russian poets translated by John Bowring. They will prove useful to singers requiring simple and tuneful melodies.

The music of *The Enchantea Hour*, a miniature song-cycle by John Heath (Enoch) to a lyric of James Stephens and four short poems by W. A. Stokes, will meet with popularity. Both songs and accompaniments are easy, and the words possess humour and are dainty. Easthope Martin's setting of Tennyson's irritating, reiterative *Break* and Helen Taylor's *The Minstrel* (Enoch) are illustrative of the poems with their somewhat trite and worn sentiment.

There is a quaint humour and pathos in D. M. Stewart's *Denny's Daughter* (Augener), words by Moira O'Neill, that will bring it success with audiences who want a simple, cheering song, and Breville Smith's *The Emigrant* (Elkin) is a pleasant, racy setting of John Masefield's poem. The same may be said of Paul Edmonds's *The Old Woman*.

Arthur de Greef's *Apart* (Enoch) is a melodious and slightly sentimental setting of a lyric by Eileen Newton.

Cyril Scott's *Villanelle of Firelight* (Elkin) is spoilt by the constant sibilant sound of words such as 'things,' 'swings,' 'kings,' and others rhyming with 'wings,' which occur twice in each of the six verses.

Gerrard Williams's setting of Shelley's *Time* (Novello) has originality. The severe and somewhat grim music is well-suited to Shelley's conception of the sea as cruel, rapacious, treacherous, 'terrible in storm.' This same composer has made an excellent arrangement of *The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington* (Novello).

L. L.

Like as a father

May 1, 1922

ANTHEM FOR TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS
FROM "O COME BEFORE HIS PRESENCE WITH SINGING"

Psalm ciii. 13, 9

Music by GEORGE C. MARTIN

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

TENOR SOLO
Arioso. Andante con moto

mf

Like . . . as a fa - - ther pit - ieth his own chil - dren,

Andante con moto ♩ = 100.*mf legato**con Ped.*

so . . . is the Lord mer-ci-ful to them . . . that fear Him.

mf

CHORUS. SOPRANO

mf

Like . . . as a fa - - ther pit - ieth his own chil - dren,

mf

so . . . is the Lord mer-ci-ful to them . . . that fear Him,

CHORUS. BASS

mf

Like . . . as a

so is the

CHORUS. TENOR *mf*

so . . . is the

fa - ther pit - ieth his own chil - dren, so . . . is the

Lord mer-ci-ful to them that . . . fear Him.

CHORUS. ALTO

mf Like . . . as a

Lord mer-ci-ful to them that fear Him, Like as a

Lord mer-ci-ful to them . . . that fear Him,

senza Ped. *Ped.*

fa - ther pit - ieth his own chil - dren, . . . like as a

fa - ther pit - ieth his own chil - dren, . . . like . . . as a

The musical score is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two stanzas of the hymn. The second system contains the third stanza. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, moving line in the left hand. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *f* (forte). Crescendos are marked with *cres.* above the notes.

mf.
Like as a fa - ther
fa - ther, like as a fa - ther
fa - ther pit - ieth his own chil - dren, like as a fa - ther
mf
Like as a fa - ther
pit - ieth his own chil - dren, He will not al - way be chi - ding,
pit - ieth his own chil - dren, He will not al - way be chi - ding,
pit - ieth his own chil - dren, He will not al - way be chi - ding,
pit - ieth his own chil - dren, He will not al - way be chi - ding,
He will not al - way be chi - ding, nei-ther keep - eth He His an - ger for
He will not al - way be chi - ding, nei-ther keep - eth He His an - ger for
He will not al - way be chi - ding, nei-ther keep - eth He His an - ger for
He will not al - way be chi - ding, nei-ther keep - eth He His an - ger for

ev - er. ev - er. Like as a fa - ther

The first system of the musical score for 'Like as a Father'. It features a vocal line with lyrics 'ev - er. ev - er. Like as a fa - ther' and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. Dynamics include *ff* and *mf*.

pit - ieth his own chil - dren, so . . . is the Lord mer - ci - ful to

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'pit - ieth his own chil - dren, so . . . is the Lord mer - ci - ful to'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. Dynamics include *mf*.

Like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own
them . . . that fear Him, like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own
Like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own
Like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own

The third system of the musical score, which includes a four-part vocal setting. The lyrics are: 'Like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own', 'them . . . that fear Him, like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own', 'Like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own', and 'Like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own'. The piano accompaniment is consistent with the previous systems. Dynamics include *mf*.

chil - dren, so is the Lord mer - ci - ful to them . . . that

chil - dren, so is the Lord mer - ci - ful to them that

chil - dren, so is the Lord mer - ci - ful to them . . . that

chil - dren, so is the Lord mer - ci - ful to them that . .

fear Him, e - ven so is the Lord mer - ci - ful, mer - ci - ful to

fear Him, e - ven so is the Lord mer - ci - ful, mer - ci - ful to

fear Him, e - ven so is the Lord, the Lord mer - ci - ful, mer - ci - ful to

fear Him, e - ven so is the Lord, the Lord mer - ci - ful, mer - ci - ful to

them, to them . . . that . . . fear Him, that fear

them, to them that fear Him, that fear . .

them, to them that fear Him, that fear . .

them, to them that fear Him, that fear . .

them, to them that fear Him, that fear . .

TENOR SOLO
lento al fine

Lake . . as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own chil - dren, e - ven so the
Him. Like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own chil - dren,
Him. Like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own chil - dren,
Him. Like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own chil - dren,
Him. Like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own chil - dren,
lento al fine

Lord, . . the Lord is mer - ci - ful to them that fear . . Him.
e - ven so is mer - ci - ful to them that fear Him.
e - ven so is mer - ci - ful to them that fear Him.
e - ven so is mer - ci - ful to them that fear Him.
e - ven so is mer - ci - ful to them that fear Him.
rall.

rall. Ped. 16 ft. (8ve. higher)

(Continued from page 332.)

CHURCH MUSIC

The remarkable edition of Tudor Church music now being published for the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust by the Oxford University Press (Humphrey Milford) should claim the attention of all musicians. The principal editors are Dr. R. R. Terry and Dr. Edmund H. Fellowes—two musicians who have taken a distinguished part in shedding light on the greatest period of our musical history. The music comprised in this series, we are told, will be representative of the work of composers for both the English and the Latin rite in the various forms of Services, Motets, anthems, and hymns, and will present in modern form some of the splendid music we inherit from the Tudor period, of which but little is known. Recent researches have disclosed the fact that there are many composers whose work, hitherto lost to sight, is worthy to take a place beside that of such well-known men as Tallis, Byrd, Morley, and Gibbons.

Of the numbers so far issued one of the most striking is Thomas Weelkes's very fine setting for six voices (S.S.A.T.B.B.) of *Hosanna to the Son of David*. Another remarkable work is Peter Philips's jubilant Motet *The Lord ascendeth*, for S.S.A.T.B. William Byrd is represented by a beautiful little *Ave Verum*, for four voices, with Latin and English text; a Motet for four voices, *Then did priests make offering*; a setting for five voices of the Compline Hymn, *O Christ, Who art the Light and Day*, in which the tune is placed in a different part in each verse; and a five-part setting of the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* (S.A.A.T.B.). Other numbers are the *Leroy Kyrie* (*Hear my prayer, O Lord*), a Motet for four voices by John Taverner; *O pray for the peace of Jerusalem*, anthem for four voices (S.S.T.B.) by Thomas Tomkins; Thomas Tallis's Motet for four voices, *I heard a voice from Heaven*; and Orlando Gibbons's fine anthem for Ascension Day, *O God the King of Glory* (S.A.A.T.B.), with organ accompaniment.

Choir-trainers should make themselves acquainted with this series, always remembering, of course, that the music is for *voices*—all the above except the Gibbons work are for unaccompanied singing—and that no amount of mere playing over can give an adequate idea of the actual effect in performance.

Byrd's well-known canon *Not unto us* (Non nobis Domine) is now published by Novello in two arrangements on a single sheet—for A.T.B. and S.S.B.—and in both notations. From the same firm may be obtained S. Wesley's tuneful short anthem for men's voices (A.T.B.), *Behold, how good and joyful*, and a set of eight Quadruple Chants by various composers—Turle, Walmisley, and others—and including the well-known one in F by Oakeley.

H. Elliot Button's setting of the Office of the Holy Communion in C (Novello) is mainly for unison singing. Though very easy, the music is interesting and well-written, and admirably suited for use in places where the choir resources are limited or where a congregational setting is desired.

There is good stuff in John Pullen's setting of the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* in E flat (Bayley & Ferguson). While not over-elaborate or lengthy, this musicianly work will commend itself to a good choir. There are one or two misprints in the organ part.

Off the beaten track is J. G. Bissley's anthem for general use, *Content thyself with patience* (Novello)—

a tasteful setting of some words (spelling modernized) from a brass, dated 1572, in Beaconsfield Parish Church. Also worthy of notice is Lancelot G. Bark's anthem for evensong, *Before the ending of the day* (Bayley & Ferguson), which is melodiously and fluently written.

Those acquainted with *Easy Plainsong Settings of the Holy Communion Service for Congregational Use* (Mowbray), edited by E. G. P. Wyatt and W. H. Ferguson, will be interested to know that a book of organ accompaniments to these, under the same trustworthy editorship, may now be obtained from the publishers. The book contains eight settings of the *Kyrie* (three in nine-fold form), Merbecke's *Credo* with Francis Burgess's organ part, five settings of the *Sanctus*, five of the *Agnus Dei*, and three of the *Gloria*. The inexperienced accompanist will here find excellent models on which to base his own work.

Missa Fidelium, by Godfrey Scaats, is described as 'a plain Mass in English.' It is mostly in unison, and is intended to be sung in free rhythm as in ordinary plainchant. It should prove welcome in places where plainsong and other simple settings are used.

Interesting to Bach lovers should be the issue in Welsh by Novello of Bach's splendid Motet for five voices, *Jesu, priceless Treasure* (*Jesu, meine Freude*). Evidently Wales is expected to take its due share in the growing appreciation of Bach's great choral works.

G. G.

MALIPIERO'S QUARTET

When Strauss was last in London he confessed that the easiest path of the composer is that of the ultra-modern or futurist school. G. Francesco Malipiero's *Rispetti e Strambotti*, for string quartet, (Chester) fully bears out this assertion. In the old days quartet music meant that some degree of individual attention was given to each member of the party. The harmonic style was no less useful than the contrapuntal, but even harmonic progressions were presented in such a way as to give each part the utmost independence. All that has been changed. Now, apparently, when the composer fails to find something to say, when his mind goes on a journey or perchance sleepeth, he simply makes his instruments repeat the same bar over and over again. A *Pedale* justifies everything. In Malipiero's Quartet, for instance, after the first few bars, first and second violins and 'cello (at II.) have a *pedale* lasting fourteen bars; at v. first violin and 'cello rest from care for another dozen bars; at VII. the whole quartet repeats one phrase for eight bars; and after a cadenza-like passage for the first fiddle, viola and 'cello find another oasis with a *pedale* accompaniment repeated for sixteen bars; at VIII. the fiddles again try *otium cum dignitate*; but the ten bars at IX. (*Lento, triste*) leave all the players free from concern—barring the first fiddle—for a good long while. And other examples could be added to prove that repetitions abound. What is the meaning of this, we wonder. Does Malipiero believe that unless he repeats himself the audience might miss his point? If this is the case, his concern for the audience does him honour; but, as a matter of fact, his points are of the plainest. Perhaps he has some reason which the uninitiated may not fathom. Perhaps every time we hear a group of notes repeated we ought to think of something different—the immutability of fate, the tedium of a long

railway journey, or red-tape. For the plain man, however, a repetition is a repetition for a' that. If we cannot pretend to read the mind of the composer, the mind of the listener is clear enough. It is at least singular that some of those who came to 'change a' that' should now adopt methods which cry out for another and more radical change:

Who would not laugh if such a man there be,
Who would not weep if Futurist were he?

B. V.

WORKS BY ARTHUR HONEGGER

A variety of things from the pen of this active and much-discussed composer is now available, and will enable the musical public at large to form its own opinion.

Even a cursory glance at the vocal score of the incidental music to *Le Roi David*, a 'dramatic Psalm' by René Morax, produced last year at the Théâtre du Jorat (Switzerland), will show that his mind works on broad, straightforward lines. The music consists of vocal and instrumental numbers, generally brief, some episodic, and serving a merely decorative purpose, others more developed and full of substance. The Evocation of the Witch of Endor, David's Dance before the Ark, and David's Death are among the finest (Foelisch Frères, Lausanne, publishers).

In the first Violin Sonata (Sénart) imagination and constructive ability are displayed. The tone is impressively dramatic. (It is to be presumed that the G clef in the pianoforte part, lines 2-5 of the third movement, is a misprint, and should be an F clef.) A clever *Toccata et Variations* for pianoforte (Mathôt), weird, not unimpressive songs, *Six Poèmes extraits des 'Alcools' de G. Apollinaire* (Mathôt), the early *Trois Pièces* for pianoforte (Mathôt), and *Quatre Poèmes* for voice and pianoforte (Chester), with the arrangement for pianoforte duet of the *Pastorale d'Été* (Sénart) complete the material for prosecution and defence.

M.-D. C.

WORKS BY A. TANSMAN AND OTHERS

Alexandre Tansman is a young composer whose music is no less rich in choice discords than Honegger's, but at first sight appears less straightforward and less purposeful. In his second Violin Sonata (Demets) he avoids flying in the face of custom. Indeed, the violin part consists largely of ripe, tuneful phrases, the pianoforte co-operating in not unfamiliar wise. The *Petite Suite* for pianoforte (*ibid.*) is not so cloying, and simple enough of its kind. But the two books of Pianoforte Preludes (*ibid.*) afford ample opportunity for investigators to show their capacity to discriminate between genuine effort towards expression and mere indulgence in the latest conventions. I should like to see more of the composer's music before deciding in his favour or against him.

With Malipiero's *Omaggi*, for pianoforte (Chester), dedicated to a parrot, an elephant, and an idiot respectively, things are far simpler. The question is, shall we grin with the composer or stonily stare while he grins at us? René Chausard's *New York Pictures*, for pianoforte (Demets) are unaffected, pleasing little trifles. Oreste Ravanello's pianoforte pieces, *Impressioni, Trentine, Venezia, and Padova* (Zanibon, Padua), are not very substantial. With Manuel de Falla's *Cancion del Amor Dolido*

(Chester) we get a welcome foretaste of the new Ballet *El Amor Brujo*. Messrs. Chester have issued Malipiero's *À Claude Debussy*, which first appeared in the *Homage to Debussy* published by the *Revue Musicale*.

M.-D. C.

ELEMENTARY PIANOFORTE MUSIC

A set of *Six Musical Illustrations* for pianoforte, by Oscar Beringer (Augener) will, we think, be warmly approved by both teachers and pupils. They are attractive in style, and would provide excellent practice and recreation for young people of about the Lower Division (Associated Board) stage. The shortest and simplest of the set is No. 4, *Boy Scouts passing*; school-boys will enjoy this. No. 1, *Good Morning*, a graceful Serenade, gives opportunities for melody playing, light arpeggio work, and crossing left hand over right. No. 2, *Poor Pussy*, is an expressive lament. Arpeggios in easy positions passed from hand to hand with left crossing over right are the chief feature of the daintily-written *Raindrops* (No. 3). In No. 5, *Sunday Morning*, we meet with bell effects and an ancient chorale; the latter on its second appearance demands neat playing of chords in close position in both hands, alternating with wide leaps to octaves in opposite directions. The last of the set, *Good-Night*, a charming Nocturne, needs a hand capable of playing octaves and octave chords with ease. These six pieces, which are published in separate numbers, should prove welcome to teachers on the look-out for good educational music.

Two Dances by Edgar L. Bainton—1. *Redowa, Bohemian Dance*; 2. *Strathspey*—are capital examples of this composer's work. They are short, and, although not difficult, require a neat, crisp touch. Played at a good speed (*Molto vivace* and *Allegro vivace*) they should prove exhilarating little pieces. They are published separately by Augener.

Leonard Butler's *Asterisks* (Augener) comprise under one cover four pieces—*Chanson Poétique, Capricciello, Valse Mignonne, and Berceuse*. They are moderately easy, melodiously written, and the composer has obviously laid himself out to please. Much the same may be said of the same composer's *Country Idylls* (Augener). There are six of these issued in separate numbers, each filling two pages.

A work which will probably be appreciated by many young players issues from Augener under the title of *Wagner Lyrics*. There are two volumes containing between them twenty-one pieces, simply arranged and edited by A. Roloff. The books are excellently produced, and provide a well-varied selection of Wagner melodies ranging from *Rienzi* to *Parsifal*.

Two sets of *Two Pieces in Contrasted Styles* for small hands by Charles W. Pearce (Jamesons) may be recommended. Set 1 contains an *Air varied* (after J. Battishill, 1738-1801)—a charming little movement—and a Stately Dance (*Tempo di Gavotta*). Set 2 gives us a *Courante* (after J. Battishill) and a melody with variations, *On a Cambridge Chime*. These two useful books will be found specially valuable for developing independence between the two hands.

Ernest Austin is, or should be by now, widely known amongst pianoforte teachers as a composer of high aims whose music is not only attractive to the pupil but also definitely educational. Three albums of pieces for young pianists just issued by Larway

contain some of his most attractive work. *Ditties and Dances* comprise twelve pieces in two books. Slightly more difficult are six numbers under one cover entitled *Musical Verses*. The third volume, *Lyric Fancies*, is a collection of twelve simple pieces which are apparently of less recent date than the other books. These albums might well follow the composer's popular *Playtime Pieces*.

Arthur Baynon's five sketches for pianoforte, *A Shropshire Lad*, after verses by Housman (Augener), make an attractive little Suite of pieces all quite simple, the longest running only to about thirty bars.

Little players will be delighted with *A Child's Garden of Music*, ten miniature tone-pictures by M. E. Marshall (Bosworth). Illustrations by I. Graeff appear at the head of each piece, to which is appended an apt quotation from R. L. Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verse*. G. G.

Gramophone Notes

BY 'DISCUS'

The H.M.V. records for this month are very strong on the instrumental side and weak on the vocal. First place must go to a splendid record of *Till Eulenspiegel* played by the Symphony Orchestra under Albert Coates. This is, I think, the first time the work has been recorded in full. The only other record known to me is a very much cut version issued by the Columbia Co. Here we have the whole of it, on two 12-in. d.-s. records. The reproduction is excellent, the wood-wind as usual scoring all along the line.

The 12-in. record of Heifetz playing the *Valse* from Tchaikovsky's Op. 48 is a topper—that is the word that comes at once to the tongue, and a good word, too, with the sanction of no less an authority than Samuel Johnson, who in one of his letters praises something as 'topping.' Heifetz is heard at his very best here, and the recording is a triumph.

An excellent chamber music record is a 12-in. d.-s. giving us the Beatrice Hewett Pianoforte Quartet in spirited performances of the *Finale (Rondo alla zingarese)* from Brahms's Op. 25, and the *Finale* from Dvorák's Op. 87. The balance is good and the details unusually clear.

The *Enigma* Variations records are now completed, so the gramophonist may sit at home at his ease and enjoy in full one of the finest orchestral works ever written. This is well, because after all we get far too few performances of the Variations at concerts. On the comparatively rare occasions of its performance you will generally find members of the audience asking one another, 'Why don't we hear this work more frequently?' There is no reply. The spare side left on the last *Enigma* record is filled by a pleasant little work by Elgar not well-known—the *Fan Ballet*—a trifle produced for a war charity performance in 1917, and apparently not performed since.

A 10-in. d.-s. pianoforte record of Lamond has on one side Rubinstein's Barcarolle, and on the other, the *Finale* from Beethoven's Sonata in F, Op. 10, No. 2. The Rubinstein is rather faded, like most of the composer's works, but the Beethoven wears uncommonly well. The record of it is not only very enjoyable; it could be used as a capital means of instruction. Lucky student of to-day to be able to

call in a Lamond as teacher, and make him play your task over and over again, and at any pace you want!

A good record from the vocal side is that of Clarence Whitehill singing Amfortas's Prayer ('Mein Vater') from *Parsifal*, in German (12-in.). When such things are sung at the opera or in the concert room, we generally hear far too much of the orchestra; in this record we don't hear enough. In the case of an ordinary tum-tum accompaniment the less we hear the better, but in works of the kind under notice the actual musical interest is often in the orchestral background rather than in the voice part. In fact, background is the wrong word, seeing that the voice part can often be omitted with little or no loss. All the same, I fancy that for recording purposes the original full scoring is unsatisfactory. Even in a purely orchestral record we cannot count on hearing more than a proportion of the details, especially in regard to the lower brass and strings; when we have a vocal soloist—sometimes two—singing into the receiver the orchestra becomes a mere 'also ran.' Probably better results would be obtained with the orchestral part re-scored for a small combination—say a string quintet and a few solo wind instruments. Such a force would need no repression, it would not clog the voices, and it would be able to give us all the really important constituents of the original score.

A 10-in. record of John McCormack in A. M. Sanders's 'Little Town in the Ould County Down' is of small musical interest, and Mr. McCormack's emotion in this connection leaves us cold. Now that the Isle is free from the heel of the oppressor (as Mr. Dooley would say), perhaps Mr. McCormack and other exiles will flock back to her. On the other hand, perhaps not.

It needs a great deal more than Tetrizzini's singing of 'Ah! non giunge uman pensiero' from *La Sonnambula* to make such feeble stuff worth hearing. Moreover, the singing itself is displeasing until the showy part comes along. The low and middle notes are hard and poor in quality, so much so that a few dozen brilliant chirps at the end do not atone. The flute player who provides some antiphonal twiddles deserves such floral tributes as are on hand; he is far cleaner than the singer.

Two other examples of dead music figure on a 12-in. d.-s.—'Sainted Mother' from *Maritana*, and 'Quis est Homo' from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, sung by Rosina Buckman and Edna Thornton. If one didn't know the items one would say that the operatic number was the more 'sacred' of the two. Perhaps the Rossini suffers from its unhappy likeness to our old friend 'Oh my darling Clementina.' But both are so futile that it is a pity to waste a couple of fine singers and a few hundredweight of costly material on making records of them.

Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull has just completed a course of popular lectures at Huddersfield on Musical Appreciation, culminating, on April 4, with the History of the Opera, to illustrate which a stage performance was given (in costume) of the love scene from Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* and the final Act from Moussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*, together with excerpts from *Madame Butterfly* and *The Beggar's Opera*, the parts being presented by students of the College of Music and the Technical College. Mr. Arthur Broadbent was most successful as the Czar, and Mr. D. R. Oxley made a model Shuisky. Miss Doris Hall seemed eminently fitted for the interpretation of Debussy's elusive music.

London Concerts

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY: DELIUS'S *REQUIEM*

The Royal Philharmonic Society's last concert (March 23) was choral. The orchestra had the collaboration of Mr. Kennedy Scott's Philharmonic Choir in Frederick Delius's *Requiem* (new) and in the Ninth Symphony. Mr. Albert Coates conducted.

Mr. Delius's work, dedicated 'To the memory of all young artists who sacrificed their lives during the war,' had long been talked of, and was known by hearsay as 'A Pagan Requiem.' The epithet was dropped on March 23, but the programme announced:

'It is not a religious work. Its underlying belief is that of a pantheism that insists on the Reality of Life: It preaches that human life is like a day in the existence of the world, subject to the great laws of being.'

The text which set out to do all this (we say 'the text,' for surely not the most convinced programmatist would maintain that music can propound anything so dogmatic) was by an anonymous German, and a translation by Mr. Philip Heseltine was sung. This text, clumsy and inchoate as only German prose-poetry can be, unfortunately could only add to the restlessness of those whom the title 'Requiem' had struck as inappropriate. Some of the bitterness over this title was excessive, for Mr. Delius has numerous precedents in the use of the word in a non-liturgical sense. We think of Burns:

While all around the woodland rings,
And every bird thy requiem sings.

The text set off with a declaration in the vein of 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' Weaklings soothe themselves with lying hopes. The strong recognise the finality of death. The second movement (*À la grande amoureuse*) was an equivocal love-song—perhaps the dying man's eulogy of his mistress, Death—'She gave to many and yet was chaste as a flower,' sang the baritone-lover. The third movement celebrated death as peace for the weary and out-worn—a winter sleep which, though the individual as such has utterly perished, has its awakening in the unfailling springtime and the innumerable generations to come.

It is strange that though such a philosophy may be true as true, it does not do as a mainspring of art. If we are to have art at all we must allow it, as its necessary atmosphere, the possible illusion that there is some scheme in things, that there is some sense in human activity, that this blessed life gets somewhere beyond the mere providing of a suitable soil for next year's daisies. The arts simply cannot breathe in the pure atmosphere of disillusioned thought, and music when yoked with this philosophical negation blandly contradicts its partner. We had an example when Mr. Granville Bantock set a choir to sing strenuously for an hour, unaccompanied, texts from the grim old scepticism of *Ecclesiastes*. We had another in this *Requiem*, for after the composer had done his appointed task and the singers had had their say, the music broke forth for a final page and a half into strains of mystic jubilation.

Music, even that of the sophisticated Bantock and Delius, is far too unsophisticated to be able to join in the denial of life's value so gloated over by their chosen texts. The energy demanded by the musical execution of such works is in itself a mystical affirmation.

'It preaches that human life is' so and so; yes, it preached, and that was a good deal of the offence. The sacrifice in the war of the lives of young artists (and of young butcher-boys too, for that matter) seemed a theme for more humility. Who are we, their survivors and their beneficiaries, to 'preach' so dogmatically about the motives and the end of their being? Without any special confessional bias, we like better the humility of another text: *Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine.*

Mr. Delius's music lasted for just half an hour. It was a very little while when we had to be persuaded of so much. Now and then there was a patch of good Delius, and we all know how fascinating that can be, seeing the composer's ultimate mastery in the shifting play of chromatic harmonies, charming as day-dreams. But there was nothing in this music, not any striking invention or consecutive argument, to claim the attention. The text bitten off was altogether more than it could, in fact, chew. The vocal writing was very instrumental. The soloists, Miss Amy Evans and Mr. Norman Williams, were, like the chorus, dutiful.

A performance of the Ninth Symphony remains to-day what Handel Festivals in the past were—a rite of pomp and circumstance, rarely enough celebrated and not to be missed, like a royal wedding, which we see if possible as we may not have the opportunity for seeing another. Mr. Coates laboured like a Titan. In the present phase of his conducting music is not to be beguiled out of the machine. It has to be wrestled for, and often with an almost intolerable sense of strain. The soloists were Miss Amy Evans, Miss Phyllis Lett, Mr. Arthur Jordan, and Mr. Herbert Heyner, and the capital choir sang as well as need be. Prof. Donald Tovey has the enviable happiness to admire this *Finale*, and to be probably right when he admires anything.

C.

THE BACH CHOIR

The Bach Choir had paid its due to Bach earlier in the winter, so on April 7 at Queen's Hall it reposed on Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*, with a preface (short works of Byrd, Charles Burke, and Holst). We liked the preface best. Dr. R. Vaughan Williams conducted.

The concert again in some quarters drew some trite references to 'Northern choirs.' This is to ignore the nature and state of the Bach Choir, which admittedly does not do exactly what a 'Northern choir' does; but do all Northern choirs cover the Bach Choir's ground? The six-part Motet of Byrd, *Christ is risen*, from the 1589 book, justified the concert: only it left us wanting more from that source. Charles Burke's *St. Patrick's Prayer*, for chorus and orchestra, had previously been sung only in private, at Morley College, by the composer's fellow-students. Burke was a London Irishman who was fifty-nine when he gave himself to music. He then studied under Holst at Morley College for the last fifteen years of his life. The interesting singularity of his career is not necessary to the recommendation of this short Fantasia on Irish hymn tunes, which can well stand on its own simple merit. The tunes are those made known by the *English Hymnal* as 'St. Patrick' and 'Deirdre.' There are a fairly long instrumental opening and an interlude between the statements of the two tunes. These tunes in themselves are the makings of the work, and the composer has done nothing to torment them.

After Holst's pupil, Holst himself—with one of the earlier works of his maturity, the first group of three *Choral Hymns from the Rig Veda*, Op. 26 (1911). Now that everyone knows *The Hymn of Jesus* and *The Planets*, these fine Hymns ought to win more ground. The first, *To Indra*, with its 5-4, unrelenting beat and harmonies of the smithy, belongs to the Holst of *Mars*. The second is *To the Unknown God*, partly unaccompanied, partly moving over a ground bass which in its first key descends thus: E, D, C, B, A sharp, G sharp, F, E. The third, a *Funeral Hymn* in 7-4 measure, is not a conventional dirge, but an utterance of strong piety, closing (and here Holst's harmonies, too, have all the strength of piety) on the words, 'Go forth, go forth, go tread the path on which our fathers trod, that leads unto their fellowship with God!'

The Bach Choir was so certainly singing the *Stabat Mater* to its pleasure that we ought not to be so ungracious as to mention that something (a fading of the music's own charm? an uncommunicated secret kept amongst the choir?) made us restive, and this despite the excision of certain numbers.

C.

THE GLASGOW ORPHEUS CHOIR

This famous choir gave a couple of concerts at Queen's Hall on April 8. I should like to join in the chorus of rapture with which my critical brethren have since been making the welkin ring, but, frankly, the afternoon concert left me disappointed. Perhaps my seat was too near the choir. Maybe I succumbed rather too easily to the irritation caused by Mr. Robertson's habit of giving encores before they are demanded; of twiddling on the pianoforte in an amateurish manner before each song, instead of giving the choir a plain chord; and of making short speeches whenever possible. After all, a well-designed programme should have a structural value worth respecting. Why print a scheme in which (presumably) contrast and balance have been carefully considered, and then destroy these qualities by sticking in encores every few minutes? We had got no farther than the second item when, after no remarkable outburst of applause, Mr. Robertson began to throw his extras at us. I left after two hours of medley, and he was still at it. The choir is a good one, though I heard more impure chording and out-of-tuneness (especially at the start) than we get from real first-raters. But I should like to hear the singers in a programme of the quality of the best items sung on this occasion—the *Death Croon* of Bantock (beautifully sung) and the Elgar, Benet, and Balfour Gardiner pieces. Most of the arrangements of Scots songs were poor. So far as vocal arrangements go, the national music of Scotland badly needs the treatment English and Irish song has had at the hands of Vaughan Williams, Holst, Stanford, Charles Wood, and Herbert Hughes. In fact, the Orpheus repertory needs screwing up a good bit so far as the quality of the music is concerned. The fact that the conductor can write so enthusiastic a programme-note on the obvious and theatrical *Dead in the Sierras* of Coleridge-Taylor is significant. By the way, the ending of *Cargoes* had the point knocked off by the final 'Dirty British coaster' phrase being sung not *molto allegro*, as directed, but *molto moderato*. All that can be said for this novel bit of interpretation is that it turns a difficult passage into an easy

one. It is to be hoped that the visits of the choir will become annual. Mr. Robertson is right when he speaks of the value of such visits, but he is, I think, mistaken when he implies that English critics have any objection to the programmes being made up largely of Scottish national airs. On the contrary, we can do with any amount of these fine tunes, but we want them unspoiled by sentimental arranging and harmonization, and in their performance we object to their rhythmic impulse being destroyed in order that a point may be made for the gallery. I should add that nothing in the concert was more enjoyable than a group of three songs of the Hebrides, sung by Miss Boyd Steven with a simplicity and a touch of 'pawkiness' that made them irresistible. H. G.

THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The work with which Mr. Albert Coates made his re-entry into London music (at Queen's Hall, on March 20) was unfortunately one of the kind that we can easily do without. It was very unselfish of Mr. Coates to put his duty to himself as a conductor second to the claims of young Italy, and to give us Respighi's *Ballad of the Gnomes*, but the object was unworthy of the sacrifice. The 'story' of the *Ballad* (a poem by somebody) is repulsive, and, in its English translation, scarcely intelligible. The music is all effects, and the sum total of them (as often happens) is dullness. Was it by ironic design that *Till Eulenspiegel* followed? That masterpiece of the 'queer story' in music was the best possible commentary on the *Ballad*. Next came a hurried excerpt from the *Firebird* of Stravinsky, and lastly the C minor Symphony. Mr. Holbrooke's *Bronwen* Overture was not played, for want of score and parts.

M.

HARRIET COHEN

On March 20 Miss Harriet Cohen gave a pianoforte recital, the programme of which ranged from Bach to Bax. The principal work played was Bax's *Pianoforte Sonata*, which has been considerably revised since its composition. Miss Cohen played it again at the end of the programme, and a good many people stayed to hear. Unfortunately the critics of the morning papers who would have profited most by the repetition were unable to make use of the privilege owing to the exigencies of Fleet Street. The *Sonata* is a difficult work to play and not easy to grasp at one hearing, but the strength and dignity of the final *Coda* make an instant impression, and the melodic beauty of some of the tenderer passages has an equally direct appeal. That Miss Cohen would play with sympathy and finished technique was a foregone conclusion, but many listeners must have been surprised at the way in which she has developed in depth and breadth of style. She also played three little pieces of Goossens's—it is hard to imagine them better played—and she was heard in the pianoforte part of Bach's *Brandenburg Concerto* in D, accompanied by the small orchestra of Mr. Goossens. The interpretation was highly artistic, but now and again the pianoforte part was somewhat too obtrusive.

A. K.

ELENA GERHARDT

Miss Elena Gerhardt gave two recitals, the first on March 21 and the second on March 30. The first had a miscellaneous programme and the second was entirely devoted to Schubert. I can speak only of

the first. Miss Gerhardt had not been heard since before the war. In the interval her style has undergone a complete change. She is no longer so lavish of her great gifts, or carries her audience away by the sheer enthusiasm of her singing, but we have instead a more deliberate and mature art, in which effects are carefully graduated and the interpretations are controlled by a subtle and sure instinct for artistic fitness. In one or two numbers we missed the inspiration which the accompaniment of Arthur Nikisch always gave her, and this is said without any disrespect to Miss Paula Hegner, whose playing was indeed of uncommon excellence and a model of sympathy. During the earlier half of the programme Miss Gerhardt seemed, not unnaturally, a little nervous, but the quiet dignity of her singing of Beethoven's *Creation's Hymn* was impressive, although she could not quite reconcile us to hearing *Adelaide* sung by a woman. She was at her best in the Brahms group which finished the programme. The change in her style was most noticeable in *Von Ewig'er Liebe*, which was much more deliberate than it used to be and not so dramatic, but beautifully sung all the same. Her greatest achievement was *In stiller Nacht*, which was a masterpiece of sustained singing. The enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded.

A. K.

ANTHONY BERNARD'S ORCHESTRA

Several recitals have had the advantage of accompaniments and interludes by Mr. Anthony Bernard and the London Chamber Orchestra, and this is an innovation we cannot too much prize. At a concert of a single singer in particular the playing of these excellent musicians can give the happiest relief; for, short as such concerts usually are, there are not many singers who can throughout keep up unflinching attention, and the intervention of another soloist—a pianist or another—is apt to snap the chain of interest.

At one of these concerts (Æolian Hall, March 22) Mr. Bernard conducted his own arranged accompaniments of some old English songs, and also had the privilege of introducing to many of us a work, still in manuscript, of Gustav Holst—*St. Paul's Suite*, for strings. This work, in three movements, is one of the most perfect in the great musician's lesser essays, and publication, which should not be much delayed, will certainly carry it wherever there are string players eager for vital music. The movements are a jig, a slow movement which is expressive and clean (and when a composer can be said to achieve absolute cleanliness in a slow movement, is not nearly everything said for him?), and a most invigorating *Finale* in which the old *Dargason* dance tune is worked contrapuntally with *Greensleeves*. This Suite was again played at the Hampstead meeting of the British Music Society on April 4.

Mr. Bernard's Orchestra contributed to the programme of Miss Agnes Johns, pianist (April 5), a newly-transcribed work of the elder Scarlatti, and at Mr. Roland Hayes's song recital later in the same day a Suite of dances and Act-tunes from Purcell, delightful in themselves and delightful in the well-pointed execution.

C.

GERRARD WILLIAMS

Mr. Gerrard Williams gave a concert of his own compositions at Æolian Hall on March 27. He impressed those most likely to have a sound judgment in such matters by his obvious sincerity,

his originality free from eccentricity and mannerism, and the modesty which restrains him from attempting to write in the larger forms before he is a complete master of the smaller. His best-known work is his *Pot-pourri*, which when played in the orchestral version was universally praised for its charm and refinement. The principal item in the programme was his second String Quartet, a pleasant work, with a genial outlook, genuinely inspired by the English folk-song idiom. Some of the songs (sung by Miss Phyllis Carey Foster and Mr. Osmond Davis) pleased so much that they had to be repeated. They have a good sense of atmosphere, and are far more singable than much modern vocal music.

A. K.

BÉLA BARTÓK

The programme of the concert given by Béla Bartók at Æolian Hall comprised a variety of his works, early and recent, among which the new Sonata for violin and pianoforte and a set of eight Improvisations on Hungarian Peasant Tunes, proved particularly interesting for the reason that they illustrated the latest stage of the composer's creative evolution. Bartók's method of dealing with folk-tunes has always been remarkably spirited and original. The Improvisations are practically the only work of his in which he does more than provide an effective but simple setting for tunes of this order. In the Sonata we have a work of ample proportions, whose architecture and substance are equally impressive—so impressive, indeed, that many people who frankly confessed that they did not understand much of it were yet able to speak of it in appreciative terms. For those of us who had previously heard it (at the concert given a few days earlier at the house of the Hungarian Chargé d'Affaires), it is comparatively easier to describe the Sonata; to point out, for instance, that whilst following no traditional tonal scheme, the first movement is in regular sonata form, the working-out of the two main motives being close and full of interest. The second (slow) movement, in ternary form, is particularly beautiful and melodic. The *Finale*, whose form is approximately that of a *Rondo*, brings back the atmosphere of energy and bustle which characterises the first movement. But this very inadequate description leaves untouched the essential features of the Sonata, its vitality and eloquence, its fine balance and masterful conduct. Miss Jelly d'Aranyi played the violin part splendidly, and the composer, in this work, in his other pianoforte pieces, and in various pieces by Zoltán Kodály, was equally excellent. Their success was shared by Miss Grace Crawford, who sang Hungarian Folk-tunes with accompaniments by Bartók.

M.-D. C.

OLD MUSIC

If the enthusiasts for old-time music persevere long enough the public will discover that well-chosen programmes from the 16th and 17th centuries give the most reliable promise of enjoyment. Many were drawn to such concerts as those given by Miss Dorothy Silk, Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse, and Mr. Gerald Cooper (at Æolian Hall on March 21, for example) by the air of respectability conveyed in the words 'old music,' and by the notion that the hall-mark of good taste nowadays is to be susceptible to the quaint, old-fashioned, even primitive charm of these soothing strains. They are learning,

however, that there is no need for these patronising adjectives. No musically-inclined person could hear Mrs. Woodhouse play the B flat Bach Partita, or Miss Silk sing Purcell's *Evening Hymn*, without feeling that the music is as alive and full-blooded as most of the modern romantic stuff that audiences are brought up on. Luckily this form of propaganda is in the hands of the right people, who choose their programmes discriminately and perform them to perfection. Mr. Gerald Cooper is himself responsible for a series of old-music recitals, the second of which took place at Æolian Hall on March 29, his helpers being Miss Dorothy Helmrich (vocalist) and Mr. Godfrey Ludlow (violin). Miss Agnes Johns joined in the movement on March 5 (at Wigmore Hall), when she sang 'Ayres for the Theatre,' by Purcell.

M.

THE LAST CHELSEA 'POP.'

At Chelsea Town Hall on April 12, the Philharmonic String Quartet brought to an end a season of 'Popular' chamber concerts, during which they gave about twenty British works. The composers honoured on this occasion were Mr. Josef Holbrooke, who joined three of the string players as pianist in his Quartet in G minor; and Mr. Arnold Bax, whose *Irish Elegy* called in the services of Miss Gwendolen Mason as harpist and Mr. Leon Goossens with the cor anglais. This work made a worthy climax to the British series. It shows to a high degree the composer's faculty of detaching himself from current moods and conventions and devices without resorting to trickery or far-fetched means. His music says out-of-the-way things with many subtle inflections and tones of voice, and it makes one unified story or picture with nothing irrelevant, however elaborate the detail. This balance and clear purpose were welcome after the music of Mr. Holbrooke, which, for all its protesting, had left a feeling of argument unachieved. Beethoven's *Serenade* Trio for flute, (Mr. Albert Fransella), violin, and viola followed, and the programme concluded with Mr. Ravel's Introduction and Allegro for harp, flute, clarinet (Mr. Charles Draper), and string quartet.

M.

AMATEUR SOCIETIES

Barclay's Bank Musical Society gave its concert at Queen's Hall on April 5. Both orchestra and choir were able to please the most critical. The best things done were the brisk performance of Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain* Overture, under Mr. H. J. Rouse, and the choir's singing of Elgar's *Reveille* under Mr. Herbert Pierce.

On the same evening the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society was at Kingsway Hall, and gave its first concert after eight years' silence. Mr. Arthur Payne was at his old post as conductor.

The Strolling Players helped to raise our opinion of amateur standards at Queen's Hall, on April 6, by playing Tchaikovsky's *Pathetic* Symphony with a good imitation of professional ease and responsiveness. The same programme included Sir Landon Ronald's *Garden of Allah* Suite, with the composer conducting.

A Haydn Symphony (No. 12, in B flat), Dvorák's Symphonic Variations, and Beethoven's Violin Concerto, made a stiff programme for the Westminster Orchestral Society at Kensington Town Hall on April 11. The violinist was Miss Lena Kontorovitch, and Mr. Edric Cundell conducted.

M.

CHORAL CONCERTS

As a part of the St. Anne's, Soho, Bach Jubilee Festival the Novello Choir gave an hour of music at the Church on March 25. The programme contained *Jesu, Priceless Treasure* (sung not quite so well as the Choir has been heard to sing it), Parry's *There is an Old Belief*, Whyte's *O Praise God in His Holiness*, and Holst's *Lullay, my liking* and *This have I done for thee*. The Parry and Holst items were admirably sung, especially the second of the Holst works. Mr. Thomas Fussell played a delightful Violin Sonata by Joseph Gibbs (1699-1788), and Mr. Roland Jackson sang solos. Mr. Harold Brooke conducted. The choir announces a fine programme for its concert at Bishopsgate Institute on May 9—works by Holst, Bantock, Parry, Elgar, Geoffrey Shaw, Balfour Gardiner, Vaughan Williams, &c. Anne Thursfield will sing old English songs, and songs by modern British composers.

We could feel that the London Choral Society had completely taken up its old function when, on April 11, it performed *The Apostles* at Queen's Hall. It is a good thing for London that it possesses a choir so determined to follow the narrow path to the rescue of neglected master-works. Except for the performance given farther North by Mr. Allen Gill and his choir, London seemed content to forget the existence of this wonderful oratorio—one of the works of all time—while provincial societies constantly keep it in mind, and performance. Mr. Arthur Fagge's singers still have to acquire the technique and experience for an intimate interpretation of such difficult and subtly-written music, but the experiment of public performance will strengthen them in their further study of it. The principal parts were sung by Miss Carrie Tubb, Miss Phyllis Lett, Mr. Sidney Pointer, Mr. Walter Saull, Mr. Norman Allin, and Mr. Howard Fry.

No new sensations arose out of the choral singing at the Royal Albert Hall, on April 1, when *The Dream of Gerontius* was performed, or on Good Friday, when *The Messiah* was given according to custom. The phenomenon in each case was that of a tenor soloist of magnetic personality claiming the chief share of the audience's attention and favour—Mr. John Coates on the one occasion, and Mr. Frank Mullings on the other. Moreover, as *The Messiah* drew to an end, interest was more and more concentrated upon Sir Frederick Bridge, whose retirement was to date from the end of the Amen chorus. But that is a matter beyond the scope of a concert record.

One of the best choral performances of the year occurred on March 25, when Verdi's *Requiem* was given by the Crystal Palace Choral and Orchestral Society under Mr. W. W. Hedgcock. The singing was all very much alive. A week previously the Dulwich Philharmonic Society, in the same hall, had given a good account of *The Redemption*, Mr. Martin Kingslake conducting.

The Langham Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Hugh Marleyn, gave the complete *Song of Hiawatha* at Queen's Hall on March 28. The performance was highly creditable considering the abnormal disadvantage suffered by the choir from shortage of male singers.

The Westminster Choral Society opened its programme at Queen's Hall, on April 4, with Bach's *Sleepers, awake*, Stanford's *Songs of the Sea* followed, with Mr. Herbert Heyner as soloist, and lastly Hubert Bath's *Legend of Nerbudda*. Mr. Vincent Thomas conducted.

M.

Among other doings of choral societies in or near London credit is due to the Highgate Choral Society for giving Brahms's *Requiem* on April 3, under Mr. F. Cunningham Woods; and to the Battersea and Wandsworth Evening Institutes' Choral Union for its performance of *A Tale of Old Japan*, under Mr. C. Ritson Smith, on March 24.

ODDS AND ENDS

We are uncertain to which of the above species Mr. John Coates belongs, but know, without having been to it, that his recital at Chelsea Town Hall on April 4 was excellent. It treated of Love, in English and French. Of other vocalists worthy of mention, the month brought in Mr. Roland Hayes, the lyrical tenor of the day, and Mr. Riddell Hunter, a true artist in interpretation.

Among players of instruments Elman and Lamond have led the way. Miss Jessie Hall, unknown before her pianoforte recital on March 31, gave the most intelligent performance of the *Appassionata* that has been heard in London for some time. She is quite a 'find,' and should come well to the front if she keeps her head always as clear, musically, as it was on this occasion. Another discovery was the veteran M. César Thompson. The mastery of style in his violin playing was astonishing for an artist of his years.

In chamber music, besides the Chelsea 'Pops,' and the Lener Quartet, we have heard the MacCullagh Quartet from Liverpool, and can affirm that its provincial reputation is well-founded. The Wood-Smith Quartet has also made its first appearance; and the Kruse Quartet has carried on.

No violoncellist has been prominent on the recital platform, but Madame Suggia was the focus of interest at the Queen's Hall Symphony Concert of March 25, when she played Schumann's Concerto.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY

Sir Frederick Bridge said good-bye to the Royal Choral Society on Good Friday when, after the usual performance of *The Messiah*, he laid down the baton for the last time to a rolling volley of cheers. He has held office for just over a quarter-of-a-century, having succeeded Barnby in 1896. It is a long innings, and few men could have carried it through so successfully on the personal side as Sir Frederick has done. It would have been easy to haul down the flag during the war, but Sir Frederick and his choir kept it flying to such a tune that the difficult post-war period finds the old Society stronger than ever.

THE NEW CONDUCTOR

Mr. H. L. Balfour has been appointed to the vacant post, and takes up the work with hearty good will from choir and public. His association with the Society goes back even farther than Sir Frederick's, for he was appointed organist in 1895. He has long acted as deputy chorus-master and conductor. His successor at the organ has not yet been announced.

The invitation issued to British composers by Colonel Somerville for original or transcribed military band music, has met with a smaller response than last year. Sixteen works were submitted, and only two have been approved by the adjudicators. These are a *Scherzo* by H. A. Keyser and *Alla Marcia* by T. Verney.

Opera in London

THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE AT THE 'OLD VIC.'

It was a satisfying experience to witness the performance of Dame Ethel Smyth's opera *The Boatswain's Mate* at the 'Old Vic.' on March 30. The worth of the work I fully appreciate, and my own conviction is that it will live very much longer than anything else this clever woman has—as yet—accomplished. The fact is that opera with a story that everyone can appreciate gets very much nearer the mark than something set to a highfalutin fable with which we have nothing in common. But here is something at our very doors and that introduces characters we all know. And in the Waterloo Bridge Road they were very much at home. There was the fullest appreciation of the Cockney bean-feasters and of their ditty that reproduces all the well-loved cadences—save one, a diminished second on the penultimate note of the cadence—and when the Policeman made his entry there was a hum of delight. Yet I think it was something more than the story that won the piece its enthusiastic reception. This audience, of any audience in London, does appreciate opera, and for the simple reason that it has been made familiar with all examples of the form. The operatic 'course' at the 'Old Vic.' has ranged from Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* to Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, and back again. Consequently the audience could appreciate the cleverness of Dame Smyth's work. In its new form—that is, a reduced orchestration which is in every way a gain—it makes a very strong appeal.

The performance, too, was good indeed. So far we had always seen pretty nearly the same people in it. The 'Old Vic.' Company showed us that people of a very different calibre could be equally effective. Miss Muriel Gough as Mrs. Travers was not the prima donna masquerading, but a woman of the people and a human being. But she must not carry her actuality too far, or we shall not hear one single word; as it was we heard very few. Mr. Robert Curtis made a delightfully old-fashioned figure of The Bosun, and I liked Mr. Sumner Austin's Travers. The composer conducted, and conducted well—in fact far better than in the concert-room. But then there is so much of the real Ethel Smyth in the music. We can do with more of it; there are more stories by W. W. Jacobs for the making of Cockney idylls, and we have so few really British operas.

F. E. B.

DANCERS AT COVENT GARDEN

A new supplement to a film display was provided when at the beginning of April, M. Massine and Mlle. Lopokova, with other former members of the Russian Ballet, made their appearance after the 'pictures' of the day had been shown at Covent Garden. They offer a display of dancing without the gorgeous concomitants we associate with Russian Ballet. But then M. Massine, the guiding spirit, is not a Russian and never was one, and several of his Company are Londoners born and bred, e.g., Mlle. Ninette de Valois knows where St. Paul's Cathedral is, and has for some seasons danced at the Royal Opera. And so on. The fact is, this is purely a dancing show, and a very good one into the bargain. The first programme contained an outstanding number in the illustration of some of the old Strauss (not Richard)

dances. Then M. Massine and Mlle. Lopokova depicted for us Stravinsky's *Ragtime*. The crude wooden gestures, graceless movements, and general ineptitude fitted the music exactly—for this is a serious composition and not a joke, though after M. Massine's investment it will occupy its proper place and never again be taken seriously. The programme has been varied each week, but for the second week at least *Ragtime* was retained, the frantic gesticulations of both M. Stravinsky and M. Diaghilev (by wire) from Paris being unavailing to stop the production, and giving to it just the needed first-class 'puff.' The dancers were well served musically, with Mr. Eugène Goossens in command, as he is also of the accompanying matter for the films, which accounts for the fact that we do not hear Schubert's *Unfinished* Symphony while the hero is being eaten by the lions or thrown over the cliff in a live motor-car.

F. E. B.

DINNER TO SIR LANDON RONALD

Sir Landon Ronald was entertained at a dinner, given by the Music Club—in celebration of his being knighted—at the Hyde Park Hotel on April 3.

Lord Burnham was in the chair, and the company numbered nearly two hundred. Among those present were, besides a distinguished company which included Lord and Lady Stuart of Wortley, Gen. Sir F. and Lady Maurice, Sir Frederick Newnes, Bart., and Mr. Henry Russell, representatives of all the numerous interests with which Sir Landon Ronald is connected. Sir Hugh Allen was unfortunately prevented by illness from being present, but the Royal College of Music was represented by Mr. Claude Aveling. The Corporation of the City of London was represented by Mr. Pakeman, who was Chairman of the Music Committee of the Corporation when Sir Landon Ronald was appointed principal of the Guildhall School of Music, and Sir Francis Green, Bart. (who is the present chairman), Alderman Batho, and Mr. Sheriff Mills Mackay. The Guildhall School of Music was represented by Mr. and Mrs. Saxe Wyndham and Mr. Orlando Morgan. The Albert Hall Orchestra was represented by Mr. Stephenson Kent, the Albert Hall by Mr. Hilton Carter, the Royal Philharmonic Society by Mr. J. M. Leven, the London Symphony Orchestra by Mr. W. H. Reed, the British Music Society by Mrs. Balkwill, and the Federation of Music Industries by Mr. Alexander Dow. Mr. Enoch was unfortunately prevented from being present, but was represented by several members of his family and Mr. Broadhurst. Among the musicians who were present were Mrs. Norman O'Neill, Mrs. Carl Rosa, Mr. Herbert Walenn, Mr. Arthur Hinton and Mrs. Hinton (Miss Katharine Goodson), Mr. Victor Beigel, Mr. Waddington Cook and Mrs. Waddington Cook (Madame Medora Henson), Mr. Arnold Bax, Miss Knocker, Madame Saltini-Mochi, and Miss Harriet Cohen. There was a short programme of music in which Mr. Lionel Tertis, Mr. Fraser Gange, and Miss Amy Evans took part, with Mr. Harold Craxton at the pianoforte.

In proposing the toast of the evening, Viscount Burnham pointed out that the time when musicians were banished to the backstairs of palaces was past, and they were now receiving their due meed of honour; still, the only art which received full recognition was that of politics—if it was an art. One of his earliest recollections was a meeting at his grandfather's house with a musician of kindly

presence and dundreary whiskers—Mr. Henry Russell, Sir Landon's father, author of *Cheer, Boys, Cheer* and *A Life on the Ocean Wave*, two songs of virile inspiration which have had not a little influence on the history of the nation. After briefly reviewing the many phases of Landon Ronald's varied career, the speaker said it was no exaggeration to state that there was no great orchestra in Europe which had not been under the baton of Sir Landon, and he especially emphasised the fact that he had introduced several of the works of Sir Edward Elgar to the Continent. He alluded to his position as Chairman of the Association of Conductors, to his work for the Albert Hall Concerts, and for the Promenade Concerts at Birmingham, which had marked an important stage in the development of musical taste in the Midlands. Referring to his work at the Guildhall School of Music during the last eleven years, he said that his principal achievements had been the division of the students into professional and non-professional, the creation of a thorough curriculum for the former, and the institution of the Club, whereby the staff, which was previously a body without cohesion, had developed an admirable *esprit de corps*; besides which his position in the world of music enabled him to persuade most of the eminent artists of the day to perform to the students. His greatest claim to esteem and affection was the consistently lofty aims which had inspired him in the service of his art. Their guest's life had had incalculable significance for the increase of other people's happiness and the decrease of their sorrows.

Sir Frederick Bridge followed, taking the place of Sir Edward Elgar, who was prevented by illness from travelling to London. He reminded his hearers of the fact that he had been Sir Landon Ronald's first teacher of Theory at the Royal College of Music, and he added, amid laughter, that if he could not boast that he had done him much good, he was glad to say he had not done him much harm. Sir Landon Ronald was, what he liked to see—a good all round man, and he also referred to the fact that Sir Landon had been invited to assist the Royal College of Music at its concerts next season in succession to himself.

In replying, Sir Landon Ronald spoke with great feeling of the debt of gratitude he and his family owed to Lord and Lady Burnham, and the late Lord Burnham. He paid a tribute to the services of the Music Club in arranging a function of this kind. He thanked Lord Burnham for the way in which he had spoken of his efforts in various directions, and expressed his gratitude to the representatives of the various musical institutions with which he had been connected for their presence. He prophesied that among the composers at present living, two would go down to all time as the greatest of our epoch, Sir Edward Elgar and Richard Strauss, and he was proud to number both of them among his personal friends.

Sir Ernest Wild proposed the health of the Chairman, and in reply Lord Burnham congratulated him on his appointment to the office of Recorder of London. Mr. A. Kalisch proposed the health of the guests, to which Mr. Pett Ridge replied with a humorous speech in which he especially eulogised the shrinking modesty of musicians who refuse to be interviewed and scarcely dare to face the camera.

A. K.

Mr. Philip L. Agnew has been elected chairman of the committee of management at the Royal Academy of Music, in the place of the late Sir Edward Cooper.

Church and Organ Music

QUALITY IN HYMN TUNES: LECTURE BY
MR. H. C. COLLES

Discussion on this subject too often consists of more or less violent exposition of personal tastes, wholesale condemnation of composers in groups, the setting up of other groups in their places, and similar uncritical methods. Mr. Colles, in his recent King's College (London) lecture, was above all practical, backing up his arguments with illustrations from familiar sources. The value of the lecture lay chiefly in his informal discussion of the various points, with liberal use of the keyboard. It is a pity that this, the most practical and convincing portion, cannot be reported. But even a quarter of a loaf is not to be despised, so we are glad to be able to give the following résumé, from Mr. Colles's notes. He began by pointing out that the most important event in English music during the last century—the event, that is, which had the most far-reaching effect on the taste of the community at large—was the publication in 1862 of the first edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. After giving an account of its inception, Mr. Colles went on to say that the position of authority gained by the book showed the popular need of such a work. Without the help of any Act of Uniformity it gained an authority almost equal to that of the Book of Common Prayer itself. It contained, however, one fatal flaw, which had disastrous results—a flaw which must be laid to the charge of the worthy King's College Professor, W. H. Monk—it served to standardise a debased form of tune. Mr. Colles hastened to add that it contained many fine tunes, and still more which, taken by themselves, were innocuous; but their cumulative effect was bad for two reasons. First, they reduced rhythm to a minimum; second, they set a premium on four-part vocal harmony. Wesley's 'Aurelia' may be regarded as the normal type. Its metre was the same as that of 'O Sacred Head' (*A. & M.* 111), but the pace of German hymnody, being much slower than the Anglican, made all the difference. Typical examples in this metre were Gauntlett's 'St. Alphege' (*A. & M.* 350), Ewing's 'Jerusalem the Golden' (*A. & M.* 228), and Steggall's 'St. Kenelm' (*A. & M.* 562). Metre, however, was not the important factor. The point was that these syllabic tunes, with cadences or half-cadences at the end of each line, taken at a pace of about $\text{♩} = 70$, limited the possibilities of musical character to practically two features—the melodic curve and the harmony. With luck a composer might do something with it, but that the result was largely a matter of luck was shown by the fact that Ewing in 'Jerusalem the Golden' succeeds, while Parry's tune for the same hymn fails (*Church Hymns*, 561).

The hymn tune had not always been stereotyped; we might say that it had *never* been so until the advent of *Hymns A. & M.* The writer of the 'Grove' article on the subject gloried in this stereotyping, quoting as an example of Nonconformist 'impropriety' a tune which seemed to Mr. Colles infinitely preferable as a type:

Ex. 1.



Here Mr. Colles quoted a dictum of Garwood's: 'Hymn tunes are bad because they have no *diddle-diddle-dums*.'

FREEDOM OF RHYTHM

In vocal music freedom of rhythm—i.e., independence of the metre of the text—was a first essential. This principle had been realised in Church music throughout the

ages, from plainsong onwards. As an illustration of the gradual loss of this freedom, Mr. Colles discussed five settings of 'Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire'—a good choice, seeing that it is the only metrical hymn included in the Prayer Book. In the plainsong setting as given in the *English Hymnal* (No. 154) the ligatures or neumes (notes bound together by being sung to a single syllable) imparted just that musical freedom:

Ex. 2.



In the modernised (Mechlin) version of the same melody given as an alternative in the *English Hymnal* and set as the first tune to the hymn in *A. & M.* (157):

Ex. 3.



the rhythm was simplified, being almost in regular 3-4 time. The tune remained a fine one, though some of the spontaneous feeling of the original had gone with the irregular rhythm.

Tallis's tune for the same hymn (*E. H.* 153) obtained freedom by a wholly different method:

Ex. 4.



Here the grouping of several notes to a syllable was done with the object of increasing the range of the tune; the groups helped us to 'get somewhere' in an easy and natural manner. Rhythmical variety was obtained by means of different lengths of note—an idea which belongs to the technique of mensurate music and is foreign to plainsong.

Attwood's setting, given in hymn tune form in the *English Hymnal* (156) showed the composer more tied by the metre. He is rather timid with his groups of bound notes, placing them on the verbal accents; still, their mere presence saves the tune from stiffness. There was a real saving grace at the point where he throws the accent across the bar:

Ex. 5.



And light - en with ce - lest - ial - fire.

—the kind of thing Purcell was so fond of doing in his triple time melodies.

Finally, there was Dykes's tune for this hymn (*A. & M.* 157), a tune which has never become popular, but one worth mentioning in this connection because rhythmically it was something like Attwood's. It was, however, even more timid in the way of any kind of freedom, and poorer in outline.

THE ELEMENTS OF FREEDOM

The lecturer showed that the two chief ways of obtaining the required freedom are (1) the grouping of notes on a single syllable, and (2) the use of different time-values for notes on long or short syllables. By these means poetic lines of equal length, such as those of a long metre hymn, can fitly be set to musical phrases of unequal length. Freedom was the very essence of a good melody. The type of tune established by *A. & M.* robbed music of its freedom. So did ragtime, though by an exactly opposite convention. It was the one element which these two extremes had in common, and it was the one by which both would ultimately stand condemned.

In music as in everything else there was a right and a wrong freedom. What was required in this particular case was freedom to make music in a strong and supple form. Without this strength and suppleness hymn tunes were apt to be not only uninteresting, but unvocal as well—the kind of tune we hear people describe as 'wandering, awkward to get hold of.' When a composer was tied down to a stereotyped shape he had to make an effort to be original. This was fatal, because there were practically only two ways open to him. First, there were curious, unexpected, or jerky intervals, which were awkward to sing, and which plainly said, 'I am trying to avoid convention.' For example, Mr. Colles cited Stephens's 'Blagdon' (*A. & M.* 602), which was unconventional only when it was uncouth, thus:



The second way of making the stereotyped shape attractive was by sweetening the harmony to taste, after this manner:

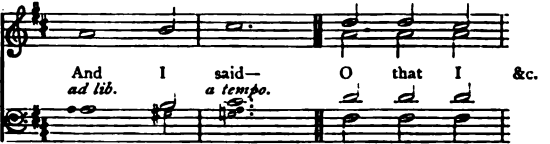


HARMONY

Every tune implied harmony of one kind or another. The modern singer, however ignorant he may be, was always subconsciously thinking a harmony to his tune; it was one of the means by which he picked it up. The right, inevitable harmony for a tune was that which helped to point out the simple outline of the melody. It never contradicted this outline, and strictly speaking, it had no separate existence of its own. Henry Smart's 'Regent Square' (*A. & M.* 232) may be taken as a type of a bold tune in which the harmony exactly satisfied these requirements. As an example of the reverse, Mr. Colles mentioned Dykes's setting of 'Christian, dost thou see them,' in which four of the eight lines were almost devoid of melodic interest. [The lecturer might have pointed out also that we got a better tune, so far as the first half was concerned, by leaving out the treble part and regarding the alto as the melody—a queer state of things in music intended for congregational purposes. The result is that the crowd gets the monotone, and the tune goes to the weakest part of the choir!] The fact was, of course, tunes of this type were of the kind to be listened to rather than sung. They had a good deal in common with the part-song, whereas a good hymn tune lost little or nothing by being sung without any kind of harmonic support. As another example of a hymn hopeless from a congregational point of view Mr. Colles gave Monk's 'Melton Mowbray' (*A. & M.* 530), in which the little bit of duet for treble and tenor:



SOPRANO AND TENOR IN HARMONY.



Small notes on Org. without octaves.

with its *ad lib.* and *a tempo* was entirely opposed to the congregational idea in hymnody. One of the chief evils of the 19th century choral service was this shifting of the musical interest from the nave to the choir-stalls.

Summing up, Mr. Colles said that the three marks of a good tune were (1) a free rhythmic shape, produced by (2) irregularities bound together by development, and (3) a harmony which supported and propelled the tune on. As examples of development he advised his hearers to examine 'The Rosy Sequence,' 16th century (*E. H.* 238), Gibbons's Song, 17th century (*E. H.* 302), Jeremiah Clark's 'King's Norton,' 18th century (*E. H.* 419), and Goss's 'Praise, my soul,' 19th century (*E. H.* 470). These showed the same principles of melodic development at work beneath the changing fashions of at least five centuries.

In conclusion Mr. Colles laid stress on the indefinable quality which made a fine tune—a quality over and above those which can be pointed out by the analyst. An obviously faulty tune may yet have an impulse, and a faultlessly constructed one may be dead. This did not mean that the principles of construction were after all unimportant. On the contrary: the comparative rarity of successful results without their aid proved their soundness.

BACH'S LIFE IN MUSIC

Mr. Clarence Dickenson, Director of Music at the Union Theological Seminary of New York, recently gave a series of four organ lecture-recitals in which Bach's biography was set forth in music. The plan was one well calculated to appeal to the general public. We give the opening items:

Born at Eisenach, 1685.

At ten years of age, at Ohrdruff, copied by moonlight

CHORALE PRELUDE 'From Heaven High' *Pachelbel* (1653-1706)

As solo boy, at fourteen, in St. Michael's Church, Lüneburg, sang

SONG ... 'O Saviour sweet'

Walked to Hamburg to hear

SONATA (for two violins, violoncello, and organ) ... *Reinken* (1623-1722)

Appointed organist New Church, Arnstadt, 1703.

At nineteen, when brother John Jacob went to Sweden, wrote

CAPRICCIO ON THE DEPARTURE OF MY BELOVED BROTHER

Arioso: 'Do stay here.'

Walked fifty miles to Lübeck, on leave of absence for four weeks, and stayed four months to hear:

TWILIGHT MUSIC ... *Buxtehude* (1639-1707)

(A Buxtehude Cantata)

Returned to Arnstadt and wrote

FUGUE IN G MAJOR 'A la Gigue'

And so on.

Excellent, but one or two details strike us as questionable. Thus, the Prelude No. 1, of the '48,' was first given as a harp solo, and then in the Gounod *Ave Maria* version with violin and harp; and in the final programme, as a specimen

of the Motets written by Bach for performance at St. Thomas's, Leipsic, was sung *Blessing, Glory, and Wisdom (Lob und Ehre)*, a work ascribed to Bach on very slender grounds. Spitta thinks it was by Georg Gottfried Wagner, a student at St. Thomas's, Leipsic. In any case it is too poor a work to be included in a programme dealing with his maturity. Mr. Dickenson was assisted by a host of players and singers, and the whole scheme was evidently the fruit of great pains and enthusiasm. We commend the idea to local Bach Societies in this country, as a basis for a good winter's work, and an attractive scheme from a public point of view.

During the past season the choir of Christ Church, Crouch End, with the assistance of professional soloists, has performed the following works: Brahms's *Song of Destiny and Rhapsody* for alto solo and male-voice chorus; Dale's *Before the paling of the stars*; Vaughan Williams's *Fantasia* on Christmas Carols and *Five Mystical Songs* for baritone solo and chorus; Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*; and Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*, in addition to many detached and small choral works and two comprehensive carol services. This is a record of which choir and choirmaster (Dr. Walker Robson) may well be proud.

A recital of music by old English composers and Bach was given at St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, on February 14, by the Cathedral choir and the string orchestra from the Calcutta School of Music, conducted by Mr. C. H. Trevor. An excellent programme included Bach's Concerto for two violins, the Purcell Suite for strings recently arranged by Albert Coates, Bach's Chorale, *Jesu, joy of man's desiring*, with string accompaniment, and choral items by Tye, Farrant, and Tallis. A group of organ pieces from Mr. West's Old English Series was also down for performance, but a heat-wave put the organ out of action.

The *St. Matthew Passion* was sung at the Priory Church, Malvern, on April 11, by the Oratorio Choir, with orchestral accompaniment, under the direction of Dr. Louis Hamand. The tenor and bass solos were sung by Mr. E. Howell and Mr. H. Brown, the Priory choirboys singing the soprano and alto numbers. Mr. Paul Beard was principal violin, and the obbligati were played by Mr. J. W. Austin, Mr. Leon Goossens, and Mr. John Snowden.

Brahms's *Requiem* was sung at St. Alban's Abbey on April 4 by the St. Alban's Bach Choir, with Miss Viola Salvin and Mr. T. S. Miles as soloists. The accompaniment was supplied by organ (Mr. Alleyne Warren), pianoforte (Mr. Claiborne Dixon), and drums (Mr. S. E. Pearce). Mr. W. L. Luttman conducted. The work next to be rehearsed by the Society is the B minor Mass.

The London Society of Organists visited the National Institute for the Blind on March 25, when Mr. H. C. Warrilow gave a recital, and afterwards addressed the gathering on 'Music and the Aeroplane,' with pianoforte illustrations by Mr. H. V. Spanner.

The choir of East Kirkby Baptist Church has lately sung *The Messiah* twice—at its own church on March 5, and at St. Wilfrid's, Kirkby, on March 25, conducted by Mr. Harris Barke, with Mr. C. E. Blyton Dobson at the organ.

The City Temple Choral Society sang Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* and *Come, let us sing*, on April 8, conducted by Mr. Allan Brown. Mr. G. D. Cunningham accompanied on the organ.

Gounod's *Redemption* (Part 1) was performed at St. Saviour's, Paddington, on April 12, with Mr. Albert Orton at the organ. The solos were sung by members of the choir.

Messrs. Rushworth & Dreaper have just erected a new organ in St. Peter's Church, Aintree, Liverpool—a two-manual with eight stops on the Great, nine on the Swell, three on the Pedal, and eighteen pistons.

Sir Frederick Bridge will play one of his own compositions, and will also speak on behalf of the Organists' Benevolent League, at Mr. Allan Brown's recital at the City Temple on May 6, at 3 p.m.

Lee Williams's *Gethsemane* was sung at High Pavement Chapel, Nottingham, on April 9, under the direction of the organist, Mr. C. E. Blyton Dobson.

A Festival of Easter music was given at Winchmore Hill Congregational Church on April 25, when an admirable programme included Holst's Two Psalms for chorus and orchestra, Vaughan Williams's Hymns for tenor solo, viola, and orchestra, the same composer's Mystical Songs for baritone, chorus, and orchestra, Bach's Violin Concerto in E, and J. M. Joseph's Two Pieces for strings. The soloists were Miss Dulcie Nutting, Mr. Ernest Yonge, and Mr. Frank Marriott. Mr. D. Marblacy Jones conducted. Music is a great feature at this Church. Thus, on April 11, a recital of chamber music was given, the works played being a Haydn Quartet and a couple of Elgar works—the Quintet and Violin Sonata; and this had been preceded by a series of organ recitals by Mr. D. Marblacy Jones, the programme of which included a fine lot of the best organ music, old and new.

THE ORGAN

This admirable quarterly completes its first volume with a number full of good fare. Colonel Dixon writes on 'The Tonal Structure of the Organ,' Dr. Eaglefield Hull chats on some of the organ tutors of which we have recollections, pleasant and otherwise—Rinck, Schneider, &c., the Rev. Andrew Freeman surveys the Father Smith organs at Cambridge, and Mr. Harvey Grace delivers himself of 'Some Thoughts on Registration.' A couple of fine plates of organs at Lübeck illustrate Mr. Adcock's article on the subject, and there are many other features of interest.

ORGAN RECITALS

Mr. F. Gostelow, King Street Congregational Church, Luton—Choral No. 3, *Frank*; Finale (Sonata No. 1), *Guilmant*; Overture in E flat, *Faulkes*.

Mr. John Pulein, St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow—Sonata No. 6, *Mendelssohn*; Pastoral, *Frank*; Cradle Song and Scherzo, *Grace*; Triumph Song, *Rowley*.

Mr. George Pritchard, St. Mary's, Widnes—Fugue in E flat, *Bach*; Sonata No. 5, *Mendelssohn*; Imperial March, *Elgar*.

Miss Laura Slingsby, St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside—Prelude and Fugue in E minor, *Bach*; Andantino from fourth Symphony, *Tchaikovsky*; Sketch, *Schumann*.

Dr. R. Walker Robson, Christ Church, Crouch End—Fantasia in E minor, *Silas*; Funeral March, *Vierne*; Prelude and Fugue in F, *Buxtehude*; Variations on 'Crucifixus,' *Liszt*.

Mr. A. S. Warrell, St. Mary Tyndall's Park, Bristol—Rhapsody No. 3, *Saint-Saëns*; 'Gaudemus,' *Jephson*; Choral Improvisations, *Karg-Elert*; Postlude on 'Martyrs,' *Grace*.

Mr. G. F. Robertson, Hinckley Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in C, *Saint-Saëns*; Thema Ostinata, *Charlton Palmer*; Overture to the 'Occasional' Oratorio.

Mr. James M. Preston, St. George's, Newcastle—Toccata, *Boely*; Pastoral, *Scarlatti*; Meditation in Ancient Tonality, *Grace*; Toccata di Concerto, *Bossi*; Variations Sérieuses, *Mendelssohn*.

Mr. Harry Wall, St. Paul's, Covent Garden—'Triumph Song' (on 'Sanctorum Meritis'), *Pearce*; Prelude and Finale (Suite No. 1), *Lyons*; 'Laus Deo' and Réverie on 'University,' *Grace*; Skandinavisch, *Rheinberger*.

Mr. C. H. Trevor, St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta—Prelude and Fugue in B minor, *Bach*; Ave Maria, *Arcadelt-Liszt*; 'Aspiration,' *John E. West*.

Mr. B. Langdale, St. George's, Barnsley—Largo Funèbre, *Rens*; Heroic Suite, *Rowley*; Lament, *Grace*; Valhalla Scene from 'The Rhinegold.'

Mr. Alban Hamer, Bloemfontein Cathedral—Sonata No. 1, *Merkel*; Fugue in E flat, *Bach*; Prelude on 'St. Peter' and 'Darwall's 148th.'

Mr. Fred Gostelow, Luton Parish Church—Dorian Toccata and 'Fiddle' Fugue, *Bach*; Scherzo, *Turner*; Overture in C, *Hollins*; Meditation, *Gostelow*.

Mr. F. G. Goodenough, Trinity Congregation Church, Reading (before the Berkshire Organists' Association)—Sonata in E minor, *Rheinberger*; 'Dithyramb,' *Harwood*; Gothic Suite, *Reilmann*; Symphony No. 5, *Widor*.

Mr. Patrick Black, Dumbarton Parish Church—Prelude on 'Nun Danket,' *Bach*; Capriccio, *Fumagalli*; Overture in E flat, *Faulkes*.

Mr. R. E. Redman, St. John's, Clapham Rise—First Suite, *Borowski*; Prelude on 'St. Anne's,' *Parry*; Allegro Maestoso, *John E. West*; Concert Overture in C minor, *Redman*.

Mr. H. C. Warrilow, National Institute for the Blind, Great Portland Street, W.—Overture in D minor, *Smart*; Prelude, Fugue, and Variation, *Franck*; Finale in E flat, *Guilmant*.

Mr. Bertram Hollins, Beckenham Congregational Church—Con moto maestoso, *B. Hollins*; Choral with Variations (Sonata No. 6), *Mendelssohn*; 'The Angel's Farewell'; March on a Theme of Handel, *Guilmant*.

Mr. C. Thornton Turner, Punshon Wesleyan Church, Bournemouth—Solemn March, *Smart*; Toccata in C, *Bach*; Irish Rhapsody, *Wolstenholme*.

Mr. C. F. Waters, St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside—Sonata in F sharp minor, *Rheinberger*; Choral Melody, *Waters*; Finale (Sonata No. 5), *Guilmant*.

Mr. W. J. Lancaster, Bolton Parish Church—Prelude on 'Old 113th,' *Charles Wood*; Fugue on BACH, *Schumann*; Choral in G, *Vierne*; 'Evocation à la Chapelle Sixtine,' *Liszt*; Agitato (Sonata No. 11), *Rheinberger*.

Mr. W. J. Comley, Hertford Parish Church—Sonata No. 1, *Guilmant*; Prelude on 'St. Mary,' *Charles Wood*; Fantasia on 'Darwall's 148th,' *Darke*.

Mr. Herbert Hodge, St. Nicholas Cole Abbey—Finale from Sonata in F sharp minor, *Rheinberger*; Minuetto from Oboe Concerto, *Handel*; Overture in C, *Mendelssohn*; Barcarolle, *Sterndale Bennett*.

Mr. Arthur Meale, Wesleyan Central Hall—Sonata No. 6, *Mendelssohn*; Sonata No. 2, *Rheinberger*; Fantasia in E flat, *Saint-Saëns*; 'St. Francis preaching to the birds,' *Liszt*; 'Finlandia.'

APPOINTMENTS

Mr. George W. Gaythorpe, organist and choirmaster, Brunswick Wesleyan Church, Pendleton.

Mr. Gilbert P. Matthews, organist and choirmaster, St. Mary's Parish Church, Stafford.

Letters to the Editor

THE ORGANS IN GENOA CATHEDRAL

SIR,—Now that Genoa is so much in the public eye, your readers may be interested in the organs in the Cathedral of San Lorenzo. Here are some notes I made when on a visit a few years ago. The Cathedral itself is a building with a nave in the Byzantine style, the chancel being Renaissance. The three organs are placed in the transepts and behind the high altar. That in the south transept is very old, and is now disused. It was in use when Paganini played his violin in the choir. (The choir is behind the altar, and out of sight from the nave.) A second (accompanimental) organ is in the choir. It has no pedal organ, and, so far as I could judge, about four stops. A handsomely carved oak casing with heavy doors (also carved) encloses the whole instrument. The tone sounded very pleasant from the nave—especially the celeste. There was no Swell to this organ.

The Great organ (*Organo Primo*, the verger called it) is on a marble gallery in the north transept, and faces the old one which stands on a similar gallery. It is in a fine oak case, and has two very handsomely painted doors to cover the front pipes when not in use. The doors are painted on both sides. The organ was erected about 1800 by Lungini, an organ-builder of Brescia. The carving on the case seems very much older, so probably it was rebuilt in the old case. As the organist was away when I viewed and played upon it, a good deal of information had to be missed, the verger's supply soon giving out. The front pipes, seen when the folding-doors are open, are 16-ft. cut to their speaking length, and apparently of pure tin.

The stops are arranged on either side of the manuals, and are mahogany bars projecting about three inches from the jambs. They pull inwards against a spring, and hook down. The names are printed on paper labels above the slots.

The composition pedals move the stops, but not to their full amount, and these also hook down. The Swell pedal is balanced and in the centre. The blowing is by hand, the blower working a wheel.

The pipes appeared to have plenty of room, and the organ sounded very well indeed, though the Mixture work is perhaps a trifle on the aggressive side. On the whole it was a very enjoyable instrument both to play and to hear.

The pedal board is radiating and concave, compass CCC to F. Manual compass CC to C3. The reeds were somewhat out of tune, but I was told that the tuner was just about due, and that he paid visits regularly.

The flutes and the Dulciana are very charming stops.

The specification is as follows (August, 1910):

GREAT (right-hand side, 2 rows of levers).

	FT.		FT.
Principale	16	Violoncello	4
Principale, No. 1	8	Furniture	2
Principale, No. 2	8	Timpani (a 3-rank Mixture)	8
Bourdon	8	Cymbale*	7 ranks
Flute	8	Tromba	4
Ottava	4		

Two composition pedals.

* I regret I did not note composition.

SWELL (left-hand side, 2 rows of levers).

	FT.		FT.
Principale	8	Dulcet	4
Dulciana	8	Cornet	3 ranks
Flauto Traverso	8	Corno Inglese	8
Ottava	4	Bassoon	4

Two composition pedals.

PEDAL (2 rows under Swell).

	FT.		FT.
Sub Basse	16	Bombarde	16
Bourdon	8	Tromba	8

Vox Humana, 8-ft., is with the Pedal group of stops, but I did not use it. Presumably it is in the Swell box.

There are three Couplers, by hitching pedal—Sw. to Gt., Gt. to Ped., Sw. to Ped. The shape of these pedals differs from that of the composition pedals. The manual action is tracker.—Yours, &c.,

F. B. GOODMAN.

A GREAT MUSICIAN

SIR,—The *Musical Times* is constant in its effort to praise famous men (and women) month by month. May I have a little space for the praise of a musician who is not famous, though his name has been carried all over the world? That sounds like a conundrum. The explanation, however, is simple. Every string player knows the signature, 'John R. Toms, Wellington, Somerset,' on the packets of carefully tested strings which they use, and orders for those strings come from every part of the world to the little Somersetshire town from many of the greatest fiddlers of the day. But it is not of Toms's strings that I write, though much might be written of them and of James Kelway Toms, the son of my old friend and teacher, who has made the perfect testing of strings the devotion of his life.

Mr. John R. Toms is himself unknown to the majority of musicians, and that, I am inclined to say, is their loss and his gain. Through a life of some eighty-five years (I do not know his exact age) he has escaped notoriety, at any rate until this month, when he and Mrs. Toms celebrated their 'diamond' wedding, and were immensely surprised and delighted by the numbers of congratulations which poured in on them, headed by a telegram from the King and Queen.

The event forms a suitable occasion for, but is not the substance of, what I would write of Mr. Toms, the musician. When people say that England has no musical life, I think of Mr. Toms. He has lived all his days in one little town near the borders of Somerset and Devon, where concerts of a professional kind are practically unknown, twenty miles from the nearest cathedral town, and for eighty years or so he has simply radiated music to all about him. He told me last year when I visited him that he was four years old when his father bought and gave him as a toy an old organ, which had been removed from the Parish Church. As a child he amused himself by inventing pedals for his organ, attaching them by strings to the keys of its single manual. That organ has been his life-long companion; he improved it, added in course of time a second manual and real pedals, and it is now a beautiful little instrument of mellow, old-world tone, on which he daily plays the Chorale Preludes of Bach,

Handel's choruses, and a whole repertory of delightful things.

I was about four when I first heard Mr. Toms play, and stood spell-bound while he entertained my father's guests first on the pianoforte then on a wonderful harmonium which he had brought to the house with him. I distinctly remember being surprised that the ladies and gentlemen there assembled could go on chattering in their barbarous Victorian fashion while such sounds were in the air. It was the first music other than nursery rhymes which I had ever heard, and to be Mr. Toms's pupil soon became the ambition of my life. That came to pass a few years later, and I shall never forget my first pianoforte lesson with him. He taught me 'musical appreciation' decades before the phrase became the cant of the pundits. He made me love Handel and Mozart, described the instruments of the orchestra, illustrating their tone by the various stops on his organ, showed me full scores, fired my ambition to hear a real symphony, and so on, using a hundred arts, not with any idea of systematising training, but because he loved it all so much that he had to share it. He told me of fine singing in Cathedrals which he had heard on his rare holidays, read me accounts of concerts at the Crystal Palace and St. James's Hall (some of them were from an unknown paper called the *Musical Times*), and, most of all, his modesty about his own powers, which seemed to me marvellous, made me realise that music must be a very big thing indeed, since so great a master could regard himself as the least among her servants.

And what he did for me he has been doing for everyone who drew near with ears to hear all these years. I found him last year still bringing together his friends for little weekly musical gatherings. We played Mozart together, but while the great melodies of his youth remain the joy of his age, he was keen to hear everything I could tell him of modern music, and produced some pianoforte pieces by Debussy and John Ireland which he was practising.

I do not know whether there are many such musicians in the country parts of England. I have never met another Mr. Toms, but I hope that he is not so unique as he seems to me to be, for of such is the kingdom of Music.—Yours, &c.,

H. C. COLLIER.

'M. EGON PETRI AND OP. 106'

SIR,—Surely your contributor 'C.' is quite wrong in describing, on page 261, *s.v.* 'Egon Petri and Op. 106,' 'M.' Egon Petri as 'the Hungarian pianist.' We all know that the *bouleversement* that occurred between August, 1914, and November, 1918, altered much; but did it alter a Dutchman into a Hungarian? For many years I have laboured under a grievous delusion if Egon Petri is not a son of my old friend Henri Petri, *olim* joint leader, with his compatriot Julius Röntgen, *père*, of the Gewandhaus Orchestra, and slightly later, leader of the then Royal Opera orchestra at Dresden.—Yours, &c.,

33, Oakley Street,
Chelsea, S.W.3.

ROBIN H. LEGGE.

April 2, 1922.

A STRANGE OMISSION

SIR,—A contemporary journal recently published an article on works written for two pianofortes, and mentioned a number of compositions of this class by various composers, living and dead. The article went on to enumerate some of the very few works for two pianofortes written by British composers, but strangely omitted to name my own two works, *viz.*, an elaborate Suite in five movements, Op. 50 (consisting of a *Preludium*, *Andante Pastorale*, *Scherzo*, *Marche Triomphale*, and *Finale*), and a *Toccata Brillante*, Op. 144. Both these works are published by prominent Continental firms, and have been repeatedly performed in England, Germany, and America.—Yours, &c.,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

22A, Carlton Vale,
Maida Vale, N.W. 6.

April 9, 1922.

'THE ENGLISH LITANY OF 1544-60'

SIR,—Mr. E. G. P. Wyatt's letter does not call for a detailed reply, and therefore I shall content myself with briefly answering his statements.

1. As I had Cranmer's letter before me I did not misunderstand his meaning.

2. The Processioner was practically synonymous with the Litany, as Duchesne and other authorities state. St. Augustine and his monks sang the Litany as Bede records (Plummer's edition).

3. The Litany was newly translated in 1544, and the melody was plainchant. My point is that Stone did not *compose* music for the Litany at that time, but that the compilers *adapted* the ancient plainchant.

4. As to the *Kyrie eleison* being popular in Gaul in the early part of the 5th century, it is sufficient to point out that St. Patrick (430) was acquainted with it. If Mr. Edmund Bishop says 'it was imported into Gaul in the early part of the 6th century,' it is a slip, for, in addition to the fact of its being known to St. Patrick, it was introduced at Vienne by Bishop Marvertus, *circa* 470, and was extended to all Gaul by the Council of Orleans in 511.

In conclusion, may I quote from Sir Henry Howorth's fine volume on *St. Augustine the Missionary* (1913)? 'The particular anthem quoted by Bede occurs in one of the Rogation Litanies in use long after at Vienne, and probably in other churches of France.'—Yours, &c.,

April 8, 1922.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

THE BALLAD IN AMERICA

SIR,—As I have only just returned to England after four months in the sun, and as I received no English papers during that time, will you permit me to say a word or two apropos your January 'Occasional Notes'?

I am pleased to see that my retort to the egregious Mr. Francis Rogers has met other eyes beyond those for which it was intended. Had I thought it would be quoted I would have corrected certain printer's atrocities which make it look as though the writer is as ignorant of the principles of the English language as the sub-editor of an American musical paper—an *editor* of one once suggested, in the course of a disagreement, that my name was evidence of *Teutonic origin*!

My version of the Latin tag was *hujus generis omnes*. The epithet applied to 'operatic singers' was *Simian*-brained, not *similar*-brained, which makes nonsense. I spoke, too, of 'Galli-Curcis, Tetrazzinis,' not of 'Galli-Curci's (!) Tetrazzini's.' I hasten to exonerate you from any share in these enormities; they are due entirely to the skill of *Musical America*.

In the same notes you make some observations on the matter of the ballad concert, the lack of which the American writers on music appear to think is a self-evident proof of their country's incalculable superiority to yours. Now, Sir, I am not a Briton, and have on plenty of occasions given satisfactory demonstration of the fact that neither am I a rampant Anglophile, but I must confess that impudent nonsense uttered by people who know nothing whatever of what they are talking incenses me as much when it is about yourselves as anything else—all of which is to lead up to the statement which I make calmly, in cold blood, and after careful examination of *Musical America* and *Musical Courier* over four or five years, namely, that in America the things that are here known as ballads have a share in practically every singer's recital programme I have seen. Here, by tacit consent, the ballad is relegated to the scullery of the musical edifice—the ballad concert—and generally kept there. The people who wish to associate with scullions know where to go to find them. Such, however, is the 'democracy' of your American 'cousins,' that they are not revolted by the spectacle of Carrie Jacobs Bond or Charles Wakefield Cadman jostling Bach, Brahms, Schumann, Schubert, to say nothing of Borodin or Rimsky-Korsakov, Debussy, Gabriel Fauré, Duparc, and the Frenchmen in one and the same programme.—Yours, &c.,

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

175, Clarence Gate Gardens, N.W.1.

April 17, 1922.

'HAND DEVELOPMENT FOR THE PERFORMER'

SIR,—Before proceeding to deal with Mr. Pitcher's reply to my letter on this subject, let me point out that our art in its many aspects—including that of the physical limitation—is so much bigger than any of its individual servants that we all might learn with advantage to desist from anything in the nature of personal tourneys. Mr. Pitcher does me too much honour to associate my name with those artists he lists at the conclusion of his letter, if he does so seriously. If not, then he is descending from a big subject to a little practice quite out of keeping with the true artistic spirit.

We are both agreed as to the futility of finger-exercise at the keyboard for its own sake, and I am glad to be able to assure Mr. Pitcher that, thanks to the teachings of Mr. Tobias Matthay in particular, which are available even at Sydney, full muscular development and control are within the reach of every serious-minded student. (I am sure he will forgive me dealing solely with the pianoforte aspect of the subject, as that is the peculiar object of my research.) Still quoting from the above reliable source, while a large proportion of the developmental work can, and should, be done away from the keyboard, exercises are yet necessary in order to tone up those weak points which are present in almost every pianist's technical equipment, and to teach the union of muscular habit and key-treatment.

Far be it from me to disparage any of the artists whom Mr. Pitcher names, but it is fair to point out Mr. Matthay's contention that executive artists are often *ipso facto* deficient in the faculty of analysing technical processes. A concrete example of the truth of this statement will be found in the second volume of Miss Brower's *Piano Mastery*, where Mischa Levitzky, who has recently left a meteoric trail in this continent, owns to the fact that he honestly did not know at that date (1916) the causes of his technical mastery. As M. Levitzky has not yet appeared in London, perhaps I am taking an unfair advantage, but the interview in the same volume with John Powell presents a specially fatuous example of misguided genius in the shape of a false analogy between pianoforte playing and violin or voice-production.

I will conclude by once again agreeing with Mr. Pitcher that the approbation of a particular musical school or faculty is in itself no recommendation, as history does truly teach us. My own peculiar veneration—I can use no lesser word—and esteem for Mr. Matthay's teachings rest, not on the fact of the expositor being an R.A.M. professor, or even the founder of a distinctive school, but because I have tried and proved them, with the truly startling result that I have almost overtaken the errors of eight years' wrong habits in less than seven months. For this reason I am impelled to contest, not new inventions, but statements of scientific fact which, illumined by eminent authority and practical proof, I feel are mistaken. My letter stated at the outset that my concern was not with the device in question, but with the alleged principles of its operation.

Space forbids me to enlarge further on this subject, and I therefore subscribe myself,—Yours, &c., ROY HEAD.

'Ellerslie,' Clanwilliam Street,
Chatswood, Sydney, Australia.
February 15, 1922.

'THE IMPORTANCE OF CORRECT PLACING OF THE VOICE'

SIR,—When I had appeared on Mr. Tree's platform, and, despite the very severe catarrh from which I was then suffering, performed, as best I was able, the part assigned to me, I thought the question at issue had been disposed of. I notice, however, that in his advertisement in your issue for this month Mr. Tree has taken a liberty with my words of which I do not approve and wish to correct.

It is quite true that I made public confession of having made a mistake, but I defined it clearly. I felt that it would have been wiser on my part to have first inquired who Mr. Tree was before entering upon a discussion with

him. That, Sir, was the mistake I confessed to, which is not the meaning implied by Mr. Tree.

In private I told Mr. Tree that he, too, had made a mistake in giving such scant detail of his method in his letter of April last year, and while he made no objection to that remark, he said that in such a letter it was difficult to enter more minutely into detail.

Having been brought into personal touch with Mr. Tree, I am now able to speak of his method with considerable assurance. The method which he practises in singing is neither more nor less than the old Italian one in its purity, and I must add that it was a great pleasure for me to meet an Englishman with such complete control of his vocal apparatus. In practice, there is nothing between us, and not so much in theory as appears on the surface. His 'speech into song' method, if taught competently, I believe to be capable of giving good results; it is when it is adopted by an individual, without the aid of tuition, that I fear it may not be fruitful of good. My opinion is based upon the fact that 'correct speech,' whether in theory or practice, may convey a different conception to different minds, while the difficulty of its application is augmented by the further fact that an amateur, being unable to hear himself as others hear him, may unconsciously fall into a vicious method, imagining that he is working along the proper lines. Yet that remark may be applied to any method.

'Speech into song' is after all only a method of commencing the training of the voice, as I feel sure Mr. Tree knows, and I still believe that the older is the safer and surer method. Of course it is of extreme importance to make a proper start, for unless the foundation be well and truly laid the superstructure will be in danger; but a vast amount of hard work faces anyone who wishes to sing really well after that foundation has been laid. It must, however, be remembered that real vocal artists are born, not made. All that the best and most conscientious master can do is to teach his pupils to control and use their voices; what lies beyond that point depends entirely on inborn talent.—Yours, &c., A. KEAY.

2, Gledstanes Road, W. 14.

April 15, 1922.

[This discussion is closed—once more!—Ed., M. T.]

A REMARKABLE PUBLIC SCHOOL PROGRAMME

SIR,—I shall be glad if you can find space to print this letter in your next issue, as I feel that such an incident as that of which I write should not be allowed to pass without some mention in the annals of music in England to-day. I refer to the orchestral concert which took place in the hall of St. John's College, Hurstpierpoint, on Saturday, April 1, when the following programme was played:

1. Fifth Symphony Beethoven
(1. *Allegro con brio* 2. *Andante con moto*).
2. Song 'Through the fields in winter' V. Sokolov
3. Finlandia Sibelius
4. Præludium Jarnefelt
5. Spinning Chorus (with orchestra) ... } Wagner
from 'The Flying Dutchman' }
6. Song ... 'Still as the night' ... Carl Bohm
7. Soli and Chorus (with orchestra) } Gounod
'Light as air' ('Faust') }
8. Incidental Music to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' } H. A. Hawkins
9. March (dedicated to the School) ... H. A. Hawkins
Conductor—Mr. H. A. Hawkins.

Mr. Hawkins, the school organist and choirmaster, collected a full symphony orchestra of forty-two players from Brighton and district, and after only one rehearsal conducted a most successful performance. He also composed the last two items on the programme, the first-named being a fully orchestrated arrangement of the very delightful music he wrote for the school play last December. The March was composed specially for a similar concert last year, and is dedicated to the school.

The vocal soloists are all members of the school, and the school choir sang the choruses. This concert was the third annual event of the same description, and shows what can be done to further musical appreciation and interest in our public schools. A considerable number of visitors were present, and the sincerity of the applause accorded to each item and the whole-hearted enthusiasm and enjoyment shown throughout pay a very high tribute to the outstanding musicianship of Mr. Hawkins, to whom must be awarded the laurels of a very interesting and instructive evening.—Yours, &c.,

April 10, 1922.

AN 'O. J.'

Sharps and Flats

I have no patience with any critical superiority which hints that it can take in a previously unheard and very elaborate thirty-two page piece of modern music, details, and ensemble, at one sitting. It reminds me of the dear lady I overheard one day at the Royal Academy remonstrating with her young companion, 'How you do linger before the pictures! Why can't you take them in at a glance, as I do?'—*P. A. Scholes.*

Some of this [Russian verse and song] sweats vodka at every pore. It will be retorted that German song is not wholly free from evidence of association with German beer; and, indeed, the worst specimens of German tearfulness are obviously the product of German beerfulness.—*Ernest Newman.*

The esoteric idea of beauty is a very dangerous one, and the youth of eighteen who moons about Hampstead Heath with a volume of Keats in his pocket needs very careful treatment. (I used to do this myself, so I know.)—*Martin Shaw.*

The mysterious benefactor of the London concert-going public who, as mentioned in the *Daily Mail* on Saturday, generously makes good the inevitable deficit on some of the most important London concerts, is Mr. Balfour Gardiner, the composer.—*Daily Mail.*

We are inclined to doubt whether Mr. Balfour Gardiner will be effusively grateful to the *Daily Mail* for having disclosed his identity with the anonymous benefactor to whom it had referred, a couple of days earlier, as having taken 'a delight in making good the losses incurred on many of the most important concerts given in London.' We do not envy him his post-bag, or, in other words, his daily mail.—*Musical News and Herald.*

Whether or not the Englishman really likes hymns, he always says he does; and, when he dies, no obituary notice is complete without the name of his 'favourite hymn.'—*R. K. Terry.*

This extraordinary modern music, now! But then I always remember that I did not like *The Dream of Gerontius* a bit when I first heard it; but think of that beautiful double chorus. Splendid! So, I always say with this modern music, we shall come on to it.—*Sir Frederick Bridge.*

Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times* of May, 1862:

Mr. Henry Parratt has been appointed organist of the Parish Church at Huddersfield. This appointment was held by Mr. Parratt's father for nearly fifty years.

OBITUARY.—Jacques Elie Fromental Halévy died during the last month, at Nice. He was born at Paris, in May, 1799, of Israelitish parents, whose name, originally, was Levy.

TO MUSICIANS AND AMATEURS.—Original Musical Articles and Criticisms.—Read the *Age we Live in*, weekly, price one penny. Order in the City, of Pottles, Royal Exchange (by post, twopenny); 16, Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C. A first-class musical and general newspaper for 4s. 4d. per annum.

Chamber Music for Amateurs

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur chamber musicians who wish to get into touch with other players.

Pianist (young lady) would like to meet good violinist and 'cellist. Small Heath, Birmingham.—PASTORAL, c/o *Musical Times.*

Quartet, North London, seeks experienced and enthusiastic amateur 'cellist (male).—KINGSBRIDGE, c/o *Musical Times.*

Violist would like to meet violinist or pianist for mutual practice, or would join trio, quartet, or orchestra.—J. S. HALL, 55, Gt. Marlborough Street, W. 1.

Accompanist (male), good pianist, wishes to meet vocalists or instrumentalists with view to mutual practice. North London preferred.—A. BIGGS, 10, St. Edmund's Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W. 8.

Young lady, pianist, would like to meet violinist or 'cellist (or both) for mutual practice on Monday, Thursday, Saturday, or Sunday evenings.—E. SYDENHAM, 31A, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood, S.E. 19.

Wanted.—Good 'cellist, living in Blackburn or Darwen districts, to join amateur enthusiasts (flute, three violins, and pianoforte, ages 14-17), also players of the viola, double-bass, bassoon, &c., for a small amateur orchestra.—WALTER MITCHELL, 82, Blackburn Road, Darwen, Lancs.

Keen Lovers of Music are invited to join small string orchestra; amateurs only. Rehearsals, Tuesdays, 7 to 9. Central London.—SECRETARY, 12, Sandmere Road, S.W. 4.

Mezzo-Contralto, some professional experience, would like to meet lady pianist accompanist for mutual practice. District, S.W. 2.—A. N. H., c/o *Musical Times.*

Vacancies in St. Matthew's Amateur Orchestra for 'cello, double-bass, and efficient brass and wind players. Rehearsals on Saturdays, 5.30.—Parochial Hall, Wandsworth Bridge Road. Conductor, E. H. Melling, F.R.C.O.

Young tenor desires to meet a pianist (lady or gentleman) for mutual practice a few evenings a week. Within five miles from Charing Cross.—J. B., c/o *Musical Times.*

Young lady accompanist (still studying) wishes to meet lady, either vocalist or instrumentalist, for mutual practice. S.E. district.—E., 4, Cedars Road, Beckenham, Kent.

Pianist would like to meet violinist or vocalist (at Oxford) for mutual practice.—T. J., c/o *Musical Times.*

'Cellist desires to meet violinist and pianist with view to mutual practice; East Dulwich district.—C. H. S., c/o *Musical Times.*

GUSTAV HOLST ON PURCELL

Mr. Gustav Holst lectured on Purcell to the London section of the Incorporated Society of Musicians at University College on April 8. The lecture was illustrated by excerpts from *Dioctesian* performed by students of Morley College. Dr. R. R. Terry was in the chair. We give the gist rather than the actual words of Mr. Holst, who was by no means at his least interesting when he digressed from his notes. These digressions were frequent.

Purcell is commonly called the greatest of English musicians, but this superlative is too loosely and perfunctorily thrown out. Mr. Holst has a misgiving for superlatives, and the sight of Dr. Terry at hand made him think of other possible claimants—William Byrd, or even one of the earlier 16th century composers. It is most likely not wise to use this particular superlative for Purcell, just as a superlative is unwise when disparaging a composer—Beethoven, say, since there is a good deal of current disparagement of Beethoven. Rather than call Beethoven the worst of composers it is wiser to say nothing at all about him! Nevertheless, Mr. Holst indulged later in a superlative or two over his cherished Purcell.

Purcell is glibly called 'the greatest' on the strength of certain sacred works. There are sacred works of Purcell, such as the *Morning Hymn* and two *Evening Hymns*, which

are of the best. But Purcell no more than Mozart is to be appraised on the strength of his sacred works. What should we know of Mozart if we knew merely the Masses and Motets and never thought of the G minor and other Symphonies or of the G minor Quintet or *The Magic Flute*? Purcell, who is pre-eminently a secular musician, a musician of the theatre, has long been best known by a few of his worst anthems. And Mr. Holst launched a shaft at the Restoration anthem, a baneful thing, and a baneful influence to-day. Much is heard nowadays of the sins of Victorian Church music—Stainer and Sullivan. But that is a dead influence, its lure has gone. Whereas ears are still shut to the badness of the Restoration Church music, in spite of the example of the peerless 1600 style nowadays available for all.

Purcell is one of the half-dozen greatest of all composers of stage music. And, true Englishman that he was, he was a great innovator. Mr. Holst threw out the suggestion that the great strokes of musical invention have been the strokes of Englishmen—the device of counterpoint, the device of 'modern harmony' (otherwise known as wrong notes), the device of atmospheric effects, and dramatic characterisation in music. These last two were the inventions of Purcell. Not only did he invent dramatic characterisation, but he also remained the only master of it for the best part of a century after his death. Gluck and Mozart, in places, and Wagner (and characterisation is, for Mr. Holst, Wagner's supreme gift) exploited the field that Purcell had found. Handel, and the contemporary Italian opera, were dead to this possibility of music. Their arias and scenes were impersonal.

If *Dido and Enceas* was written in 1680, when Purcell was about twenty-one, it is the most wonderful expression of precocious, original genius in all music. The feature that above all makes Mr. Holst marvel is the 'lyrical recitative,' and one phrase of that recitative—*Dido's Darkness shades me*—he called the most moving sentence in all English music. *Dido* was written for a girls' school at Chelsea, and Purcell suited the occasion by writing the vocal parts within a very narrow range, and by setting the English with the most beautiful attention to the language. Purcell is incomparable in his nice treatment of English, and in writing for this girls' school he could count on a reasonably cultivated diction from his singers. Afterwards Purcell blossomed out as a copious composer of the equivalent of our musical comedies and revues. His range, his harmony, his orchestration, all were enriched in those later years, but there was one backsliding: the lyrical recitative of *Dido* not only was not developed, it was dropped altogether in favour of the mean perfunctory *secco* recitative that anyone could write.

Here a certain resemblance to his own career happily beguiled Mr. Holst into reminiscences. Mr. Holst, too, has written music for a girls' school and has been a theatre musician. He esteems himself happy that his girls' school period came after his theatre period. His experiences in a theatre band have, however, at least two results, he managed to read there the complete works of Turgeniev, and he arrived at an answer to the puzzling question, 'Why do people go to "musical plays"?' The answer is: 'To be tickled.' The people who go are, when they go, in the mood to tolerate nothing but being tickled. They will tolerate no appeal to the imagination.

Purcell collaborated in the equivalent of our musical comedies; only where to-day we have flamboyant vulgarity there were, two hundred and thirty years ago, acres of bombast. Mr. Holst accepts Dr. Ernest Walker's epithet for Purcell—he was 'accommodating.' He did what cannot be imagined of a musician of Beethoven's or Wagner's temper. He complaisantly scattered his jewels over the bombastic acres of late Restoration drama; a bad period which delighted in improved versions of Shakespeare (hence *The Fairy Queen*, a version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*).

This brought Mr. Holst to the title of his lecture—'What shall we do with our Purcell?'

The problem is: The most characteristic music of this pure genius being attached to intolerably dismal literature, how to make use of it for our pleasure to-day? Mr. Holst's answer is that Purcell having been accommodated in 1600

must to-day continue to accommodate. He did not mind associating his genius with the bombast that was popular. Let us not mind dissociating it, and frankly marry it again to something we like better. The alternative is to leave Purcell's musical plays unhonoured and unsung as a matter of antiquarian interest. Mr. Holst, an impassioned defender of the living spirit in Purcell's music, recommends the free use of the pruning knife. The bombast of the plays must go, and with it too the mere padding which the accommodating Purcell was not too proud to provide. Even good things must be cut out too, as they found at Cambridge when they restored much of Shakespeare into *The Fairy Queen*; for Shakespeare's sake one of the best of Purcell's songs had to go.

As a practical example of 'what to do with Purcell' Mr. Holst described his dealings with the *Dioclesian* music, which last year was adapted as a masque and was played with delightful effect by Morley College students at Brook Green, in Hyde Park, and at the Old Vic. Mr. Holst is still vague on the original subject of *Dioclesian*. No spoken words were retained at all. A hint or two from some of the sung words suggested a St. George and the Dragon story, and this was acted in dumb show to Purcell's accompanying strains, while some exquisite songs and one of Purcell's finest choruses accommodated themselves well to the new plot. Mr. Holst is so far from blindly adoring Purcell that he expurgated the Overture completely. It seemed to him lifeless as any piece ever written from a sense of duty in a classical style.

At Morley College, where they have already performed *Dido*, *The Fairy Queen* (the first performance after the two-hundred-years-long loss of the manuscript), and *Dioclesian*, a revival of *King Arthur* is in prospect, and Mr. Holst's application of his principles of pruning and accommodation will be looked to with special interest in that particularly inchoate work. But Purcell's music in the last Act Mr. Holst holds to be supreme in English patriotic music. C.

THE DUPLEX-COUPLER PIANOFORTE

The Emmanuel Moor Duplex-Coupler Pianoforte was exhibited at the meeting of the Musical Association on March 24. Mr. F. Gilbert Webb, who explained the instrument, said his object was to provoke a discussion on its possibilities, its advantages and disadvantages, and its probable influence on the future of pianoforte music. The artist abhorred anything which savoured of the mechanical, and was inclined to regard new devices with suspicion, forgetting how greatly music was indebted to mechanics for its highest flights. The invention of the keyboard revealed the inadequacy of the thumb, the use of which was once forbidden. It had now become as useful as the other fingers, but how to overcome its comparative shortness had been the problem of technicians for centuries. The new duplex keyboard converted the handicap of the thumb's shortness into an advantage.

There was nothing new in two keyboards. The real novelty and value of Mr. Moor's invention lay in the last inch of the visible part of the lower keys being raised, thus bringing the notes of the lower keyboard into convenient distance to be struck by the thumb when the hand was on the upper keyboard. These prominences on the lower keyboard eliminated in great measure certain awkward positions of the hands constantly occurring when playing contrapuntal music. They avoided the crowding of the fingers together in closely written passages, and enabled important inner parts to be accentuated with comparative ease. Moreover, a chromatic *giussando* became possible.

By coupling the keyboards, octaves could be played as single notes on the lower keyboard. Both notes so produced were struck with equal force, which was very rarely the case on the single keyboard. The result was the greater emphasis of the higher harmonics and a very perceptible difference in tone quality. Though there was a certain loss of human quality, it should at the same time be recognised as a new effect capable of artistic development. The advantages of the upper keyboard being an octave higher in pitch than the lower were very great. Extended arpeggios and chords and distant snatch notes were brought nearer

together and fairly under the hand. Chords could be devised to produce hitherto unheard resonances.

The legitimate use of the second keyboard was to secure greater ease of execution without alteration of the music. If it could not be used without adding notes to what the composer had written then it should not be employed. The duty of the pianist was to be faithful to the composer. This would be made easier by the diminishing of technical difficulties. Presuming the Duplex came into general use, composers would inevitably avail themselves of the greater possibilities it afforded, and it would be only a matter of time for the difficulties of the Duplex to become as great as those on the present keyboard, but the artistic worth of complexity must always depend on the emotional and intellectual effect.

Miss Winifred Christie played a number of pieces and selected passages in order to demonstrate the points made by Mr. Webb, and interested members of the audience asked questions.

EARLY CHARTERS OF INCORPORATION GRANTED TO MUSICIANS

BY MURIEL SILBURN

(Concluded from April number, page 294)

Charles I. dealt very liberally with his musicians, one of the early appointments of his reign being that of Nicholas Lanier as court musician at the liberal salary of £200 a year. He granted a charter to the musicians of the realm, which bears date July 15, 11 Car., and commences by reciting its foundation upon the lines suggested by Edward IV.'s charter. It further relates that:

‘... certeine persons, suggesting themselves to be freemen of a pretended society of minstrels in the cittie of London, in prejudice of the liberties and privileges aforesaid in the said recited letters patent mentioned and intended to the minstrels and musicians of the said King [Edward IV.] and his heires, did by untrue suggestion procure of and from King James of ever-blessed memory, letters patent under his great seale of England, bearing date the eighth day of July, in the second yeare of his raigne, to incorporate them by the name of master, wardens, and cominalty of the arte or science of the musicians of London. And, among divers other privileges, to grant unto them the survey, scrutiny, correction, and government of all and singular, the musicians and minstrells within the said cittie of London, suburbs, liberties, and precincts of the said cittie, or within three miles of the same cittie. By colour whereof they endeavoured to exclude the musicians and minstrells enterteyned into the King's service, and all others expert and learned in the said art and science of musick, from teaching and practising the same within the said cittie and three miles thereof, that would not subject themselves unto their said pretended fraternity, or purchase their approbation thereunto, although greate part of them were altogether unskillfull in the said art and science of musick.’

The above passage throws considerable light upon the origin and material of James's charter, but the musicians to whom Charles granted a charter were not satisfied until they had, as they thought, entirely demolished the letters patent granted by James. The charter under consideration proceeds to describe how a *scire facias* (i.e., a writ) had been brought by the Court Musicians of Charles against the Musicians' Company of London, in the High Court of Chancery, and how ‘judgment of their prosecution had been had and given accordingly, and the letters patent vacated and cancelled thereupon.’ Briefly stated, James granted a charter to the Musicians of London in prejudice to the Act of Edward IV., and the musicians of Charles went to law against the said Company, won their case, and restored the law of Edward IV., which applied to the whole realm, the county of Chester excepted.

Proceeding with Charles's charter, we find that the King

‘... for and in consideration of the good and faithful service which the said musicians had done and performed unto him, and in pursuance of the

intent and meaning of the said King Edward IV., ... doth, for him, his heires and successors, will, ordeine, constitute, declare, and graunt that the said Nicholas Lanier [and forty-nine others] his said musicians, or all such persons as are or shall be the musicians of him, his heires, and successors, shall from henceforth for ever, by force and vertue of the said graunt, be a body corporate and politique in deed, fact, and name, by the name of Marshall, Wardens, and Cominalty of the arte and science of Musick in Westminster, and by the same name have perpetual succession, and be capable in the law to impleade and be impleaded: And that they have a common seale.’

Then follows the appointment of officers. The corporation was to meet in or near the city of Westminster from time to time, and had power both to make bye-laws and impose fines on such as transgressed them. Next comes a clause for the ‘better government and ordering of all such as do or shall profess and exercise the art and science’ of music, which grants to the Marshal and his officers the ‘survey, scrutinie, correction, and government of all and singular, the musicians within our saide Kingdome,’ with the usual exception of Chester, of course. The remainder of the clause gives those admitted the right to exercise their art in London or elsewhere in the kingdom, except Cheshire, ‘any act, ordinances, or constitution of common council of the said Cittie of London or any other matter or thing whatsoever to the contrary thereof in any wise notwithstanding.’ The conclusion of the last sentence was evidently intended to be the death-blow of the charter granted by James, and to render impossible any intended resuscitation of it. Although granted in the eleventh year of Charles, this charter is declared by Hawkins not to have been carried into practical use until the Restoration: it seems, however, to have received Royal Confirmation three years after it was originally granted.

Turning to the Restoration we find that the first meeting was held at the house of Mr. Ganley, at Durham Yard, Strand, on October 21, 1661, Nicholas Lanier acting as Marshal. The following items are taken from Hawkins:

1662. January 20.—Ordered that Edward Sadler for his insufficiency be silenced and disabled.

February 3.—Richard Graham appointed their Solicitor-at-law.

February 19.—It appears they licensed teachers of music.

1663. January 13.—Ordered that Matthew Lock, Christopher Gibbons, Dr. C. Colman, and William Gregory do come to the Chamber at Durham Yard on Tuesday next at 2 p.m., and bring each of them £10 or show cause to the contrary.

Under date March 1, 1663, we learn that a petition was presented to the King's Majesty for the renewing of their former patent. This petition seems eventually to have had the desired effect, for in 1670 was received a renewal of the patent, which runs as follows:

‘Whereas His Sacred Majesty hath been pleased after the example of his Royal Ancestors, to incorporate the Musicians of England for its encouragement of that excellent science, and the said corporation to have power over all that profess the same, and to allow and make free all such as they shall think fit: This is to give notice to all persons concerned in Musique, that the Corporation sits the Saturday in every week at their Hall in Durham Yard in the Strand, in pursuance of the trust and authority to them committed by his Most Gracious Majesty, and that they have granted several deputations into several counties to execute the same.’

Little remains to be said, save that these meetings came to an end in 1679, and thus the letters patent lapsed from sheer disuse. With respect to James's charter as represented in the Musicians' Company, it still survives, and so late as 1737 exercised its rights by arresting certain musicians playing at a concert in St. Martin's-le-Grand.

This paper is merely introductory to a subject so extensive that only by having easy access to a great number of ancient State papers and records, could full justice be given it.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

■ The members of the Dramatic Class gave two performances of Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and of a fantasy in one Act, *The Maker of Dreams*, by Oliphant Down, on March 22 and 23, the cast being changed at each performance. The productions on both evenings reached a distinctly high level, and in several directions showed a marked advance upon previous productions.

An orchestral concert took place at Queen's Hall on March 28. The programme opened with the Funeral March from *Coriolanus* by A. C. Mackenzie, played In Memoriam the late Sir E. E. Cooper and the late Mr. Oscar Beringer, both of whom had been associated with the R.A.M. for many years, who had died each within a few days of the other in February last. A delightful performance of Saint-Saëns's *Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso* for violin was given by Mr. Israel Schlaen, a young violinist of considerable promise, and Miss Joan Lloyd and Mr. Russell Chester were heard in Pianoforte Concertos by Chopin and Tchaikovsky. The vocal items included songs by Gluck, Verdi, and Coleridge-Taylor, and a duet from Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*. The programme also included an Overture, *Prospero*, by F. Corder and the second part of Saint-Saëns's third Symphony.

The summer term opens on Monday, May 1.

Commencing on May 3, a series of four lectures upon the 'History of Music' will be given by Dr. Frederick G. Shinn, in the Duke's Hall, on Wednesday afternoons at 4.30. The subjects of the lectures will be: César Franck; Johannes Brahms; the Rise of National Schools of Music; Bohemia and Russia; the English Musical Renaissance.

During the coming term the celebration of the centenary of the founding of the R.A.M. will take place, and this will include a number of important musical and social gatherings, full particulars of which will be announced in due course.

The following distinctions have recently been conferred: F.R.A.M., Messrs. Ernest Read and John Solomon; A.R.A.M., Mesdames Beatrice M. Bayly, Eveline Fincken, Grace Dorothy Griffiths, Messrs. Eric Bray, Eric Grant, and Leslie Regan; Hon. R.A.M., Messrs. John Booth and Fraser Gange.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The summer term was formally inaugurated on April 26, when Sir Frederick Bridge gave an address to the students on the subject of 'Diligence,' and afterwards distributed diplomas and certificates to the successful students of the College at the Higher Examinations held earlier in the month. Prizes were also given to the following students: Harold Fairhurst and Dorothy M. Brittain (Grosvenor Gooch Bequest), and to Muriel Stopes, who gained the highest marks in musical history at the (Lent) Terminal Examination for those attending the Teachers' Registration Course.

The following candidates who were elected to scholarships as the result of an open competition held during the month were presented to the members of the Board: Ena Kathleen Browne, Dorothy G. Callender, Irene Kohler, William Lovelock, Margaret Mather, Adelaide S. Collins, Reginald Leopold, Dorothy F. Sexton, Herbert S. G. Batter, Eva N. Clarke, Constance Davies, Doris L. M. Duck, Lilian Mann, Eirlys Roberts, Miriam F. Anglin, Edward A. Kealey, and Dorothy N. Fox. After this ceremony a short programme of music was performed.

The following professors have recently been appointed to the teaching staff: Mr. Val Marriott, who will give a violin recital in June next at the College, and Miss Ethel Snape (singing).

On the occasion of the silver wedding of Mr. Henry T. Sims, conductor of the Bath Choral and Orchestral Society, a presentation was made to him on March 27, as a token of the esteem won by him during thirty-eight years of valuable service. The presentation was made by Lady Peirse, after a performance of Brahms's *Requiem* by the Society. Two days later a similar presentation was made to Mr. Sims in the interval of a performance of *Elifjah* by the Swindon Mechanics' Institute Choral and Orchestral Union, of which Mr. Sims has been conductor for twenty-five years.

ENGLISH MUSIC AT BOURNEMOUTH

BOURNEMOUTH, *Easter*.

Perhaps 'festival' is a term the least bit pompous for this series of concerts—predominantly of English music—with which Mr. Dan Godfrey is enhancing the April pleasures of this favoured place of greenery and soft airs and leisured throngs. 'Festival' suggests a consistent austerity which the circumstances cannot quite warrant, but the notion is capital—the notion of bringing out, day by day, works of native music of all schools, their interest enhanced by the presence of the composers and by the performances of celebrated executants—and Bournemouth, if Bournemouth has, as we may say, 'half-an-eye' to the spreading of its name in the world, will see to it that Mr. Godfrey's Easter festival of English music becomes an established annual.

Wonders, no doubt about it, have been worked at Bournemouth by Mr. Godfrey; his programmes, even when 'mixed,' and his truly admirable, euphonious, little orchestra, are wholly beyond and above the seaside music of the usual acceptance. It rests with the place itself to make these wonders more (Mr. Godfrey, we can guess, quite aches to go farther), and the place itself, which, in a dozen aspects and quarters, declares itself the haunt of moneyed ease, must be told that more is feasible and due, until it well equals the musical rank of such a watering-place as Wiesbaden.

Composers who have come or (since at the time of writing the course is still two-thirds to run) are to come to conduct their works are Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Edward Elgar, Dr. Vaughan Williams, Dame Ethel Smyth, Prof. Granville Bantock, Mr. Gustav Holst, and Mr. Eugene Goossens. Singers and players are Mr. John Coates, Madame Kirkby Lunn, Miss Dorothy Silk, Miss Marie Hall, Mr. Harold Samuel, Mr. Stanley Kaye; and Sir Henry Wood and Mr. Albert Coates are to conduct.

Balfour Gardiner's *Shepherd Fennel's Dance* began the festival (April 13). When Mr. Granville Bantock lifted the conductor's stick for *The Pierrot of the Minute* we reflected that Bournemouth is lucky in the charms that can help to persuade a musician to come a hundred and fifty miles to conduct a piece of seven or eight minutes! Mr. Kaye, a young Yorkshire pianist, played in Stanford's C minor Pianoforte Concerto (Op. 126) (1911), which Mr. Godfrey conducted. Very nearly a 'great' Concerto was written here. But another turn of the wheel, we say, a degree more of heat, of impulse, and all would have lived from end to end. As it is we never fail to admire, but are engrossed only at intervals. The beauties of the work are the 'chamber music' passage in the first movement, the appealing 'song without words' of the A flat *Adagio*, and the Irish animation of the *Finale*. Mr. Kaye's playing was in a style better fitted for chamber music.

Dr. Vaughan Williams conducted his *Pastoral Symphony*. It is seldom in a decade, in a generation, that a song so new allows the hearer so to cast off dutiful apprehensions in the hearing. Ought we not to try harder? Mightn't more be won out of it by an extra strain on sympathy or intelligence? Such questions here fall away like tiresome winter gear when a first day of real spring invites the untrammelled stride. Here is fresh music! You gape more than you deliberately appraise, for it keeps on being 'just wonderful,' like an ideal coastwise walk where the turning path keeps on giving you a fresh curve of a bay, a fresh blue headland; you do not hurry, for the moment is good, and you go on and on for the ever-changing lights and contours. Certainly no Niagara or erupting Vesuvius is there to startle you round any one of the corners of this Symphony. There seems no call for strain on any sense. But, heavens! how beautiful the soft lines of low hills and curving sea!

The Good Friday programmes were of smaller account. There were symphonic movements of Schubert and César Franck, and Mr. John Coates spread every sail of his faultless singing art. But for Sullivan's reputation that *In Memoriam* Overture is clearly a pity. A bit of *The Messiah* was in the strange company of a celebrated Prelude in C sharp minor and songs sung to pianoforte accompaniment. On April 15 Madame Kirkby Lunn sang *Dido's Farewell* and some of Elgar's *Sea Pictures*, and Mr. Eugène Goossens

succeeded both as conductor and composer. His *Tam o' Shanter* was encored. Mr. Godfrey conducted a short symphonic poem, *Tintagel*, of Arnold Bax, which made good hearing. This is a work to which the Bournemouth orchestra had given a first hearing some few months ago. It speaks with a good deal of rich and easy eloquence. A 'breezy summer day' by the celebrated ruins is described as the music's inspiration; thoughts of *Tristan* naturally insinuate themselves, and the admired composer delicately refrains, though with the Atlantic tinge in full view, from a storm. It is not, at least after this single hearing, easy to agree with Mr. Godfrey who declared this attractive *Tintagel* to be quite one of Mr. Bax's capital works. C.

Music in the Provinces

ANSTON (near Sheffield).—At the Musical Society's twelfth concert on March 18, *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast* (with Mr. Joseph Green as soloist) was given, Mr. Edwin Presswood conducting. The most notable of the unaccompanied numbers was Morley's *Fire, fire, my heart*. Miss Mary Kirk played the first movement of de Beriot's seventh Violin Concerto.

BATH.—The Choral and Orchestral Society performed Brahms's *Requiem* on March 27, conducted by Mr. Henry T. Sims. Miss Fiffine de la Côte sang the soprano solo with much beauty of tone and expression.

BRISTOL.—The newly-formed Symphony Orchestra played Scriabin's *Rêverie* at its first concert on April 2. Mr. Maurice Alexander conducted, and Mr. Albert Sammons played solos.—On March 21, at the last concert of the Clifton Chamber Concert Party, were played Pizzetti's Violin and Pianoforte Sonata in A and Florent Schmitt's Pianoforte Quintet in B minor.—The Philharmonic Society closed its season on April 1, the special feature being Act 2 of Rutland Boughton's *The Immortal Hour*. The programme also included Bach's *God goeth up with shouting*, Bantock's *Sea Sorrow* (from *Songs of the Hebrides*), Percy Grainger's *Walking Tune* for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, and *Mock Morris* for strings, and the unison song for choir and orchestra from Holst's *The Planets*. Mr. Arnold Barter conducted, and Mr. Rutland Boughton was present.

BIRMINGHAM.—On March 25, a massed choir, made up of eight Birmingham and Black Country male choirs, conducted by Mr. W. G. Robinson, sang Elgar's *Reveille* and a *Lament* by Robertson, and were conducted by Prof. Granville Bantock in one of his own works.—The Midland Institute Orchestra played an Overture, *Jack, the Giant Killer*, by Laurence Powell, and an *Entr'acte* by W. J. Fenney on March 20, Prof. Granville Bantock conducting.—The City Orchestra, at its final concert on April 2, played Tchaikovsky's *Pathetic* Symphony, the *Hungarian March* by Berlioz and the *Meistersinger* Overture.—At a concert given by Mr. Herbert Simmonds on March 17 he sang Moussorgsky's *Death's Serenade* and Rachmaninov's *Christ is risen*. Miss Joan Willis played the 'cello part of a Sonata in F by de Fesch, and with Mr. Percival Hodgson and Mr. Mullinar Tchaikovsky's Pianoforte Trio.—Under the auspices of the British Music Society, on March 16, Violin Sonatas by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms were played by Mr. Alexander Cohen and Mr. Lloyd Hartley.

BRADFORD.—At the sixth (and last) of the Free Chamber concerts on March 20, York Bowen's Suite in A minor was played by Messrs. Whitby Norton and D. Bentley, with Miss Nellie Chapman as pianist.

CALVERLEY (YORKS).—On March 20 the Choral Society sang Ernest Farrar's setting of *The Blessed Damozel* for alto solo, chorus, and orchestra, conducted by Mr. Norman Strafford. Miss Etty Ferguson was the solo vocalist in this and in Brahms's *Alto Rhapsody*. The orchestra (of local players) also gave Parry's *Lady Radnor's Suite*. Brahms's second Violin and Pianoforte Sonata was played by Mr. Edward Maude and Mr. Strafford.

CARDIFF.—Mr. Herbert Ware opened on April 4 a series of chamber concerts at reasonably low prices, he being the violinist of a pianoforte trio party.

CHATHAM.—The Free Church Choirs' Association numbered four hundred voices on March 29, and was conducted by Mr. Leslie Mackay in *Thou, O God, art praised in Zion* (C. H. Macpherson) and *O Lord, the Maker of all things* (King Henry VIII.), these being test-pieces for the Kent County Festival; *Jesu, Word of God Incarnate* (Elgar), *Peace I leave with you* (Wadeley), and Tchaikovsky's *Hymn to the Trinity*, No. 3: *Arise, awake* (Morley), *The splendour falls* (Walker), and *My soul, there is a country* (Brent-Smith).

CUDWORTH.—The Sheffield Quartet party played the Elgar Quartet on March 27 at the chamber music concerts promoted by the Workers' Educational Association.

DUMFRIES.—The Musical Section of the Mechanics' Institute was conducted by Mr. C. F. Eastwood in an excellent programme including Parry's *Bliss Pair of Sirens*, Stanford's *Phaëdra's Croon*, Coleridge-Taylor's *Viking Song*, and Scottish part-songs arranged by E. L. Bainton (*Phyllis, the fair* and *The winter it is past*), E. T. Sweeting (*Johnnie Cope*), and John E. West (*Wi' a hundred pipers*).

DURHAM.—Parry's *Joh* was performed on March 26 in the Cathedral, the Rev. A. D. Culley conducting a large choir and orchestra. Mr. C. B. Maude was at the organ.

EASTON-IN-GORDANO.—Three parish choirs combined on April 5 under the direction of Mr. J. V. Cavell, and presented Nunn's *Everyman*.

EXETER.—The string orchestra organized by Mr. Edward Petherick and conducted by Mr. Albert James, continues its valuable Concerts for the People. On March 23, to members of the Literary Society, and at a later date in another district, an excellent programme was played that included a Suite of three pieces by Purcell, and Debussy's *Danse Sacrée* and *Danse Profane*.—The programme of the Chamber Music Club on March 24 included the Clarinet Quintets of Mozart and Brahms, Holst's four Songs for voice and violin, and Brahms's *Liebesslieder-Walzer*.—Songs by Dr. Ernest Bullock (*I love my God as He loves me*) and Quilter were sung on March 28 by Mrs. Ivan Pasmore; Mrs. Ernest Bullock played the Bach-Tausig Toccata and Fugue in D minor and de Sévécac's *En Vacances*.—Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* was performed in the Cathedral on April 8 and 11 by the Cathedral Choir and the Voluntary Choir. Dr. Ernest Bullock conducted, and Mr. F. G. Bradford was at the organ.

GILLINGHAM.—On March 30 the Women's Citizen Choir of twenty voices, conducted by Mrs. Paggett, sang Mendelssohn's *Greeting*, Beethoven's *Creation's Hymn*, Schubert's *Behold! it is a golden morning*, and Franz Abt's *The Seeds of Love* and *When the Swallows*.

GRANTHAM.—At the last concert of the Philharmonic Society, held on March 16, the works performed were Coleridge-Taylor's *Bon-Bon Suite* and Gade's *The Erl King's Daughter*. The orchestra played the *Peer Gynt* Suite, and a set of variations by the conductor, Mr. Edward Brown.

HARROGATE.—Mr. Howard Carr has been appointed conductor of the Harrogate Orchestra in succession to the late Julian Clifford. Mr. Carr is hon. secretary of the Musical Conductors' Association and an hon. director of the Royal Philharmonic Society. He is a composer of orchestral music, notably the sketches, *Three Heroes* and *The Jolly Roger*.

KEIGHLEY.—On March 27 the Glee Union, conducted by Mr. J. Harker, sang *Hail! God of Song* (K. J. Pyne), *Cordelia* (G. A. Oxborne), *Wanton Gales* (S. Webbe), an African Idyll, *Timbuctoo* (Geibel), and Elgar's *Feasting I watch*.

KIRKCALDY.—On March 22 the Musical Society performed *The Golden Legend* with orchestra, Mr. Charles M. Cowe conducting. The choir numbered two hundred and fifty voices, and was supported by a capable orchestra of thirty. The principal vocalists were Miss Doris Vane, Miss Marie Hyles, Mr. John Perry, and Mr. Horace Stevens.

LIVERPOOL.—The Rodewald Society's series of concerts was wound up on March 20, when the Catterall Quartet played Brahms, Hugo Wolf (*Italian Serenade*), Glazounov, and Mozart. The same Quartet played to children (under

the auspices of the Art Studies Association) at the Liverpool Collegiate School on March 20.—On March 21 the Irish Society organized a concert of Irish music, the chief feature being Stanford's *Phaendrig Crahoore*, performed by the Irish Choral Society with orchestra, conducted by Mr. H. P. Allen.—At the Crane Hall recital on March 22, Mr. Joseph Greene played pianoforte works by William Baines, Norman Peterkin, Horace Watkins, and Frederick Morrison.—At the recital for children at Rushworth Hall on March 25, Miss Desirée MacEwan lectured, and the music played included Bach's French Suite in E, the Scarlatti Sonata in B flat, a Toccata by Paradies, and some of Ravel's Sonatinas.—At the last matinée recital at Crane Hall, on March 29, Mr. Walter Hatton (violin), played a *Hungarian Dance* by Fischer, and Mr. Arthur Spencer (pianoforte) played Scarlatti Sonatas and Frank Bridge's Suite, *A Fairy-tale*.—In the Collegiate School Hall, on March 29, the Amateur Orchestral Society played to fifteen hundred children under the auspices of the Art Studies Association. Mr. Gordon E. Stutely conducted the first movement of the *Unfinished* Symphony, and songs by Arensky were sung.—M. Béla Bartók was the guest of the British Music Society on March 30, and played a good deal of his pianoforte music, including *Three Burlesques*, *Un peu gris*, *Bear Dance*, *Two Dirges*, and an *Elegy*.—Mr. Arthur Catterall at his recital on April 7, under the auspices of the British Music Society, played a Concerto by Hamilton Harty, *Three Miniatures* by Eileen O'Mally, a *Romance* by Millicent Duncan, Holbrooke's *Humoreske*, and the *Delius Légende*.

MANCHESTER.—On March 20 Miss Robinson's Quartet took part in Schönberg's Sextet, *Transfigured Night*, and also in Dame Ethel Smyth's Quartet in E minor.—At the Hallé concert on March 23, Mr. Hamilton Harty conducting, the programme included an Overture, *Othello*, a *Berceuse* for orchestra, and Three Ballades (*Appassionato*, *Lento espressivo*, and *Con moto ed energico*) for pianoforte by Michele Esposito, the composer being the pianist and also playing Mozart's Concerto in E flat with the orchestra. A symphonic poem, *The Fountains of Rome*, by Ottorino Respighi, was played.—*The Apostles* was performed at the concert on March 31.—On March 22 the Vocal Society sang Bach's cantata, *O Eight Everlasting*, Cornelius's *The surrender of the soul to the Everlasting Love*, and Parry's *Music, when soft voices die*, conducted by Mr. Harold Dawber.—At the Royal College of Music, on March 21, Brahms's *Christmas Lullaby* for contralto voice with viola obbligato was given. Miss Thelma Batty and Mr. W. J. Rees played Paderewski's Sonata for violin and pianoforte, and Mr. Stuart Redfern played a Concerto by Ernst.—At the Tuesday mid-day concert on March 22 the Catterall Quartet was joined by Mrs. Rawdon Briggs in Mozart's Quintet in C and Schubert's Op. 163.—Other works performed recently at the Hallé concerts have included Ravel's orchestral suite, *Ma mère l'Oye*, Debussy's *Iberia*, a symphonic *entr'acte* by Berlioz, *The royal hunt and Storm in the forest*, the Overture from Ducas's *Suite Française*, Saint-Saëns's symphonic poem, *Le rouet d'Omphale*, Mozart's Concerto for bassoon, and Schubert's Symphony, Op. 9.—At the Pension Fund Concert on April 6 a smallish audience heard a mixed programme that included the *Euryanthe* Overture, Saint-Saëns's Violoncello Concerto (Suggia), Dvorák's *Carnaval* Overture and Rhapsody, and a Strauss (Johann) Waltz. Madame Suggia's solo was the Bach C major Suite, and Miss Carrie Tubb sang.

NEWCASTLE.—At its fifty-first concert, on March 18, the Bach Choir sang the Mass in B minor, supported by an orchestra led by Mr. Alfred M. Wall. Dr. W. G. Whittaker conducted an impressive and meritorious performance.—*The Dream of Gerontius* was performed on March 23, by Newcastle and Gateshead Choral Union and the Leeds Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dr. W. G. Whittaker, the orchestra also playing Walford Davies's *Solemn Melody*. Miss Helen Anderson, Mr. Frank Mullings, and Mr. William Hendry sang the solos in the oratorio.—Conducted by Mr. Cuthbert Horsley, Northumberland Orchestral Society, on March 30, played the *Meistersinger* Overture, Beethoven's seventh Symphony, and Edward German's Suite *The Tempest*.

OXFORD.—Arranged by the Provisional Council of Village Clubs, a concert given in Burford Church, on March 19, was enjoyed by an audience of over three hundred and fifty people. The programme consisted of organ music, string quartets and quintets, and oratorio excerpts.

PLYMOUTH.—On March 22 the Samuel Coleridge-Taylor Choral Society gave the first performance at Plymouth of that composer's *Meg Blane*, conducted by Mr. Douglas Durston, and supported by the string band of the Royal Marines. The choir also sang two 'Negro Spirituals'—*Go down, Moses* and *Swing low, sweet chariot*—and the orchestra, conducted by Lieut. P. S. G. O'Donnell, played the *Othello* Suite and *Three Dream Dances*.

ROCHESTER.—The last concert of the Choral Society on March 27, conducted by Mr. Hylton Stewart, consisted of mediæval music. Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch played music for harpsichord, virginal, lute, recorder, viol, and viola da gamba on 15th and 16th century instruments. This included *John, come kiss me*, for virginal and harpsichord; a 1640 version of *Greensleeves*, for violin and harpsichord; a Purcell Sonata for violin, accompanied by viola da gamba and harpsichord; and a Toccata for harpsichord (1658), also by Purcell, and two compositions by William Young (an Elizabethan composer). Mr. Gerald Cooper accompanied representative songs on the harpsichord, e.g., *Let the dreadful engines of eternal will* (Purcell), *Come away, come sweet love*, and *Sleep, wayward thoughts* (Dowland), *Now I see thy looks were feigned* (Thomas Ford), *The Spanish Lady and Come, sweet lass* (traditional, 17th century), and *Phyllida flouts me* (traditional, 16th century). The choir sang *Now is the month of maying* (Thomas Morley), *Like two proud armies* (Thomas Weekes), *In fields abroad* (William Byrd), *The Silver Swan* (Orlando Gibbons), *Oft have I vowed* (John Wilbye), and *Fair Phyllis I saw* (John Farmer).

SCARBOROUGH.—Conducted by Dr. Thomas Ely, the Philharmonic Society on March 29 performed *King Olaf* and excerpts from *Die Meistersinger*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Siegfried*.

SELBY.—The Philharmonic Society, of a hundred singers and players, gave its first concert on March 20 with Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, conducted by Mr. Arthur Simpson.

SETTLE.—Conducted by Mr. Frederic Lord, the Vocal Class, successor of the defunct Choral Union, gave a performance of *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast*, on March 23, with orchestra.

SHEFFIELD.—Mr. Alick Maclean conducted an impressive performance of his oratorio *The Annunciation* (Part 1) by the Musical Union on March 23. The choir was familiar with the music, having taken part in its performance at the Scarborough Festival of last year, and the singing did justice to a work that fully deserves its recent access to popularity. The solo parts were taken by Miss Hilda Blake, Madame Eishaw, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Stanley Beckett. The second part of the concert consisted of the *Hymn of Praise*, conducted by Dr. Coward.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The Musical Society, conducted by Mr. Joseph Lewis, on March 23 produced Graham Godfrey's setting for choir and orchestra of Matthew Arnold's *The Forsaken Merman*.—The Choral Society, conducted by Dr. Ernest Darby, on March 30, performed *The Dream of Gerontius* with an orchestra mainly amateur in composition.

WORCESTER.—The Symphony Orchestra, on March 12, played Schubert's Symphony No. 7 and Beethoven's *Prometheus* Overture, conducted by Mr. George Austin, Jun.—Worcestershire Orchestral and Ladies' Choral Society, conducted by Sir Ivor Atkins, gave its seventeenth concert on March 24. The choir sang Elgar's *Christmas Greeting*, Vaughan Williams's *Sound Sleep*, Holst's *Swallow, swallow, flying south*, Ireland's *See how the morning smiles*, and Percy Buck's *The blackbird's song*. The orchestral numbers included Beethoven's seventh Symphony.—Bach's B minor Mass was performed by the Festival Choral Society, under Sir Ivor Atkins, on April 4. The choral singing was of festival standard throughout.

YORK.—On April 4 Dr. E. C. Bairstow conducted performances by the Musical Society of Brahms's *Song of Destiny*, Parry's *Jerusalem*, *The Creation*, and Butterworth's Orchestral Rhapsody, *A Shropshire Lad*.

Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths:

DANIEL WILBERFORCE ROTHAM, at Bristol, in his eighty-fifth year. For over fifty years he was one of the prominent figures in the musical life of Bristol, both as teacher and as conductor. He came to Bristol in 1852, and was soon appointed lay-clerk (bass) at the Cathedral. He took up the post of organist at St. Peter's, Clifton, in 1866. From 1878 he was chorus-master of the Festival Choral Society for eighteen years. His chief association was, however, with the Bristol Madrigal Society (founded in 1837), which he conducted from 1865 to 1915. Under his inspiring guidance the name of the Madrigal Society became known far and wide. One of its 'Ladies' nights' was the subject of a special article in the *Musical Times* for February, 1905. He made a special study of voice-production and the art of singing. His most successful pupil is Dame Clara Butt, whom he taught for over three years before she proceeded to the Royal College of Music. Mr. Rootham came of a musical family, whose tradition is now carried on by his son, Dr. Cyril B. Rootham, the well-known Cambridge musician.

E. DONAJOWSKI, on April 2, at the age of seventy-seven. He spent all his life in England, and devoted it to the well-known publishing business, of which he remained the head until his retirement in 1917. The Donajowsky series of miniature full scores have long been a household word among musicians.

HYLTON STEWART, aged seventy-two, Honorary Canon and Precentor of Chester Cathedral. Early in his career he was organist at Chichester Cathedral.

AN ITALIAN MUSIC CONGRESS

Last October a congress of musicians, promoted by three of the best-known music periodicals (*Rivista Musicale*, *S. Cecilia*, and *Il Pianoforte*), was held at Turin, and now the reports and speeches are published in book form by Messrs. Bocca, of Turin. English musicians were not represented at the meetings. Mr. Edward Dent was invited, but he was unable to attend. Papers of considerable importance were contributed on musical culture in Italy, on possible new developments of music publishing, on the teaching of music, &c. The bulk of these papers and lectures must necessarily be more interesting to Italians than to Englishmen, but many things said by the way deserve repetition. For instance, the speaker who lectured on 'Folklore' delivered incidentally a surprise attack on modern music:

'The modern musician can no longer be sincere.

If for a moment an idea occurs to him which bears the stamp of sincerity he immediately sets about to hide it or mask it, fearing that his sincerity might be mistaken for stupidity. The art of composition to-day is far more the result of thought than of sentiment. It has become a recipe with which any able chemist can concoct potions warranted to kill through ennui or irritation of the auricular nerves.'

The lecturer on 'Musical Publications' lamented the absence of a reliable *corpus* of the complete works of Italian musicians, and contrasted the inactivity of music publishers with the initiative shown by publishers of books on art. Messrs. Novello's volume on 'Dufay and his Contemporaries' was cited as an example to be followed by Italian publishers. An important protest was made against the restrictions surrounding, and indeed the repeated refusals to grant access to, the Tartini MSS. kept by the friars of the Cappella del Santo at Padua.

The discussion on the reform of musical colleges and of education threw a curious sidelight on the opinions of a composer already well known here, Ildebrando Pizzetti. Signor Pizzetti was, and perhaps still occupies the post of, professor of composition at the Bologna Conservatoire. He

apparently does not believe that there is anything to be learnt from Beethoven, for Signor Giacomo Orefice told the Congress that as external examiner he found that the score of the *Eroica* was suggested as a test for sight-reading. He, of course, pointed out that the test was futile, as the *Eroica* must be known to all students of composition. He was assured, however, that Signor Pizzetti's students knew neither the score nor the work.

Finally it may be remarked that the Italian pianoforte manufacturer is apparently suffering from the slump of cheap German instruments. One of the speakers said that while he was ready to acknowledge the excellence of the best pianofortes which came from Germany, the inferior qualities sent to Italy were below the quality of the average Italian product. They found a ready market only because the low rate of exchange gave to German manufacturers an unfair advantage over their Italian competitors. And we imagine that the same cause contributes to handicap British industry as well.

F. B.

Musical Notes from Abroad

AMSTERDAM

In order to meet the exigencies of those classes who are hardest hit by the unsettled times, the Concertgebouw management has, besides the usual popular series, instituted a novel line of concerts the admittance to which is fixed at one guilder. As they are kept on the same level as the regular subscription concerts, it may fairly well be expected that this new venture will supply a real want. The concert of February 16 brought César Franck's Symphony and some delicate singing by Mlle. Mia Peltenburg. Subsequent programmes have introduced Borodin's second Symphony, Rachmaninov's *Die Toteninsel*, and Max Pauer in pianoforte concertos of Schumann and Mozart.

The scheme of the hundred and seventy-seventh Cecilia concert on March 2, consisted this time solely of works by Beethoven, viz., the Overture *Leonore* No. 3, the *Emperor* Concerto, in which M. Willem Andriessen acquitted himself creditably, and the fifth Symphony, of which I can hardly recall a finer performance. The Viennese pianist, Dr. Paul Weingarten, played the pianoforte part in Franck's *Variations Symphoniques* exquisitely on March 6, and Dr. Muck conducted d'Indy's *Istar* Variations. Madame Charles Cahier made her reappearance at Amsterdam as soloist of the following two concerts. She proved to be in first-rate form. Still we should have preferred to hear her in other works than Mahler's, or Berlioz's musically inferior scene *La Captive*. Ernest Bloch's Twenty-second Psalm, with its zealous religious outbursts, better suited her dramatic temperament.

In the line of chamber music concerts we have had of late some of the finest treats imaginable. The famous Capet Quartet gave a Beethoven evening which will be remembered for a long time to come. It is to be regretted that the splendid Hungarian String Quartet, in its otherwise praiseworthy desire to introduce something new, should have hit upon so unprofitable a work as Darius Milhaud's second String Quartet. We had, however, all reasons to be grateful for its fine performances of Beethoven's Op. 127 and Tchaikovsky's somewhat faded Quartet in D major. A complete victory may be said to have been gained by the Quatuor Poulet from Paris—indeed a finer reading of Debussy's unique String Quartet seems to me beyond the bounds of possibility. Gaston Poulet, the remarkable leader, played on this occasion Fauré's singularly fine Violin Sonata, ably seconded by M. Yves Nat, who joined forces with the Quartet in Franck's beautiful Pianoforte Quintet in F minor. Mesdames Madeleine Monnier (violoncello) and Marcella Herrenschildt (pianoforte), two Parisian artists, gave a sonata evening, when Beethoven's G minor Sonata, Albéric Magnard's Sonata in A, and Rachmaninov's E minor Sonata were produced. As it is hardly necessary to enlarge upon such important events as the pianoforte recitals given by Frederic Lamond and Moritz Rosenthal, my recording them will certainly be deemed sufficient.

W. HARMANS.

NEW YORK

Albert Coates has closed his season of conducting the New York Symphony Society, and Walter Damrosch has returned to his post. True to his predilections, Mr. Coates gave Scriabin's *Poème de l'Extase* for his final number, and true to his fondness for the classics Mr. Damrosch resumed his baton with a whole Beethoven programme, including the *Emperor* Concerto played by Josef Hofmann.

If, according to all musical traditions, jealousy rages in the breasts of our plethora of orchestral conductors, there was no evidence of it when no less than five of them appeared on the platform of Carnegie Hall in one evening, conducting in turn an orchestra of two hundred and twelve in a long programme, played for the establishing of a fellowship in the American Academy at Rome. The occasion was also made memorable by the presentation of a portrait bronze plaque to Mr. Damrosch, of himself, and the announcement that the fellowship was to be called the Walter Damrosch Fellowship, the conductor having spent fifty years of his life in America, a far longer period than any other of our foreign-born orchestral leaders have lived here. The players were picked from three orchestras—the Philharmonic, the New York Symphony Society, and the Philadelphia Orchestra. The five conductors were Josef Stransky, who was heard in Wagner and Beethoven, Artur Bodanzky in Wagner and Berlioz, Albert Coates in Brahms, Willem Mengelberg in Liszt, Leopold Stokowski closing the concert with Wagner. It was a popular programme and was enthusiastically received by an immense audience, who paid such high prices for their seats that a sum of about eighteen thousand dollars was realised for the project.

The Chicago Opera Company, in its five weeks' season at New York, produced only one novelty, *The Love for Three Oranges*, by Serge Prokofiev, who wrote the libretto as well as the music. The story is founded on a fairy-tale, written in the 18th century by Carlo Gozzi, an Italian author. It is a strangely and absurdly fantastic story, and the music 'fits the crime.' To call such stage antics 'acting' is as ridiculous as to call the noise made by the performers and the orchestra 'music.' The composer is a young Russian living at New York, and claims to be a pianist as well as a composer, but in neither line is he to be taken seriously except by the ultra-modernists. During the five weeks of the Chicago season, the rivalry ran high between that Company and the Metropolitan. The former (apparently in its anxiety to outdo the latter) had a wealth of voices—so many that there was not enough for them to do, with the result that the list of unearned salaries ran up to an enormous total. Several singers who were engaged for twelve or sixteen performances appeared only two or three times, but had to be paid for the number agreed upon, an enormous deficit for the McCormacks to pay—as much as eight hundred thousand dollars, it is said. As there is undoubtedly a bottom somewhere to the purse of even John D. Rockefeller, the McCormacks have withdrawn their support from the Chicago Opera Company, so that after this season the Company will have to forego absurd extravagances, and either be administered as a sane business proposition or go to the wall. But not all of Mr. Rockefeller's money is diverted to such foolishness, for he has paid for a series of four free orchestral concerts, given at the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Saturday evenings, which have drawn immense crowds—often, on fair nights, as many as ten thousand people occupying every available spot in the enormous main hall, in adjacent rooms, and the balconies above. Naturally the benches in the Museum provide only a limited number of seats, and the larger part of this audience stands, not only through the concert but for a long time beforehand to get an advantageous place. Mr. David Mannes conducts the orchestra, and the programmes are selected with great care, only the best music being given. A sample programme shows a Brahms Symphony, Mozart's *Magic Flute* Overture, Liszt's *Les Préludes*, a selection from Bach, and some Russian folk-songs. That part of the city to which the Museum is easily accessible is largely colonised by Russians, and every programme of these concerts contains some Russian music.

Catalan's *Loreley* was lately produced at the Metropolitan. It is distinctly an old-fashioned opera, simple, tuneful (but

rather noisy) music, with plenty of chorus work and solos intervening, also two very pretty ballets. The action is supposed to take place on the banks of the Rhine, about the year 1500. It was curious to hear Alberich spoken of in the text, and to see the Rhine maidens disporting themselves in the river. Those who were disappointed in the novelties produced at the Metropolitan this winter are looking forward to the last one, which will be a revival of Mozart's *Così fan tutte*.
M. H. FLINT.

ROME

The principal attraction at the Royal Philharmonic Society's hall this month has been a cycle of three concerts given by the Roman violinist, Mario Corti, and Alexander Bustini (pianoforte), illustrative of the development of the sonata for violin and pianoforte. Modern music was represented by Samazeuilh's Sonata in E minor (1902-03), Guerrini's Sonata in A (1921, MS.), and John Ireland's in D minor (1909). All three compositions were played for the first time at Rome, and it must be confessed they were all received with somewhat of indifference. Other recent novelties have included a Suite for viola and pianoforte, the work of the young Roman Prince Leone Massimo, who is a distinguished amateur of music. His work was judged to be of good promise. At the Sala Bach the public has learnt to know what an excellent soloist the Costanzi orchestra hides in the person of Armando Delle Fornaci. He played at Rome what is regarded as an indisputable test of an artist's merit, the famous Concerto of Ernst, and gained an unqualified triumph.

The aristocratic ladies' club known as the Roman Lyceum organized an excellent Bach concert in which two well-known artists, Signora Mugnaini (vocalist) and Signor Dante Alderighi (pianoforte) took part. The programme included *Suona Pur*, two spiritual airs, and the air from the *St. John Passion*, for contralto, the Prelude and Fugue in D major, and a Minuet, March, and Musette (transcribed by Angelelli) for pianoforte.

At the Augusteum the most important event of the month has been a commemoration of Camille Saint-Saëns, given under the direction of Bernardino Molinari. The third Symphony was played, with Antonio Traversi at the organ and Signorina Tina Filipponi-Liniscalchi as pianist. The other two items were *The Deluge* and the Pianoforte Concerto in G minor.

At the Costanzi the principal events have been a visit of Mascagni to conduct his *Piccolo Marat*, and the presentation of *Tannhäuser* under Fritz Reiner. LEONARD PEYTON.

[Our notes from Paris, Vienna, and Berlin are held over, owing to late arrival.—ED., M. T.]

Miscellaneous

The twelfth annual Bohemian concert of the Harmony Glee Singers (a North London male-voice choir of twenty-five voices) was held at Cannon Street Hotel on March 29. Conducted by Mr. C. W. Pettit, the choir gave excellent interpretations of Webbe's *The Mighty Conqueror*, Goss's *O Thou, Whose beams*, Arcadelt's *Now Spring in all her glory*, Elgar's *Feasting I watch*, and other modern part-songs.

Capetown Orchestra held its eighth anniversary concert at the City Hall on February 28. Great enterprise was shown in the choice of a programme, which included the Suite from Stravinsky's *Fire Bird* (for the first time in South Africa), the *Meistersinger* Overture, Debussy's *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, and *L'Apprenti sorcier* of Dukas.

A Julian Clifford Scholarship is to be founded at the Royal College of Music (for the training of conductors) if the subscriptions received amount to three thousand pounds. At present the amount subscribed is upwards of £500. The hon. treasurer is Mr. Cross, Barclay's Bank, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Brahms's Requiem was sung at St. Paul's Church, Colwyn Bay, on April 14, under the direction of Mr. C. Morton Bailey. The soloists were Mrs. S. B. Moore, of Manchester, and Mr. J. C. Brien, of Liverpool Cathedral.

The Aberdeen Oratorio Choir, a new organization conducted by Mr. Willan Swainson, has recently sung the *Christmas Oratorio*, Brahms's *Requiem*, and Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*, and is now preparing for performances of Holst's *Hymn of Jesus* and Harty's *The Mystic Trumpeter*.

It is announced that the Leeds Choral Union is to perform *The Apostles* at Queen's Hall, London, on June 8 (in the afternoon), and at Canterbury Cathedral on June 9.

Mr. S. H. Anstey, the blind organist of the Parish Church, Basingstoke, has been appointed conductor of the Basingstoke Choral Society.

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FIRST SET.

SOPRANO.

- Air WITHIN MY HEART OF HEARTS ("A Stronghold Sure").
- Air OUR JESUS HATH FOR AYE ("God goeth up").
- Air MY HEART EVER TRUSTING ("God so loved the world").
- Air O GRANT US, MIGHTY LORD ("Jesus, now will we praise Thee").
- Air SIGHING, WEEPING ("My Spirit was in heaviness").

ALTO.

- Air THOU, WHOSE PRAISES NEVER END ("Bide with us").
- Recit. { THE FATHER HATH APPOINTED HIM ("God goeth up").
- Air { MY SPIRIT HIM DESCRIBES ("God goeth up").
- Air INTO THY HANDS ("God's time is best").
- Air REJOICE, YE SOULS, ELECT AND HOLY ("O Light Everlasting").

TENOR.

- Air LORD, TO US THYSELF BE SHOWING ("Bide with us").
- Recit. { WHY HAST THOU THEN, O GOD ("My Spirit was in heaviness").
- Air { FAST MY BITTER TEARS ARE FLOWING ("My Spirit was in heaviness").
- Air REJOICE, O MY SPIRIT ("My Spirit was in heaviness").
- Recit. { THE MIGHTY GUARDIAN ("Thou Guide of Israel").
- Air { HIS FACE MY SHEPHERD LONG IS HIDING ("Thou Guide of Israel").
- Air AND WHY ART THOU, MY SOUL, SO FEARFUL ("When will God recall").

BASS.

- Recit. { HE COMES, THE LORD OF LORDS ("God goeth up").
- Air { 'TIS HE, WHO ALL ALONE ("God goeth up").
- Recit. { IT IS NOT MINE ("God so loved world").
- Air { ON MY BEHALF " " "
- Recit. { YEA, THIS THY WORD ("Thou Guide of Israel").
- Air { WHOM JESUS DEIGNS " " "
- Air YET SILENCE ("When will God recall").

SECOND SET.

SOPRANO.

- Air OPEN WIDE, MY HEART ("Come, Redeemer").
- Air FATHER, WHAT I PROFFER ("Give the hungry man thy bread").
- Air COME, VISIT, YE GLOWING ("How brightly shines").
- Air I HAVE WAITED FOR THE LORD ("If thou but sufferest").

ALTO.

- Air GOD'S ENSAMPLE THUS TO FOLLOW ("Give the hungry man thy bread").
- Air JESUS SLEEPS ("Jesus sleeps, what hope remaineth").
- Recit. { INCLINE THINE EAR ("Lord, rebuke me not").
- Air { THE LORD HATH HEARD ("Lord, rebuke me not").
- Air ALL EARTHLY POWERS FROM GOD INHERIT ("Praise thou the Lord").

TENOR.

- Recit. { THE SAVIOUR NOW APPEARETH ("Come, Redeemer").
- Aria { COME, JESU, COME ("Come, Redeemer").
- Air WHAT VOICE IS WITH THE TEMPEST ("From depths of woe").
- Air TUNEFUL HARPS AND VOICES ("How brightly shines").
- Air THOU ART MY GOD ("Lord, rebuke me not").

BASS.

- Air THE PASCHAL VICTIM HERE WE SEE ("Christ lay in death's dark prison").
- Air DO THINE ALMS ("Give the hungry man thy bread").
- Air WITH JESUS WILL I GO ("Wailing, crying").
- Recit. { AH, WHEN ON THAT GREAT DAY ("Watch ye, pray ye").
- Air { BLESSED RESURRECTION DAY ("Watch ye, pray ye").

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CARRIE TUBB

The Musical Times

AND SINGING-CLASS CIRCULAR

JUNE 1 1922

BRITISH SINGERS AND PLAYERS

VI.—CARRIE TUBB

BY HERMAN KLEIN

The 'palmy days' of oratorio have long passed, and it is more than questionable whether their like will ever be seen again. Yet in the pale radiance of a lesser glory the thing itself, being endowed with indestructible vitality, continues to bask and flourish healthily enough. It even gives occupation, as aforetime, to our best exponents of declamatory vocal art, so that it still remains a very high compliment to say that 'such and such an artist is a fine or a first-rate oratorio singer.' Which lofty tribute, deserved by few, we can unhesitatingly bestow upon the subject of the present article, and add without fear of contradiction that her place among oratorio singers is in the very foremost rank.

How Miss Carrie Tubb arrived at that position of eminence it will shortly be our duty to show. First of all, however, let us draw attention to the fact that nine out of ten of the great oratorio artists of the past were also great opera singers. Their training for the lyric stage almost invariably preceded their experience upon the concert-platform; they graduated from one to the other as a matter of course. The art of acting was regarded as a well-nigh indispensable preliminary to the adequate interpretation of a character in oratorio. There were exceptions to the rule, of course—for example, Sainton-Dolby, Patey, Anna Williams, Edward Lloyd, Vernon Rigby, Cummings, Henschel, Andrew Black, and Frederic King. But in the other category stand a host of famous operatic names, including those of Jenny Lind, Tietjens, Nilsson, Patti, Lemmens-Sherrington, Albani, Trebelli, Sims Reeves, Santley, Agnesi, Weiss, Foli, Ben Davies, and many others, without coming down to the present generation of English oratorio artists.

Well [someone is asking], what is the exact point of connection between these bygone 'instances' and the career of Miss Carrie Tubb? Just this: that Miss Tubb, although far more associated in the public mind with the concert-room than the stage, did herself go through a complete course of training for opera, made a successful débüt therein, and then, through no fault of her own, relinquished (temporarily she still hopes) that branch of her art in favour of the one which she now adorns. In other words, she patiently pursued the most favourable line of study for the equipment of an all-round artist—vocal technique, musicianship, elocution, acting, opera, oratorio, concert work generally. Would that a

few more of the thousands who aspire to the same end would employ the same effectual, modest, industrious means!

EARLY STRUGGLES AND STUDIES

The story has no features of novelty, but, as Miss Carrie Tubb tells it, it is worth pondering. She begins it with what is for the present writer a pleasant reminiscence:

'There can be no need to remind you that I was a pupil at the Guildhall School of Music, for it was at the time when you were a teacher there, not long before you went to America (which settles the date—1900-01). I studied first under Frederick Birch, and, after he retired, under Walter Austin. Both were excellent teachers, and what one did not develop or improve in me the other did. At the beginning, what a struggle it was! A poor London girl, one of a family of eight, born within sound of the Westminster chimes, I used to make dresses for my friends to earn the money to pay for my lessons.'

'When was it discovered that you had a voice?'

'I think when I was about three years old. At any rate, that was my age when they used to stand me on a table (*à la* Adelina Patti, my particular goddess), and I sang whatever I knew or had heard. My parents were not especially musical, but my mother used to tell me that her grandmother (an Irishwoman) had had a magnificent voice. As I grew up my deeper tones were the strongest, and I was thought to be a mezzo-soprano, for I could sing easily down to the low G, and can do so now if I choose. Hence a mistake that is too commonly made. But Mr. Austin quickly perceived that I was using my chest-tones too heavily, and soon changed my method into that of a genuine soprano. He taught me to sing Mozart, brought the real head-voice into play, and changed the whole character of the organ. It had required "stretching." I sang exercises every day, and ultimately took it easily up to the F in *alt*.'

'You have, then, the three octaves of the famous Alboni?'

'Literally, yes; only not, of course, with her contralto timbre, which must have been wonderful. Still, I have often asked myself whether those phenomenal old Italian singers, such as Alboni and Scalchi, were contraltos who could rise into *alt* or sopranos who could go down into the depths without the least injury to their voices. . . . But I am getting away from the G.S.M. Yes; I won prizes, but what brought me first into prominence was my appearance at one of the big school concerts, where I did so well that engagements began to come in, and before long I was singing at choral concerts all round London. Imagine the joy of earning money with my voice and being no longer compelled to stick to dress-making!'

A SINGER'S AMBITIONS

'But the difficulties — were they all removed?'

'Far from it. I had barely made my start (it was whilst I was living with my parents in London) when I met with an accident which led to a long and serious illness. During that time my voice stood still, so to speak. Then a little later another important event occurred—I got married. My husband, Mr. Alexander Oliveira, an engineer by profession, is a member of a Yorkshire family (his grandfather was an M.P.), probably of Spanish extraction; and my son, who is now sixteen, has just gone to Oundle School. But family life does not preclude artistic ambitions, does it?'

'I had two great ambitions. One was to model myself (without presumption) upon the last of the truly great singers, Adelina Patti, to hear whom at the Albert Hall I gladly deprived myself of necessities, and *with* whom it was my proud privilege to sing for once in my life at the charity concert arranged by Lady Randolph Churchill in aid of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, at which she appeared in 1914. The other ambition I trace back to a week at Covent Garden, when I first heard the *Ring* under Richter. For it was then that I made up my mind to sing Wagner, and go in seriously for opera, to buy his scores and work at them, to become a Brünnhilde and an Isolde. Yet, after all, very naturally as it seems now, I did not inaugurate my stage career in either of those heroic parts. My operatic début was much more humbly achieved in Strauss's *Electra*, when Sir Thomas Beecham produced it during his short Covent Garden season in 1910. In that, if you please, I sang with much acceptance the rôle of the "fifth Maid."'

'But did you get no nearer to your ambition then?'

'Not at that moment. But Sir Thomas had noted my effort, and later on, when he gave his summer season at His Majesty's Theatre, he entrusted me with the part of the Witch in *Hansel and Gretel*. That you remember? I am glad, because that was my first real success on the stage; and another, which I won in the *Fledermaus*, combined to keep me in the Beecham Company for quite twelve months. But somehow, to my regret, opera of the kind I wanted to sing was not yet to claim me for its own. Fate or circumstance will sometimes insist on arranging these things for us. I was to achieve my first triumph as Isolde and Brünnhilde, not in the theatre, but upon the concert-platform.'

RECONSTRUCTING A CAREER

'How was it that you came to abandon opera?'

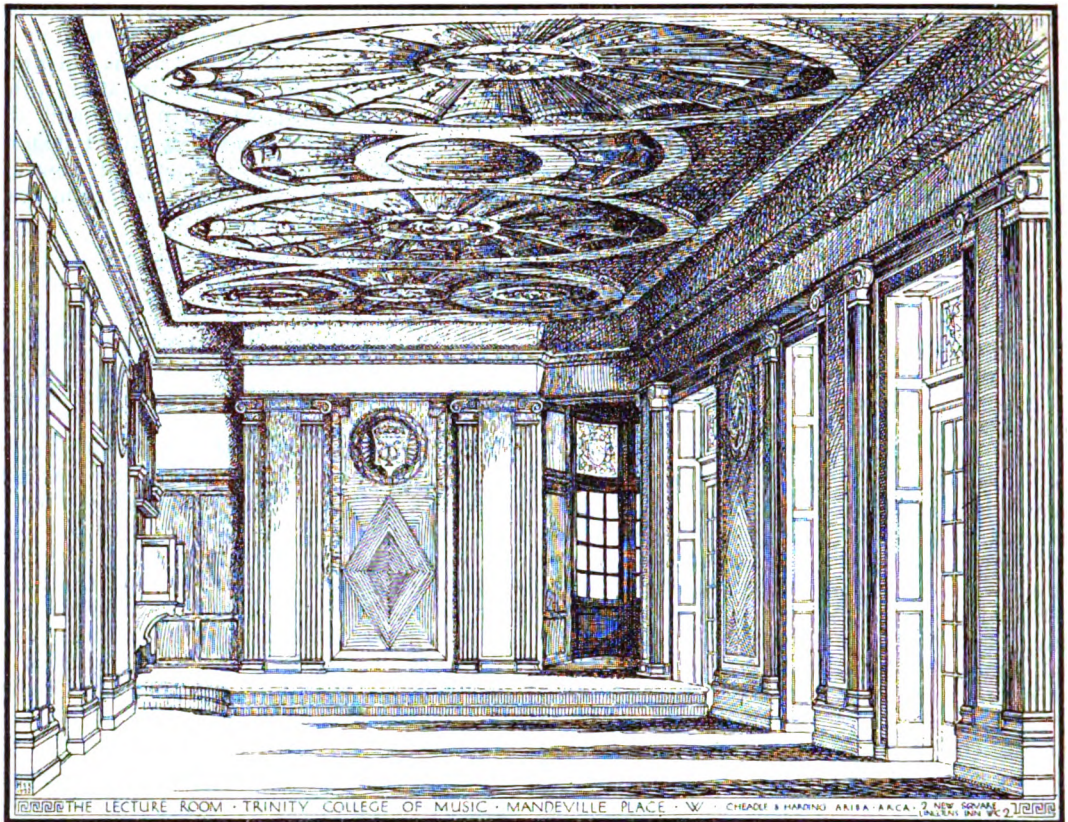
'I did not exactly say good-bye to it—only *au revoir*. I need not go into all the reasons, but they were various and conclusive. To succeed in grand opera, as it is termed, one must be allowed full scope for the exercise of the gifts which one feels capable of bringing to it. Anyhow I felt myself under the necessity for completely reconstructing my career as a singer, and to this end I was largely assisted by Sir Henry Wood, who engaged me for the autumn season of Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall in 1911. I appeared at two of the Wagner concerts, singing Isolde's *Liebestod* at the first, and the closing scene from *Götterdämmerung* at the second. I made a very decided hit in both, and thenceforward my reputation as a concert singer, particularly in Wagnerian or declamatory music, was firmly established.

'Of course I had had only the usual one rehearsal for each concert, and I was terribly nervous; but I knew my music well—indeed, was as much in the skin of the characters as though I had been acting them. That, as it seems to me, is what every singer should strive to arrive at, not merely in Wagner, but in the rendering of every piece that calls for a dramatic or emotional interpretation. One must be able to forget the audience entirely, to know the music so thoroughly and be so absorbed in it that a mistake or slip is practically impossible, to feel what is being said and sung so deeply that the right colour or shade of expression is bound to be in every tone and word. I have been thinking out these points more than ever lately when singing some of the famous *Lieder* at my recitals. I prefer doing so through the medium of the best English translations that I can obtain, because I believe that the vast majority of our audiences enjoy them most when they can follow the exact meaning of the text. British singers should remember this. Instead of being content to pronounce foreign languages badly, they should seek rather to sing well in their own, and take the necessary pains to acquire the art of forming and uttering pure English vowels.'

'You agree that that is quite as important in the theatre as in the concert-room?'

'Certainly; if possible even more so. In either place the audience must be made to understand every word. Happily I was able to perceive this from the beginning. I never realised the importance of technique more vividly than when I first appeared at the Birmingham Town Hall at the opening performance of the Festival of 1912, when I sang the soprano solos in *Elijah* with Dame Clara Butt, Mr. John McCormack, and Mr. Clarence Whitehill in the other chief parts, and Sir Henry Wood as conductor.

'That is the kind of occasion that puts a young singer to the test in every way; and



boldly projecting cornice, the whole being 38-ft. long by about 30-ft. in height. In the centre of this portico is a projecting porch which contains the entrance door surmounted by the arms of the College. Internally the alterations comprise an entrance hall, occupying the site of the original passage, assistant-secretary's room, and half the curator's room. This entrance hall forms a central space from which access is obtained to all parts of the College. On each side of the entrance hall stand, in pairs, eight fluted columns in wainscot oak with richly carved caps supporting a decorated plaster entablature, the upper members of which are returned across the ceiling, dividing it into three panels. At the north end the existing War Memorial is framed into oak panelling enriched with a wreath and swags of laurel leaves, and above is the coat of arms of the College surrounded with carved fruit and flowers. This feature is balanced by a corresponding treatment at the south end, forming an overmantel to a fireplace of golden scyros marble. On the east side, between two windows, are the entrance doors, the carved architraves of which fit between the two central pairs of columns, the door-head being finished with acroteria and cresting leading up to a seated figure of Pan in the centre. The west wall (that opposite to the entrance) is perforated by two enriched arched openings with keystones, each

modelled with a female head. Through these arches a grand staircase in oak rises to the first floor. At the first landing on the stairs, and visible from the hall, a stained glass window, 15-ft. in height, gives a welcome touch of colour to the scheme. This window is the work of Mr. A. K. Nicholson, the well-known stained glass designer, and is of great artistic merit. The design shows a figure of John of Fornsete, the Benedictine monk of Reading, who composed the earliest example of English secular music which we now possess. In the centre is a wreath enclosing a scene with Reading Abbey in the distance, and in the foreground John of Fornsete composing *Sumer is icumen in*. In the lower portion of the window is the coat of arms of the College. Adjoining this window is another smaller window containing a figure of Henry Purcell, from a contemporary portrait, holding a scroll of music in his hand. These two figures are surrounded by canopy work, and eight medallions of English musicians.

From the corridor open the board-room and the concert-room. This has been panelled in oak up to the frieze level, being divided into bays by groups of flat fluted pilasters, and the ceiling has been enriched by a circular treatment of fans. The wainscot oak used is extremely fine, and is all picked timber acquired before the war. Colour

is introduced again by means of stained glass in the fanlights of the windows, which contain the coats of arms of the past presidents of the College, beginning at the south end with Sir F. Gore Ouseley and Sir John Goss, followed by Lord Selborne and Lord Coleridge, the Marquis of Aberdeen, Lord St. Leven, Lord Alverstone, and Viscount Ridley, the window in the corner containing the arms of the present president, the Earl of Shaftesbury. The concert-room is illuminated by concealed lighting supplied by a hundred and forty-two lamps behind the cornice. The old organ has been retained. The remainder of the College has been redecorated throughout, and minor alterations of practical utility have been made, especially in the basement, where a students' dining-room has been opened out. The work has been executed to the designs and under the supervision of the architects, Messrs. Cheadle & Harding, with Messrs. Foster & Dicksee as general contractors. The carving and plaster work of the entrance hall and portico are by Messrs. Aumonier, and the carving of the staircase and ceiling in the concert-room is the work of Mr. Esmond Burton.

Round John of Fornsete are Lawes, Arne, Sullivan, and Elgar, and around Purcell are Byrd, Gibbons, Goss, and the present Chairman of the Board. The Fornsete window represents secular music, and the Purcell window sacred. The students of the College will thus get a daily lesson in musical history.

J. F. B.

MUSIC AND MATERIALISM

BY KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN

No one complains that music suffers because the age is materialistic, but let us not forget that music and the other arts have been mistresses of civilisations. They are needed now, and music especially is needed, for the repose and solace of many lives, for the joy of most, and for the cultivation of finer thought and emotion; but their authority is not great, and, broadly speaking, no artist commands his due share of cakes and ale. The arts lost authority in England when science was added to the teaching staff. Science dished them with the gospel of getting on and the means to practise it. Since then your Englishman has had little notion of an art of life, a wise and pleasant practice of the other arts, but has treated them as hangers-on. The worst of it is that the ability of science is not to be disputed, and that some of the arts, daunted by it, have begun to copy her methods. They have grown more intellectual and less æsthetic. They are obsessed with research and forget inspiration.

But there is something new at last. Science is in a way to restore authority to the arts. She must, in fact, establish it, and the prospect is important, for if she does we may be at the dawn of a great period for music. Let us look at it. The position is not hard to understand. After worrying out the evidence for evolution in a general

way, science has come to take a little interest in the evolution of æsthetic faculty, and she suspects that faculty to be of more value to the human species than any one knew. It is perhaps our main guide and uplift. Mr. Shaw, for example, is behind the times with his fable of *Back to Methuselah*. Instead of putting away the arts as childish things, we shall cultivate nothing else so piously. This prospect is not as near as the settlement of Europe, but it can be discerned, and for the encouragement of musicians its reality is worth making plain.

It is a matter of seeing just what raised man above the other creatures, and goes on raising him. The older scientists and Mr. Shaw thought it was mainly curiosity, but, on a sudden, our modern psychologists are pondering man's sense of beauty. This cannot, they perceive, be a recent acquirement. It is instinctive, and practically as old as any other instinct. For the other creatures have it, too; it serves the purpose of sex among them, and some of them—the bower-bird and others—have eyes for more than their mates. *A fortiori*, so had the earliest man, besides curiosity and an elementary sense of peril. And it must have done as much for his mind as those two spurs; indeed, the psychologists point out that, once he had become self-conscious, the eternal sway of beauty and peril began to develop a soul in him. More than that, he must in any case have gone on from admiring beauty in visible things to seeing it in feeling and behaviour. Beauty and peril together would give him his first notions of religion and morals.

Now, beauty being a main concern of the arts, it is easy to see that music, which has more to do than any other in sublimating beauty of feeling, comes into her own with this discovery. Science pays her a heavy debt, making her aware at last of a share in the purpose of creation. Man, it seems, would never have come so far along the path of evolution without her services, teaching him refinement and self-mastery. Musicians have said as much themselves. It will soon be time to reassert the claim on grounds likely to be respected even by the Philistines. Observe that this claim on scientific grounds is for a place above the graphic arts and some others. Exquisite drawings were done by the cave men, and we need not be surprised at them. Admiration for the visible things came first. Beauty of sound expressing feeling is a higher fetch of evolution, and takes us further. *Pace* Mr. Shaw, there is nothing more important in the world than good feeling, not even a ripe old age of cogibundity, with the skill to hatch out full-grown youths and maidens from synthetic eggs.

But what then? Science may write the cheque: it will be no very straightforward business for artists to get it cashed. We have had to wait half a century for a fairly obvious gain of knowledge, and be it said that this article is written while the general body of scientists, preoccupied, know nothing of either payment or debt. Much less is

there anything known of either to the bank of public opinion, totting up material profits. We must send in the account. With a view to press it, there are one or two considerations to be remembered. It was the default of science, and everyone's consequent absorption in those material profits, that lately brought about a world disaster. Why, during fifty years or more, had she no time for the soul of man? On learning that skulls had grown bigger, why did she assume that they had grown only by the development of her own kind of faculty? Is the bank well satisfied with the gains of mere curiosity in Europe?

The plain truth is that the arts, including the great art of life, are the main concern of man on his planet, and that, if they are neglected or belittled, the peril of his situation becomes unendurable and meaningless. The sooner they reassert some authority the better. If they indeed spring from the same root as morals and religion, we should demand from science that chapter on the æsthetic of evolution without more delay, and make the most of it. Any journalist catering for the man in the street would find it topical. Any man in the street, remembering what the mere beauty of the world meant to him in war-time, might begin to respect himself. As for music, whatever indirection she may have suffered, her special claim is that alone, perhaps, among the arts she has not bent the knee to materialism.

REBEL ROMANTICS

BY MRS. FRANK LIEBICH

An unruly 19th century romantic composer infringing the laws of his predecessors, the classicists, seems a tame, conciliatory individual compared with a combative and apparently untrammelled contemporary modernist. Yet to the foggymod of their time, Schumann, Chopin, Berlioz, Liszt, and even the reputable Brahms, were lawless revolutionaries. It is conceivable that the work of the most ultra-modern composers of to-day and to-morrow may appear as temperate and mellifluous to the plain man of the 21st century as the 19th century romantics seem now to us.

But these romantic composers had their own battles to fight, and much derision and abuse to contend with. Among them no finer knight-errants existed in the cause of music and the convictions of musicians than Schumann and Liszt. Delving among their writings we may come across paragraphs and pages that with slight substitution of terms and names might have been used by present-day writers commenting on contemporary composers and their compositions.

Schumann, most equitable of critics, writing to Keferstein, reproaches him for not displaying the same interest in the efforts of the younger generation of artists as he used to do. Keferstein had said that it was only through Bach and Kuhnau that he could understand where Mozart and Haydn got their music from, and that he could not imagine where modern composers got theirs:

'I don't quite share your opinion [says Schumann]. Mozart and Haydn had only a partial and imperfect knowledge of Bach, and we can have no idea how Bach, had they known him in all his greatness, would have affected their creative powers. But the thoughtful combinations, the poetry and humour of modern music, originate chiefly in Bach. Mendelssohn, Bennett, Chopin, Hiller—in fact, all the so-called romantic school (of course, I am speaking of Germans)—approach Bach far nearer in their music than Mozart ever did; indeed, all of them knew Bach most thoroughly. I myself confess my sins daily to that mighty one, and endeavour to purify and straighten myself through him.'

Schumann naturally dismisses the idea of Kuhnau being placed on a level with Bach. 'There is no getting near Bach,' he says, 'he is unfathomable.'

Among Schumann's articles contributed to the *Neue Zeitschrift* there is a short one headed *The Devil's Romanticists*. An attack, he says, had been made on them by a director of music at Breslau, and the *Universal Musical Times* 'for ever thunders against them':

'Where are they, and who are they? [he continues]. Perhaps Mendelssohn, Chopin, Bennett, Hiller, Henselt, Taubert? What have the old gentlemen to say against them? Are Vanhal, Pleyel, Herz, or Hüntten of more value? But if those and others are meant, people should speak more plainly about it. And if some people twaddle about the "torment and martyrdom of this epoch of transition," there are grateful and far-sighted ones enough who entertain different opinions. A stop ought to be put, however, to this mixing up of everything together, and of throwing suspicion on the endeavours of every young composer, merely because there are weak and objectionable points in the German-French school, as in Berlioz, Liszt, &c. And if you are not satisfied, old gentlemen, why not give us works yourselves—works, works, not only words?'

Schumann's remarks on equal and unequal rhythm and measure in connection with Berlioz's *Symphony, The Life of an Artist*, are in advance of his time, and have a bearing on the fluid time, the barring by phrase instead of by time-unit, even to the dancing of Massine to phrases instead of to measure.

'It seems [writes Schumann] as though the music sought to return to its origin before it was confined by the laws of time, and to elevate itself to more unfettered language, more poetic accent—such as we find in the Greek chorus, the language of the Bible, the prose of Jean Paul.'

Then he reminds his readers of the prophetic remark made many years ago by the child-like, poetic Carl Wagner (1722-1822):

'When it becomes possible [said he] to render the tyranny of measure in music wholly imperceptible and invisible, so that this art is made apparently free; when it attains self-consciousness, then it will possess the complete power of embodying lofty ideas, and become from that moment the first of the fine arts.'

The national movement in music is touched upon by Schumann in words which have an even stronger bearing on present-day methods than the beginnings of it in his own time. In an article on the Danish composer, Gade, and his *Ossian* Overture, Schumann says :

‘It really begins to look as if the nations bordering on Germany desired to emancipate themselves from the influence of German music. This might annoy a German nationalist, but it could only appear natural and cheering to the more profound thinker, if he understood human nature. So we see the French-Pole, Chopin ; Bennett, the Englishman ; Verhulst, the Hollander ; and the representatives of Hungarian music giving promise and performance of what must lead them to be regarded as most worthy embodiments of the artistic tendency of their native lands.’

Then he speaks of Lindblad, of Stockholm, transcribing old folk-songs, and Ole Bull—both pioneers of our own modern folk-song experts—and he reminds these Scandinavians of their lakes, mountains, aurora-borealis, and antique runes, so that the North may well dare to speak its own language.

Over and over again Schumann's insight and keen musical comprehension were placed at the service of his contemporaries. Thus in 1838, when writing to one of the contributors to his journal, the *Neue Zeitschrift*, A. W. von Zuccalmaglio, on the subject of another critic's objection to Berlioz's Overture to *Les Francs Juges*, he says :

‘Honestly I grudge the paper for it, for so far as I am concerned Berlioz is as clear to me as the blue sky. I think there is really a new era dawning for music,—in fact it must. Fifty years bring many changes and advances.’

And later, in 1852, writing to R. Pohl :

‘I am quite used to the public not understanding my compositions, especially the better and deeper ones, after a first hearing. Of course, without studying the score, no work that is at all important can be understood at a first hearing.’

Gade, Field, Chopin, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Liszt, one and all are considered in Schumann's Essays and Criticisms. There seemed no limit to his understanding—until one day there appeared a stumbling-block, and at the same time a lack of perception, the unhearing ear : a fate that may at any moment befall the widest- and clearest-minded critic of to-day. It may overtake anyone. When it does, he will know he has reached the end of his tether so far as modern music is concerned, and he will be wise to own to it. For Schumann the limit was Wagner. To-day the limit for some people is Bartók, Stravinsky, Malipiero, or a few of the younger Englishmen or Frenchmen :

‘There is Wagner [Schumann writes to Mendelssohn in 1845], who has just finished another opera [*Tannhäuser*], undoubtedly a clever fellow, full of crazy ideas, and bold to a degree . . . I declare he cannot write or imagine four consecutive bars that are melodious or even correct. And now the score lies beautifully printed before us, and its fifths and octaves into the bargain.’

B

Eight years later, writing to C. Van Bruyck, he resumes :

‘What you tell me about Wagner has interested me very much. To put it in as few words as possible, he is not a good musician, he lacks feeling for form and harmony. If you were to hear his operas on the stage I am sure you could not but feel deep emotion in a great many instances . . . But as I said before, the music apart from the whole performance is poor—often downright amateurish, meaningless, and repulsive.’

‘Neither Schumann nor Berlioz could rest satisfied at seeing the steady advance of Wagner's works,’ wrote Liszt to Dr. F. Brendel in 1868. Both of them suffered from a suppressed enthusiasm for the music of the future. But Schumann could see clearly ahead in most matters. Writing of Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor, he says :

‘Only Chopin begins and ends so : with dissonances through dissonances into dissonances. But how many beauties this piece contains! The idea of calling it a Sonata is a caprice, if not a jest, for he has bound together four of his wildest children, to smuggle them under this name into a place to which they could not else have penetrated.’

Then he proceeds to imagine a worthy country preceptor visiting a music-shop for the purpose of buying some new music. A pile of novelties is placed before him, but they do not interest him. Finally a Pianoforte Sonata is produced. It is Chopin's, in B flat minor. Thinking a sonata is a good old-time composition, he purchases it, and takes it home. Similarly, nowadays, another such an old-fashioned individual might inadvertently buy Bartók's latest Sonata for violin and pianoforte, and take it back to a quiet, retired home in the wolds. On closer acquaintance the German preceptor is shocked at the rank blasphemy of the composition, and tosses it aside. Then Schumann sees in fancy, in years to come, some descendant of this individual chancing on the Sonata, brushing the dust off its cover, playing it, and saying to himself, ‘This man was not very wrong.’

Elsewhere Schumann reminds his hearers that he prided himself on having introduced Chopin from an unknown world into publicity, and of how triumphantly Chopin issued from the fight with the ‘ignoramuses and Philistines.’

Parallels with the past and present can be found in plenty in the writings of this 19th century composer, which will furnish profitable subjects for meditation. The disagreements between rebels and reactionaries are and have been a constant source of interest and diversion. If ever they should cease much dullness would ensue, and a considerable amount of entertaining literature would be lost to posterity.

The Professional Classes Aid Council announces that owing to lack of funds it is necessary to refuse applications for assistance with the education of children, grants in illness and convalescence, and some other forms of help. Donations—to help professionals in their need—are urgently required, and should be sent to 251, Brompton Road, S.W. 3. The Council is registered under the War Charities Act, 1916.

THE NURSERIES OF ENGLISH SONG

BY FRANK KIDSON

I.

About the end of the 17th century a medical fad had vogue in the shape of a recommendation 'to drink the waters.' The more evil-tasting these waters were, the more virtue was believed to lie in them. As a consequence owners of fields near London (and there were many such fields) which could boast of a spring of evil-smelling and ill-tasting water were quick to take advantage of the prevalent credulity.

With a view to ulterior profit, the medical value of such springs was blazoned forth, and favourable opinions (for a consideration) were obtained from the profession as to their efficacy in all sorts of diseases. How all this led to the benefit of English song I shall endeavour to show.

There were many fields on the northern side of the river, and some across it to the south, where provision was made for 'taking the waters.' A pleasant half-hour's evening stroll from the City towards the Islington—or even nearer—fields could be made by all who desired to take the cure.

The proprietors of the spas did not fail to have ready supplies of strong waters for the gentlemen and cordials for the ladies, not only 'to take the taste off,' but with medical warranty that such 'taken immediately after the waters' would add a benefit which the pure spring lacked. And so benches were provided and shelters for showery weather, while to draw custom fiddlers and, in due time, singers were engaged to add to the general attractiveness. Thus more and more frequenters came—not to drink the health-giving waters, but to enjoy the social amusements of the place. We have the same ethics in our modern spas, English and foreign, where orchestras and refined variety-shows go hand in hand with sulphur water.

In the 17th and 18th centuries concerts as we know them had scarcely been created, and it remained for the spa people to introduce this form of musical entertainment on lines which the moderns have followed.

This was mainly the beginning of the London and provincial pleasure-gardens, though some of these gardens—Vauxhall, for instance—depended on their rusticity rather than on their spas or medical springs for custom.

Some few of the larger provincial towns followed the lead set by London, and in several places—I might name Liverpool for one—there were 'Ranelaghs,' 'Vauxhalls,' and 'Spring Gardens,' all apeing the London types, but now remembered only by the streets which, adjoining their sites, still bear their names. And so these London and provincial pleasure-gardens were the precursors of the later music-hall, which carried almost the same kind of programme. Vauxhall, among the London gardens, most readily occurs to mind, but Vauxhall was only one of many, some significant and some insignificant, yet all having the same features—a musical entertainment combined with a social element—where eating and drinking might be enjoyed. The last survival of this class of garden was probably Cremorne, while sundry provincial gardens remained in existence at a much later date.

Sadler's Wells commenced with a musical programme as early as 1684, while near at hand were other spas with similar diversions at an early

date. Sadler's Wells (named after Thomas Sadler, who first saw money in his mineral spring, and was clever enough to make his resort attractive) had, as we know, a lengthy history, reaching in varied forms to our day, with plenty of vicissitudes to add interest to its story.

Vauxhall, as already stated, founded its chief attraction upon its rusticity, and Mr. Pepys, apparently with his household, made more than one visit to regale himself with the song of birds, the eating of a lobster or a syllabub, and the pulling of cherries.

Up to the early years of the 18th century vocal music at Vauxhall does not appear to have been very much a feature of the entertainment, though when Jonathan Tyers, who took over the concern in 1728, began to make improvements and to introduce new things, vocal music became part of the programme. This innovation probably occurred about 1737 or 1745. Dr. Burney fixes the latter date for the introduction of vocal music at Vauxhall. Singers from the theatres were engaged to help in forming a concert with the instrumentalists. An organ was erected, a permanent conductor engaged, with a free hand in the selection of performers, and encouragement for original compositions was provided. In this wise, Vauxhall, Marylebone, Ranelagh, and some other minor gardens were truly the nurseries of English music, especially of the vocal kind.

With the advent of singing at Vauxhall came a class of song with an artificial simplicity as its chief characteristic, that took the town. Of this type of lyric many hundreds were produced, and apparently became popular in private singing. A good example is the now familiar 'Lass with the delicate air,' with its delightful music by Michael Arne.

I must refer a little later to these Vauxhall lyrics, and trace the growth of the pleasure-garden movement so far as its relation to music is concerned. It may, however, be of interest in this place to give a typical Vauxhall effusion as sung there by Miss Stevenson in the season of 1752, when the musical directorship was in the hands of Dr. John Worgan, who composed the dainty, simple little tunes that were warbled by Miss Stevenson, Miss Burchell, and the tenor, Thomas Lowe.

To make the man kind and con-stant and true Whom your

choice or your Des-tin-y brings un-to you, Take a

hint from a friend whom ex-perience has taught, And ex-

-peri-ence, you know, nev-er fails when 'tis bought. And ex-

-peri-ence, you know, nev-er fails when 'tis bought.

The arts which you practised at first to ensare,
For in Love little arts, as in battle, are fair:
Whether neatness, or prudence, or wit were the bait,
Let the hook still be covered, and still play the cheat. *Bis.*

Marylebone Gardens, the chief rival to Vauxhall at about the middle of the 18th century, was in its earlier days (that is, near the end of the 17th century) an adjunct to a tavern—whose chief attraction was a bowling-green.

It was Daniel Gough, proprietor of this tavern (the 'Rose' Tavern), who saw the possibility of his grounds becoming a rival to Vauxhall, and in 1737 opened them as 'Marybone Gardens,' with an orchestra of instrumentalists, and, a couple of years later, an organ. There is not much record of the doings at Marylebone before the gardens were taken over by John Trusler, about 1756. There are, however, accounts that music of an instrumental kind was popular, and that in imitation of the Vauxhall introduction of singing, Miss Falkner, a vocalist of considerable repute, was engaged in 1737 as principal singer. From that period onwards, to the closing of the gardens in 1776, the songs sung at Marylebone were as famous as those at Vauxhall and Ranelagh. To John Trusler must be credited the fact that shortly after the middle of the 18th century Marylebone was as celebrated as Vauxhall. The gardens were situate near Marylebone High Street, and reached as far as Harley Street.

This was an advantage to those who did not care to take Thames wherry to cross to Vauxhall. Trusler was a pastrycook, whose daughter's reputation for tarts, cheese-cakes, and plum-cakes was well-known, and as people liked choice eating combined with fashionable amusement, Marylebone had its frequenters, among whom was the great Mr. Handel.

In 1755—shortly before Trusler came on the scene—John Beard, the singer, then at the height of his popularity, was either proprietor or manager of the gardens, and his sound musical knowledge and his own prestige must have helped to popularise the musical fame of Marylebone.

Leaving the account of Marylebone, it becomes necessary to speak of the other of the triad of gardens—Ranelagh. This was situate near Chelsea, on the banks of the stream that flowed from the Serpentine and some other of the brooks that ran down from the rising ground towards the Thames.

The situation enabled the proprietors to introduce special features not available in other resorts. For example, a wooden erection, in Chinese taste, was built in the centre of one of the streams where, no doubt, tea was served. But the chief feature of Ranelagh was its immense 'rotunda' where the musical entertainments were given.

Ranelagh commenced its career as a public pleasure-garden in 1742, taking its name from Richard Viscount Ranelagh, whose house and garden it had absorbed. (It may be mentioned in passing that the popular pronunciation was 'Runelow'.)

From the first holding itself aloof from the common herd that frequented Vauxhall and Marylebone, it was always esteemed to be an ultra-fashionable resort, even if rather dull. Its chief diversion, apart from music, was promenading the rotunda and the tree-shaded walks. As other more virile amusements came to the front, Ranelagh's day drew to a close and was finally ended in 1803.

Of the many minor gardens that followed the lead of the three greater ones, probably the most famous resort was 'Finch's Grotto Gardens,' that commenced in 1760, and was situate near St. George's Street, Southwark. The career of these gardens

ended about 1773-75. Here the same class of musical entertainment was carried forward. One of the chief singers was a Mr. Dearle, though Mrs. Baddeley, the actress, was also engaged, and the tenor Thomas Lowe.

Cuper's Gardens, also on the south side of the river, now the site of Waterloo Bridge Road, was flourishing musically in 1740 and 1750. Instrumental music of a refined and fashionable character was there performed, and popular singers were engaged. Lewis Granom was one of the chief composers.

A further consideration of the music-makings at the London gardens, which formed and fashioned the taste in English vocal music, must be reserved for the second part of this article, from material in my own possession.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH MUSIC AT VIENNA

BY PAUL BECHERT

(OUR VIENNA CORRESPONDENT)

The Chinese Wall which surrounded our physical and spiritual life for four long war years is gradually being demolished, and once more our eyes are free to roam. Like Rip van Winkle, we find that these last eight years have wrought a vast change and a surprising development in the surrounding world. Not the least surprising of our new experiences was the season of English music which has just come to a close here. Most important of all, these English concerts have vanquished the old prejudice, held here for decades past, of the English nation's lack of musical talent. There were, to be sure, many arguments in favour of this prejudice, for up to the time immediately preceding the world war, English music so far as we knew it was embodied in the work of but two composers—Sir Edward Elgar and Dame Ethel Smyth, whose conceptions, moreover, however fine, were not indicative of any 'national' school, being rather influenced by the German symphonic principles of the last century of which Brahms and Strauss were the representative figures. Beyond that, what little of English music was generally known here consisted of a few more or less popularly pleasing songs of the 'drawing-room' kind. Of the modern musical tendencies there seemed hardly any trace in contemporary English music, save perhaps in the compositions of Cyril Scott, whose affinity to the impressionist methods of Debussy was quite clearly discernible.

How radically conditions must have changed in England of late! Suddenly we began hearing the names of such composers as Arthur Bliss, Gustav Holst, Arnold Bax, John Ireland, and others whose existence had hitherto been known only to a limited number of professionals, and we were even more astonished to find their compositions for the most part excellent works, and worthy of the most serious consideration. Their psychological aspects, as a matter of course, are quite different from those of our young German composers. Germany, let us not forget, is the home of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, the land of intellectualism and the very birthplace of revolutionary movements. The intellectual element, and that philosophical attitude towards the world in general which are typical of the German mind, are more than ever predominant in the German music of our

generation. Moreover, the revolutionary tendencies of present-day Germany readily lend themselves to music, as to all other things of everyday life, and they react in a musical radicalism which borders on anarchy. The works of our young composers, based on the Wilsonian principle of self-determination and on an adherence to self-chosen laws which are as yet unwritten, therefore frequently defy analysis. They are the outcome of the *Sturm und Drang* period which our generation is going through, and the definite forms of this new musical art are as yet in a process of crystallisation.

Of such intellectual and philosophical strife the modern English composers seem to know little. They are bright, healthy, and talented young fellows who do not pretend to set philosophical problems to music, but who love to revel in sound, colour, and rhythm. The strongly rhythmical character of their work which is frequently—all too frequently, perhaps—derived from the popular dances of the day, is in fact the predominant feature of their compositions. But a certain melodic freshness, akin to a folk-song element, constitutes the appealing quality common to the majority of their works. Most surprising of all is their preference for humorous, even grotesquely parodistic effects, which Gustav Holst and Arthur Bliss command with particular mastery. In Holst's Suite *The Planets*, it is a genial flash of wit when Jupiter interrupts his weirdly frolicsome fox-trot-like dance to indulge in a short incidental flirtation with Semele, who is very cleverly characterised by a truly Handel-like theme. This Suite may, in fact, be ranked with the most interesting orchestral novelties of recent years. The same spirit of humorous satire, next to a commendable attempt at introducing new orchestral colours—such as the employment of the bass-flute, which has very rarely been used heretofore—is the chief characteristic of Arthur Bliss, who was present personally to conduct his chamber suite *Conversations*, as well as his Rhapsody, *Mêlée Fantastique*, and the Storm Music for Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. Some of these pieces, I think, go rather too far in their extravagances, especially the last-named composition, whose excessive use of percussion instruments rather exceeds the limitations imposed by the average concert-hall.

Arthur Bliss, it seems, occupies a position at the left wing of British music, sharing the distinction of such radicalism with Kaikhosru Sorabji, who kept Vienna guessing as to the meaning of his two Pianoforte Sonatas, which are probably the very acme of musical modernism. By way of contrast, I may allude to Arnold Bax, whose symphonic poem entitled *November Woods* is of a considerably more moderate kind. Bax's Violin Sonata No. 1, splendidly played here by Mr. Ernest Whitfield, is still less radical, and in its melodic and harmonic treatment approaches the style of an Anglicised Grieg. Bax's songs, like those of Bliss and John Ireland—they were excellently sung by Mrs. Dorothy Moulton and Miss Anne Thursfield—disclose a leaning towards the folk-song style which is frequently made attractive by an interesting harmonic twist. Ireland seems at his best in his Violin Sonata No. 2, which Mr. Whitfield presented on another occasion: there is true melodic inspiration in this graceful piece of music, and its last movement abounds with genuine national colour. Ireland was less fortunate with his symphonic poem *The Forgotten Rite*, which Mr. Maurice Besly

very ably conducted on the occasion of Miss Ursula Greville's concert. Miss Greville sang a number of modern English songs by Percival Garratt, Martin Shaw, Eric Fogg, and others, which, while pleasing the popular fancy, disappointed by the meagreness of their musical substance. The same may be said of some songs by Cyril Scott. This composer created a far deeper impression by his performance of his own Pianoforte Concerto—which is perhaps not so much a pianoforte concerto as an effective and well-constructed orchestral piece in which the pianoforte is allotted the rôle of an orchestral instrument, indulging chiefly in ornamental bywork or in passages played in unison with various orchestral groups.

To Mr. Whitfield we are indebted also for the first performance here of Frederick Delius's Violin Concerto, which is melodious without ever losing itself in the cheap or hackneyed. Delius, it seems, belongs to the group of more conservative English composers such as Sir Edward Elgar or Dame Ethel Smyth. The latter's Prelude to her opera *The Wreckers* is an exceedingly well orchestrated piece, and had a fine success here. Elgar, whose second Symphony was conducted with authority by Dr. Adrian C. Boult at one of his orchestral concerts here, might well be termed the classic among the English musical modernists. This Symphony, like his Sonata Op. 82, which formed part of Mr. Whitfield's programme, is good and scholarly music of a serious if not always inspired sort. Sincerity and earnestness also are the chief assets of Josef Holbrooke, whose Pianoforte Concerto—played by himself—like his symphonic poems, is strongly influenced by such German masters as Schumann and Wagner.

It still remains to record the successful local appearance of Mr. Dawson Freer, who sang English folk-songs as well as classical songs, and of Miss Violet Clarence, who played a number of pleasing but rather light pianoforte compositions by Balfour Gardiner, and some by her husband C. à Becket Williams. Particular praise is due to that organization consisting of three ladies and three gentlemen who term themselves 'The English Singers.' The many gems selected from the wealth of old English Madrigals which they presented with an astounding perfection of *ensemble* and with remarkably airy *pianissimo* effects, provided a welcome diversion from the many modern works. On the whole, the season of English music which has just terminated here has been one of the most interesting musical events of the year. Vienna gladly welcomed this glimpse of a new musical world which is just now being built up on the other side of the Channel.

THE FANCY

BY JEFFREY PULVER

Whether as the supplanter of the Madrigal in the popular taste or as the first form of instrumental music in the true sense of the word, whether as the forerunner of the sonata or the vehicle that gave to so many of our great composers the opportunity for displaying their genius, the Fancy or Fantasia is alike interesting to the musical historian and to the student of musical form. That it was a transition form in a transition period there can be no doubt. As the mechanics of *lutherie* became developed and instruments of music were evolved that could, in the

hands of experienced players, produce music of really artistic quality, it followed as a natural sequence that music had to be supplied to give both players and instruments a fair chance of showing what they could do when called upon to replace the voice. The era of the Madrigal was the era of vocal music; the period that followed was pre-eminently that of instrumental music. It was no uncommon thing for Madrigals to be written in three, four, five, or more parts, and played upon sets of instruments when voices were not available—many 16th and 17th century publications stated on their title-pages that this could be done. The practice obtained in this way soon gave performers a sufficient technique to cause them to seek fresh material to work upon. Sets of 'divisions' or variations were thus evolved, based upon some given ground, a favourite theme being the *In Nomine* of the Roman liturgy. It was not long before such free compositions were known, *brevi manu*, as *In Nomines*; and out of this form the Fancy was derived. Since it was, as its name implied, of a free character, the composer was permitted to indulge in all kinds of devices, and some of the early Fancies abounded in very clever fugal and contrapuntal work, many of them worthy of more serious development. It is perfectly true that very early Fantasias are to be met with on the Continent, but whether these were independent developments or whether they influenced, or were influenced by, the English Fancy, as derived from the older *In Nomine*, is not quite clear. But although free compositions for instruments are frequent in foreign collections, they do not show quite the same characteristics as do the English Fancies for strings that attained to such popularity in Stuart days. This form of Fantasia, I think, may be looked upon as a purely native product, and since it tended to settle the later Suite and Sonata, we may have here some cause for pride in that thought. The nearest approach to the Fancy, after making allowance for the differences in the national idiom, was the Italian *Ricercar* or Fantasia which, at the beginning of the 17th century, ousted the Madrigal from favour in Italy. It would be an unprofitable waste of time to speculate as to which country used the term first. We find English Fancies in the 16th century; but, again, whether they were English inventions or influenced by earlier Italian work, must remain open to question. To decide this definitely it would be necessary to examine every known manuscript and to compare the character of the foreign product with that of the native. My own personal opinion, which I advance without any too great certainty, is that the English Fancy was first suggested by the Italian variety, but rapidly developed here along channels that soon made of it a distinct art-form, different in character and spirit from anything produced on the Continent. In this supposition I am at one with Roger North, who says:

And as alterations with endeavour to advance are continually profered, so the Italian masters who alwais did, or ought to lead the van in musick, printed pieces they called Fantazias, wherein was air and variety enough; and afterwards these were imitated by the English, who working more elaborately, improved upon their pattern, which gave occasion to an observation, that in vocall, the Italians, and in instrumentall musick, the English excelled:—*Memoires of Musick*.

Deriving its name originally, I suppose, from the circumstance that it did not adhere to the then

popular dance-forms or ecclesiastical formulæ, the Fancy became developed along academic lines to such an extent that from being a popular form for the amateur it became as awe-inspiring as any of the 'classical' forms of the 18th century. This was so much the case, that by the time Christopher Sympson wrote his *Compendium* (1667) he was compelled to deplore the downfall of the Fancy, saying:

This style of music was much neglected because of the scarcity of auditors that understand it; their ears being more delighted with light and airy music.

Which shows that human nature has not altered much.

According to Henry Davey, the first mention of the term 'Fancy' occurs in Thomas Mulliner's *Book*, c. middle of the 16th century (Add. MS. 30513). The same historian cites a manuscript in Christ Church of 1581, which includes a Fancy $\sharp 3$ on the cuckoo's cry by one 'John Bawdwine' (Baldwin). My Lady Nevell's *Virginal Book*, finished in 1591, contains two Fancies of William Bird's, while Benjamin Cosyn's *Virginal Book* (at the turn of the century) has a couple of compositions in this form by Orlando Gibbons. Add. MS. 17786-91 includes a number of early Fancies by John Okeover, John Ward, Richard Deering, and Martin Pierson, and Add. MS. 29366-8 contains another five by Deering. John Dowland's *Varietie of Lute Lessons* (1610) contains seven Fantasias, while Add. MS. 17792-6 (after 1624) includes fifteen Fantasias by Thomas Tomkins ($\sharp 3$), and some by Ferabosco, Lupo, Ward, &c. The specimens in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* are too familiar to need citing.

At this point it will perhaps be well to notice a difference in character between the examples just mentioned and the later Stuart specimens to be cited. It is just possible that those which have gone before are of a piece with the Fantasias written all over the Continent, while those which follow may not be a further development of these at all, but a distinct form, based, as has already been hinted, upon the English *In Nomine*.

Round about the middle of the 17th century we find literally thousands of these instrumental fancies exhibiting purely English characteristics. Further manuscripts containing Fancies are, *inter alia*, Add. MSS. 29290, 29427 (William Bird and Alfonso Ferabosco), 31423 (John Jenkins), 31428 (*Id.*), and 30487 (*Id.*). The most popular composers of Fancies were Orlando Gibbons (whose *Three-Part Fantazias for two Trebles and a Basse engraven upon Copper* were advertised in Lawes's *Ayres and Dialogues* of 1653), Michael East, William Lawes, John Jenkins, and Coperario (John Cooper). Purcell still wrote in the form, and produced some good examples in from three to seven parts. Charles I. was very fond of this form of composition, and, according to John Playford (*Introduction to the Skill of Musick*), 'could play his Part exactly well on the Bass-Viol, especially of those Incomparable Phantasies of Mr. Coperario to the Organ.' Charles II., on the other hand, did not like the Fancy at all, and Christopher Sympson may well have been thinking of him when he spoke of the 'light and airy music' mentioned above. Charles II.'s taste represented the spirit of the age, and that spirit was responsible for the limits placed upon the development of the Fancy.

A word of appreciation should be given to two gentlemen who have done much towards making this form of writing known to the present generation.

One of them is Sir Frederick Bridge, who has so often caused examples of these early Fancies to be heard at his London University lectures; and the other is Mr. W. W. Cobbett, for the good work he has done in reviving interest in the form, and in encouraging young composers to try their prentice hand in Fancies as their forefathers did before them.

Occasional Notes

In our March issue we made some unfavourable criticisms of the musical arrangements at the average cinema. We are glad to find our views endorsed in the April number of *The Cinema* by no less an authority than Dr. George Tootell, the musical director at the Stoll Picture Theatre. The fact that Dr. Tootell backs us up after setting out to do the exact opposite makes his support the more valuable and convincing. Our readers will remember that our chief complaint was that

'... if the picture fails to grip, and we are thrown back on the music, the result is generally painful, because of the mistaken attempts to follow the film too closely. The effect is scrappy, and when the scraps consist of the mangled remains of standard compositions we feel like throwing things; when they are bits of conventional melodramatic "agits" and "hurries" they are tolerable only because they are not mutilated Beethoven or Wagner.'

Dr. Tootell defends the use of standard works as an accompaniment to the pictures, but agrees with us in objecting to their mutilation:

'Cuts from the works of the Masters [he says] should be made with the scalpel rather than with the axe, and should be made with discretion. It is admittedly against all artistic feeling to take short passages from well-known classics. The wise and artistic musical director will not introduce such music unless opportunity is offered for a reasonable length of the excerpt; but the blame for many "scrappy" settings to films does not rest with the musical director, but with the producer of the film.'

Dr. Tootell is in a better position than most of us when it comes to placing the blame for scrappiness. As a matter of fact, however, we hinted that the producer was generally the culprit. This by the way. As a proof that our criticism was well founded we quote Dr. Tootell further:

'To accompany the scene of an intoxicated man with the "Woodland Murmurs" from *Siegfried*, or a love scene between a coster and his "donah" with "Siegmund's Love Song" from the *Valkyrie*—I have heard this done!—obviously means a screw loose somewhere.'

Exactly; we have heard similar misfits, and that is why we complained. Dr. Tootell's own experiences are the amplest of justifications for the hardest things that have been said here and elsewhere against the cinema and its music.

As to those 'conventional melodramatic "agits" and "hurries"' against which we protested, Dr. Tootell backs us up handsomely by admitting that of the music written specially for the cinema 'much is simply rubbish.' He then goes on to express agreement with our suggestion that the best

results will be attained by engaging a composer to write a special accompaniment to a film, such accompaniment being regarded as an integral part of the picture.

Now the amusing thing about this *Cinema* article is that, though it justifies in the completest way everything said in these columns, its preamble attempts to crush us for our presumption in daring to say them! We are told that

'... it is an accepted axiom that a writer should understand the subject upon which he attempts to write... it does not follow that because a musician is an authority upon Bach, Beethoven, or the modern Russian school, he is *ipso facto* competent to say what should or should not be done in the cinemas.'

But it does follow that if a man is a trained musician and of average intelligence he is competent to express an opinion as to whether the musical accompaniment to a picture is scrappy, vulgar, or bad in any way. Since 'accepted axioms' are being handed out we ourselves will weigh in with a good old one to the effect that 'lookers-on see most of the game.' It is easily conceivable that the musical director of a cinema may, in a few years, become so hardened to the unsatisfactory results of having to supply scraps at the behest of the producer (as Dr. Tootell says is often the case) that his opinion on the artistic side of the matter may be of very little value. The average musician 'in front' is almost certain to be a better judge of the effect. But Dr. Tootell is so sure that the man behind the scenes knows best, that he talks scornfully of 'highbrow musicians stepping down from their pedestals to take notice of the music in the cinema, expressing their opinions and offering their criticism and advice publicly through the medium of various journals musical and otherwise,' and making 'futile and inane suggestions.' We hope *Musical News* and *Herald* and any other contemporaries who have published articles on this subject will bear up. Our own withers are unwrung, because, as we have shown, Dr. Tootell thoroughly agrees with us in the main—though he hadn't such intentions.

On one point only does Dr. Tootell part company with us. We expressed the view that 'a fatal weakness of the film is its inability to dispense with accompaniment.' Dr. Tootell is very scornful on this head. He says:

'If this statement is to be accepted, then the ballet, with which the film is analogous, is also suffering from the same "fatal weakness," and yet in spite of this "fatal weakness" the ballet has developed and grown from strength to strength from the 17th century to the present time. Either the ballet or the *Musical Times* writer is wrong—probably the ballet!'

It is even more probable that Dr. Tootell is wrong in his analogy. As the film, generally speaking, tells a story, its real analogy is surely the drama proper. That this is so is proved by two facts: first, the liberal use of explanatory notes (usually written in American or shaky English), and, second, the attempts constantly being made to synchronise sound and picture in order that the cinema may give us dialogue as well as action. In a ballet the story is as a rule nothing, the dancing and gesture everything. And the best ballets have a musical

background which is at least organic, and often specially composed; whereas all but a few film stories are accompanied by a medley of the type condemned by Dr. Tootell himself.

Even if we accept the ballet as the analogy of the film our contention as to the fatal weakness of the latter still stands. The ballet, the film, and even the opera, are alike weak in that they are not pure art forms, but combinations of arts in which all the constituents are more or less spoilt. The best of Wagner's music is hindered rather than helped by the happenings on the stage. There are plenty of people who can enjoy long stretches of his finest operas only by closing their eyes and keeping their ears well open. In fact, Wagner was a great symphonic composer who took the wrong turning. He, not Brahms, should have written the Tenth Symphony.

Music needs no support from pictures, dancing, or acting. At its finest it can gain nothing from association with any other art. It will almost invariably lose, and the loss will be heavy when the 'Forest Murmurs' and 'Siegfried's Love Song' are used in the way Dr. Tootell rightly condemns.

Dr. Tootell favours the use of standard works as cinema music on the ground that he and his colleagues are out to get the best that can be had. The point may be conceded so long as the performance is good, and provided that such 'cuts' as are made are discreet. But when the Doctor goes on to support his claim by saying that 'had Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner been living at the present day they would have been among the very first to realise the wonderful scope and possibilities offered by the cinema for the development and display of their genius' he uses an argument that may be turned against him. The great ones of the past, if alive to-day, would no doubt write film music, but they would not produce for the purpose C minor and 'Unfinished' Symphonies, 'Forest Murmurs,' and the like. We would pay a good sum to be on hand with a notebook while Beethoven was making a few appropriate remarks on finding his C minor Symphony being used to help out the crudities of *The Trail of Blood* or *The Yellow Claw* (just 'released,' in five reels, featuring Luce Tosh).

If cinema musical directors wish to draw on the standard repertory, let them use their spoils as overtures and interludes. In a general way they should keep their hands off when they want music for accompanying purposes. It is not a question of the axe or the scalpel; the point is that association with a film is apt to spoil the music for abstract use—which after all, was the purpose the composer had in view.

Finally, we believe the whole question will be settled shortly in a way that ought to be generally anticipated, though we have not seen it mentioned in this connection. We allude to the synchronisation of sound and film spoken of above. A few months ago we were present at a demonstration in which the results, though a good deal short of perfection, were sufficiently striking to make us confident that the talking film is very near at hand. When it arrives the musical director at the cinema will have pretty much the same job as his *confrère* at the ordinary theatre—he will provide merely the *entr'actes* and an occasional undercurrent of music

for atmospheric purposes. With this prophecy we step back to the pedestal which, as highbrow musicians, we ought never to have left.

Musical journals so often complain of the comparatively limited space devoted to the art in the daily press that in fairness they should return thanks for any signs of improvement. We are therefore glad to note the enterprise of the *Evening News* in this respect. In the evening press as a whole music comes off badly. The few concert notices that appear usually bear obvious signs of the blue pencil, and often they are entirely squeezed out of the late editions. Many a time have we bought the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for example, in order to see what 'E. E.' had to say regarding an event of the previous day, only to find that his notice had appeared in an edition published hard on the heels of breakfast for the benefit of readers to whom the latest news from Gatwick or Epsom is the one thing that matters. Musicians as a rule are not interested in 'tips' and starting prices, and for them an evening paper is a paper published not in the morning but in the evening. Perhaps the *P.M.G.* will make a note of this little matter of policy. The *Evening News* does the thing handsomely by giving in its late edition lengthy notices of concerts, with frequent occasional paragraphs, crisply written, and containing not mere small talk, but ideas as well as news. As a result many a man in the Tube is reading more about music than he has ever done before. By thus taking in a daily supply of musical news as he takes in sporting and theatrical and other kinds, he will soon come to see that music is not an exotic affair for a handful of specially cultured enthusiasts, but one of the amenities and recreations which no person of average intelligence can ignore without loss. He may even end by reading a musical journal.

The quest for the Twelve Best Melodies has ended as such quests are bound to end. No two persons are agreed as to the Hundred Best Books; how then shall they be at one as to a mere dozen of anything? Sooner or later—sooner in this case—the lists become mere records of personal taste. We get not the best, but the best-liked, which is quite another thing. Mr. Kalisch's starting (in the *Daily News*) of this uncatchable hare was worth while, however, because it has made a good many people take some thought as to the characteristics of a good tune. For purposes of record, here is Mr. Kalisch's original choice:

- Purcell: 'When in Death,' from *Dido and Æneas*.
- Bach: Slow movement of the D minor Concerto for two violins.
- Haydn: Theme of the Variations in the *Emperor* Quartet ('Deutschland über Alles').
- Mozart: *Dove sono*.
- Beethoven: First theme of slow movement of B flat Pianoforte Trio.
- Beethoven: Slow movement in the seventh Symphony.
- Schubert: Slow movement of the C major Symphony.
- Schubert: *The Young Nun*.
- Schumann: 'Cello Melody in slow movement, Piano-forte Concerto.
- Wagner: Spring Song from the *Valkyrie*.
- Wagner: Quintet from the *Die Meistersinger*.
- Handel: *Ombra mai fu* (or 'The Largo').

This selection was not received with enthusiasm, as indeed no list of the kind was likely to be. Two of

the choices seem to us to be particularly questionable—*The Young Nun* and the Quintet from the *Meistersingers*. The former may or may not be a fine song, but its effect lies chiefly in its declamatory character, and even more in the agitated and sombre accompaniment and gloomy harmonic scheme. The *Meistersingers* Quintet is out of the running just because it is a Quintet. Had Mr. Kalisch chosen instead 'The Prize Song' he would have had the public with him almost to a man—certainly to a woman. The *Musical News* and *Herald* commented on the list with some severity, pointing out that it

'... was such as to offer special provocation, for, except Purcell's "When in Death," all Mr. Kalisch's good tunes come from Germany. . . . When we find eleven tunes of one country to one of another and none of the rest of the world, we begin to wonder whether the taste which is responsible for the selection is an unfettered one.'

Our contemporary further had the 'temerity to prefer *The March of the Men of Harlech* to the *Emperor's Hymn*'—a preference we heartily share. Indeed, our temerity is sufficient to lead us to declare that the Welsh tune is the finest of all the national anthems, beating its near competitor the *Marseillaise* because it is fine and stirring all through, whereas its French rival is spoilt by a dreadful bit of padding amidst ships :



In the *Sunday Times* Mr. Ernest Newman, commenting on Mr. Kalisch's list, pointed out that some of the choices ought to be ruled out because they were not so much melodies as parts of an elaborate musical scheme. Mr. Newman considered that so wide a scope would make it easy to compile a list 'not merely of twelve, but of twelve hundred, or perhaps twelve thousand, excellent melodies.' The terms of the competition must be made quite stringent: the winning melodies must be able to stand on their excellence as pure one-dimensional music.

'If [said Mr. Newman] we are offering a prize for the most beautiful girl in Bermondsey, we must settle the matter by an inspection of features alone; we must not hand over even a third prize to a girl who is only moderately good-looking but who appeals to the sentimental side of us by keeping a paralysed aunt.'

Strictly speaking, the only melodies eligible are those that are independent of instrumental and harmonic trappings, and inevitably this will bring in folk-song. Mr. Newman has most of us with him in placing the *Londonderry Air* in the very front rank, with a half-dozen picked Scotch and Irish melodies backing it up. Mention of folk-song suggests at once a kindred field that must not be overlooked in a discussion on pure, unaccompanied melody. That field is plainsong. Quite apart from religious associations, some of its finest examples have long been treasured by composers and people alike as tunes that, with their mixture of rugged strength, rhythmic freedom, and

mystic appeal, are amongst the things in music that time is unable to touch. Such hymn tunes as *Pange Lingua*, *Vexilla Regis*, *Ave Maris Stella*, *Jesu, dulcis memoria*, for example, were popular ages before Bach lived, and their beauty is perhaps realised more fully to-day than ever before.

Mr. Newman having lifted the discussion on to a plane where something like definite conclusions were possible, the *Daily News* straightway brought it down again by asking Sir Landon Ronald for *his* list, based on 'his experience of thousands of concert-goers.' At once we have such choices as 'Opening of Pianoforte Concerto, Tchaikovsky; Third movement of *Pathétique* Symphony, Tchaikovsky,' and so on. Then the Gramophone and Eolian Companies were catechised, the resultant lists including some curious items, especially that of the Eolian Company, which gives us the *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture, May Brahe's *I passed by your window*, Woodforde-Finden's *Kashmir Song*, and Sir Landon Ronald's *Down in the Forest*.

Finally, on comes the real arbiter in matters of art, 'Man in the street,' who in a letter to the *Daily News*, tells us that :

'The twelve best tunes are not necessarily buried in some scarce known symphony or concerto . . . they are those which are nearest the heart of the people.'

And amongst them this particular 'man in the street' includes *The Church's one Foundation*, *O rest in the Lord*, *Softly awakes my heart*, *D'ye ken John Peel*, Dvorák's *Humoresque*, and Mendelssohn's *Spring Song*.

'Most of these tunes [he says] have stood the test of time. All are well known. They are the tunes which all men, amateurs and professionals, critics, and composers, love to sing.'

We have often wondered what critics sang in their more expansive moments; now we know.

When Mr. Ernest Newman lightly trolls forth Mendelssohn's *Spring Song*, followed by Mr. Edwin Evans with his well-known dignified interpretation of *The Church's one Foundation*, may we be there to hear.

The celebration of the Royal Academy of Music Centenary will consist of a series of events spread over a fortnight—July 10 to 22. They include a Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral, twelve chamber concerts at Eolian Hall, six performances of English opera at the Academy, two dramatic performances, a reception at Queen's Hall, at which will be performed a Masque written for the occasion by Louis N. Parker, and F. Corder's fifty-part chorus, *Sing unto God* (composed for the opening of the present Academy building), three orchestral concerts at Queen's Hall, and a banquet at the Great Central Hotel. Programmes and other details will be announced shortly.

From the London correspondent of *Musical America*:

'Two unusually good violinists heard during the week were Harriet Cohen and Katie Goldsmith.'

Maybe; but we thought Miss Cohen so unusually good a pianist when we heard her recently, that somehow we shall always prefer her in that rôle.

We are glad to see 'Musicus' of the *Daily Telegraph* protesting against M. Dupré's consistent neglect of English organ music when touring among us. After stating that Dupré was announced to play a couple of recitals on the new organ at King George's Hall, Blackburn, and that the two programmes—thirteen works—contain no English music, 'Musicus' says:

'Really, one would respectfully ask M. Dupré if he is not acquainted with a few compositions of native English origin for the organ. After all is said and done, we have had for quite a long time an excellent school of organ-playing in this little country, and I freely assert that our organists of high rank know (and play) vastly more French music than French organists know (or play) of English music. But this does not prove that our organ music is fit only to be ignored in France.'

No; it is merely one more sign that the French attitude in musical matters is almost, if not quite, as hopelessly Chauvinistic as ever it was.

In the same issue of the *Daily Telegraph* appeared an article by Mr. Arthur Mason, entitled 'The Vatican Choir and English Singing.' In it Mr. Mason reproves some of our musical critics for their attitude towards the performances of the Vatican singers—an attitude which he describes as 'quite surprisingly provincial.' Mr. Mason, we think, is mistaken in his view that the question is one of English singing *versus* Italian singing. It is something far simpler and more arguable—a mere question of singing. Mr. Mason says he has 'suffered many times under the nasal reediness of Continental choirs of the really inferior sort.' So have a good many of the rest of us. Indeed, we have suffered from the same devastating *timbre* in England, in quires and places where the boys were untrained or badly trained. Nasal reediness is nasal reediness all the world over, and it is not clear why Mr. Mason should 'suffer' when he hears it from an inferior Continental choir and enjoy it when a rather better Continental choir brings it to the Albert Hall. It is not a bit more tolerable when used by a reputedly good choir on fine music—rather the reverse, in fact, because of the gap between what is and what might be. Presumably Mr. Mason, like most of our docile public, is influenced by the fact that on this occasion it comes to us bearing the august label of the Vatican. But our concern should be with the goods, not with the label, and because these Vatican boys sing with a 'nasal reediness' as pronounced as the worst we have ever heard at home or abroad, we for our part were unable to sit through the whole of the first concert. After all, a boy is a soprano, save on the rare occasions when he is an alto. There are many kinds of enjoyable *timbre* in soprano and contralto voices, but among them is *not* nasal reediness. It is never tolerated in a woman singer (except at certain of the lesser variety theatres, where it may be heard as often as Mr. Mason likes), and it is not yet regarded as a virtue when it is heard from the raw boys in a village church. Why then should we English be expected to acclaim it when we hear it from a famous foreign choir? The fact that the Italians like it may be due to one of two reasons: (1) their taste in this as in certain other musical matters is bad; (2) it is the only kind of boys' singing they have ever known. A

kindred question is that of the organ music played in Italian churches. When Mendelssohn attacked the flippant strains he heard there—strains not merely light-hearted, but indisputably bad *qua* music, as may be seen by the extract in his letter—did people tell him that he must make allowance for the Italian point of view? Did anybody pretend that what was bad music on one side of the Alps was good on the other?

Another point raised by Mr. Mason demands a word. Anticipating that a reader might point out that 'British choral singing is admittedly our best form of the vocal art, and that its virtues are such as to make it pre-eminent in the world,' Mr. Mason says: 'To this I reply that a not unessential feature of the case against the claim has been omitted—the point of view of other peoples than ourselves.' Perhaps so, but the art of choral singing includes one factor about which there can be no dispute—ensemble. This factor is recognised as one of the prime necessities in concerted performances of all kinds, vocal and instrumental, from a quartet to a chorus, or from a string trio to a work for full orchestra. It has to be considered even in the planning of an organ. The Vatican Choir failed signally in this test. The balance was hopelessly wrong at times, the basses frequently riding rough-shod over the rest of the choir. Ensemble depends upon blend no less than upon balance. In the matter of blend there was failure simply because the tone-quality of the trebles, altos, and tenors in the loud passages was of a type that refused to blend. No musical tone, vocal or instrumental, in which there is such an overdose of upper partials can ever be satisfactory in ensemble. There are some matters in which we have a good deal to learn from the Continent, but choral singing is not one of them; the boot is very much on the other leg. We do not complain (as Mr. Mason seems to think we do) that the singing of the Vatican Choir is not like that of our best Cathedral bodies. We went to the Albert Hall expecting to hear something quite unlike the singing at St. Paul's or Westminster Cathedrals, but hoping it would be good none the less. We disliked it intensely, not because it was Italian or unfamiliar, but because it was harsh in tone, and lacking in some of the chief fundamentals of choral technique.

Since the above was written we have read some frank comments by Mr. Percy Scholes in the *Observer*. Like ourselves, Mr. Scholes refuses to be persuaded that there is no such thing as a kind of standard vocal tone. He asks, very pertinently:

'Can anything be said for a method of voice-production which renders impossible any tonal homogeneity, which gives you a delicate silver in *pianissimo* passages and a glaring scarlet in *mezzo-forte*, changing colour moment by moment like the fabled chameleon? What unity of effect is possible when you break your vocal line into these small pieces, entrusting three words to a young cherub in the skies, and the following three to the newsboy from the next street?'

None at all, of course, and an English choir going to work on these lines would have short shrift. But a choir from the Land of Song, the home of the *bel canto*, and (hush!) the Vatican, conducted by a Monsignore, and preceded by press paragraphs

burbling about 'unbroken traditions of centuries' and so forth—how can they possibly be wrong?

Apparently some critics are of opinion that ensemble doesn't matter much after all. 'R. C.', for example, in the *Daily Mail*, highly approves of the Vatican Choir, although he calls their singing 'strident and unamalgamated.' There are moments in vocal music when stridency may have its place (though such moments rarely occur in the pure and other-worldly music of the Palestrina school), but there is no room in any kind of concerted music for 'unamalgamated' methods. We are afraid 'R. C.' allowed himself to be swayed by the splendour of the music itself, and by certain qualities of vigour, attack, and brilliance which are only to be expected from any touring choir of picked voices. To sing a pæan over the visitors for such qualities is as futile—even insulting—as to praise a man for washing his neck most mornings. 'R. C.' hopes the Choir will take back to Rome some of our Tudor Church music. We don't. Byrd and his fellows have been treated badly enough already by our centuries of neglect. Let us not add injury to insult by handing them over to these strident and unamalgamated Tuscans.

FESTIVAL WEEK AT OXFORD

BY H. E. WORTHAM

The Festival of music at Oxford is over, but it lingers delightfully in our memories. Though something of a novelty in a place that (we like to think) does not take kindly to new things, it was clearly agreeable to the *genius loci*, for its first three days were graced by radiant weather. True, an east wind then arose to remind us that we middle-aged interlopers did not share the divine youth of the young gods and goddesses around us, but it was stilled on the last Saturday when we sat about on the lawns of the New College gardens and watched these same juvenescent divinities pretending to be swains and country lasses dancing away a rustic holiday. Music, like most things, is affected by its environment. The Sheldonian Theatre is neither acoustically nor physically a perfect concert-hall, yet there are few secular buildings in England where I would prefer to listen to the B minor Mass. Nor can we hear a Quartet of Brahms's, the purest musical intelligence that the 19th century has produced, better than in the Hall of Balliol, which to those who know not Oxford from within, always appears a College which has emphasised in the broader paths of life, as Brahms did in the narrower field of music, the things of the mind. There was music to hear, too, in New College Chapel, which has solved the mysteries of acoustics better than most buildings in our country. But in case it be thought that I am dwelling over-much on the æsthetic charm of the surroundings, I may add that the Festival was not only of the University. The civic element had also its part, and both the Town Hall and the Corn Exchange—neither of them ideal places for music, whatever their other uses may be—were requisitioned.

Certainly the dominant impression left by the seven days' music was one of the enthusiasm with which Oxford cultivates the most social of the arts. The Oxford Bach Choir, on whose broad back the stately edifice of the present Festival was upraised, is the last word of youthful keenness—though it numbers grey heads amongst its members. It tackled the B minor Mass with a vigour that was almost athletic.

They are an efficient lot for their years, but we must always remember that they have a genius to conduct them. Sir Hugh Allen never forgets that Oxford is a place of education, of promise rather than of performance. Generations are short at the University, and every three years the whole choir is practically new. The Professor of Music's object is to take the Choir, within that period, over as wide a range as possible. At the Festival, in addition to the Mass, it gave Parry's *De Profundis* and Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony*, no inconsiderable feat for a body of singers who are all engaged in the full life of the University, and with 'Schools' looming a month ahead. What they lack in experience they make up for in freshness and vigour. The performance of the *Sea Symphony*, for instance, was extraordinarily spirited. Worthily too did the Oxford Orchestral Society play its part, and the two soloists, Miss Dorothy Silk and Mr. Frederick Ralanow, showed themselves the artists we know them to be. Miss Dorothy Silk thrilled us in the *Finale* with her surpassingly lovely high notes, and Mr. Ralanow was very impressive in the slow movement, where the chorus as if inspired by him rose in a *crescendo* at 'All souls, all living bodies!'—where the music modulates into A major—which for itself would have made the week memorable.

But to my task. The Festival began on Sunday, May 7, simultaneously in three different places. In New College Chapel the college choir gave us in Palestrina's *Stabat Mater*, which they repeated, what was perhaps the most finished piece of choral singing throughout the week. Holst's Four Songs for voice and violin, a beautiful example of that composer's austere and learned art, were shared by some of the boys with Mr. F. G. Lawrence as the instrumentalist. Their subject and treatment make them peculiarly suitable for the beautiful dry timbre of a boy's voice, which contrasts better with the richer, more vibrant, tone of the violin than would a woman's voice. Dr. H. G. Ley, who as a Bach organ player holds a unique place at Oxford, if not in England, was also opening the Festival with an organ recital at Christ Church, and the other inaugural music-making was at Balliol, where the College Musical Society was giving its seven-hundred-and-ninety-third concert. As Sir Hugh Allen says, these Sunday concerts are unique. I have not the space to add to this dictum.

Nor can I deal with all the proceedings as their importance deserves. On Monday the united choirs of New College, Magdalen, and Christ Church went through a programme of English music, embracing composers so different as Byrd and Stanford, Morley and Elgar. The singing would probably have been better had the choirs, instead of joining forces, been responsible each for a portion of the programme. The general criticism was that 'they sang in their surplises'—an expression we shall have to modify after hearing the Vatican Choir. In any case, the concert demonstrated that the leading Oxford choirs have definitely got out of the Elvey-Stainer groove in which not a few of our Cathedrals still appear to be stuck; additional proof of which was to be found in the high quality of the music sung by the choirs at the services in their respective chapels.

The B minor Mass, which was sung on Tuesday, must be passed by with a bare mention. At the Oxford Orchestral Society's concert on Wednesday, in the Town Hall, Mr. Maurice Besly proved himself a very capable conductor. The *Enigma* Variations were the *pièce de résistance* which the Society, with the supplementary assistance of professional wind

players, surmounted with considerable success. Miss Myra Hess, fresh from her triumphs in America, played Mozart's D minor Concerto with that mixture of reverence, affection, and playfulness which only a woman, and a gifted woman at that, could show. If Busoni makes of Mozart the 'only Athenian who ever wrote music,' Miss Hess does something more: she shows him to be a man we can not only admire, but love.

After the O.C.M.C. and U. had given a concert at the Town Hall in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Club, at which the London Chamber Music Players officiated, we enjoyed on Thursday evening the result of the union of music with the only art which we can definitely say is older. In some ways the *Three Historical Ballets* were the most interesting things in the Festival. In the *Gentleman Dancing-Master* we have a Ballet which will compare with those in the repertory of the Russians. Purcell and Wycherley combined to form a sparkling entertainment which delighted the house. The other Ballets were not less interesting musically, the music of the one being taken from the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book and of the other from Bach's Suites.

A word in conclusion about Sir Hugh Allen's part in all this activity. Though he has not yet recovered from his recent indisposition, and had to conduct everything from his chair, he was indefatigable. Not only had he the Bach Choir to look after, but owing to Dr. Adrian C. Boul's absence in Spain he had also to conduct the Ballet, and he directed in addition the music on Saturday afternoon. His enthusiasm never faltered. At the rehearsals he was wonderful. I took down notes of one at which I was privileged to be present. But that is another story.

The Musician's Bookshelf

MORE ROLLAND ESSAYS

Romain Rolland's latest book, *A Musical Tour through the Land of the Past* (Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d.), is likely to be regarded as his most entertaining. In its favour is the fact that it deals with some composers of whom the average musician knows little, though they were of very nearly first-rate importance in the history of the art. As the author says in his preface, 'The Johann Sebastian Bachs tower too high above their time to influence it directly. It is the Telemanns, the Hasses, the Mannheim symphonists, who launch new movements.' Only by grasping this fact do we understand how it came to be that Bach the composer cut a less prominent figure than Bach the unrivalled performer on the organ and clavichord. The difficulty in the matter of publication accounts for something, of course, but not all; else how came so much smaller a man as Telemann to be esteemed as a greater composer than Bach? That he was so regarded is shown by M. Rolland in a fascinating chapter on the autobiography of Telemann. The very name is unknown to most of us:

'the peerless master,' whom the austere Mattheson declared to be the only musician who was above all praise, is to-day forgotten and despised.'

Bach thought sufficiently well of Telemann to transcribe some of his cantatas, and that he was a remarkable personality is shown by the bewildering number and variety of his activities. Among these may be mentioned the founding (in 1728) of the first musical journal published in Germany—*Der Getreue Musik-Meister*. He anticipated some modern journals by including in it pieces by contemporary composers, among others Bach, who was represented by a Canon for four voices. Another forgotten worthy treated by M. Rolland is Metastasio, the forerunner of Gluck. Yet another, Kuhnau, is shown in a new light as the author of a humorous musical novel of which M. Rolland gives us an account. In a valuable chapter on 'The Origins of the "Classic" Style in 18th Century Music' justice is done to other long-forgotten pioneers. Under the caption 'An English Amateur' M. Rolland gives us the musical tit-bits from *Pepys's Diary*, with a running commentary. One of his comments provokes retort. After some quotations which show the diarist in a stingy light so far as his paying for his beloved music is concerned, M. Rolland says:

'It is not surprising that under these circumstances music seems, to Pepys, the least costly of pleasures. Nor is it surprising that musicians should die of starvation in this England, where all declare themselves to be passionate lovers of music. . . . This is enough already to enlighten us as to the superficiality of the English passion for music.'

Is it? If so, we could as easily deduce from the biographies of Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Berlioz, Franck, and many others, including even Wagner, that the Germans and French are tarred with the same brush. The fact is, of course, that very few of the world's great creative artists have ever had their fair share of loaves and fishes, and no country is in a position to pat itself on the back so far as its treatment of genius is concerned. How fallacious is the mere money standard may be seen by a glance at quarters where the rewards are lavishly bestowed. To-day a couple of boxing champions can earn more in a contest of a few minutes' duration than Bach or Franck gathered in the whole of their long, hard-working lives. Does this mean that the great mass of the people care so much more for the prize-ring than for the concert-hall and the opera-house? Not a bit of it. The huge fortunes made by a Dempsey or a Carpentier come from the pockets of the small section of the community—long may it remain small!—that is able and willing to pay a fat price for a seat by the ring-side. When Rolland or any other historian begins throwing stones at races who have let their great men go on short commons all alike have to take cover. We may put M. Rolland's strictures down to a trifle of anti-English feeling—a sentiment which peeps out more than once or twice in the chapter on 'A Portrait of Handel.' However, we can afford to forgive him that and more for the sake of this enjoyable book. It should be added that further English interest is provided by a discussion of Burney's account of his European tour. Finally, a word of praise to Mr. Bernard Miall for his admirable translation, and a complaint on the score of Rolland's overuse of the foot-note. Hardly a page

' . . . there is no dust so dry as that of Telemann [says M. Rolland], whom posterity has forced to pay for the insolent victory which he won over Bach in his life-time. This man, whose music was admired in every country in Europe, from France to Russia, and whom Schubart called

is free from its stack of notes, the great majority consisting of matter that ought to have been incorporated in the text. The limit is reached on page 46, the text of which consists of nine lines only, a couple of foot-notes giving us about forty lines of small type! An untidy habit, this, and so vexatious that to many a reader M. Rolland's asterisks, daggers, and double-daggers will beckon in vain.

H. G.

PROF. TOVEY ON 'THE NINTH'

The 'Choral' Symphony has probably been responsible for more good 'copy' than the rest of Beethoven's Symphonies lumped together. There is always something to be said about it, and whatever is said is sure of a host of understanding readers, because the work is so familiar—not through performance, for it is rarely heard in its entirety, but by means of pianoforte-duet arrangements and miniature scores. Here is Prof. Donald Tovey, with an uncommonly good contribution—*Beethoven's Ninth Symphony: an Essay in Musical Analysis* (Paterson, Edinburgh, 2s.), as full of acute observation as we expect it to be, and with the merit, above all, of saying with admirable clearness a good deal of what the average musician merely feels in his bones. For example, the opening of the first movement, with its whispered discussion of a thirdless triad, gives most of us a sense of the ominous and uncanny—a 'something round the corner' kind of feeling. We are sure, too, that if we were hearing the work for the first time, and in complete ignorance of what was to follow, we should know these sixteen bars were ushering in a movement of immense scope. When we have read what Prof. Tovey has to say about it we shall grasp the secret of this strange power. There is nothing better in the essay than his discussion of this question of scale and proportion—a factor more difficult to grasp in music than in any other art because the element concerned (time-duration) is exposed slowly, whereas breadth, size, height, and so on, by which we estimate the proportions in sculpture, architecture, and in pictorial art are seen more or less at a glance. Prof. Tovey shows us, too, how it is that this movement, though not the longest of Beethoven's, is yet the greatest, chiefly because of the scale of tone employed, which, of course, is less a mere question of *ff* and *pp* than of the difference between the dramatic and symphonic in orchestration. On such points as these the essay is full of wise and shrewd comment. In fact, it may be read with profit as a study in musical æsthetics, quite apart from its ostensible subject. Prof. Tovey, an enthusiast where the *Ninth* is concerned, is perhaps a trifle hard on those who are not out-and-outers. He says:

'If there are large numbers of contemporary music-lovers who are in heated revolt against the æsthetics of Beethoven's music, that is a nervous condition that concerns nobody but themselves. There will always be still larger numbers of music-lovers who have not yet heard anything like as much classical music as they wish to hear. It is just as well that they should realise that there is nothing more than an irritated condition of nerves behind the talk that now goes on as to the need of a revolt against Beethoven.'

If there be anything important enough to be called a revolt, it is not against Beethoven but

against the blind and uncritical acceptance of a good deal of poor music that would have been shelved long since had it not borne Beethoven's name on the title-page. But Beethoven is not the only victim of the present generation's refusal to take the classics on trust. Yet why talk of 'victims'? The art will gain much and lose nothing from a frank realisation that the greatest of composers wrote on many days when they might have been better employed, and in the long run the great dead will be admired none the less. Discrimination is two-edged, and is as likely to rescue a neglected masterpiece as it is to dethrone a false idol.

After all, musicians are only now beginning to apply the critical test that has long since been used on the works of the greatest of poets, dramatists, and novelists. For example, Shakespeareans have never made any bones about expressing their opinion of his weak plays, and even of the weak spots in his masterpieces. The musical public has so far been less critical chiefly because it has been largely dependent upon conductors and public performers, who—to some extent inevitably—have a good many extra-musical factors to consider when making up their programmes.

In regard to this work of Beethoven Prof. Tovey appears to think that some of us question the Choral *Finale* just because it *is* choral, and he is at some pains to justify Beethoven's introduction of voices in a symphony. But surely the complaint is not that Beethoven has used a chorus here, but that he has abused it. Nobody objects to his bringing in voices, but a growing number of us object to his first giving them ungrateful music to sing and then adding insult to injury by drowning them half the time with his orchestration. Prof. Tovey admits that Beethoven was not a good choral writer, but he sees in the D major Mass an advance on the *Finale* of the Symphony, and infers that had the composer lived a few years longer there would have been 'a fourth period in Beethoven's development, which should have been distinguished by a body of choral work fully equal in power and perfection to the Symphonies and String Quartets.' This hypothesis disregards the obvious fact that from first to last Beethoven showed little realisation of the beauty of the human voice, especially in its choral aspect. It was his ill-luck to live at a period that, so far as choral music was concerned, was perhaps the worst in the history of music. In the whole of the works of his school we look almost in vain for any sign that the composers realised the beauty of unaccompanied singing. There is little reason to suppose that a fourth-period Beethoven, deaf, and hide-bound by forty years of thinking almost exclusively in terms of the orchestra, would have developed on the choral side. However, in this *Ninth Finale*, we are prepared to forgive the worst of its miscalculations for the sake of the main theme and its exquisite treatment by the strings and bassoon. Is this theme foreshadowed in the first movement? Sir Charles Stanford, in his recently published *Interludes*, says: 'The second subject of the Symphony:



if it is looked at closely, will disclose the Joy theme of the *Finale*.' Prof. Tovey will not have this. He dismisses the resemblance as 'superficial and entirely

accidental,' adding, very reasonably, 'It cannot be too often or too strongly urged that no such thematic resemblances are of the slightest importance unless the composer himself establishes the connection on the spot by the most unmistakable methods.' The temptation to discuss others of the many interesting points raised in this essay is so strong that we must not dally with it. The only safe course is to break off right here, advising the reader to invest two shillings in one of the best bits of critical writing that has appeared for some years. H. G.

BOOKS ON SINGING

Two books on singing, recently published in America, contain features out of the ordinary and should prove of considerable interest and value to vocal students and teachers. Thaddeus Wronski's *The Singer and His Art* (D. Appleton & Co., New York; J. Curwen & Sons) is probably unique in that it combines in one volume expert advice on the three essential elements of the stage singer's success—the actual use of the voice, acting and mimicry, and make-up. According to a note by the publishers, the Italian edition has been proclaimed the greatest work yet written on vocal and dramatic matters. The author is a prominent operatic singer and teacher of singing, and has been connected with various American and European opera companies. At the beginning of the book appears a statement expressing emphatic approval of the writer's views, signed by a number of leading members of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

In an introductory chapter we are told that most of the theories set forth in the book are adapted from the teachings of the great Italian masters of the last two centuries. The author does not wish his book to be considered as outlining a method of singing:

'Fundamental concepts in art are indeed universal; but their application is quite a different matter. . . . Individualities are all necessarily different. In vocal study the methods employed must by this very token be varied, modified, altered as need be to get the desired artistic results.'

The writer has carefully avoided any original experimentation, holding the view that only harm can result from divergence from soundly-tested fundamentals. He has consequently not departed from the scientific principles exemplified in the work of all really great artists.

The section devoted to singing occupies nearly a half of the book, and is treated under five main headings: Fundamentals (Essentials and Individual Characteristics, Classification of the Voice); General Conservation of the Voice (Breathing, Development of Voice, Interpretation, and Expression); Voice Placing—Discussion of Defective Voices; Peculiarities of Tone incident to different nationalities; Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene of the vocal organs.

In the opening chapter the importance of individuality is emphasised:

'The attempts of many tenors to sing "à la immortal Caruso" have resulted in the complete ruin of their voices. . . . To start one's career in the endeavour to duplicate somebody else's individuality is to kill the best that is

in the student, *his own* individuality, which, properly cultivated, may create a new type on the singing stage.'

The method of teaching singing through imitation, which has many followers, is consequently condemned by the author, who also issues a warning concerning the use of the phonograph in this respect:

'I do not highly estimate the value of so-called tone-reproduction when the singer's art must be subordinated to a series of mechanical processes. . . . A phonographic record of a great artist will be of value to a student in developing his artistic point of view, his musical sense, his grasp of rhythm, his pronunciation of foreign tongues, but will prove disastrous should the student attempt to imitate the singer's tone, deformed by and subordinated to mechanical necessities.'

Concerning breathing in connection with voice-production M. Wronski considers that it has been specialised upon and magnified out of all proportion to its relative importance:

'To note the piles of literature that have accumulated one would think that none but those lucky enough to visit "Prof. X." had ever learned to draw a full breath for any purpose. And yet breathing correctly is perhaps the most common thing in the world.'

The author recalls the story of Patti, who, when asked how she produced her flawless tones, answered simply, 'Je ne sais pas'; and refers to an incident that occurred while returning from a European tour with many of the world's leading opera singers. (It was this group of famous artists, by the way, whose photographed indorsement of the author's views appears in this edition.) To each one the query was put: 'Tell me what method you use in breathing?' and each one, as if by agreement, answered practically in Patti's own words.

'What then [asks the writer] is the logical explanation of this apparent contradiction between the world's best singers and the general run of vocal teachers? The answer is simply this: The proper way to learn and teach tone-production is through the tone itself.'

For the development of this point the reader must be referred to the book. Breathing exercises are not condemned:

'A singer should be physically strong. Special exercises are advisable, but by no means should they be mixed with the study of voice.'

Four exercises (illustrated) are given.

The proper opening of the mouth is considered of prime importance:

'The slightest deviation from its correct position will lead to more or less dangerous contraction of the muscles. Any stiffening of the muscles of one part of the vocal machinery is automatically imparted to and shared by other parts, thus throwing out of gear the entire vocal apparatus.'

An instructive photograph shows various openings of the mouth—eight in number—only one of which is correct. Most of the others, however, appear by no means unfamiliar!

On the subject of humming, the writer's view is opposed to that of many authorities:

'To sing with the mouth closed is bad. To place the voice in a position which is not

one of natural and normal phonation is absurd, no matter what the impression acquired through this original process may be. Humming is quite in favour to-day. . . . Humming may occasionally help to free a throaty voice, but it is dangerous, and may be said to be substituting one evil for another.'

A few quotations from the section, 'How to Practise,' may be of interest:

'Sing according to the voice you *have*—not the one you have *not*. Do not persist in practising for notes not yet matured, not ready, for it will result in breaks in the voice, and you may lose that note for ever—along with others. . . . Do not measure the strength of the voice by the effort that it costs. . . . For every strained effect the singer must pay, and pay dearly. . . . The voice develops by practising things it finds easy.'

The second half of this fascinating work is concerned with 'Acting and Mimicry' and 'Make-up.' It must suffice to say that both these subjects are treated in great detail, and are freely illustrated. This is decidedly a book all singers should read.

Coming to the second book, James Francis Cooke's *Great Singers on the Art of Singing* (Theo. Presser Co., Philadelphia), this is, as the title-page puts it, a collection of 'Educational conferences with foremost artists: a series of personal study-talks with the most renowned opera, concert, and oratorio singers of the time, specially planned for voice students.' There are close on thirty of these conferences dealing with various aspects of the singer's art, the majority of the artists concerned being connected with the Metropolitan Opera House at New York. A page of biographical notes, faced by the artist's photograph, accompanies each article. The conferences collected in this book, we are told, were secured during a period of from ten to fifteen years; and in every case the notes have been carefully, often microscopically, reviewed and approved by the artist. They are the record of actual accomplishment, and not mere 'metempirical opinions.'

One point that emerges from a perusal of this book is the importance attached by most of these singers to a good all-round musical education, particularly in instrumental music. Thus Mary Garden relates how she was first trained as a violinist and then as pianist:

'I was never a very fine pianist [she tells us], but the pianoforte unlocked the doors to thousands of musical treasure-houses—admitted me to musical literature through the main gate, and has been of invaluable aid to me in my career.'

Many will be surprised to learn that Madame Galli-Curci is practically self-taught. Taking as her text, 'Teaching yourself to sing,' she briefly traces the steps which have placed her in her present remarkable position. She considers it fortunate that she was at first trained as a pianist:

'Otherwise I should never have had that thorough musical drill which gave me an acquaintance with the art which I cannot believe could come in any other way.'

'The Value of Self-study in Voice-training,' by Giuseppe Campanari, and 'Self-help in Voice-study,'

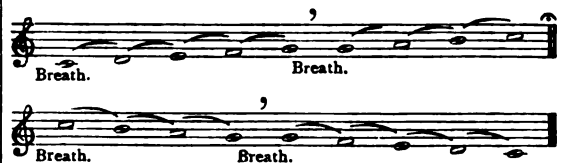
by Charles Dalmores, make interesting reading. Charles Dalmores, a dramatic tenor, studied at the Nancy Conservatoire, playing the French horn and the violoncello. When he applied to the Paris Conservatoire he was refused admission to the singing course because 'he was too good a musician to waste his time with singing!'

Admirers of Dame Clara Butt will turn with interest to her remarks on 'Success in Concert Singing.' In dealing with the development of a repertoire she warmly espouses the cause of:

' . . . the great circle of concert-goers who are not skilled musicians, who are too frank, too candid, to adopt any of the cant of those social frauds who revel in Reger and Schönberg, and just because it might stamp them as real connoisseurs, but who really can't recognise much difference between the *Liebestod* of *Tristan und Isolde* and *Rule, Britannia*—but the music-lovers who are too honest to fail to state that they like the *Lost Chord* or the lovely folk-songs of your American composer, Stephen Foster. Mr. Plunket Greene, in his work upon song-interpretation, makes no room for the existence of songs of this kind. Indeed, he would cast them all into the discard. This seems to me a huge mistake. Surely we cannot say that music is a monopoly of the few who have schooled their ears to enjoy outlandish dissonances with delight.'

But surely it is a far cry from 'outlandish dissonances' to such things as the *Lost Chord* and the songs of Stephen Foster. If this clumsily-worded paragraph is intended as a justification of the deplorable habit of some of our leading singers of including in their programmes songs of the cheap ballad type, then many will feel that in this matter, at any rate, Mr. Plunket Greene is the more reliable guide.

The young singer in a hurry will find much food for thought in reading of the methods adopted by the great singers of the past. Thus, Madame Geraldine Farrar, discoursing on 'What must I go through to become a prima donna?' recalls Madame Lehmann's favourite scale exercise which she taught to all her pupils:



Lehmann said of this scale:

'It is the only cure for all injuries . . . I sing it every day, often twice, even if I have to sing one of the heaviest rôles in the evening . . . I often take fifty minutes to go through it once, for I let no tone pass that is lacking in any degree in pitch, power, duration, &c.'

Some other contributors to this work are Melba ('Commonsense in training and preserving the voice'), Julia Claussen ('Modern roads to vocal success'), Ernestine Schumann-Heink ('Keeping the voice in prime condition'), Bernice de Pasquali ('Secrets of *Bel Canto*'), Alma Gluck ('Building a vocal repertoire'), and David Bispham ('The

main elements of interpretation"). The last-named, in the course of an interesting and stimulating article, relates a story with which we will conclude this survey. Under the heading, 'Familiarity with vocal traditions,' the writer points out that we must, of course, study the traditional methods of interpreting vocal masterpieces, but we must not be slaves to these traditions. He then tells us of a young American singer who went to a European opera house with all the characteristic individuality and inquisitiveness of his people. In one opera the stage director told him to go to the back of the stage before singing his principal number and then walk straight down to the foot-lights and deliver the aria. 'Why must I go to the back first?' asked the young singer. The director was amazed, and blustered: 'Why? Why, because the great Rubini did it that way—he created the part; it is the tradition.' But the young singer was not satisfied, and finally found an old chorus man who had sung with Rubini, and asked him whether the tradition was founded upon a custom of the celebrated singer. 'Yes,' replied the chorus man, 'da gretta Rubini he granda man. He go waya back; then he comea front; then he sing. Ah, grandissimo!' 'But,' persisted the young American, 'Why did he go to the back before he sang?' 'Oh,' exclaimed the excited Italian, 'Why he go back? He go to spit!'

This very readable book should prove most helpful to young singers. It should go far in making it clear that much more than mere voice is required if one aspires to be a real artist. G. G.

A NEW BOOK ON HARMONY

Mr. Percy Scholes's new book, *The Beginner's Guide to Harmony* (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press), is, to quote from the title-page, 'An attempt at the simplest possible introduction to the subject, based entirely upon ear-training.' In a 'Private Note to the Teacher' the author expresses the opinion that of all the existing harmony books—even the most recent and best—in not one case are

'... the implications of modern ideas on ear-training carried to their logical conclusion. . . . Writers still give ready-made rules, and say "obey." . . . The days of musical-composition-according-to-rule are ending. We are, of course, bound as teachers to give rules . . . but what is wanted is that the pupil should become accustomed to demand the reason for every rule, and the reason must, to be valid, be an "ear-reason," not a "head-reason."'

Here, however, we are up against the fact that to one musically untrained much that is musically bad may sound quite satisfactory, just as an illiterate person suffers no pangs on beholding or hearing an ungrammatical sentence. Mr. Scholes sees this, and anticipates the case of an independent-minded pupil

'... who declares that he likes a progression which you and the book call "bad," or dislikes one which you and the book call "good." . . . Of course, as he is in his pupilage, he must obey the book and you, and for the time write the "good" progressions in preference to the "bad."'

In other words (whisper the fact!) we must still give rules and still must say 'obey.'

The plan adopted in the book is to train the pupil by means of abundant work at the keyboard to recognise by ear, and then away from the pianoforte by the eye alone, the various common chords—major, minor, and diminished—cadences, &c., and to test for himself by experiment, and classify as good, bad, or indifferent, various chord arrangements, chord progressions, &c. Of course the watchful author's own opinions are given in every case, and perhaps Mr. Scholes is at times inclined to assume too lightly that the pupil's views will coincide with his own. However, there can be no doubt that a student who works through this little volume conscientiously according to the directions given will, to quote the writer:

'... at least have sharpened his ears and his wits, and elementary though his *knowledge* of harmony may be, will be the better musician for even this short term of harmony study.'

The course outlined comprises the recognition of chords as major, minor, or diminished, and their writing for four-part choir; the recognition of the chord of each degree of the scale; the recognition and writing of cadences; root progressions; triad of the leading-note and chord of the dominant seventh; first attempts at composition; and the harmonization of given basses, melodies, and inner parts.

Mr. Scholes's little book would make an admirable introduction to any of the existing text-books on harmony. G. G.

New Music

A PORTFOLIO OF MUSIC ANCIENT AND MODERN

The second half-yearly set of *La Musique de Chambre* (Sénart) provides an abundance of good things. The chamber music proper comprises a Violoncello Sonata by Sem Dresden (one of the main representatives of the contemporary Dutch school), an attractive Trio (violin, viola, and violoncello) by Roland Manuel, Milhaud's fourth String Quartet, which is one of his best works, and a variety of contributions by other contemporaries. The old masters represented are Gaviniés (three Violin Sonatas), Duport (Violoncello Sonata), Marin Marais (Violoncello Suite), J. C. F. Bach (three String Quartets), and Michael Haydn (String Quintet). The pianoforte music comprises works by Kœchlin, Migot, Labey, Henri Collet, E. Royer, Gunst, and Jean Cras among the moderns, Gaspard Le Roux, Rossi Romano, and J. P. Sweelinck among the ancients. Songs by Honegger, Trépard, d'Ollone, Bret, and arias by Méhul, Monsigny, and Philidor should also be mentioned.

The same firm has now issued a number of miniature scores of works previously published in parts only: Kœchlin's first String Quartet, Migot's *Mouvements d'Eau*, de la Tombelle's Suite for three violoncellos, Milhaud's fourth String Quartet, Jean Huré's second, and Marcelle de Manziar's Trio, among others. M.-D. C.

NEW VIOLIN MUSIC

Paganini redivivus is not an uncommon cry. But in this case it is not Paganini the performer but the composer who stands once more before us. The Universal Edition of Vienna has just issued four pieces: *Movimento Perpetuo*, *Variazioni sopra un*

Tema di Giuseppe Weigl, Cantabile e Valzer, and Cantabile. These works, says the preface, were discovered amongst Paganini's manuscripts after his death, and offered to the city of Genoa—his native town—which refused them. They were then acquired by Herr Wilhelm Heyer, of Cologne, where they were disinterred by the present enterprising editors, Messrs. G. Kinsky and Fr. Rothschild. Of their authenticity there can be no question. Two are accompanied by a facsimile reproduction of the Paganini manuscripts, and, as we all know, faked MSS. are the exception rather than the rule. The notion that these discoveries are merely attempts to improve by foreign trade the present low value of the Austrian krone can be put aside as the suggestion of an incorrigible sceptic, for besides the photographic copy of the manuscripts and the preface of the editors, there are other reasons why we should accept without hesitation these works as authentic. Even internal evidence is not always a deciding factor. It matters little that the *Cantabile* has none of the nobility and loftiness of the best Paganini cantabiles. The fact that the *Movimento Perpetuo* is more reminiscent of Ries than of Paganini, that not one of these compositions shows the rhythmical zest that sparkles through the theme of the twenty-fourth *Capriccio*, through his *Allegro* and *Alla Caccia*, does not matter in the least. The all-important thing is that no modern musician could have possibly tried to imitate Paganini's style—not a very difficult matter—without doing it better. Only a mistaken sense of what is due to the memory of a great man could induce an editor to leave untouched the appalling platitudes that are to be found here and there in these four pieces. Take, for instance, the *Movimento Perpetuo* (the Italians, by the way, usually call it 'Moto,' not 'Movimento' *Perpetuo*). The salient feature of the theme is a group of four notes in close proximity—E, F♯, E, D♯. This group, ineffective as it is, is repeated twelve times in the first ten bars. Clearly no one but Paganini could have made this thing pass in the concert-room. This *must* be his work; but it is also, unfortunately, the thinnest, least interesting Paganini we know. Would it not be better to search for the best amongst his already known compositions, and hand them to an editor who would add to them a more effective accompaniment? Amongst the less-known works there must also be one or two that deserve to be treated with greater deference than they have received so far. The twelfth *Sonata*, for instance, possesses more solid musical merit than many another work of its class and time.

B. V.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC

Of Cyril Scott's three *Moods* (Elkin), I doubt whether either represents him in his best creative vein. *Sadness* and *Lassitude* are thin in substance, and, so far as treatment goes, not particularly ingenious. *Energy* is far more satisfactory.

Messrs. J. & W. Chester publish a pianoforte arrangement by de Falla of his *Homenaje* composed for *le Tombeau de Claude Debussy* (originally written for guitar), and Eugène Goossens's *Homage* from the same set. Those who are so fortunate as to possess the original version of de Falla's piece may be interested in comparing it with the new version. Those who have had the rare good fortune of hearing the *Homenaje* performed by a really great

guitar player (there are, experts say, only three; the present writer had the felicity of hearing Pujol) will wonder whether its intense pathos and perfect beauty can be realised as fully from the pianoforte version.

Armstrong Gibbs's *Three Sketches* (Elkin) and Albert Coates's *Concert Study* (Elkin) bring us back to pianoforte music pure and simple. Aaron Copland's Humorous Scherzo *Le Chat et La Souris* (Durand), is a fairly clever exemplification of a well-worn type of joke. M.-D. C.

PIANOFORTE DUETS

Here are duets both for beginners and skilful players. The latter will have all their work cut out in W. T. Fenney's arrangement of Holbrooke's *The Wild Fowl Fantasy* from *The Children of Don* (Goodwin & Tabb). This is one of the best of the composer's works, and although much of its effectiveness depends upon the vivid orchestration, enough is left in this version to make its study well worth while. Delius's *Four North Country Sketches* for orchestra (Augener) have been arranged by Philip Heseltine. The orchestration is indicated fully throughout—a plan that adds to the interest and gives the players some cue as to the style and tone required in certain passages. Perhaps Mr. Heseltine has tried to reproduce too much of the original; the duets would have been easier to play and not less effective had some of the detail been omitted. But there is no doubt about the picturesque quality of these movements, the *Dance* especially being a thing of joy. *Autumn* and *Winter Landscape* depend rather too much on sustained harmonies to suit the pianoforte, and a good deal of quiet restriking of chords will be necessary, though little aid of the kind is indicated. Easier and having the advantage of being conceived in pianoforte idiom are two albums of Polish Dances and Songs by Paderewski—*Tatra-Album*, Op. 12 (Augener). Players of moderate ability will be well suited here. Though comparatively easy, the pieces are worthy of a place beside the Slavonic Dances of Dvorák and the Hungarian Dances of Brahms. The Albums are issued by the same publishers for solo performance. Three books of *Sight-Reading Duets* (Augener) by Adam Carse provide excellent material for elementary players. Both parts are easy. H. G.

CHAMBER MUSIC

Kœchlin's Sonata for flute and pianoforte (Sénart) should rank among the best things he has written. It teems with beauty, and exemplifies to the full the earnestness and glow of his imagination. The first two movements (an *Adagio* and a *Sicilienne*) are short. An ample *Finale* follows. Anyone acquainted with Kœchlin's previous works (for instance, the Pianoforte Sonatinas) will see at a glance how typical is this Sonata of his style and fancy. It should be specially welcome to flautists, for whom nowadays so little good music is written. The composer does not exploit any of the effects of virtuosity special to the flute (and often wearisome to the hearer), and the interest is well distributed between both instruments. M.-D. C.

ORGAN MUSIC

Alfred Hollins's Concert Overture in F minor (Novello) is a very good successor to his popular work in C minor. It makes an immediate appeal to the listener, and it gives a brilliant player ample opportunity for showing his mettle all round, though it is perhaps a trifle less difficult than its predecessor. There are the familiar Hollins ingredients—the attractive tunes, spirited rhythms, and the skilful combination of the main subject with the secondary themes. As is usual, too, with the composer's works, there is little development, length and variety being obtained by restatement and decoration. As a result there are rather more full closes than some of us like, but to some extent this method of construction by means of sharply-defined sections is inevitable in a lengthy concert piece for organ. Works of the kind are bound to make a good deal of play with registration, and from time to time the tonal stage has to be reset, so to speak. Among the many happy touches should be mentioned the use of the second subject as a tenor solo under a *staccato* chordal presentation of the chief theme, and the two-fold appearance of the latter in the pedals against the second subject in the treble. Later, this second subject is used with expressive effect as a reed solo in the tenor register with a Choir flute background, followed by further treatment with Great diapasons. In fact, without resorting to any tricky or awkward registration, the composer throughout provides ample means of showing off a big organ to good advantage. The Overture should quickly become a popular recital work.

C. F. Waters's *Choral Melody* (Novello) is an unpretentious essay in a form that is well-suited to the organ, and also very effective for voluntary purposes—a broad, simple theme, of a hymn-like character, announced quietly, repeated with an increase of power, developed into a climax, and rounded off with a quiet ending. It is only moderately difficult, and is easy to register. The composer's over-use of the dominant minor ninth in the major key is a trifling blemish that will please the majority of his players and hearers.

Two short movements—*Rosamund* and *March of St. George*—from Quilter's music to *Where the Rainbow ends*, have been arranged by Leslie Woodgate, and issued under one cover by Elkin. Tuneful and easy to play, they will be specially useful to cinema organists.

The same may be said of Nos. 1 and 6 of Coleridge-Taylor's *Three-Fours Valse Suite*, transcribed by Oliver King (Augener). As these Waltzes are of fair length, they will serve well also as concert items.

H. G.

Gramophone Notes

BY 'DISCUS'

Let us take the best first. A 12-in. record of the Albert Hall Orchestra playing the Bach-Elgar C minor Fugue, conducted by Sir Edward himself, is one of the most successful I have ever heard. There is a reason for this. The music is bold and clear in texture, and the scoring brilliant and (even at its fullest) free from turgidity. The scurrying woodwind arabesques, and the telling work of the brass, are just the kind of things that come well out of the ordeal of recording. Nothing is better in this

transcription than the extraordinary effect made by the little chromatic six-note theme in the middle section. At the hands of the brass it is worked up into a most dramatic utterance. Here is a record that will be in some danger of being worn out. I have encored mine again and again.

The *Finale* in the *New World Symphony* (Albert Hall Orchestra, under Sir Landon Ronald) has now been 'released,' as they would say at the movies—a capital 12-in. d.s., and a worthy wind-up to a successful batch.

Good operatic solo records are a 10-in. of Clarence Whitehill in *Wotan's Farewell* (in German); Giovanni Martinelli sobbing his way through 'Lontan lontan, lontan da me ne andaste,' from *Eugene Onegin*, 12-in., to every inch a tear; and a characteristically clear Galli-Curci, 'Come per me sereno,' from *La Sonnambula*, in which we forget the poverty of some of the music in our admiration for the beauty of the singer's long-held, soft, high notes.

The recent additions to the music of *The Beggar's Opera* have now been recorded on two 12-in. d.s. Delightful tunes they are, too, well able to bear comparison with any in the original version. The words emerge but fitfully, and for once the defect is of little consequence; the tunes and the rhythm are the things that matter.

The Flonzaley Quartet are heard to great advantage in a 12-in. record of Schumann's Quartet in A, Op. 41, No. 3, *Assai Agitato*.

Two pianoforte records well above the average are a 10-in. d.s. of Irene Scharrer and a 12-in. of Rachmaninov. Miss Scharrer plays a couple of Chopin pieces—the E minor Waltz and the fine F sharp minor Prelude; Rachmaninov is heard in his own transcription of Kreisler's *Liebeslied*, a clever bit of arranging, brilliantly played. All the above records are issued by H.M.V.

In the *Daily News* of May 20, 'K.,' writing of gramophone records, says he has received inquiries from correspondents anxious to know 'when we shall have some of Beethoven's Sonatas on the discs.' It has long since struck me as odd that these works should have been so neglected by gramophone companies. The only records of the kind known to me are of the *Presto* from the Sonata in F, Op. 10 (William Murdoch, Columbia, and Lamond, H.M.V.), the first two movements of the *Moonlight*, and the *Finale* of the C major, Op. 2, No. 3 (Lamond, H.M.V.). Yet there must be thousands of pianoforte teachers and pupils who would welcome the opportunity of hearing records of performances by players who are noted for their interpretation of the Sonatas. Moreover, judging from the records mentioned above, the results are likely to be above the average, because of the clear and straightforward character of the music save in a few of the latest Sonatas. Its familiarity is in its favour, too. When we know what we ought to be hearing, we can easily make good mentally any shortcomings in the reproduction. Here is a fine field, educative and popular, waiting to be worked.

The concert of the Great Eastern Railway Musical Society at Queen's Hall on April 29 had an excellent programme. The choir, formed of contingents from London, Cambridge, Ipswich, and Norwich, sang, among other things, Brahms's *Rhapsody*, with Miss Dorothy Clark as solo contralto, and Coleridge-Taylor's *Viking Song*. The orchestra played the last movement of Tchaikovsky's fourth Symphony, the *Sylvia* Ballet Suite, and *Finlandia*. The hon. conductor of the Society is Col. W. Johnson Galloway.

Opera in London

THE TEMPEST AS MUSIC DRAMA

NICHOLAS GATTY'S WORK AT THE 'OLD VIC.'

For the first time for many a long year there was a British musical work inspired by Shakespeare brought forward at the 'Old Vic.' in April as part of the celebrations of the poet's birthday. The work thus honoured was in every way worthy, for it was Nicholas Gatty's music-drama based on *The Tempest*. With the assistance of his skilful brother, Mr. R. Gatty, he has drawn up a special version of the play which makes a very good opera. The work, originally seen at the Surrey Theatre in 1920, is of great interest as being a contemporary contribution to Shakespearean literature. I discussed its merits—I hope with justice—when it was produced. Those merits have not diminished in force in the interval, and there can be no question that it is a significant contribution to Shakespearean opera in particular and British opera in general. It was very well done by the 'Old Vic.' Company, and I liked the presentation even better than I did that given further down the road two years ago. It was all very much more atmospheric; but then they understand the fairy spirit of Shakespeare thoroughly well in Waterloo Bridge Road, and the representations never fail to make history. The same with Shakespeare 'music'd.' There was charm in Miss Winifred Kennard's Miranda, subtlety in Mr. Joseph Farrington's Prospero, quaintness in Mr. Sumner Austin's Caliban, and becoming lightness in Miss Lallie Knowles's Ariel. All the other characters were well in the picture—Mr. Robert Curti Atkins who produced saw to that. And then the composer conducted, and the orchestra played well, so that the whole was a worthy and memorable production.

F. E. B.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY

As the *Musical Times* (in common with other musical journals) has been refused the facilities granted to the daily and weekly papers, we are unable to report the performances now being given at Covent Garden by the British National Opera Company: We are well aware that this fact will not disturb the Company in the least; a monthly journal can, of course, be of little direct assistance to the box-office. But there are other aspects than that of the box-office, and the musical press plays its part in some of them. After all, its readers are all musicians, professional or amateur, and this very considerable body of instructed opinion is not without its influence on the general public. The power of the musical press is little, if any, the less valuable for being of a special and long-range kind, so to speak. Until the Covent Garden season began, this fact was recognised by the directors of the Company, if we may judge from the shower of paragraphs they wished us to insert, and from the circular-letter they recently sent to the editors of the various musical journals thanking them for their help in furthering the interests of the Company. Our usefulness, however, ceased abruptly when the time came for the allocation of seats for the press, when we were informed that the press list was already so long that the musical journals could not be added. We might have been satisfied with this explanation had we not known that the Company is able to spare no less than

four seats for certain daily and weekly papers. If it can do this, we refuse to believe that it cannot spare one for each musical journal.

It is true that hopes were held out to us that if we wished to report any special performance endeavours would be made to find a seat for us. But we decline to go, cap in hand, on the chance of being given a stray seat while a representative of the daily press spreads himself over four. There is a principle at stake, and we intend to stand up for it. We wish the British National Opera Company all success, but so long as it refuses full recognition to the musical press, not a word about its activities will appear in our columns.

London Concerts

THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Prokofiev, with the first performance of his Pianoforte Concerto No. 3, in C, was the chief attraction on April 24. Those who came expecting 'Chout'-like noises were disappointed—pleasantly or otherwise. Personally, I wished the work had given us more cacophony and less commonplace. We knew Prokofiev could be bizarre; we know now that he can be banal for a good long stretch. We shall be able to 'place' him when we see what he can do between these unsatisfactory extremes. A critic in the daily press likened the Concerto (on the whole, approvingly) to the slangy chatter of a group of young Flying Corps officers. Right; but everything in its place. Flying Corps back-chat would sound terribly inane to a hall-full of civilians, and its musical equivalent comes off no better. When you've heard it once you've grasped its slender all—the 'old bean' idiom in music speedily becomes the 'has been.' The Concerto was well received by the spectators. I say 'spectators' because it was obvious that much of the interest lay in the brilliant stunting of the composer at the pianoforte—lots of cross-handed chop-sticks up and down the keyboard, and other doings for the eye rather than for the ear. After this brittle and matter-of-fact work, the *Pathetic* Symphony—more than usually lachrymose by contrast, and with Mr. Coates leaving no pang unexpressed. Roger-Ducasse's *Orphée* was almost over when I reached the hall. The little I heard seemed to call for the accompanying choreography implied in its title, *mimodrame lyrique*.

BEETHOVEN'S MASS IN D

The final concert of the season (May 8) gave us one of our rare chances of hearing the *Missa Solemnis*. There was some fine all-round singing by the choir—the Philharmonic—sound work by the soloists (save in the ensembles, where the reedy and unduly passionate tone of the tenor stuck out), and the brilliant orchestral playing that could be counted on. If the total result of so much ability and hard work was sometimes unsatisfactory the blame must be laid first on the composer and secondly on Mr. Coates. It is late in the day to complain that Beethoven gives his singers too much work and too few chances (there are only about a dozen bars of unaccompanied singing in the Mass); but it is not too late to make the best of a bad job by toning down the orchestra—especially the brass—in some of the more over-scored passages. This Mr. Coates was unwilling or unable to do, with the result that occasionally when

the choir—especially the basses—was singing low we had to look in order to be sure it was singing at all. Lip-reading is a useful accomplishment, but we don't want to have to fall back on it in the concert-room. The soloists were Dorothy Silk, Margaret Balfour, Sidney Pointer and Robert Radford. The choir improved as the evening went on. The high B flats in the *Credo* found some of the sopranos with less confidence than they showed in the 'Choral' Symphony recently. But a heat-wave, suddenly following a wintry week, is not helpful when singers embark on one of the most exacting of choral works. In attack and tone the choir was first-rate. There were subtleties, too, when the chances came. For example, in the *Kyrie* the tapering off from *fortes* to mere wisps of sound from which soloists emerged showed fine control. Mr. Kennedy Scott was brought on at the close and deservedly acclaimed. H. G.

QUEEN'S HALL SYMPHONY CONCERTS

The last of the Queen's Hall Symphony concerts attracted a large audience. The soloist was Lamond, who played Beethoven with his usual finish and authority. But the outstanding event of the afternoon was the exceedingly fine playing of the Rachmaninov Symphony by the orchestra, under the guidance of Sir Henry Wood. Discipline and enthusiasm are expected as a matter of course from an organization trained by Sir Henry. But this particular performance showed also a perfection of detail and of balance that raised it above the average—high as that is. Such playing as this compares very favourably with that of the best foreign orchestras. It is certain that neither Paris nor Rome can surpass such an achievement. A Bach Suite arranged by Sir Henry was also well given, but *Till Eulenspiegel* at the close of the programme found the players apparently a trifle tired. B. V.

ANOTHER NEW QUARTET

It has been raining string quartets lately; and though the showers have been brief, their frequency has afforded us a good deal of pleasure. An organization new to us, the Copenhagen String Quartet, announced three concerts, two of which have been heard at the time of writing. Its members are Gunna Breuning, Gerhard Rafn, Ella Faber, and Paulus Bache, the ladies playing first violin and viola. Can nationality be deduced from the playing of a quartet? Certainly it might safely be said, without knowing the names of these players, or even seeing them, that they come from a northern latitude. Though they play excellently together, their tone is consistently a little hard, and their expression is not very warm or subtle. Also, they do not joke with ease. They came nearest to doing so in the *Scherzo* of Borodin in D; but in his rather sentimental *Notturmo*, the mood, gracefully reflective as they made it, was too sober. They have given us plenty of good, steady playing (at its best in things like Brahms's Op. 67); but when they performed, for the first time here, the Op. 41 of their compatriot Carl Nielsen, the steadiness became stodginess. It was chiefly the composer's fault. His score needs freshening up, and pruning of the counterpoint for counterpoint's sake that is entangled in it. The inspiration is never of the first quality, but the work would be more acceptable if it were cut. The Copenhagen players gave it zealous attention, and

showed quite a lot of musicianly qualities. If versatility is not among them, they still have enough of the other chamber music virtues to make their playing very agreeable. A.

THE CHAMBER MUSIC PLAYERS

The Chamber Music Players' concert at Wigmore Hall was quite as excellent as its predecessors in spite of the fact that one of the combination was new to the work, Mr. Arnold Trowell taking the place of Mr. Felix Salmond, now in America. The special feature of the concert was a performance of Bach's Chaconne on the viola. As an experiment it was most interesting, and it is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Lionel Tertis played it in masterly fashion. But it is curious what differences the transposition of a fifth can make. We missed often the crystal-like brilliance of the E string, but we missed even more the colour-range of the violin. There is far greater variety of tone between the G and the E string of the fiddle than between the C and A of the viola. Chords which sound bright and full on the violin sounded on the viola almost as if the instrument had been played *con sordino*. Certain variations gained in the main, and suggested a mellowness the violin could not have reproduced. But on the whole these experiments should not be encouraged—unless the 'perpetrator' be Lionel Tertis, for with him the attempt is sure to be made in a style that is in itself of very exceptional interest. B. V.

MASTER WEISBORD

The violin recital of Master Weisbord at Steinway Hall was remarkable mainly as a demonstration of the limitations of juveniles. Master Weisbord's technique is as efficient as it can be. There is apparently nothing too difficult, too arduous for him. Every trick of bowing, every test of left-hand technique was overcome with the greatest ease. And yet the performance left us wondering chiefly that nature should be so prodigal of material gifts without endowing her Benjamins also with the power to use them to the best purpose. Master Weisbord sang his melodies as well as can be expected from one whose *vibrato* is not excessive and whose intonation is generally good. But he never gave the slightest hint of choice or control or discrimination. He appeared to use lyrical phrases as he used the runs, scales, and arpeggios of the brilliant pieces *de salon*—as means to show off his very considerable dexterity and rare aptitude for the instrument. Of course insight and intelligence must in time develop, but in the meanwhile would it not be wiser to train the boy instead of exhibiting him, and endow him with the sound general education that alone can promise a wider outlook and a comprehensive grasp of musical art? B. V.

ANOTHER BAX SONATA

The revised version of Arnold Bax's second Violin Sonata was given its first performance on April 25, at Wigmore Hall, by Miss Bessie Rawlins and the composer. Its second movement bears the title *The Grey Dancer in the Twilight*, but grey might be taken to indicate the mood of the entire work. It was written in 1915, and is avowedly influenced by the events of that year. The form is cyclic, and the pervading theme is one that occurs in *November Woods*. The dance, with its faint suggestion of the

macabre, and a somewhat acid underlying emotion, is poetically the key to the content of the entire work. Although romantically lyrical in character, and eminently musical in conception, it conveys an impression of subjective emotion, the basis of which would not be accurately described as romantic. We realise that the music was deeply felt at the time it was written, that it was, as the French say, *vécu*. Probably for this reason it is somewhat less accessible than Bax's other Sonata, and may not attain to the same popularity, though the more important of the two. The shortness of the final *Allegro*, and the length of the preceding Interlude, seem a little disproportionate, but we can well understand the composer's reluctance to interrupt the flow of meditation in the latter. The work was finely played, Miss Rawlins showing an intimate comprehension of its purport. The programme concluded with the Debussy Sonata. E. E.

HUNGARIAN QUARTET

Scarcely had the Léner left us when another quartet, officially styled the Hungarian, and led by Emeric Waldbauer, arrived in our midst. It is difficult to avoid comparisons, but it may be said without indiscretion that this party need not fear them. It has earned many golden opinions abroad, and when it appeared at the London Chamber Concert Society's meeting at the Grafton Galleries on May 9, had no difficulty in proving that the reports which had preceded its coming were well founded. Its outlook is evidently more modern than that of the Léner, for, whereas the latter was content to put forward Dohnányi as a representative of its country, this quartet made its first appearance in a work by Bartók, of which it gave the first London performance. This is his second String Quartet, Op. 17, a work that appears to be influenced by the composer's known fondness for the music of the Hungarian countryside. The work is individual rather than national. It might even be said that in this composition Bartók leaves the nationalism of earlier compositions behind him. But if he has changed his outlook, it does not necessarily imply that he has changed his affections, and the middle movement in particular reminds us that he loves the peasantry. The first and third sections are less easy to grasp at a single hearing, partly because the recurrence of certain themes appears to be governed by formal considerations which do not become evident before the end of the movements. But this is healthy, rich music, of neo-romantic tendency, by a composer who, whatever else we may think of him, certainly knows what he is doing. There is concentrated purpose in it. It has even been compared with the posthumous Beethoven Quartets. But in spite of this concentration it is free from the deliberate ingenuity of so much contemporary music. It was beautifully played, every point being made to stand out with the requisite character. At the same concert M. Max Karolik sang a group of songs, and Mr. Leonard Borwick, after playing some Chopin, joined the Quartet in Brahms's, Op. 25.

E. E.

WEBSTER MILLAR

Mr. Webster Millar, whose absence from Covent Garden is much regretted, gave a recital on May 2 at Æolian Hall. He began with a group of English songs, and sang with much variety of expression,

making his chief hits with George Butterworth's *Is my team ploughing?* and Arnold Bax's *Youth*. He showed that his devotion to opera had not impaired his skill as a singer of song. He also made a great effect in three French songs, of which Georges Hùe's *J'ai pleuré en rêve* is the most familiar, and Charles Kœchlin's *Si tu le veux* was the most characteristic and the most artistically sung. Mr. Millar then sang the Serenade from the *Fair Maid of Perth*, in which he made one of his greatest successes on the stage, the charming little Aria from *Gianni Schicchi* of Puccini, and the love song from Cornelius's *Barber of Bagdad*, in all of which he was very much applauded. The concert ended with a group of German songs. A. K.

BATTISTINI

The baritone Mattia Battistini came back to London (Queen's Hall, May 3) after a long absence, and we heard the true *bel canto*. Varied applications of this term have too much obscured its significance. The teachings of Rubini and Porpora, the dignity and poise of the old Italian school of singing, have given ground to more careless methods. The voice nowadays is exploited for a transient success, although nature exacts her toll for this misuse. Voices become 'veiled'—first sign of disaster—and gradually fade while they ought still to be at the zenith. Training is too hurried. Singers are launched before their tones are moulded and strengthened enough to bear the strain, and breath control, which should be absolutely automatic, is influenced by a heart palpitating with nervousness. The old Italians studied for seven or eight years, whereas our singers are launched after only two or three. Such thoughts cross the mind when we hear Battistini, at sixty-five, singing as he does.

He will no doubt preserve his voice to his dying day. Shut your eyes, and his tones might be the tones of eternal youth. Sixty-five, and probably the first lyric baritone alive! After ninety minutes of singing his voice was still as fresh—indeed, he was better when he had fairly 'settled down.' He brought home to us how the voice is a 'stringed' so much more than a 'wind' instrument—his basic tones were comparable only to the *legato* of violin or 'cello. There was no suspicion of a 'glottis stroke,' and no exaggerated mouthing. He made singing look easy as well as sound easy. His attitude, unassuming and upright, was characteristic of his art. His only expression, beyond facial play, was an occasional opening and shutting of one hand. The ornaments, airily nonchalant, were perfectly subservient to the true line of song, and not in the least 'displayed.' Perfect mastery of the 'spinning' tone nowadays so seldom heard was proved in his marvellous *mezza di voce* at the end of a little song of Tosti's and also in two old Italian arias (Carissimi and Paisiello). Deliciously ironical was his 'Quand' ero Paggio' (*Falstaff*) and 'Non più andrai' (*Figaro*).

In the art of opening and shutting of tones when once focally placed Battistini must be considered unrivalled. His extreme lower notes are—as with the majority of lyric baritones, approximating as they do to tenors—more or less negligible. In the middle and higher realms he is the true baritone so beloved by Verdi. His *Pagliacci* Prologue was the Prologue of Victor Maurel, not clown-like, but gentlemanly. Not for long shall we forget the glorious floating tones, full of quiet emotion, of

(Continued on page 418)

Psalm lxxii. 18, 19

FULL ANTHEM, FROM "SING TO THE LORD"

Music by HENRY SMART

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Allegro moderato $\text{♩} = 96$

SOPRANO *f* Bless - ed be the Lord God of

ALTO *f* Bless - ed be the Lord God of

TENOR *f* Bless - ed be the Lord God of

BASS *f* Bless - ed be the Lord God of

ORGAN *mf Gt. Org.* *cres.* *f*

mf Gt. to Ped.

Is - ra - el, bless - ed be the Lord God of Is - ra - el,

Is - ra - el, bless - ed be the Lord God of Is - ra - el,

Is - ra - el, bless - ed be . . the Lord God of Is - ra - el,

Is - ra - el, bless - ed be the Lord God of Is - ra - el,

Ped. in 8ves.

and bless - ed be . . the . . name of His Ma - jes -

and bless - ed . . be the name of His Ma - jes -

and bless - ed be the name . . of His Ma - jes -

and bless - ed be . . the . . name of His

ty... for e - ver and e - - ver, for e - ver and
 ty for e - - ver and e - - ver, for e - ver and
 ty... for e - - ver and e - - ver, for e - ver and
 Ma-jes-ty for e - ver and e - - ver, for e - ver and e - -

e - - ver, for e - ver and e - - ver.
 e - - ver, for e - ver and e - - ver.
 e - - ver, for e - - ver and e - - ver. Hal-le-lu-jah,
 - ver, for e - ver and e - ver, for e - ver and e - - ver.
mf
 Senza Ped.

Hal-le-lu-jah,
 Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, A - - men, Hal-le-lu-jah,
 A-men, A - - men, A - - men, A - - men, Hal-le-lu-jah,
 Hal-le-lu-jah,

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A -

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - men,

- jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

A - - - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le -

A - - - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le -

Add Mixtures.

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men,

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men,

- lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men,

- lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men,

A - men, A - - men, A - - men. Bless - ed

A - men, A - men, A - - men. Bless - ed

A - men, A - - men, A - - men, Bless - ed

A - men, A - - - - - men. Bless - ed

be the Lord God of Is - ra - el, and bless - ed be the

be the Lord God of Is - ra - el, and bless - ed be the

be the Lord God of Is - ra - el, and bless - ed be the

be the Lord God of Is - ra - el, and bless - ed be the

name of His Ma - jes - ty for e - ver and e - ver. A - men. . .

name of His Ma - jes - ty for e - ver and e - ver. A - men. . .

name of His Ma - jes - ty for e - ver and e - ver. A - men. . .

name of His Ma - jes - ty for e - ver and e - ver. A - men. . .

ritard.

(Continued from page 412.)

'Un nido di memorie,' or the broader lines of the invocation later on. He put new life into hackneyed music, and we longed for all the baritones who plough their way eternally through these pages to hear this veteran. For very shame they would never again touch them! H. J. K.

TITTA RUFFO

Titta Ruffo, who followed Battistini at Queen's Hall (May 5) is a singer of quite different type. From the depth of a colossal chest he poured out tone with cheerful *abandon*. For the most part he was astonishingly effective in a flamboyant style; but he had some very indifferent moments, musically, and cannot be said to have been ever inspired. Of course it is difficult to rise to the promise of the new sonorous advertising. To be heralded as 'the world's greatest operatic baritone' is a handicap. After that, comparisons are inevitable, and the claims for Signor Ruffo can, then, hardly be allowed.

He may have been affected by the extreme boisterousness of his audience, and perhaps did not know of the sort of behaviour expected on our concert-platforms; anyway, he played into the hands of his noisy admirers in a way rather below our standard for a great artist, and carried on as though in full operatic trappings, innocent of restraint and repose. His exaggerations were least out of place in 'Largo al Factotum,' from Rossini's *Barber*, where the appeal must be theatrical—for the voice is wonderful, the high notes commanding, and he careered through the difficulties of the old music with the utmost ease. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine it better sung. In the bluff *bravura* style he is eminent, and also a few contemplative moments were sung with beauty of tone.

But it seemed characteristic that his two chief songs were a drinking song and a *buffo* air. Either Signor Ruffo is not so much a master of variety as he might be, or else he did not give us of his best. The quality of the voice is bass-baritone. We did not find its lack of the lyric baritone's *legato* quite compensated for by its various exceptional powers. Miss Yvonne d'Arle assisted at this concert. H. J. K.

RACHMANINOV

It was clear that the bulk of those who filled Queen's Hall at Rachmaninov's first recital on May 6 came to see the composer of a certain Prelude rather than to hear a pianist of unusual excellence. We felt that Mozart's Sonata in A, Beethoven's in E (Op. 90), a Chopin group, and Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso* were mere preliminaries. The real business of the afternoon, we knew, was to come at the end. And it was so. A batch of pieces in which the pianist figured as composer (a jolly Polka and the Preludes in G flat and B flat) and transcriber (Kreisler's *Liebeslied*) roused the assembled suburbanians for the supplementary recital without which no occasion of the kind is complete. Rachmaninov knew what was coming, if his depressed air was any guide. He had hardly sunk on to the piano-stool when cries of 'C sharp minor!' were fired at him, and he got to work with it at once, not even making a fresh start when the mob broke in on the opening notes with applause.

(What he thought of our concert-room manners may be guessed.) We have heard the Prelude mauled so often that it was good to hear it played. Rachmaninov got up a tremendous pace in the middle section, and played the recapitulation of the opening rather faster than we are accustomed to hear it. More enthusiasm followed, and he continued playing and his admirers went on making noises till the attendants applied the closure by switching off the lights and shutting the pianoforte. It would be a great treat to hear this fine and singularly unassuming pianist in a small hall from which all Prelude-maniacs had been barred.

He gave a second recital on May 20, when Queen's Hall was again crowded. They got that Prelude again. H. G.

JOSEPH HISLOP

Mr. Joseph Hislop, tenor, was welcomed back with uncommon warmth at the Queen's Hall concert on May 7. He is a British singer who can vie with the best Italian singers of to-day. The voice is of rare beauty, and ought to glow with still more intensity as experience comes. His restraint allows of just emphasis at vital moments in the true traditional manner.

He has been thought of mostly as a lyric tenor, but his voice has broadened to include a good deal of the heroic *timbre*. At this point Mr. Hislop will find thoughtful care advisable, for an operatic singer can rarely succeed in both styles. At present his physique seems not enough formed to allow him to make experiments. At bottom he is a lyric singer, and we feel that concentration on his naturally delightful dulcet quality is the best thing. Nearly every singer can go on making larger and larger noises; only a great artist can control and make beautiful the light voice. Give us more of the Bonci-Battistini sort of singing!

Mr. Hislop was not at his best in the martial recitative before *Celeste Aida*, but in the aria itself he sang with full, compressed tone, and made judicious use of the *filà di voce*. His top B flats were quite commanding. Mr. Hislop's manner is agreeable and unassuming. The audience was delighted with him. The programme was of popular operatic excerpts. Sir Henry Wood conducted the orchestra. H. J. K.

THE NOVELLO CHOIR

Seventy strong, these enterprising singers were heard to great advantage at the Bishopsgate Institute on May 9, when they sang Bantock's choral suite, *A Pageant of Human Life*, Elgar's *Evening Scene*, Vaughan Williams's *Just as the tide was flowing*, Balfour Gardiner's *An old song resung*, Holst's *I sowed the seeds of love* and *The song of the Blacksmith*, Pointer's *Lament* and *Gather ye rosebuds*, and a couple of Parry Motets. Especially well done were the Bantock and Holst works. The trebles and altos were excellent in Geoffrey Shaw's three *Pan* hymns. Anne Thursfield delighted everybody with three groups of songs, ranging from Giles Earle (1615) to Cyril Scott, Bax, and other writers of to-day, including Arthur Bliss, whose brilliant *Two Nursery Rhymes* for voice and clarinet (Mr. Charles Draper) brought down the house. Miss Marguerite Swale was at the pianoforte and Mr. Harold Brooke conducted. H. G.

MISCHA-LÉON—HUGO WOLF RECITAL

A glance at the many empty seats at Wigmore Hall on May 13 must have convinced M. Léon that the British public is not yet inclined to swallow a whole programme of Wolf. The fact that Elena Gerhardt is able to fill Queen's Hall with a one-composer recital affords no standard of comparison, because she is a consummate artist from whom one would take almost anything, whereas M. Léon (press notices to the contrary) is still an aspiring talent. As a matter of fact it is doubtful whether people in this country will ever really want two hours' Wolf from anyone, and, if they do, England will be Merrie England no more. Often during the recital one could not help thinking that this minor composer's psychological powers and talent for musical scansion have been grossly overrated; to mention him in the same breath with Schubert as a Lieder composer is,—well, not sacrilegious (for respect for the great masters of the past is no longer encouraged), but at any rate eccentric. One quite understands why Wolf is the favourite Sunday evening composer of many competent pianists and sight-readers. You just flog the accompaniments, give a sketch of the voice part—*et voilà un homme!* But Schubert—he must be sung.

M. Léon was not in particularly good voice, though his enunciation (but not his pronunciation) and flexibility of facial expression left little to be desired. The audience enjoyed hugely his performance of the delightful *Mausfallsprüchlein*, and no doubt sighed for some more songs of this kind in place of the dour padding of *Alles endet was entsteht* (no ordinary philosopher wrote this poem!) and the dismal commonplace and lack of humour of *Nimmersatte Liebe*.

R. L.

THE VATICAN CHOIR

At the Albert Hall, on May 13 and 20, a body of about seventy singers drawn from St. Peter of the Vatican, St. Mary Major, St. John Lateran, and the Sistine Chapel, gave a concert of ecclesiastical music by Palestrina, Vittoria, &c. Before a down-right opinion is given on their performance a few questions may be asked and answered: Is there a generally accepted standard of vocal tone? Yes. Does the standard apply to choral as well as to solo singing? Surely. In passing from *piano* to *forte* ought sopranos and altos to make a change of tone corresponding roughly to the difference between the flute and the *corno Inglese*? No. Is it good singing to make the change from one register to another so glaringly obvious that the effect is that of one singer leaving off and another with a totally different type of voice carrying on? No.

If these answers are right, then the singing of the Vatican Choir is bad. It is all very well for us English to play the courteous host, and make hedging remarks about differences of ideals and temperament. On these heads there is room for abundance of give-and-take, but in regard to certain fundamentals in singing there is no difference between Italy and England. Do the best Italian-trained solo singers commit any of the faults mentioned above? Would any Italian operatic chorus of female trebles and altos be allowed to rasp and screech as did the boy trebles and altos at the Albert Hall? If so, we should be surprised. The explanation probably lies in the apparent inability of our friends on the Continent to realise that children's voices need not be shrill, even in a *forte*.

Boys' voices require training, but these Vatican youngsters had evidently had little—if any. They were harmless enough in the soft passages, but when power was required the quality was painfully shrill. All the choir—save the basses—sang in this penetrating way, and (let it be said again) this is bad singing, whether we hear it in a village church or in the Vatican. In the matter of interpretation, Monsignore Raffaele Casimiri and his singers are entitled to their own views. Here taste and temperament come in, and criticism goes out. All that can be said is that gusty changes from *pp* to *ff*, sudden *pp*'s at points where neither text nor music seem to call for them, an almost entire absence of any degree of power between the extremes of soft and loud, and the trick of ending most works with a long-held whisper, do not appeal to us when applied to the Palestrina school. Nor is this type of music helped by a lack of clearness in such comparatively few rapid divisions as occur, or by ill-balanced parts. The splendid basses, for example, frequently swamped the rest of the choir. The large audience listened with growing rapture, and was soon encoring everything. Nevertheless, if those who attended their parish church on the following Sunday had heard young Londoners make such noises as did these young Romans, they would have said that the choirmaster should be sacked and the boys smacked. And they would have been right.

H. G.

ELENA GERHARDT

The two recitals which Madame Elena Gerhardt devoted to Brahms on May 11, and Hugo Wolf on May 18, were interesting as demonstrating at once the great qualities of the tradition she represents—and its limitations. The Brahms programme could scarcely have been better. His songs do not suffer from being presented with classic uniformity of method. So long as they are given the traditional *Innigkeit*, their own plastic beauty is sufficient, and interpretation in the modern sense is scarcely required. But Brahms was a classical and Hugo Wolf a modern song-writer. Though a thorough German, the latter's close scrutiny of the poems he set to music, and his careful choice of them, bring him almost into a certain affinity with the French, in whom these scruples result from age-long literary taste and associations. Such songs demand equal scruples in the singer, and uniformity of sentimental expression does not meet the requirements. Madame Gerhardt sang Wolf with the same uniformity as she had sung Brahms, whereas a singer more familiar with modern feeling on the subject of song would have given proof of some emotional versatility, not to speak of a greater intellectual penetration. At both recitals Madame Gerhardt had the advantage of the beautiful accompanying of Miss Paula Hegner. In the Wolf songs it was quite remarkable, for it caught certain inflections of meaning which were passed over by the singer.

E. E.

MEGAN FOSTER

A song recital by Miss Megan Foster is one of the events—alas, that they should be so few!—that the critic anticipates with something approaching glee, for he knows that, though succumbing to the charm of her personality for the time being, there will be no occasion for diplomatic equivocation when the time comes for him to put his impressions on paper. Pleasurable expectations were fully realised at her

last appearance at Æolian Hall on Monday evening, May 15, when her programme had, as usual, been chosen with a perception of music's first function—to make the hearer happy. Adept at turning the light and plaintive songs she had chosen from British and French sources of the 18th century, she showed that she can also, on occasion, assume a more tragic mask, as in a number from *Manon*. Discrimination again marked the choice of a group from contemporary British composers. There is no need to-day to stress the technical excellences of her method of vocal production, uncommon though they are in an age which seeks short-cuts to oral expression, but we are truly grateful to a singer who pronounces each syllable distinctly, no matter what language she uses. Mr. Ivor Foster assisted his accomplished daughter in duets, and offered on his own behalf the Vaughan Williams *Songs of Travel*. Mr. S. Liddle was a sympathetic accompanist. H. F.

MISCHA ELMAN

It would be easy to write pages about the merely technical virtues of Mischa Elman's violin playing, though easier and more profitable for the initiated to observe them at first hand for themselves. But, behind and directing them all, is that rare quality of universality, eloquence—call it what one may—which casts a spell, instant and profound, even on the lay listener. When Elman plays a masterpiece like the Beethoven Concerto—as he did at Queen's Hall on May 17—it is as if the very spirit of music were pronouncing a decree of ineffable finality. The human medium goes altogether into solution. And this is the more gratifying in that when he first came among us, at the age of sixteen, to play, if we remember aright, the Mendelssohn Concerto, a dozen years ago and more, he was regarded with the reserve that sad experience has taught the wary critic to maintain towards 'prodigies.' They are prone to wilt like the hot-house flower. Elman has thriven. The other Concertos of the evening—by Bach (in E) and Tchaikovsky—were read, as it seemed, with the same omniscience and played with the same omnipotence. Genius is no extravagant term in this case. The Queen's Hall Orchestra rose to the occasion, as it can do, under Sir Henry Wood's direction, so that artistic unity was never in peril.

H. F.

NORTHAMPTON MUSICAL SOCIETY: PRESENTATION TO MR. C. J. KING

In our May issue appeared a letter from Mr. H. C. Colles, entitled, 'A Great Musician,' wherein, after paying a tribute to Mr. John R. Toms, of Wellington, Somerset, the writer said:

'I do not know whether there are many such musicians in the country parts of England. I have never met another Mr. Toms, but I hope that he is not so unique as he seems to me to be, for of such is the kingdom of Music.'

Well, we know of several provincial musicians worthy of mention in this connection, though none of them have attained to the great age of Mr. Toms. Among them is Charles J. King, of Northampton, one of whose fields of activity was recalled to us by an account of a presentation made to him on the occasion of his retirement from the conductorship of the Northampton Musical Society. Mr. King has

been the guiding spirit of the Society during twenty-three of the twenty-five years of its existence. Taking charge at a moment when it was in danger of failing at its birth, he made it strong and efficient, piloted it safely through the difficulties of the war period, and now hands it over, securely established, with a fine record of artistic achievement, and so strong in members that a waiting-list is necessary. From a recently-published history of the Society we learn that the long list of works performed includes Bach's *Magnificat*, Berlioz's *Faust*, Walford Davies's *Everyman* (twice), *Caractacus*, *King Olaf* (twice), *Gerontius* (twice), *The Messiah* (nine times), *Israel in Egypt* (twice), *Hiawatha*, *A Tale of Old Japan*, Parry's *Pied Piper* and *Judith*, and many smaller works, besides symphonic and other orchestral compositions. The Society had much help from Gervase Elwes, who was president from 1914-21. He appeared as soloist on several occasions—his singing of the title-rôle in *Gerontius* with the Society in December, 1920, was his last performance of the part before setting out on the American tour from which he was never to return.

The presentation alluded to above took place at Northampton Town Hall on May 5, when amid demonstrations of affection and enthusiasm, the Mayor handed to Mr. King a cheque for £220 and a beautiful silver casket containing a scroll on which were inscribed the names of the four hundred and fifty subscribers.

This happy occasion had to do with only one of Mr. King's activities. We happen to know something of the rest—of his work as organist, choir-master, recitalist, adjudicator, lecturer, all-round teacher, &c.—always up to his eyes in work, yet ever ready to find time for lending a hand in all sorts of local musical doings, from taking the chair at a meeting to joining with his viola in a chamber music adventure. In the letter we quoted at the beginning of this article Mr. Colles said, 'When people say that England has no musical life I think of Mr. Toms.' Exactly; and when we all give honour where honour is due, we shall think a great deal more than we do at present of the enthusiastic general practitioners of music—the Toms's, the King's, and their fellows scattered about the provinces. Without them there would indeed be no musical life, though 'stars' and 'international celebrities' toured in battalions.

CARNEGIE TRUST

The musical publication scheme of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust has reached its sixth year, and the works selected for publication now number thirty-one. In their report for the year 1922 the adjudicators state that though on the whole the quality of the works submitted (numbering in all forty-three) is not so high as in some previous years, they are confident that the five compositions selected for the major award of publication will uphold the high standard which has been set by previous adjudicators. They express regret, however, that they have not been able to include in their recommendations any purely orchestral works.

The following is a list of the works selected for publication, with the adjudicators' remarks:

YORK BOWEN.—String Quartet in D minor. A well-written, pleasing, and effective piece of music in three movements, presenting no undue difficulty.

NICHOLAS C. GATTY.—*Prince Ferelon, or The Princess's Suitors*. A musical extravaganza in one Act. A charming little opera of moderate length. The libretto is amusing and original. The music, though full of beauty and character, is light and not abstruse, and is likely to appeal to a wide circle of music-lovers.

R. O. MORRIS.—Fantasy for string quartet. A beautiful and poetic composition, simple in character and deep in feeling. It is quite short, and should find a frequent place in the programmes of quartet concerts between two works on a larger scale.

CYRIL B. ROTHAM.—*Brown Earth*, for chorus, semi-chorus, and orchestra. A short choral setting of a beautiful poem, well-written both for voices and for orchestra; melodious and sincere in expression.

FELIX WHITE.—*The Nymph's complaint for the Death of her Fawn*. For oboe (or violin), viola, and pianoforte. A musical portrayal of Andrew Marvell's poem, full of fancy, occasionally perhaps somewhat far-fetched, but genuinely poetical in conception.

An additional award of MS. copies of score and parts is made in the case of one work:

RUPERT O. ERLEBACH.—*Rhapsody Quintet* for flute, cor Anglais (oboe), violin, viola, violoncello.

The last date for submitting works for the adjudication of 1923 is December 21. Composers are advised, before entering their works, to obtain full particulars from the Secretary, East Port, Dunfermline, in order that they may not submit compositions which are excluded by the terms of the scheme.

GRESHAM MUSIC LECTURES

Sir Frederick Bridge's Gresham Lectures, delivered on May 3 to 5, included two devoted to Arne, a repetition of the lecture on Shadwell's operatic version of *The Tempest* (repeated by special request), and a very interesting one on a novel subject, 'The Development of the Violin Solo.' The Arne lectures gave the Professor an opportunity for calling attention to the terribly mutilated state of *Rule, Britannia*, as it is generally rendered. Not only are there many alterations in the melody and words, but also in the harmony. What in Arne's original is particularly strong, is in many cases altered into a wretched sentimentalism. The audience was invited to sing the chorus correctly—after explanation—and responded admirably.

In 'The Development of the Violin Solo,' Sir Frederick showed how the leadership of the orchestra was wrested from the old cornet. Although not at first looked upon as a solo instrument, in 1620 a certain Beagio Marini, born at Brescia, wrote and published the first violin solo ever written. This was called 'Romanesca, per Violino Solo, e Basso (*se piace*)'—that is, the bass was *ad lib*. In this solo we meet with the trill for the first time in violin music. Once a beginning was made, the idea was quickly followed up. The 'Romanesca,' together with solos by Farina Meruka, Walther, and Matteis, were admirably played by Mr. Jeffrey Pulver. The consideration of this subject is to be continued in future lectures. The lectures were largely attended.

BYRDE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

A selection of sacred Motets and Anthems, with the above title, is being prepared under the editorship of Sir Frederick Bridge. During the past session Sir Frederick has lectured at the University of London on the great collection of sacred Motets edited by Sir William Leighton in 1614. There are over fifty of these interesting compositions by men of the first rank, including Byrde (five compositions), Gibbons, Dowland, Dr. Bull, Coperario, Wilbye, Ford, Warde, Pilkington, and Ferrabosco. Many of these composers are not known by sacred specimens, and this volume will be a useful collection of special interest as regards Byrde, whose tercentenary is to be celebrated next year. They are for four and five voices, and of course may be sung unaccompanied.

RECEPTION TO M. RACHMANINOV

The Music Club gave a reception on Wednesday, May 17, at the Grafton Galleries, to M. Rachmaninov, which was very largely attended. At his own request the programme of music performed consisted entirely of works of living British composers:

- | | | | |
|--|-----|-----|------------------|
| 'Sally in our Alley' } | ... | ... | Frank Bridge |
| 'Cherry Ripe' } | ... | ... | Frank Bridge |
| The Philharmonic String Quartet | | | |
| Pianoforte Solos | ... | ... | John Ireland |
| (a) 'Chelsea Reach' | ... | ... | John Ireland |
| (b) 'Soho Forenoons' | ... | ... | John Ireland |
| (c) 'Ragamuffin' | ... | ... | John Ireland |
| Mr. Evelyn Howard-Jones | | | |
| (a) Slow Movement from first Violin Sonata | ... | ... | Goossens |
| (b) 'Miss Bessie Rawlins' and Miss Harriet Cohen | ... | ... | Arnold Bax |
| 'Sea Fever' | ... | ... | John Ireland |
| 'Saw you but a white lily grow' | ... | ... | Delius |
| 'Two Songs of Travel' | ... | ... | Vaughan Williams |
| 'Pleading' | ... | ... | Elgar |
| 'The Wake Feast' | ... | ... | Hamilton Harty |
| 'When we were children' | ... | ... | Hamilton Harty |
| 'Ever your beauty' | ... | ... | Holbrooke |
| 'Stranger's Song' | ... | ... | Balfour Gardiner |
| Mr. Herbert Heyner | | | |
| (Accompanist—Mr. Berkeley Mason) | ... | ... | B. J. Dale |
| Slow Movement of Suite for Viola | ... | ... | B. J. Dale |
| Mr. Lionel Tertis and the Composer | ... | ... | Ethel Smyth |
| Finale from String Quartet | ... | ... | Ethel Smyth |
| The Philharmonic String Quartet | | | |

M. Rachmaninov at the close expressed himself to have been extremely interested in the whole programme, but was fain to confess that he found some of the music too advanced for his taste. At the same time he said that he left the room with a higher opinion of contemporary music than he had had when he entered it. Over three hundred guests were present, including Lord and Lady Swaythling, the Countess of Kimberley, Lady Mond, Mr. and Mrs. Emile Mond, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Leon M. Lion, and Mr. Mestrovetz. Among the musicians were Sir Landon and Lady Ronald, Mr. Arnold Bax, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Craxton, Mr. John Ireland, Mr. Julius Harrison, M. Moiseiwitsch and Miss Daisy Kennedy, Mr. Augustus Milner, Miss Dorothy Moulton, Mr. Fraser Gange and Miss Amy Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sammons, Dr. Vaughan Williams, Miss Anne Thursfield, Mr. Graham Petrie, and Mr. H. Waldo Warner.

Mr. Erich Korngold and Dr. Egon Wellesz were among the foreign visitors. They had before this

occasion heard very little modern British music, and they expressed their pleasure and surprise at its excellence as illustrated by the programme. It may be interesting to put on record the fact that the

name of Erich Korngold appeared on an English programme for the first time at one of the musical evenings of the Music Club before the war, at the time when he was a prodigy boy composer. A.K.

Church and Organ Music

THE ORGAN IN JOHANNESBURG TOWN HALL

Owing to the fact that this instrument was completed and opened during the progress of the war, it has not received the notice that it would no doubt have attracted at another time. Some particulars of it may be of interest to readers of this paper, especially as the present writer is well-acquainted with it, both from the constructional stand-point and from that of the player.

Built by Messrs. Norman & Beard in 1914, it is by no means one of the giants of the organ world, its ninety-seven speaking stops being a mere handful against some American monstrosities of which we have heard; but there are very few duplications even of name, and tonally there are none at all, so that each stop means something characteristic. It is distinguished among other large organs by the use of what are now known as 'floating' manual departments, a feature which, in part at least, is being adopted in some more recent schemes. There are the usual four manual claviers, controlling the usual departments of Choir, Great, Swell, and Solo; there are also two other complete departments, known as 'Bombarde' and 'Orchestral,' which may be played from any of the four claviers by touching the appropriate rocking tablet placed in the key jambs. There is a choice of tablets, for instance,

on the Choir, giving 'Orchestral only' on that clavier or 'Orchestral to Choir.' Touching one such tablet automatically releases any other which may have been in action. This principle is applicable to any manual, and also in respect of the Bombarde. The 'Orchestral,' as its name implies, contains stops, nineteen in number, of a more markedly imitational character—a full range of strings, 16-ft., 8-ft., two-rank Celestes, 4-ft., and Mixture; flutes, 16-ft. Quintatön, 8-ft. and 4-ft. Harmonic with open wood pipes, 8-ft. Zauberflöte (harmonic stopped) with a flute celestes rank (Unda Maris); orchestral woodwind and trumpet; also carillon and glockenspiel. The Bombarde is really an enclosed section of the Great organ, comprising reeds of 32-ft. (to Tenor C), 16-ft., two of 8-ft., including a beautiful smooth Horn, a Horn Quint 5½-ft., and Clarion; also a fiery six-rank Mixture—the *crescendo* possibilities of this will be obvious.

We have mentioned these specialities first, as they will rouse the most curiosity; but the organ proper, so to speak, is no less worthy of note. The Great organ is a complete scheme of eighteen stops from a 32-ft. sub-foundation, Contra Hohlflöte and Contra Geigen 16-ft., three 8-ft. open, Geigen, Claribel, and stopped Diapason, two Principals and Waldflöte.

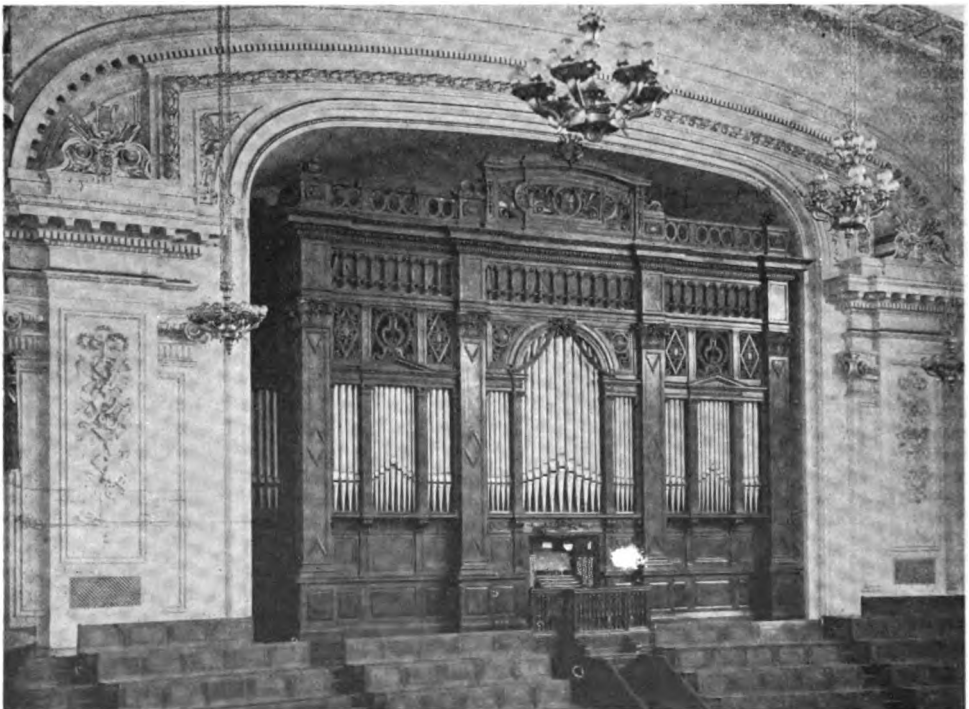
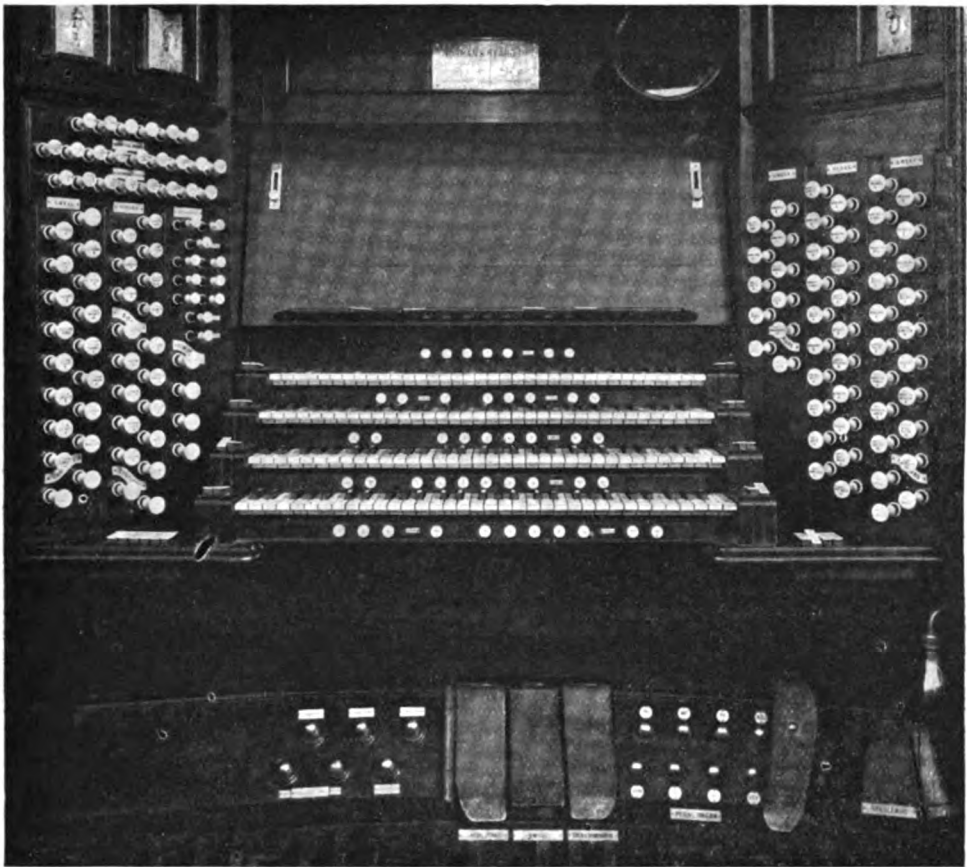


Photo by]

[Alan Yates



[Photo by]

[Alan Yates.]

Quint, 12th, 15th, a Sesquialtera giving 5th and 10th, and a four-rank Mixture with flat 21-ft. We miss, perhaps, a 16-ft. reed, there being only 8-ft. and 4-ft., but of course the Bombarde completes the scheme, as already mentioned. The Swell is fine and rich, a fifteen-stop scheme on familiar lines; the Choir (unenclosed) is a true Echo Great, with a complete family of tapering Gemshorns to a three-rank Mixture, with a 16-ft. Contra Salicional. There is a low-pressure Cornopean to complete the ensemble. The Solo is enclosed and has nine stops, 8-ft. and 4-ft. Harmonic flutes of metal, to contrast with those on the Orchestral which are of wood, a big clarinet, and 16-ft. Corno di bassetto; a violoncello; also for contrast a true Willis-type Salicional and gentle Celestes. The Tuba proper is on this manual, unenclosed, on 16-in. wind, and quadruple-harmonic in the trebles. It is very fine, though some might prefer a little more of the Willis fire in it. The Pedal organ has twenty stops, and provides full complement of proper bass to the organ, open wood 32-ft., 16-ft., and 8-ft., also a larger wood 'major bass' 16-ft.; open metal 16-ft., 8-ft., and 4-ft., Bourdons 16-ft. and 8-ft., and reeds on heavy wind 32-ft., 16-ft., and 8-ft. In addition, all the manual 16-ft. basses are borrowed, and give no less than four flue and two soft reed stops, all very useful in quiet work.

There are also some special effects—drums (side and bass) and triangle, operated through the pedals, and controlled by rocking tablets. These are all

useful in a town hall organ, and to them the most rigid purist need not object, as they are additional to—and not in place of—the real organ.

Stop control of the most complete kind is available, there being for each manual department, in addition to some half-dozen fixed pistons, two adjustable pistons. The pedal stops are controlled by eight toe pistons, one being adjustable. For example, rocking tablets marked 'Great compositions to pistons' enable suitable bass for any manual combination to be provided on the pistons. There is also a Swell pedal which gives a graduated *crescendo* up to full organ, without moving the stops.

This wonderful scheme is the design of Mr. Alfred Hollins, who supervised the construction, and also came to South Africa to give the inaugural recitals. It goes without saying that he displayed to the full the marvellous capabilities of the instrument. The present town organist is Mr. John Connell, who has firmly established recitals on Sunday evenings, and also on Tuesdays at lunch-hour. His well-planned selections, brilliantly played, have won for him a steady public which fully appreciates his splendid command over the tonal possibilities at his disposal. A word should also be said here as to his work in connection with choralism. He is responsible for the work of four or five choral societies, and was the leading spirit in, and conductor of, a great choral tour to Durban and other places, referred to in the *Musical Times* of September, 1921. Another Festival—in which choirs from Natal and the Free State will combine with

those of Pretoria and Johannesburg—is arranged for December, so that the spirit of reciprocity will be established, giving a great impetus to choral work throughout the whole country.

To complete our record of the organ it should be added that it was erected by Mr. A. M. F. Tomkins, of Cooper, Gill, & Tomkins (Johannesburg and Cape Town), and finished under the personal supervision of Mr. Herbert Norman, who came out for the purpose. The wind is supplied by a 'Discus,' with two 10-h.p. motors, the largest installation, so far, of its kind. The whole result is one of which Johannesburg and its town organist may well be proud, both for general conception and for the delicacy and beauty of its quieter and imitational registers, and that it is having its effect on musical taste in the district is undoubted.

J. S. YATES.

THE ORGANISTS' BENEVOLENT LEAGUE:

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE'S APPEAL AT THE CITY TEMPLE

Sir Frederick Bridge was present at an organ recital given by Mr. Allan Brown, at the City Temple, on May 6, and played one of his own compositions. During the interval Sir Frederick addressed the gathering from the pulpit, and pleaded for support for the Organists' Benevolent League. He said that the necessity for such a League caused him to make the suggestion which resulted in its formation. There was no subscription and, Sir Frederick added, 'that had a wonderful effect.' But a promise was exacted from its members that they did something for the League, either by way of recital, lecture, or concert, and gave part of the proceeds to the League, an arrangement which had been very successful in providing pensions for old organists. Every case which had come before the League and which had borne investigation had been afforded relief. Sir Frederick continued:

'There is to be a silver collection presently. Don't put pennies in the plate. I don't think it is reverential. Remember that anything you give in a good cause always makes you better. I am going to play the organ presently. I don't play much now, and am getting decrepit, but I am willing to do anything for a good cause. I am going to strike a note for you. I happened to mention to a friend last night that I was going to speak at the City Temple, and he said he would give me a ten-shilling note for the collection. That is the note I am going to strike, and I am going to put it into the plate. I am very glad we are having the collection before I play the organ.'

A FINE FAMILY RECORD OF SERVICE

At the funeral of an old chorister of St. Mary's Church, Charlcombe, Bath, four of six brothers who at various times, extending over a period of thirty-eight years, had been connected with the Church as organists or choristers took part in the burial service, one brother presiding at the organ and three singing in the choir. At one period in the family history, one brother was organist and five brothers were choristers. There are still two of the brothers doing duty in the little Church, one as organist and the other as chorister. Four of the brothers developed alto voices, the fifth broke the family record by singing bass, while the sixth and junior member of the family is a tenor. Two of the brothers have been successful in obtaining Cathedral choir appointments as alto lay-clerks. The little old country Church of St. Mary has seating accommodation for only about ninety people, and has always been noted for its excellent musical services. The deceased chorister had been a member of the choir for twenty-eight years. He possessed a fine bass voice of beautiful quality and extraordinary compass, extending from CC to G—two octaves and a half.

VIERNE'S FOUR SYMPHONIES AT TWO SITTINGS

Mr. Matthias Turton performed a really remarkable feat at St. Aidan's, Leeds, recently, when he played Louis Vierne's four Symphonies at two recitals. Every organist in touch with modern music will agree that these Symphonies are amongst the handful of most difficult works in the whole of the repertory, and the performance of one alone is a heavy strain on the player. Even the listener has no easy task, especially in the case of No. 3, and in a lesser degree of No. 4. Mr. Turton was wise in mixing the order. He played Nos. 1 and 3 at the first recital and Nos. 2 and 4 at the second. We doubt if the whole set has been heard elsewhere in England—or, indeed, anywhere at all beyond the composer's own Church at Paris. It is to be hoped that Mr. Turton's strenuous propaganda will lead to these splendid works becoming as well known as they deserve to be.

The excellent mid-day organ recital movement is growing. A number of Church organs have for years past been profitably used for this purpose, and now two of the London Polytechnics—the South-Western at Chelsea and the Northampton Institute at Clerkenwell—are attracting hundreds of students and workers by recitals given between 1 and 2 o'clock on Tuesdays and Wednesdays respectively. Mr. Seymour Dicker, the Musical Director and Organist of these Institutions, tells us that there is no difficulty in making up programmes; 'requests' of a most catholic nature will keep him going for months to come.

The new organ built by Messrs. Willis & Sons and Lewis & Co. for the Victoria Hall, Hanley, was opened on May 4, when Mr. Sydney H. Wéalé, the Corporation organist, gave a couple of recitals, assisted by Miss Vera Victoria, Miss d'Alyce Webb, and Signor Livio Manucci. Mr. Wéalé's programmes included Widor's *Pontifical March*, Bonnet's *Concert Variations*, Franck's *Finale* in B flat, Hollins's *Triumphal March*, Bach's *Prelude and Fugue* in D, the *Finale* from Tchaikovsky's *Pathetic Symphony*, and *Finlandia*. The organ is a four-manual of sixty-four stops, and a fine array of accessories.

A Bach recital was given at Newcastle Cathedral on May 6, by the Newcastle Bach Choir (conducted by Dr. W. G. Whittaker) and Mr. William Ellis, the Cathedral organist. The choir sang *Jesu, Priceless Treasure*, and a series of chorales, Mr. Ellis playing Bach's *Prelude* thereon—an excellent method of helping the hearers to an understanding of these fine pieces. The Preludes played were three on the Kyrie, *Jesu, meine Freude*, *Liebster Jesu, Erbarm' dich mein*, *Aus der Tiefe*, and *Wir glauben all an Einen Gott*.

In connection with the Portsmouth branch of the Hampshire Association of Organists, a Festival Service was sung by the united choirs of the branch, at Portsea Parish Church, on May 17. The singers numbered five hundred, and were very effective in a scheme that included Wesley's *Blessed be the God and Father*, the Chorale *Sleepers, wake*, as harmonised by Bach in the cantata, *O gladsome Light*, Beethoven's *Hallelujah*, and Smart's *Te Deum* in F. The conductors were Mr. Hugh Burry and Mr. R. H. Turner, and Mr. L. A. Lickfold was at the organ.

The organ at Sherwell Congregational Church, Plymouth, has been rebuilt by Messrs. Willis & Sons and Lewis & Co. The reopening took place recently, when Dr. W. G. Alcock gave a recital, the programme including his own *Toccata*, Mozart's *Fantasia* in F minor, Bach's *Prelude and Fugue* in D major, Franck's *Pièce Heroïque*, and two movements from Widor's fifth Symphony. The organ is now a three-manual with thirty-seven speaking stops.

A recital given at St. Lawrence Jewry by Mr. Stanley Blizard (organist of St. Barnabas, Clapham Common) is worthy of note. Mr. Blizard lost the forefinger of his right hand in the war, but has pluckily overcome the disability to such an extent that he was able to give a fine performance of a programme that included Merkel's *Variations* on a Theme of Beethoven, Bach's *Prelude and Fugue* in D, and John E. West's *Song of Triumph*.

Dr. R. Walker Robson will give three lectures on 'Practical Choir Training (with special reference to the training of boys' voices)' at the Metropolitan Academy of Music, High Street, Marylebone, on July 17, 19, and 21, at 6.15. The lectures will be illustrated by the choir of Christ Church, Crouch End.

At a concert held in Kilburn Lane Primitive Methodist Church on April 20, in aid of the organ fund, Miss Clair James gave a fine performance of MacDowell's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, the orchestral part being played on the organ by Mr. Harold T. Scull.

Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was sung at Christ Church, Southsea, on May 10, the accompaniments being played by a string orchestra. Mr. Alfred E. Labdon conducted, Mr. Leonard A. Pearce was at the organ, and Mr. Herbert Cains at the pianoforte.

A recital of the test-pieces for the July F.R.C.O. Examination will be given by Mr. H. V. Spanner, the well-known blind organist, at the National Institute for the Blind, 224, Great Portland Street, on June 7, at 3.

Fayfax's *Albanus Mass* will be sung at St. Alban's Cathedral on June 18, at the 11.30 service. It is intended that the work shall be sung annually on the Sunday nearest the Feast of St. Alban (June 17).

Dr. Harold Darke began his eighteenth series of mid-day recitals (Mondays, at 1.0) at St. Michael's, Cornhill, on May 8. The series lasts until July 24.

Mr. Albert Robins, a former pupil at the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, has been appointed to the important post of organist at the U.F. Church, Forbes, N.B.

ORGAN RECITALS

Dr. H. C. L. Stocks, Godalming Parish Church—Concerto in B flat, *Handel*; Evening Song, *Bairstow*; Fugue in G minor, *Bach*.

Mr. T. Newbould, St. Paul's, King Cross, Halifax—Sonata No. 3, *Mendelssohn*; Preludes on 'Rockingham' and 'St. Ann's', *Parry*; Finale in B flat, *Wolstenholme*.

Mr. W. J. R. Gibbs, St. Jude's, Birmingham—Sonatas in E minor and E flat minor, *Rheinberger*; Cortège, *Debussy*; Prelude and Fugue in C minor and Toccata in C minor, *Bach*.

Mr. Cyril S. Christopher, Wesley Church, Dudley—Suite in F, *Borowski*; 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Parts 6 and 7, *Ernest Austin*; Gavotte, *Rameau*.

Mr. Louis H. Torr, St. Laurence, Southampton—Overture in E flat, *Faulkes*; Prayer and Cradle Song, *Guilmant*.

Miss T. V. Denman, Selsey Parish Church—Pastorale, *Guilmant*; Cantilène, *Wolstenholme*.

Mr. H. J. Timothy, Church of St. Vedast Foster—Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Berceuse and Pastorale, *Vierne*.

Mr. Allan Brown, Bishopsgate Institute—Gothic Suite, *Boëllmann*; Funeral March and Hymn of Seraphs, *Guilmant*; Finale (Sonata in F minor), *Rheinberger*.

Mr. C. E. Blyton Dobson, High Pavement Chapel, Nottingham—Allegro appassionata (Sonata No. 1), *Harwood*; Largo from the 'New World' Symphony.

Mr. George Pritchard, Parish Church, Widnes—Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; 'Finlandia'; Holsworthy Church Bells, *Wesley*; Scherzo (Sonata No. 5), *Guilmant*.

Mr. J. Albert Sowerbutts, St. Lawrence Jewry—Symphony No. 3 (first movement), *Vierne*; Choral in E, *Jongen*; Choral Preludes, 'O world, I e'en must leave thee,' *Brahms*, and 'To God on high,' *Bach*.

Mr. A. A. Yeatman, Limsfield Parish Church—Concerto No. 2, *Handel*; Prelude and Fugue in G, *Bach*; Sonata in G, *Rheinberger*.

Mr. Charles J. King, St. Matthew's, Northampton—Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Largo, 'New World' Symphony; Cradle Song, Scherzo, and Toccata, *Grace*.

D

Mr. Herbert C. Morris, Queen Street Congregational Church, Wolverhampton—Toccata and Fugue in D minor and Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Andantino, *Herbert C. Morris*; Adagio and Allegro from Sonata, *Reubke*.

Mr. H. C. Warrilow, National Institute for the Blind, Great Portland Street—Fifth Concerto, *Handel*; Choral Prelude in F minor, *Bach*; Prelude, Fugue, and Variation, *Franck*.

Mr. Stephen Kirby, Southwark Cathedral—Solemn Festival, *Rheinberger*; Cradle Song and Rêverie, *Grace*; Fantasia in A, *Franck*.

Mr. H. Uttley, National Institute for the Blind—Choral No. 3, *Franck*; Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*; Prelude in F, *Stanford*.

Mr. R. Barrett-Watson, College and Kelvingrove U.F. Church, Glasgow—Andante con moto, *Frank Bridge*; Rêverie and Offertoire, *Barrett-Watson*; Resurgam, *Grace*.

Mr. Fred Gostelow, Parish Church, Southend—Overture in E flat, *Faulkes*; Sonata in A, *Borowski*; Allegretto, *Wolstenholme*.

Mr. N. S. Wallbank, Hexham Abbey—Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Harmonies du Soir, *Karg-Elert*; Allegretto, *Wolstenholme*.

Mr. Claude A. Forfar, St. John's, Forfar—Concerto No. 4 (first movement), *Handel*; Springtime, *Hollins*; Schiller March, *Meyerbeer*.

Mr. A. G. Colborn, St. Stephen's, Bristol—Cancion Triste, *Torres*; Slumber Song and Melody in E, *Colborn*.

Mr. E. Emlyn Davies, Westminster Congregational Church—Choral Song and Fugue, *Wesley*; Prelude and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*; Choral No. 1, *Franck*; Elegiac Romance, *John Ireland*.

Mr. G. Leitch Owen, St. Domingo United Methodist Church, Liverpool—Prelude and Fugue in D minor, *Mendelssohn*; Prelude and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*.

Mr. Albert Orton, St. Saviour's, Paddington—Sonata No. 3, *Mendelssohn*; Three Choral Preludes, 'Farewell, will I,' *Bach*, 'O World,' *Brahms*, 'My inmost heart,' *Karg-Elert*; Basso Ostinato, *Arensky*.

Mr. Arthur S. Warrell, St. Nicholas, Bristol—Rhapsody No. 3, *Saint-Saëns*; Prelude on 'Bryn Calfaria,' *Vaughan Williams*; Cradle Song, *Grace*; Trumpet Tune, *Purcell*.

Mr. James M. Preston, St. John's Wesleyan Church, Sunderland—Allegro (Symphony No. 6), *Widor*; Fugue, *Reubke*; Prelude on 'Eventide,' *Parry*; Lament, *Grace*.

Mr. W. E. Kirby, St. Luke's, Southport—Gothic Suite, *Boëllmann*; Symphony No. 6, *Widor*; Rhapsodie in E, *Saint-Saëns*.

Mr. Stanley F. Lucas, Harecourt Congregational Church—March on a Ground-Bass, *Dohnányi*; Fantasia and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Prelude and Fugue in G, *Mendelssohn*.

APPOINTMENTS

Miss Emmie Bowman, organist and choirmaster, Barony Parish Church, Glasgow.

Mr. Leonard Dorsett, organist and choirmaster, Presbyterian Church of England, Richmond.

Mr. W. E. Kirby, organist and choirmaster, All Saints', Clifton, Bristol.

Mr. H. W. South, organist and choirmaster, St. Canice's Cathedral, Kilkenny.

In the interval of a concert given by the Faling Philharmonic Society on April 29, Mr. E. Victor Williams, founder of the Society and conductor for twenty-five years, was presented with a complete canteen of silver plate and cutlery in recognition of his services and as a token of the esteem in which he is held by his many friends. The presentation was made by the president of the Society, Mr. Edward German.

Letters to the Editor

'THE ENGLISH LITANY OF 1544-60'

SIR,—I thought that Dr. Grattan Flood's object in his article was to give your readers sound information, and I therefore imagined that he might welcome my letter; but it now appears that his chief concern is to uphold his own infallibility, and that he thinks that a mere repetition of his statements is sufficient to prove this. Of course, if he cannot understand Cranmer's plain English I cannot make him do so, but at least he might give a reference to Duchesne's writings, where he states that the 'Processioner' was synonymous with the 'Litany.' Dr. Flood again repeats his assertion about St. Augustine and his companions. Here is what Bede says (Plummer's Edition, Book I, chap. 25): 'Fertur autem, quia adpropinquantes civitati . . . hanc letaniam consona voce modularentur: *Deprecamur te*, &c.' What grounds has Dr. Flood for translating this 'the Litany and the Antiphon. *Deprecamur te*'? It is quite clear that poor, ignorant Bede thought the Antiphon, *Deprecamur te*, was the Litany which they sang, and the fact that Sir H. Howorth records that this anthem occurred in a Rogation Litany in use long after at Vienne has nothing to do with the point.

As to the melody of the 1544 Litany, Dr. Flood says that his point was that 'Stone did not compose music for the Litany at that time, but that the compilers adapted the ancient plainchant.' But his original statement was 'that the newly-translated English Litany was roughly adapted to the old plainchant melody,' which must mean the old plainchant melody of the Litany—and this is untrue.—Yours, &c.,

E. G. P. WYATT.

RESTIVE UNDER CRITICISM

SIR,—I have always felt that to cavil at a journalistic critique of one's work is an unsportsmanlike proceeding, and I am loth to do so now. But 'B. V.'s' criticism in your May number, of my Carnegie String Quartet, compels me thereto, since, in my opinion, he goes beyond the *ne plus ultra* of legitimate criticism in this particular case.

Arthur Bliss has also criticised this work rather adversely. But I have no quarrel with him, since his expression of opinion was concerned solely with æsthetics. Indeed, I should have been surprised had he admired my work. But 'B. V.' devotes almost half a column to a lecture upon my faults of technique. As I happen to be one of the 'academic crew' (to use 'R. L.'s' famous term), I am sure that Sir Hugh Allen and others, when they read 'B. V.'s' article, will bitterly regret having given me that Degree which is looked upon as, at least, the hall-mark of technical efficiency. Seriously does not 'B. V.' rather gratuitously arrogate to himself that infallibility against which he warns me, when he speaks of 'errors of judgment' and 'flaws' in regard to a work which, at any rate, bears the *imprimatur* of the Carnegie adjudicators? How sad were I, how chastened, how full of despair for the future, had I not their Report upon my work as a crumb of consolation in this dark hour!

By the way, who is 'B. V.'? And why does he thus blush unseen, when his proper sphere is that of Papal dictator to the Carnegie Trust?—Yours, &c.,

E. N. HAY.

9, Clifton Terrace,
Coleraine, Ireland, N.

[Dr. Hay is too sensitive. Composers who cannot face adverse criticism so temperately expressed as was that of 'B. V.' should keep their music in the sheltered security of manuscript. There will be an end to helpful criticism if reviewers are to accept a work as technically infallible merely because it is written by a Doctor of Music and has been blessed by the Carnegie Trust. The 'almost half a column lecture' on Dr. Hay's 'faults of technique' is really only a few lines dealing with a passage in which the balance struck 'B. V.' as miscalculated. Dr. Hay will not expect us to answer his question, 'Who is "B. V."?' But we don't mind saying *what* 'B. V.' is—a reviewer doubly qualified to deal with chamber works, being a musical critic of eminence and a violinist who has had long experience in orchestral and chamber music. Dr. Hay's opening sentence is so true that it is a pity his letter did not end at that point.—Ed., M.T.]

PIZZETTI AND BEETHOVEN

SIR,—As I was lately the author of an attack upon Pizzetti as a composer, to which you have alluded in the *Musical Times*, am I not the proper person to defend him against aspersions made on him by others? There is an implied reflection on him on the part of your reviewer, 'F. B.,' in your last month's issue. It amounts to nothing more than a little slip, perhaps, but nevertheless it may have given a wrong impression to any of your readers who are interested in the views of the very active group of modern Italian composers.

In discussing the report of the recent Congress of Italian musicians at Turin, your reviewer says:

'The discussion on the reform of musical colleges and of education threw a curious sidelight on the opinions of a composer already well-known here, Ildebrando Pizzetti. Signor Pizzetti was, and, perhaps, still occupies the post of, professor of composition at the Bologna Conservatoire. He apparently does not believe that there is anything to be learnt from Beethoven, for Signor Giacomo Orefice told the Congress that, as external examiner, he found that the score of the *Eroica* was suggested as a test for sight-reading. He, of course, pointed out that the test was futile, as the *Eroica* must be known to all students of composition. He was assured, however, that Signor Pizzetti's students knew neither the score nor the work.'

If your reviewer will look again he will see that Orefice was not 'assured that Signor Pizzetti's students knew neither the score nor the work,' but only that an individual student, Castelnovo-Tedesco, did not know them. This is, if true, sufficiently remarkable, for Castelnovo-Tedesco (now a well-known composer) had taken his pianoforte diploma at the Institution in 1914, and had spent the remaining four years in study culminating at this (1918) examination in the gaining of his diploma in composition. That any student should spend eight or ten years in a school of music and never come to know the *Eroica* is almost incredible; but we must not deduce from the incident (as your reviewer does, and, possibly, as Orefice might wish us to do) that Pizzetti 'does not believe that there is anything to be learned from Beethoven,' for in the preface of his *Musicisti Contemporanei* we have abundant record of his admiration for that composer. He describes (in terms, perhaps, warmer than an Englishman could bring himself to use of anyone or anything) his reverent feelings and those of d'Annunzio, as musician and poet went through some of Beethoven's works together.

Incidentally, it is incorrect to say 'Pizzetti was, and, perhaps, still occupies, the post of professor of composition at the Bologna Conservatoire' (though from the puzzling wording of the report your reviewer was justified in his mistake). The incident occurred at the Royal Musical Institution of Florence, of which Pizzetti is director, and of which Castelnovo-Tedesco was a student. Neither Pizzetti nor Castelnovo-Tedesco was, I think, ever at Bologna.

In the interests of accuracy, will you pardon these slight emendations of your contributor's interesting review of a publication that one is glad to see noticed in the British musical Press.—Yours, &c.,

PERCY A. SCHOLLS.

May 18, 1922.

THOSE 'BEST SELLERS'

SIR,—I have searched in vain in this month's issue for a reply from 'A. K.' to my letter which you courteously published in your April issue. Is it because 'A. K.' cannot defend his sweeping (and anonymous) assertions, or because he thinks his article was after all of so little importance?

I once more invite 'A. K.' to come out into the open and 'face the music' (even that of 'best-sellers'!) or for ever hold his peace.—Yours, &c.,

ALBERT W. KETELBY.

15, Frogna,
Hampstead, N.W.3.

May 4, 1922.

'QUALITY IN HYMN TUNES'

SIR,—Your excellent digest of the lecture by Mr. H. C. Colles on Hymn-tunes is a reminder of the fact—which your readers cannot have missed—that there is now a tendency to approach this subject by methods of musical, historical, and liturgical investigation, and it is increasingly evident to all students of this branch of Church music that a wealth of material of all ages is not only available but practicable for use to-day. In spite of this it is a sad fact that the vast majority of organists and clergy have never seriously looked outside their particular book in use. The most extraordinary notions are prevalent as to the contents of the *English Hymnal*; for instance, that it is all Plainsong, or German Chorales, English or Welsh folk-song, &c.

After seeing in your columns a few months ago the report of a lecture where the speaker seemed possessed by some of these delusions, I was moved to look into the Hymnal and see exactly what we had found of practical use during the past fourteen years, and was really amazed at the number, variety, and, above all, the real solid musical value of the collection.

The tunes in the list (which I append) are all actually in use and known by choir and regular congregation :

Plainsong Hymns	44
" Sequences	7
French Ecclesiastical	30
English: First period and Psalters	35
" Second period, to 1820	47
" c. 1820 to 1904	59
" 1904	18
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—Yours, &c.,

W. CRAWLEY.

Stanley Road, Wellingborough.

May 15, 1922.

'HAND DEVELOPMENT FOR THE PERFORMER'

SIR,—'O wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oursels as ithers see us.' Had Mr. Head never tried Mr. Matthay's admirable teaching, would he, I wonder, have ventured to express an opinion on its merits or otherwise?

Yet this is the actual position so far as the 'Techniquer' is concerned. He seems aggrieved that the 'Techniquer' makes any claim to justify its existence.

The following extract from a letter sent to the editor of one of the musical papers quite recently may be of interest to Mr. Head. The writer says:

'The result [after using a "Techniquer"] has been nothing short of marvellous. The Rotary principles advised by Matthay and his relaxation studies have now become not only possible, but a pleasure.'

Thus it would appear (as is actually the case) that the 'Techniquer' aids and abets Mr. Matthay's teachings. When all is said and done, users of the 'Techniquer' are the best fitted to express an opinion as to its efficacy, and it is surely a rash statement to say that all the eminent performers and teachers who have so kindly given their testimony are 'mistaken.'

At any rate, they one and all spent some considerable time testing it before expressing an opinion.—Yours, &c.,

21, Boundary Road, N.W.8.

R. J. PITCHER.

May 11, 1922.

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Head, whose second letter appears in your May issue, admits he has never tried or even seen a 'Techniquer,' yet he is 'impelled to contest' its claims.

My small, stiff hand had been a complete set-back to progress at the pianoforte all my life. I tried every possible device and hand gymnastics, all to no purpose; and I shall

ever be grateful to Mr. Pitcher and his 'Techniquer' for the wonderful difference it has made in my case. I cannot understand a seeker after truth not giving it a trial, after reading the convincing testimony that was sent to me.—Yours, &c.,

JEANIE J. SMITH.

Willowbank, Kilmacoll, Renfrewshire.

THE RAFF CENTENARY

SIR,—On May 27 it will be a hundred years since Joachim Raff first saw the light. He was one of the most famous and prolific composers of the 19th century, yet his numberless works are now most strangely and unjustly neglected. Though not a genius of the highest order (he was too eclectic for that), nevertheless many of Raff's compositions, notably the two of his eleven Symphonies, *Im Walde* and *Leonore* (both magnificent creations), chamber works (sonatas, trios, quartets, quintet, sextet, octet), pianoforte works, and others too numerous to mention are most masterly, charming, and delightful, and it is indeed an absolute shame that this splendid music is nowadays so seldom heard. Personally Raff was the most genial of men. I knew him well, having studied composition with him for half a year, for which lessons he generously declined to take any fee. He was a Swiss by birth. He died very suddenly on June 25, 1882, at the age of sixty, while occupying the distinguished post of Director of the Conservatoire at Frankfurt a/M.—Yours, &c.,

May 16, 1922.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

THE BALLAD IN AMERICA

SIR,—In his anxiety to lead us to despise the standard of song recitals in the United States, Mr. Kaikhosru Sorabji closes his letter (printed in your May issue) with a sentence more hasty than wise. The sneer at Charles Wakefield Cadman as a composer can be due only to ignorance of his works or failure to comprehend them. Cadman is probably the most distinguished American composer since MacDowell, and his works include orchestral, operatic, chamber, vocal, and pianoforte music. He has a truly rare gift of melody displayed in his songs, but perhaps Mr. Sorabji, being a modernist, despises anything so weak. Cadman's Pianoforte Sonata has been received as a finely-made work, full of vitality and feeling. Mr. Sorabji also has a Pianoforte Sonata, and I am waiting for a general verdict for it as good as that received by Cadman's example. With regard to Mr. Sorabji's jibe at American musical journalism, I am afraid this goes further than just musical matters. And he stresses the word 'cousins,' but he knows that white Americans and white Englishmen are just that, and that their music will draw them closer.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN FIELDER PORTE.

56, Mayall Road, S.E. 24. May 3, 1922.

THE LEAGUE OF ARTS

We are glad to be able to announce that the delightful entertainments given in Hyde Park last summer by the League of Arts are to be continued. On every Saturday from (and including) June 3 to July 29 performances will be given in the natural amphitheatre by the Boat-houses on the north side of the Serpentine. Tickets can be obtained, half an hour before each performance, at the Victoria and the Alexandra Gates. Two shows will be given on each Saturday, at 3.0 and 7.0 p.m., the programme being the same at each. Here is a list of works to be performed on the nine Saturdays, in order of date: Martin Shaw's *Brer Rabbit*, by the League of Arts; Folk-Songs and Dances, by the English Folk-Dance Society, directed by Mr. Cecil Sharp; Sea Songs and Shanties, with Dances, conducted by Mr. Geoffrey Shaw; *The Blue Bird*, produced by Miss Mildred Hodges; *The Masque of the Holy Grail*, by Ernest Rhys, music by Vincent Thomas, produced by Mr. Alexander Payne; *Fools and Fairies*, adapted from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by Percy A. Scholes, music by Martin Shaw, produced by Mr. E. T. Evetts's operatic class of the L.A.M. (two Saturdays); Sea Songs and Folk-Songs, with Dances, conducted by Mr. Geoffrey Shaw. If the weather is wet, the performances will be given half an hour later at Eccleston Guildhouse, 12, Berwick Street, close to Victoria Station. Information as to prices of tickets, &c., may be obtained from the Secretary of the League, at the Guildhouse aforesaid.

Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times* of June, 1862:

THE WILDERNESS AND THE SOLITARY PLACE.
Anthem, by Dr. Wesley. Score, 6s.; parts, 3d. each.
Composed for the reopening of a Cathedral Organ, 1831.
Publishers: Hall, Virtue & Co., 25, Paternoster Row, St. Paul's.

Just published.

THE WILDERNESS AND THE SOLITARY PLACE.
New Anthem for 4 voices, with organ accompaniment.
Composed by John Goss. Price 2s. 6d.; single vocal parts, 1s. 3d. London: Novello & Co., 69, Dean Street, Soho.

THE two hundred and eighth Festival of the Sons of the Clergy . . . took place yesterday afternoon, under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. . . . The organ used was the one recently purchased for the services 'under the dome'—perhaps the finest ever built by the eminent firm of 'Hill.' That it should still remain unfinished, uncased, unfurnished, and consequently unsightly; that it should still be unsupplied with the hydraulic process boasted by its venerable companion and predecessor, the work of Father Smith; still be dependent for its 'voices' on the muscles and sinews of eight stalwart organ-blowers; and thus still be inevitably out of order, seems difficult to explain. A general opinion is current that had this splendid organ been the property of a Gothic cathedral such would not have been the case—that money, in short, would have been found to provide the instrument with every requisite. Why this indifference should exist with regard to the noblest Italian ecclesiastical structure out of Rome, those may best explain who entertain it. The present condition of the noble organ in St. Paul's Cathedral is, at any rate, a disgrace to the 'metropolis.'

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The *Grosse Passions Musik*, by Sebastian Bach, was performed here by the Bach Society, on Saturday evening, May 24, under the direction of Prof. Sterndale Bennett. The vocalists engaged for the solo parts were Miss Banks, Miss Martin, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wallworth, and Mr. Weiss. The performance was highly creditable to all concerned in it, considering the difficulty of the task and the extreme severity of the style and character of the music. The Society deserves the thanks of all true lovers of the art for having brought forward this wonderful composition.

Sharps and Flats

Some believe that classical music is the only good music. Rats!—*John C. Freund.*

If only the British artist would tackle an aria as he does a hockey match—then he would be incomparable.—*Maurice Noufflard.*

It would be unnatural, even indecent, for one composer to discuss in print or in public his compatriot contemporaries.—*Sir Charles Stanford.*

Mr. Herbert Howells has just been writing about Dr. Vaughan Williams. Is Mr. Howells unnatural or merely indecent?—*Ernest Newman.*

The time has come, boys and girls, for us to declare our artistic and especially our musical independence. . . . We are spending every year between seven and eight hundred millions on music. . . . more than all the rest of the world put together. We have the finest symphony orchestras. We give the finest opera. We have the best music-teachers. . . .—*John C. Freund.*

The Berkshire Prize has again been captured by a foreigner. This is a contest in which chauvinism has no place. . . . The failure of any composer of native antecedents to gain the coveted award in the five years since the contest was instituted is not disheartening. . . .—*Musical America.*

Organists are very much underpaid. I have never known one who could live on his salary. I have often thought that the older organists played with one foot in the grave and the other on the swell pedal.—*Sir Frederick Bridge.*

The modern conception of instrumental writing with regard to the characteristic timbre and sonorous qualities of the given instruments underlies the whole design of the [Bartók] Sonata; and it is interesting to note that, some eight years after the first enunciation of this idea by myself, the academic critics, once scoffers, are anxiously seeking to catch up the contemporary trend by ostentatiously exploiting it.—*Leigh Henry.*

Hot weather! do you call this hot? I am sorry I have not put on my fur coat.—*Rachmaninov.*

Chamber Music for Amateurs

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur chamber musicians who wish to get into touch with other players.

Young tenor desires to meet a pianist (lady or gentleman) for mutual practice a few evenings a week. Within five miles from Charing Cross.—J. B., c/o *Musical Times*.

Young lady accompanist (still studying) wishes to meet lady, either vocalist or instrumentalist, for mutual practice. S.E. district.—E., 4, Cedars Road, Beckenham, Kent.

Pianist would like to meet violinist or vocalist (at Oxford) for mutual practice.—T. J., c/o *Musical Times*.

'Cellist desires to meet violinist and pianist with view to mutual practice; East Dulwich district.—C. H. S., c/o *Musical Times*.

Young vocalist (silver medalist studying for diploma) wishes to meet pianist, preferably West London, for mutual practice; also another vocalist for duets, &c. Would like to join musical society in London.—C. M. M., c/o *Musical Times*.

Violinist with extensive library of classic and modern Sonatas would like to meet a pianist for mutual study. Also a 'cellist to join in trios. Middlesbrough district.—'STACCATO,' c/o *Musical Times*.

Mezzo-contralto, some professional experience, would like to join party or operatic society for study.—M. H., c/o *Musical Times*.

'Cellist (gentleman), Pianist (lady), would like a violinist (either sex) to join for mutual practice. Fine amount of music, classical, orchestral.—RISLEY, 66, Patshull Road, Camden Road, N.W.5.

Pianist (male), enthusiastic, desires to join orchestra or concert party. S.E. district preferred.—G. D., 113, Crampton Road, S.E.20.

Accompanist (male), good pianist, wishes to meet vocalists or instrumentalists with view to mutual practice. North London preferred.—A. BIGGS, 10, St. Edmund's Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.8.

Amateur dance quartet requires a pianist and drummer to join violinist and clarinetist for practice.—Write, A. MORRIS, 92, High Road, Chiswick.

Young gentleman violinist would like to meet pianist, mutual practice. Must be enthusiastic; same sex.—1, St. Mark's Terrace, Easton, Bristol.

Violinist required for mutual practice one evening weekly, S.E. district.—A. N., 236, Malpas Road, S.E.4.

Amateur instrumentalists, all parts, required in orchestra at Cricklewood. Rehearsals Tuesdays, and Sunday service.—Write, M. E., 93, Chichele Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

A course of four lectures upon the 'History of Music' of the latter half of the 19th century has been given by Dr. Frederick G. Shinn on Wednesday afternoons, in the Duke's Hall. The illustrations included Sonata for violin and pianoforte by César Franck; pianoforte music by Brahms, Dvorák, Borodin, and a Pianoforte Quartet by A. C. Mackenzie.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Last term there were five chamber concerts, two choral and orchestral concerts, and four informal concerts, at which the following works by College composers were performed: two pieces for flute, oboe, violin, viola, and 'cello by Maurice Jacobson; four pieces for pianoforte solo by Ian D. Whyte; Variations for string quartet by Dorothy A. Peache; Scherzo and Trio for strings by Evelyn W. Willis; two songs by Kathleen C. Lart; three pieces for violin and pianoforte by A. Rose Crèver; Romance and Scherzo for violin by Percy Whitlock; song by Robert T. Featherstone; three pieces for violin by Rachel Macandrew; Organ Prelude and Trio for female voices by Mirabel Cobbold; and songs for voice and string trio by Gordon Jacob. M. J.

MUSIC IN THE UNIVERSITIES

Sir Hugh Allen had undertaken to read a paper on the above subject before the Musical Association on April 25, but unfortunately he was laid aside by illness before completing it, and in these circumstances Dr. Cyril B. Rootham took up the task, utilising Sir Hugh's notes and furnishing other information himself.

At Oxford, up to 1626, music formed a part of the ordinary arts course, and was confined to the study of the musical writings of Boethius. Efficiency in these was all that was required for B.Mus. up to the end of the 16th century. For D.Mus. some skill in composition had to be shown. The candidates for both degrees had to show that they had devoted themselves to the study and practice of music. The Chair of Music was founded in 1626, and there was then a clear idea of what a professor should do: not theory only, but practice also. The scheme was for a lecture on music, not to be given by the professor, but by an M.A. nominated by the Proctor once a year. The professor had to take weekly practices in the Music School for part-singing and playing. If this scheme had not been allowed to fall into abeyance about 1680-85, the whole business of University music would have been different. People would have learnt that music cannot flourish by theory only. You must make it, hear it, and live with it constantly in close companionship.

There was music going on at Oxford during the greater part of the century, especially chamber music. It was regularly a part of all big University functions, and those people who played and sang were called 'The Musick' or 'University Music' as opposed to the Town Band or Waits. From 1680-1730 Oxford musically had gone to sleep, and in practical music nothing was done. Then came Handel, and stirred things up a bit. From 1750 to about 1800, nine-tenths of all the music performed in the music-room was by Handel. During the early part of the 19th century little was done to cultivate music.

The Renaissance of Oxford music began with Ouseley's appointment as Professor. His position at the University gave a great fillip to music, and made people realise that a gentleman might have to do with music without being defiled. The lecturer also paid a tribute to the subsequent work of Stainer, Parratt, and Parry, and showed how during the last fifty years, chamber, orchestral, and choral music had developed at Oxford. Dr. Rootham also warmly praised the influence of Sir Hugh Allen, than whom none had put more energy and driving-power into the music of Oxford.

A Professor of Music was not appointed at Cambridge until 1684, though degrees in music were granted long before this. In the 18th century there was a project for building a music and amphitheatre for lectures, started by Walter Titley's donation, but it fell through, and even now at Cambridge there was not a square inch for musical purposes, although there was a scheme on foot for buildings, either for music or for a United Arts' Club. When William Sterndale Bennett was appointed Professor he made tremendous efforts to restore the dignity of musical degrees at Cambridge, the regulations for which had become most lax.

The C.U.M.S. was founded in 1843 as the Peterhouse Musical Society by a small body of amateurs. In the early days instrumental music mostly was played, then gradually choral and orchestral music obtained equal attention, as is the case to-day. Sir Charles Stanford used to introduce

new and modern works, and brought composers to Cambridge to conduct their own works. He made music there a big and living thing. The Cambridge University Musical Club, started in 1891, has developed from a small beginning into a very big thing, so that on Saturday nights it is necessary to hire a hall to accommodate the members.

The two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge had the same sort of aims and much the same forces. The town of Oxford was larger than that of Cambridge, and therefore at the University they had rather more forces to draw upon, so far as the residents were concerned, than at Cambridge.

The paper was followed by a very full discussion in which the speakers gave particulars of music at the other Universities.

Later in the evening members and friends assembled at the Monico Restaurant, when the annual dinner was held for the first time since 1913. In the unavoidable absence of the president, Mr. F. Gilbert Webb occupied the chair. The speakers included Mr. Louis N. Parker, Prof. C. H. Kitson, Mr. Claude Aveling, and Dr. John E. Borland.

THOMAS BRITTON: THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL MAN

BY C. EDGAR THOMAS

Practically all walks of life have possessed their eccentrics, and the arts and sciences have probably recruited more than their share. The world of music has been graced with the whimsical figure of Thomas Britton, popularly known as 'the musical small-coal man,' who as an eccentric, must be conceded a distinct niche in the realms of musical biography. Indeed, the story, at once curious and fanciful, is one of the most interesting romances of the 18th century—that age of romances—and of music.

A curiously dual personality was Britton's, for he somehow matched—and more wonderful still, reconciled—a keen business instinct with the credulity of a child; and he was versatile to boot, combining a wide knowledge of chemistry, old books—mainly concerned with the occult—and a more than average grasp of the theory and practice of music. A sincere votary of the arts and sciences, he was a general virtuoso rather than a real proficient in any one branch. His relations with his social superiors did not spoil him, and that is surely one of the tests of greatness.

The cry of 'Small-coal, small-coal' has now for long been hushed; it is no longer numbered among the discords of perambulatory jargon. Familiar to the ears of our great-grandparents, it is now retired, exalted with the dignity of a past street cry, and is only called to mind by the frequent allusions that may be found in contemporary literature. Several enliven the pages of the *Spectator*, and it figures in Gay's *Trivia* when the poet sings:

'When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threatened coat.'

Thomas Britton, the eccentric and many-sided genius who was destined to be numbered among the itinerant vendors of this ware in the past, was born, story says, at or near Higham Ferrers, Northamptonshire, somewhere about the year 1654. Of his education—such as it was—we know nothing. Our knowledge commences at the time when Britton left the place of his birth and, coming to London, entered into a seven years' apprenticeship to a small-coal man, whose business was in that part of the town known as St. John Street, Clerkenwell. These seven years of toil are likewise a void, much as one would like to know something of the life and condition of that sooty youth 'neath the shade of St. John's Gate. The period of servitude finished, Britton returned to the scene of his childhood, where he quickly contrived to exhaust his slender savings, and then returned to the metropolis and set-up for himself in the coal trade, hiring a humble stable in the neighbourhood of his apprenticeship. This stable, for which he paid in rent £4 yearly, he utilised for the two-fold purpose of store and dwelling-house. Diligent researchers have discovered that this precise stable was situated at the north-east corner of Jerusalem Passage, and that it was divided into two stories, the lower serving as the coal-shop and the upper, 'a long, low room to which access was gained by a ladder-like staircase from the outside,' for his domestic needs. A sorry property

perhaps—'for his House is not much higher than a Canary Pipe, and the Window of his State Room but very little bigger than the Bunghole of a Cask,' as one contemporary description has it.' But, as we shall see, its sorry nature did not prevent the rise of an institution that was as wonderful in its own day as the story of it is now.

It was not long before he made the acquaintance of his neighbour Dr. Garencières, the distinguished chemist, who, taking an interest in the young man, granted him free access to his laboratory, of which privilege Britton was not slow to take advantage. In fact so much use did he make of this kindness that it was not long ere he vied with his patron and friend; so much so that he built himself a portable laboratory, where, says the antiquary, Hearne, with whom he was a great favourite, 'he performed with little expense and trouble such things as had never been done before.'

But it is with music and Britton that we are principally concerned. Music he was passionately fond of; he himself played creditably upon the viol de gamba, and in his miserable loft above his coal-store, the only access to which, as already indicated, was a narrow break-neck pair of steps, 'scarcely to be mounted without crawling,' he instituted regular concerts of vocal and orchestral music. These meetings commenced in 1678, and for close upon forty years were held regularly once a week. At first membership and admission were gratis, but the success of the enterprise, assured from the first, and the increasing membership, necessitated an annual subscription of ten shillings, and removal to more convenient and commodious premises in the next house. The removal to better quarters was certainly desirable, but it was not, strange to say, successful. And so Britton and his enthusiastic coterie returned to the ramshackle stable, of which Edward Ward said: 'Anybody that is willing to take a hearty sweat may have the pleasure of hearing many notable performances in the charming science of music.' The modest sum of ten shillings was continued as subscription, and for this Britton undertook to find the instruments, and to regale his fellow artists and guests with coffee at a penny a dish!

Clerkenwell was at that date a not unfashionable residential district—*vide Musical Times*, August, 1906, p. 529.

The noble and the great flocked to Britton's humble hovel, and in spite of its rudeness his assemblies were graced with the presence of the fair and the gay. From the first his patrons fell over each other to do him homage, and among them was that doyen of journalists and pamphleteers, Sir Roger L'Estrange, himself a performer upon the bass viol. Under such a humble roof, then, this extraordinary small-coal man instituted 'that elegant and rational amusement,' the musical concert. Although one of the earliest to do so, he does not appear to have been the first, for Banister had commenced concerts at his 'Musick-school' at Whitefriars some years previously. Britton's enterprise was immediately crowned with success, and here once a week could have been found gathered together over a mean coal-shop the musical genius of London. It was in such surroundings that Handel and Dr. Pepusch displayed their talents upon the harpsichord and organ; that John Banister—just mentioned—played first violin; that the painter, Woolaston—who twice painted Britton, once at the instance of Sir Hans Sloane, who purchased the portrait—proved himself to be a good performer upon both violin and flute; and that John Hughes, the poet, Philip Hart, the organist, Henry Symonds, Abel Whichello, the composer, Obadiah Shuttleworth, the violinist, and, later, Henry Neebler, among others, offered up burnt sacrifices at the altar of Apollo. Here, too, it is reported, Matthew Dubourg, when a child, played, 'standing upon a joint-stool,' the first solo that he ever executed in public.

Sir Richard Steel, commenting in No. 144 of the *Guardian* upon the odd and original characters produced by a free form of government, said:

'We have a small-coal man, who, beginning with two plain notes, which made up his daily cry, has made himself master of the whole compass of the

gamut, and has frequent concerts of music at his own house, for the entertainment of himself and friends.'

And Britton's neighbour, Edward Ward, thus wrote:

'His Hut wherein he dwells, which has long been honoured with such good company, looks without side as if some of his Ancestors had happened to be executors to old snoring Diogenes, and that they had carefully transplanted the Athenian-Tub into Clerkenwell.'

Old book-stalls had a peculiar fascination for Britton. While upon his daily rounds he would spend a good deal of time poring over antiquated works on chemistry and music. But he was no mere man of parchments. So great was his discernment in the selection of works of merit, that during the rage for old books and manuscripts that set in towards the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries he was well employed in swelling (upon commission!) the collections of many of the noblest in the land. These included the Duke of Devonshire, the Earls of Oxford, Sunderland, and Winchelsea—all great book collectors, who allowed Britton to share in their conversation when they met to compare notes at a bookseller's shop in Ave Maria Lane after their rambles through the town. It was then that Britton would leave his coal-sack at the door of learning, and, dressed in his blue smock, spend many an agreeable hour with his co-enthusiasts thumbing reverend tomes and lingering long over curious manuscripts. In this connection how many remember that he assisted to form the famous Harleian collection, and that the Somers Tracts were of his collecting?

With such opportunities at his command Britton, naturally amassed a valuable private library of his own, the excellence of which has been testified to by no less an authority than Thomas Hearne, who likewise spoke of Britton's skill in rare books and old manuscripts. Not only did Britton's library comprise a valuable collection of old musical works, but he added many manuscripts copied with his own hand. And his efforts as a collector were not confined to music; he dabbled in curiosities of all sorts—drawings and prints, and ancient and modern musical instruments. A large portion of his library was sold before his death, and Hearne confessed that he had often looked over its printed catalogue 'with wonder.' Another collection of musical books and manuscripts constituted the chief property left by Britton, and this his widow sold by auction at Tom's Coffee-house. Many of the items passed into the possession of Sir Hans Sloane, and were by him bequeathed to the British Museum. The works on music realised something like £100.

It is hardly surprising that so obvious an eccentric as Britton should have suffered on account of his hobbies. In an age of suspicion, when success in whatever direction was attended with considerably more drawbacks than it now is, he was variously accused of being an Atheist, Presbyterian, Jesuit, Sectary, and Conjuror, and his musical assemblies a cloak for seditious meetings, magic, and necromancy. The singularity of his mode of life and, perhaps most of all, the marked contrast between his station and his connections, combined to incite a variety of opinions concerning him and his meetings. Need it be said that these calumnies were absolutely groundless? Britton's record proves him to have been a simple and honest man, of 'open countenance,' ingenuous, wholly without offence—save that which jealousy inspired—whose tastes tended towards the arts rather than to politics.

And the manner of his death was no less romantic than his extraordinary life had been. Britton's end was poignant, and strangely in keeping with his singular life. An imaginative man, he was virtually killed by his own imagination; although it is not improbable that his head had been turned by his mystical studies. One day a friend introduced him to a ventriloquist, a fellow of mischievous jests, named Honeyman. This worthy, by way of a joke, in a far-away voice bade poor Britton prepare for his approaching end by repeating the Lord's Prayer upon his knees. Britton, credulous as ever, promptly obeyed the injunction, went home to his bed terrified, and in a few days—September, 1714—passed away. His remains were interred in a vault at St. James', Clerkenwell, - but no record now marks the spot. Woolaston, who has

* Woolaston's portrait was reproduced as a supplement of the *Musical Times*, August, 1906.

already been mentioned as a member of his orchestra, pronounced him to be a plain, simple, honest man, bent solely upon amusing himself, and, he might have added, others as well. Hughes, another member of his orchestra, penned upon him the following lines :

'Tho' mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell;
Well pleased Apollo thither led his train,
And music warbled in her sweetest strain.
Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jovè,
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove.
Let useless pomp behold, and blush to find
So low a station, such a liberal mind.'

With all his accomplishments Britton never rose above his station : he died as he had lived—a small-coal man. His is a remarkable instance of genius in semi-obscurity. Did he attempt to rise, as the term is now generally understood ? Would he have been happier in his new-found world had he done so ? These are questions at once interesting and difficult to answer. For our part we are inclined to suspect that Britton cherished more philosophy than has been laid to his credit.

And who shall say that his passing was not eased by the reflection that he had honestly striven to leave the world—at least the musical world—a little better than he had found it ? How many children of fortune do we light upon throughout the ages—children tossed hither and thither upon her vagrant winds ? . . . Thomas Britton was assuredly one of them, and not the least interesting.

NEGRO SONGS

BY IAN CAMERON

Down on the Suwanee River, Massa's in the cold, cold ground, My Old Kentucky Home, and other of Foster's and kindred melodies, known as Plantation Songs, are songs that the white man has put into the negro's mouth. The truth is the negro seldom sings them. They are not his in the truest sense. The real negro melodies are more or less grotesque, and sung to tunes that are partly creations and partly adaptations of songs he has caught imperfectly. I have heard many negro songs in the fields and tobacco stemmeries, and I do not recall that on any of these occasions the negroes sang, unless by special request, the so-called Plantation Songs.

Negroes are extremely emotional. Their favourite songs are religious with weird minor strains. After the religious songs come those of some phase of their own lives, and of the animal life about them. Joel Chandler Harris has caught this more truly than any other writer. The talk of his negroes is often heard in their songs. Brer (brother) rabbit, brer owl, brer bear, &c., are sung about. The rabbit particularly, being very common in the south, is lauded as a very astute and cunning creature. This is a peculiar negro oddity, for the rabbit is anything but cunning.

It has been pointed out very clearly by Roy Cohen—whose crap-shooting negroes have figured in the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* for the past year or two, and who have also had their day on the New York stage—that the negro's humour is wholly different from that of the white man. The negro will be greatly amused, and will laugh loudly in boisterous appreciation over a situation that, apart from his almost childish point of view, has nothing humorous about it. Even in his songs the humour lies usually in the odd twist of the words, and in his inimitable way of saying the most trivial things. It is impossible to reproduce this in type. The negro must be heard in the fields and in his country churches, when he thinks he has no white hearer. If you ask him for a song he is apt to 'show off,' and to imitate a manner instead of being natural. The best real negro songs are heard in the lonely woods of the south, or in the fields behind the plough, or as he rides to and from his work on the back of a mule.

Very often the words of these songs are unintelligible. The negro coins words to suit himself, and runs them together in a queer jargon. He is inordinately fond of big words. His misuse of them would fill Mrs. Malaprop with

envy. 'Now, brethren,' I heard one very pompous negro preacher explain to his flock, 'dis is de way dat passage reads in de *mataposick* langwidge of de scriptur.' But he did not explain what he meant by 'mataposick.' That sounding word was his passport to learning.

In his humorous songs the negro frequently chuckles to himself, doubtless tickled by some personal experience that the words recall, or over the dilemma of 'dat nigger' in a like experience. I remember to have heard a tall Carolina negro singing—as he walked along by himself, setting his feet obliquely as though, in negro parlance, 'he had bones in his feet'—the following words to a sort of chant with many quavers and minors :

Aint hit a pity?
I doan know,
She didn't say nothin'.
But she slam de do'.

She sho *done* dat ;
Whar's a nigger to go ?
She didn't *say* nothin',
But she *slam* de do'.

Well, I got a catfecsh,
Ef I *got* to go,
I aint gwine *hongry*
Cause *she* slam de do'.
(Chuckle.)

This song is purely negro. It has been sung many times, and with many verbal changes to fit the occasion and the humour of the singer. It is a hit at the 'old 'oman,' who would get 'cantankerous.' Songs of this kind, with a sly dig in the ribs, are much relished by negroes.

Another similar song runs as follows—and let it be said in passing that most negroes cannot understand a man 'that won't take a drink' :

Gwine buy a ba'l o' whiskey,
An' throw way de cup,
An' I sho gwine pass
All de hypocrites up.
You shell be free,
You shell be free,
De good Lawd sets you free.

Some folks say dat
A preacher won't steal,
But I cotch one
In my corn-fiel'.
You shell be free,
You shell be free,
De good Lawd sets you free.

Ef I wuz a chicken
I'd roos' mighty high
When dat ole preacher
Comes a-shashain' by.
You shell be free,
You shell be free,
De good Lawd sets you free.

A song called *Ole Molly Hyar*, the rabbit, is heard everywhere in the country. In it are introduced the opossum, the coon, and the bear. The tune is lively, and sung with great gusto, especially when work is done :

Ole Molly Hyar,
What you doin' dar,
A-settin' in de cornder,
Smokin' a segyar ?

Ole brer coon
I gwine see you soon.
I gwine to make yo' 'quaitance
By de light o' de moon.

Yu may hang yo' haid,
An' play yo' is daid,
But ole Mister possom
Yo' game's done played.

On a still night I have heard negroes singing in their churches at the distance of half a mile. Their voices are wonderfully melodious, and as a rule very strong. They sing with the utmost abandon, the women especially giving a peculiar tremolo effect to the words. The hymns in the country churches are almost invariably lined out by the preacher and taken up by the congregation. Familiar hymns are used, but the negro has a way of changing them that is indescribable. There are many that may be called exclamatory refrains, like:

Jesus went down in de watch,
Yes, my Lawd!
I gwine to follow my Jesus,
Yes, my Lawd!

A great favourite at one time was *Swing low, sweet Chariot*:

Swing low, sweet Chariot,
Comin' fo' to car'y you home,
Swing low, sweet Chariot,
Comin' fo' to car'y yo' home.

Of course the American negro is changing rapidly. The old type is not often found, but a lot of stuff has been written about their servitude to-day in the south. A well-behaved negro is liked by the southern people in a way that none but a southern man can understand. It is only the 'uppity' type that is disliked. Crowds of white men yet gather to be entertained by negro songs and dances, as in the old days. A few extremists, whose opinion is worthless, speak of 'a negro having no soul.' Thousands of dollars are given by whites to negro causes of religion and education, but negro agitators do far more harm than good.

One of the tenderest of negro airs I heard sung when I was a boy by an old white-haired negro who was held in affectionate regard by the whole town. As I remember the song, it was sung very softly, and with unfailing pathos:

Way down in de pastah
Sheep bells is ringin',
Fiel-larks is a-singin'
So fyah:
Way down in de pastah
Shaddahs gittin' longah,
Hyeh de bells a-tingin'—
Dey comin' home.

Way down in de pastah
Sheep's a-walkin' fastah,
Sparrahs is a-singin'
So fyah:
Way down in de pastah
Gittin' kindah lonesome—
Bells is clingin', clingin';
Dey comin' home.

Way down in de pastah,
Shaddahs is a-fallin',
Fiel-larks is a-callin',
So fyah:
Stayars is a-shinin',
Yes, Lawd, I'se comin',
Angels is a-singin'—
I'se comin' home.

No self-respecting negro of the old type will ever be 'sassy' to a white 'gen'lman,' but he will by sly innuendo of saying and song express his opinions, his wishes, and his sarcasm. He will sing at his work about the place, and he expects to be heard. If taken to account for his song he will turn it off with a laugh. This trait is thoroughly understood by the whites, who, as the negro expresses it, are of 'we-all's fambly'—that is, of the old order. For 'de po' white-trash' the negro has nothing but scorn, and does not hesitate to say so openly. Here is one of these songs of sarcasm in part:

My ole missis she promus me
When she died she'd set-a-me free;
But now ole missis is daid an' gone,
An' here's po' nigger a-hoein' de cawn.

My ole missis was kindeh shy
Wid rale hog-meat and punkin' pie;
An' her buttermilk was tolerble thin
She give her nigger sop his cawn-pone in.

Noah, frequently pronounced Norah by the country negro, is a favourite Biblical character. The fact that he got drunk seems to add to his popularity among the negroes. They take what is known as the 'sinner's weak-kneed comfort' in the fact:

De Lawd say to Norah des build me a-nark,
An' Norah he made hit outer hickory bark,
An' he pitched hit tigh' 'ithout an' 'ithin,
An' den he 'vited all de animiles in.

De animiles come in two by two,
De elerphunt an' de kangaroo;
An' Norah he say to his boy Shem:
Dese is all dey is an' dat is all dem.

Den ole Miss Norah she git mighty high
A settin' up dar so high an' dry;
Dat's de way o' a 'oman, dey is jes like dat,
Dey all gits uppity when dey's livin' on de fat.

But de Lawd he sont her a tho'n in de flesh;
'Cause she got biggoty an' kindeh fresh,—
Norah got drunk on de blackbe'y wine,
An' den de had trouble all along de line.

But de Lawd he 'gived 'em, and bimeby
De got to a place whar hit wuz dry,
An' Norah got out, an' he tuck off he hat
And he called his altah Mount Narryrat.

The negro's prime favourite, however, is the chicken song, that has as many different versions as there are different breeds of chickens. One that is frequently sung runs like this:

Chicken, chicken, you may go up in a berloon,
Chicken, chicken, you may roos' behin' de moon,
But, chicken, chicken, wherever yo' may be,
Oh, chicken, chicken, yo' kyant roos' too high fo' me.

These songs may be heard to-day all over the southern part of the United States. When they pass (may the day be distant!), and a new 'uppity' negro supplants the old, I am firmly convinced that he will be less happy, less prosperous, and far less educated in the good manners of the heart.

Music in the Provinces

ABERDEEN.—Glasgow Orpheus Choir, visiting Aberdeen on April 15, sang Morley's *April is in my mistress' face*, Max Bruch's *Morning Song of Praise*, Balfour Gardiner's *Cargoes*, Elgar's *Feasting, I watch*, Coleridge-Taylor's *Dead in the Sierras*, and Holst's *Swansea Town*, and, among other arrangements of Scottish songs, Bantock's *O can ye sew cushions*.

BANGOR.—A mixed choir of fifty voices, organized by Miss Olwen Rowlands, on May 10 sang Bach's *The Lord is my Shepherd*, the words translated into Welsh by the Rev. Gwilym Richards.

BARNSTAPLE.—The Musical Festival Society conducted by Dr. H. J. Edwards and Mr. Sydney Harper, on April 25 performed *Walpuris Night* and *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast*. Dr. Edwards and the orchestra were heard in Mendelssohn's *Pianoforte Concerto in G minor*.

BARRY.—On May 10 Parry's *De Profundis* was performed by a choir of a hundred and fifty voices with orchestra, conducted by Mr. J. M. Morris.

BARRY DOCK.—At Holton Road Baptist Church on May 10, Mr. J. M. Morris conducted Schubert's *Unfinished* Symphony, Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, with Mr. Garforth Mortimer as soloist, and Parry's *Song of darkness and of light*, with Madame Laura Evans-Williams as soprano. Choir and orchestra numbered a hundred and fifty performers.

BIGGLESWADE (Bedfordshire).—Conducted by Mr. J. A. Lewis, the Choral Society on March 21 sang *The Battle of the Baltic* and *The May Queen*.

BIRMINGHAM.—Concert-giving has been overshadowed during the month by the Midland Festival (dealt with elsewhere).—Miss Winifred Browne on April 28 gave some interesting pianoforte music. A Chopin group was followed by Brahms's Rhapsody in G minor, and this by a Scarlatti Sonata. She played also a Caprice (No. 2) by York Bowen, Goossens's *Hurdy-gurdy Man* and *Musical-Box*, and two manuscript pieces by Doris Brookes—*Interlude* and *Bridal Procession of the Elves*. Songs were given by Miss Mary Ogden.

BRISTOL.—Dr. Hubert Hunt addressed the Rotary Club on April 24, on 'How to listen to Music,' and advocated the establishment of public gramophone halls, where music of many kinds might be heard.—The Great Western Railway Choral Society on April 26, conducted by Mr. Clare G. A. Beavis, sang *O, who will o'er the downs* (Pearsall), *Now is the month of maying* (Morley), *Awake, sweet love* (Dowland), and *Music, all powerful* (Walmisley). An orchestra played a *Dream dance* by Coleridge-Taylor.—On May 9 Mr. Herbert Parsons (pianoforte) and Miss Madge Thomas (vocalist), gave a recital, the latter singing Purcell's *Dido's Lament* and Stanford's *I'll rock you to rest*.—The last concert of the Children's Concerts Society on May 13 consisted of a lecture-recital by Miss Desirée MacEwan, dealing with Rameau, Scarlatti, Paradies, and Ravel.

CAMBORNE.—West Cornwall Musical Society, numbering two hundred members, at its annual meeting reported a balance in hand after giving six concerts during the season. After the business, music was played and sung, including a *Hebrew Melody*, by Bantock for violoncello, and Liza Lehmann's *In a Persian Garden*.

CARDIFF.—Mr. Garforth Mortimer's orchestra played on Easter Sunday Fould's *Suite Française*, Volpatti's *Rapsodie Slave*, and a Minuet by Cowen. Miss Flora Woodman sang.—The Carl Rosa Opera Company opened a fortnight's season on April 24. Mr. Harold Howell, one of the conductors, is a native of Cardiff and son of a well-known resident.—The Welsh Operatic Society gave a stage performance of *Elijah* on April 28.

CHATHAM.—Part-songs were given by Mr. Leslie Mackay's Choir on April 26, and by the Campus Musical Society on April 28. The latter Society, of which Mrs. Elsie Seaman is the director, also provided chamber music and duets for two pianofortes.

EASINGWOLD (Yorks).—Supported by orchestra, the Musical Society of seventy voices sang *The Death of Minnehaha* on April 18, conducted by Mr. John Groves. The bass vocalist was Mr. Albert Murgatroyd, of Leeds Parish Church.

EASTBOURNE.—On April 27 after the V.M.C.A. Red Triangle Choir had performed with orchestra the first and second parts of the *Hiawatha* trilogy, a presentation was made to the conductor, Dr. Hall.

EDINBURGH.—The William Morris Choir, of Glasgow, conducted by Mr. William Robertson, sang on May-Day Balfour Gardiner's *Cargoes* for male voices, several Elizabethan Madrigals, and an adaptation by William Morris of a Cavalier song.—Mr. Joseph Hislop, on April 29, sang Stanford's *Windy Nights* and groups of Norwegian and Scottish songs. Mr. Ramsay Geikie (pianoforte) played a *Berceuse* by Godowski and Brahms's *Scherzo*, Op. 5.

ETON.—The performance of *The Dream of Gerontius* given by the Windsor and Eton Choral Society at the School Hall recently, was remarkable in the case of a choir undertaking the work for the first time. It was technically good and expressive to a high degree. At the conclusion, a presentation was made to the Rev. Bernard Everett, trainer and conductor of the choir and orchestra. *Blest Pair of Sirens* was in the same programme.

EXETER.—The Chamber Music Club, of which Dr. Ernest Bullock is director of the music, on April 26 met to hear and perform vocal quartets and instrumental items that included Dr. H. J. Edwards's *Romanza* and Elgar's Sonata for violin and pianoforte.—On May 3 the Club arranged a visit of the Spencer Dyke String Quartet, who played the Debussy Quartet, McEwen's *Biscay*, Frank Bridge's *Three Nocturnettes*, Goossens's *By the Tarn* and *Jack o' Lantern*, a *Lament* by Ernest Tomlinson (the viola player of the party), and Grainger's *Molly on the Shore*. Songs were given by Miss Dilys Jones.—St. David's Orchestra, strings and wood-wind, conducted by Mr. Howard Trencor, made its first public appearance on May 2. Creditable performances were given of the *Rosamunde* Ballet music, an Intermezzo by Eric Coates, Grainger's *Molly on the Shore*, a *March of the Mannikins* by Percy Fletcher, and Coleridge-Taylor's *Demande et Réponse*.

GILLINGHAM.—The chief items in the last concert of the String Quartet, on May 4, were Dvorák's Pianoforte Quintet (with Mr. William Petchey) and a Beethoven String Quartet.

GLASGOW.—A choral society has been formed by the workers of the Wallace-Scott Tailoring Institute, and Mr. Francis Sheard has been appointed musical director. The junior and senior choirs, numbering ninety voices, combined with the orchestral class on April 20 to perform Bridge's *The Incheape Rock*, and oratorio choruses.—Dr. Vaughan Williams, on April 22, addressed members of the Scottish branch of the Church Music Society on 'Hymn Tunes and their Place in the Church Service,' in the course of which he referred to 'the magnificent Scottish psalm tunes.' Motets were sung by the Glasgow Bach Choir, conducted by Mr. A. M. Henderson.—On April 24 the Bach Choir sang *Blessing, Glory, Wisdom, and Thanks*, in the Cathedral, and also an interesting historical series from Tallis to Rachmaninov.—The Corporation's indoor concerts during the winter have suffered a financial loss amounting to £500. The Saturday concerts have been of higher standard than formerly, but the attendances fell short by over eighteen thousand of those of last year. The greatest deficit was on the orchestral concerts.—The British Music Society listened, on April 29, to a lecture by Miss Agnes Miller on 'The Pianoforte Concerto,' and in illustration were played Bach's *Italian* Concerto, Liszt's E flat Concerto, and the *Emperor*.

HANLEY.—North Staffordshire District Choral Society, on March 30, conducted by Mr. John James, performed with orchestra Bach's B minor Mass. This great effort was made in celebration of the twenty-first season of the Society. The players were mainly selected from the Birmingham City Orchestra, and Mr. George Baskeyfield was at the organ. The solo vocalists were Miss Carrie Tubbs, Miss Phyllis Lett, Mr. Arthur Jordan, and Mr. Norman Allin.

HARROGATE.—On May 4 the Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Howard Carr, played Delius's *On listening to the first cuckoo in spring* and Ravel's *Parvane pour une infante défunte*.

HERTFORD.—The East Herts Musical Society, conducted by Mr. W. J. Comley, gave the concert selection from *Faust* on May 4. The programme also included the Ballet music from the same opera, and Stanford's *The Last Post*.

KIDDERMINSTER.—On March 30 the Choral Society, conducted by Mr. J. Irving Glover, performed *The Dream of Gerontius* with Mr. Arthur Jordan, Miss Mary Foster, and Mr. Arthur Crammer as principal vocalists. Mr. Chatfield was at the organ, and an orchestra took part in the performance.

LEYTONSTONE.—The music offered by Hainault Glee and Madrigal Choir at St. Andrew's Hall on May 13 included Morley's *Nolo mortem peccatoris*, Byrd's *My sweet little baby*, Beale's *This pleasant month of May*, Morley's *The nymphs in green*, Weelkes's *As Vesta was*, and glees and part-songs of a later age. This excellent programme was conducted by Mr. John Cook.

LINDFIELD.—Under the conductorship of Dr. H. T. Pringuer, the Musical Society gave a creditable performance of Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* on May 3. The miscellaneous after-part included the Epilogue from the *Golden Legend* and Mendelssohn's *Departure*.

LIVERPOOL.—An exhibition of instruments and a festival of music of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries was opened on May 8, under the direction of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch. The exhibits included some of Mr. Dolmetsch's own productions, including a beautiful clavichord, and examples of other English, German, and Italian models. Music for lute, recorder, cithren, and three viols was played, also a Fantasy for five viols by John Cooper, an early 17th century work, and a Trio for harpsichord, violin, and viola da gamba by Rameau. On the following day were played a French Suite for treble and bass viols and harpsichord by de Caix d'Hervelois (18th century), two Scarlatti Sonatas, and the Bach Sonata in D for harpsichord and viola da gamba.

LIANDUDNO.—The Season Extension Choral Society performed *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast* on March 30, conducted by Dr. Caradog Roberts. A Motet by Bach will be included in next season's programme.

MAIDSTONE.—The twelfth annual concert of the Maidstone Orchestral Society took place on May 10, under the direction of Mr. Frederick Cole. The programme included the *New World* Symphony, Beethoven's *Prometheus* Overture, Percy Grainger's *Mock Morris*, and the second *Peer Gynt* Suite. Mr. Norman Williams sang, and Mr. Albert Fransella played a Suite for flute and orchestra by Godard.

NEWCASTLE.—The Glee and Madrigal Society, conducted by Mr. R. W. Clark, on May 4 sang music relating to spring—by Spofforth, Beale, and Muller—pieces from Mendelssohn's *Ædipus* and *Antigone*, and Parry's *Jerusalem*.

NORWICH.—The Philharmonic Society, conducted by Dr. Frank Bates, has concluded an excellent season. The following works have been performed entirely with local resources, choral and orchestral: Bach's Mass in B minor, *King Olaf*, Balfour Gardiner's *News from Whydah*, Stanford's *Songs of the Fleet*, Symphonies by César Franck, Dvorák (the *New World*), and Mozart (the *Jupiter*); Concertos by Rachmaninov, for pianoforte, in C (Miss Irene Scharrer), Elgar, for violoncello (Miss Beatrice Harrison), and Mendelssohn, for violin (Miss Margaret Fairless); the *Magic Flute* Overture; Sibelius's *Karelia*; Sonatas for violin and pianoforte by Elgar and John Ireland, played by Messrs. Sammons and Murdoch; and music for violin and organ, played by M. André Mangeot and Mr. Sidney H. Nicholson. The preliminary lectures given by Dr. Bates are a popular and useful feature.

PETERBOROUGH.—A performance of *The Apostles* in the Cathedral on May 11 proved a notable event. The Peterborough Choral Union and the Peterborough Orchestral Society combined for the occasion. Mr. H. Coleman was at the organ, and Mr. A. E. Armstrong conducted. It is estimated that between two and three thousand people attended.

PORTSMOUTH.—Brahms's Symphony No. 2 and a Miniature Suite for strings, composed and conducted by Lieut. B. Walton O'Donnell, were played by the band of the Royal Marine Light Infantry on April 14.—At a concert on May 5 the Quartet Players were heard in Quartets by Brahms and Rheinberger, and Hurlstone's Violoncello Sonata.

ST. ALBANS.—The Mayson Opera Singers visited the County Hall Theatre on May 17, and gave condensed versions of *Faust*, *Martha*, and *Il Trovatore*. This Company—a group of picked operatic artists who have already won success on the stage—gives 'potted' opera, produced by Mr. Sumner Austin.

ST. ANDREWS.—On March 23, the Musical Association, conducted by Mr. Alexander Hendry, sang McCunn's *Lord Ullin's daughter*, *The Revenge*, and trios for female voices by Walford Davies and Coleridge-Taylor. An orchestra assisted.

SOUTHAMPTON.—For the last concert of the season, on May 3, the Philharmonic Society gave a spirited performance of *Caractacus* under Mr. George Leake. The soloists were Miss Dorothy Silk, Mr. John Collett, Mr. Herbert Heyner, and Mr. Harold Lankester. In memory of the late conductor, Mr. E. H. Moberley, the programme opened with Spohr's *Blest are the Departed*.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—The boys of All Saints' Choir, Margaret Street, London, commemorated Shakespeare's birthday by visiting his burial place, Holy Trinity Church, and singing a *De Profundis* composed for them by Sir George Henschel, and a setting of the dirge from *Cymbeline*, especially written for the occasion by W. S. Vale, their choirmaster. The *De Profundis* is written for trebles and altos unaccompanied. Mr. Vale's *Fear no more the heat of the sun* is in the manner of a part-song. Three stanzas are set similarly, and the fourth is built upon a kind of melodic expansion of a phrase employed for each of the closing lines of the earlier stanzas.

WINKLEIGH (Devon).—The Rev. E. Boyton Smith, who has formed a string orchestra in the village, on April 25 conducted his players in Cyril Scott's *Passacaglia*, a *Gavotte* by Aletter, and an *Indian Idyll* of his own composition.

WOKING.—The Mackenzie Festival held by the Woking Musical Society on April 29 was a great success. The programme had been devised and prepared by Mr. Patrick White as president and Mr. H. Scott Baker as organizing secretary and choral trainer, and Sir Alexander himself came to conduct. Under his baton the orchestra (augmented from the Philharmonic) played the *Crickel on the Heath* Overture, part of the *London Day by Day* Suite, the Scottish Pianoforte Concerto—with Miss Isabel Gray as a brilliant soloist—and the choir gave selections from *The Rose of Sharon* and *The Dream of Jubal*. Some part-songs were sung under the direction of Mr. Scott Baker. The solo singers were Miss Olive Groves, Miss Violet Southam, Mr. Manuel Jones, and Mr. H. M. Warde.

WORCESTER.—At the last concert of the Symphony Orchestra on April 23 was played *By the sea*, by the conductor, Mr. George Austin. The programme further included *Finlandia* and Elgar's *Sursum corda*.

WREXHAM.—On April 25 the Philharmonic Society performed *The Dream of Gerontius*, in which Miss Dillys Jones sang the part of the Angel, and Mr. John Coates that of Gerontius. The conductor was Mr. T. Hopkin Evans.

Obituary

We regret to announce the following deaths:

EDWARD HUGH MORERLEY, at Southampton, at the age of seventy-two. He was the fifth son of Bishop George Moberley, of Salisbury, under whom he was educated at Winchester. He entered the Church in 1872. Fourteen years afterwards (in 1886) ill-health compelled him to resign the living he then held at Chute Vicarage. From that time he devoted himself to the fostering of music in the South of England. He founded the Andover Musical Society, the Test Valley Musical Society, the Avon Vale Musical Society, and a Ladies' Orchestra which earned great renown. As conductor of the Southampton Philharmonic Society for twenty years he raised the standard of performance to a high level. He was a musician who combined lofty ideals with great practical gifts.

JAMES FREDERICK SLATER, Mus. Bac. Dunelm., a popular and well-known Oldham musician, at the age of sixty-six. In the course of his career he was organist, teacher, chorus-trainer, and music-master to a boys' school. He was much in demand as an adjudicator at brass band contests.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL

We have received the programme of the two hundred and second Festival of the Three Choirs, to be held at Gloucester on September 3, 5, 6, 7, and 8. British composers are unusually well represented, about twenty being drawn on. As is usual and fitting at these Festivals, Elgar is prominent. *The Apostles* and *The Kingdom* are down for September 5 and 6; *For the Fallen* and the Bach Fugue transcription will be heard on September 7. New works are Dunhill's *Elegiac Variations* for orchestra (in memory of Hubert Parry), Bantock's *Prelude and First Day from The Song of Songs*, Arthur Bliss's *Symphony*, and a choral work by Eugène Goossens—the last three being written for the Festival. Other native works in the programme are Parry's *Symphonic Variations*, two orchestral pieces by German, W. H. Reed's *The Lincoln Imp*, Holst's *Two Psalms*, and Brewer's *The Holy Innocents*. The familiar side will be provided by *Elijah*, *The Messiah*, Verdi's *Requiem*, and Brahms's *Symphony in D*.

The organ, rebuilt at a cost of about £5,000, plays a prominent part. It joins the orchestra in Herbert Howells's *Phantasy, Sine Nomine*, written for the occasion, and organ solos to be played during the week are Wesley's Choral Song and Fugue, Lloyd's *Elegy*, West's *Song of Triumph*, Stanford's *Fantasia* (Op. 181), Reed's *Toccata in D* (new), Harwood's *Capriccio*, and Brewer's *Pean of Praise* (new). The orchestra is the London Symphony, there is a strong force of soloists, and the conductor-in-chief is, of course, Dr. Herbert Brewer. The whole scheme shows that this two-hundred-years-old music-making is still very much alive.

MUSIC IN IRELAND

A new Irish Opera Company has been formed by Mr. H. B. Phillips, of Belfast and Derry, formerly one of the directors of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and will inaugurate its season with the first production of an operatic version of Boucicault's *Arrah-na-pogue*, entitled *Shawn the Post*, the libretto being by R. J. Hughes and the music by Harold R. White, the popular Dublin composer and musical critic.

On March 21, at the Town Hall, Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown), the Dalkey Choral Society (now in its third year), under the conductorship of Mr. Hubert Rooney, produced Cowen's *Rose Maiden*, with a chorus and orchestra of eighty performers. Miss Violet Blackadder was an efficient accompanist. There was a large and appreciative audience.

Although the annual grant of £300 given by the British Government since 1872 to the Royal Irish Academy of Music automatically ceased at the signing of the Treaty, it is gratifying to chronicle that the Provisional Government of Ireland has intimated that a like grant would be continued to that old-established institution, now in its seventy-fourth year of usefulness.

So far as can be learned from the new programme for Music Instruction in National Schools in Ireland, Tonic Sol-fa is practically tabooed, and the Staff is given pride of place. Naturally Irish traditional music will be fostered under the new régime.

Quite a delightful Bach organ recital was given recently in the Chapel Royal, Dublin, by Mr. W. E. Hopkins, Director of the State Musick. The proceeds went to help the fund to alleviate the distress in Connemara and the west of Ireland.

The last concert of the season by the Belfast Philharmonic Society took place in Wellington Hall, and consisted of Bizet's *Carmen*. Chorus and orchestra, under the baton of Mr. Godfrey Brown, deserved the highest praise. Mr. J. H. MacBratney accompanied.

At a meeting of the Ulster Society of Organists and Choirmasters, in the Assembly Buildings, Belfast, an interesting paper on 'Some Deficiencies in the Organist's Equipment' was read by Dr. E. M. Chaundy. At the election for the coming year Dr. Lawrence Walker was re-elected president, with Mr. C. J. Brennan and Dr. Chaundy as vice-presidents, and Mr. George Smith as hon. secretary. At the Rotary Club in the northern capital, on April 7, Mr. Plunket

Greene delivered a delightful lecture on the Art of Singing, giving unstinted praise to Sir Charles V. Stanford for his efforts in the adequate mating of music and intelligible words. Singing was, he said, but a glorified form of speech.

Much interest was centred in the Press Fund Concert given at the Mansion House, Dublin, on April 1, when a fine miscellaneous programme was gone through before a packed house. Mr. Hubert Rooney's Choir lent valuable assistance. The same singers presented a satisfactory performance of Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* at the Abbey Theatre, on April 5. An efficient orchestra was led by Mr. Nabarro.

Miss Culwick's Choral Society attracted a critical and appreciative audience to the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on April 3. A carefully-selected programme was presented, the items including Bryson's *Drum Taps* and John Ireland's *Cradle Song*. Miss Sidford Fannin was an admirable accompanist.

Master Gerald Shanahan, a prodigy pianist, aged twelve, gave an interesting recital at Aberdeen Hall, Dublin, on April 5.

The continued success of the Dublin dramatic soprano, Miss Peggy Sheridan, at La Scala Theatre, Milan, especially her triumph in *La Wally*, has resulted in her engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, for next season.

Musical Notes from Abroad

AMSTERDAM

We seemed to have turned back to the days of the early forties of last century, when the scheme of the subscription concert of March 16 announced part of a Concerto for bassoon. The music was the *Andante* of Mozart's Concerto, and the player M. Elders, our first bassoon, who proved himself a performer of very high attainments. Of the two novelties that were heard—Florent Schmitt's *Rêves* and Ravel's *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*—neither could be called a success, least so the first-named, the discordant character of which seemed deeply to depress the mind of the audience.

In the concert of March 19, M. Francis Koene, the talented leader of the Utrecht Symphony Orchestra, was heard to great advantage in Suk's *Fantasia*, Op. 24. To celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of Brahms's death, the still remaining four concerts of this season were devoted to his music. With the exception of the two orchestral *Serenades* and the D minor Piano-forte Concerto, we heard all the orchestral works, besides the *Schicksalslied*, in which our Toonkunstkoor lent valuable assistance, and the *Alto Rhapsodie*, in which Madame Emmi Leisner's singing of the contralto solo was absolutely beyond praise. The vocal background was sustained by the Apollo male choral society. If I say that never can I hope to hear finer choral singing than was given by this body, any further criticism is rendered superfluous. Indeed, the entire concert will linger in memory for a long time to come. It opened with a magnificent performance of the third Symphony, and concluded with the Violin Concerto, in which M. Zimmermann was again heard to the best of his ability. Besides the soloists, Dr. Muck and the orchestra were greatly applauded. At the first concert the soloists were Messrs. Zimmermann and Loevenrohn, who joined forces in Brahms's double Concerto; at the second, Mr. Frederic Lamond made a splendid appearance in the B flat Concerto. The last concert, being also the last of the series of subscription concerts, furnished the public an opportunity for giving Dr. Muck an unmistakable proof of its appreciation. He obviously has won the hearts of the audience to such an extent that the announcement of his coming back to Amsterdam next year has caused great satisfaction.

At the last of the Concertgebouw chamber music concerts, Madame Charles Cahier performed exclusively works by Brahms—the *Vier Ernste Gesänge*, the two lieder with viola obbligato, and a very exhaustive choice of Brahms's best secular songs. Herr Julius Röntgen, who acted as

accompanist, played together with his son the Violin Sonata in D minor by Brahms.

Owing to an internal feud, part of the R.C. Oratorio Society has separated from the mother institution and formed a new choral organization that inaugurated its foundation by a performance of Heinrich Schütz's *Passion of St. Matthew*. To cope with the intricacies of a style so obsolete as that required for this particular work would, however, demand a more intimate knowledge of musical history than M. Theo. v. d. Byl possesses. To his credit be it stated that he refrained from giving the work with Arnold Mendelssohn's additional accompaniments. On the other hand, the performance was found lacking in too many other respects to be called satisfactory. Mention has to be made of Messrs. Anton Sistermans and Joseph Holthaus, who very capably sustained the parts of Christ and the Evangelist.

A fine treat was provided on March 22 by the Royal Choral Society, when Pierné's *Croisade des Enfants* was heard with the composer himself conducting. The Madrigal Society gave its first concert on March 27, its finished singing of works old and new arousing great enthusiasm. A new composition of Willem Pypers, *Heer Halewyn*, proved to be a rather unsavoury dish. As regards chamber music concerts, the palm has been carried off by the Poulet Quartet, of Paris, whose standard of execution in the performance of Debussy's String Quartet can only be imagined by actually hearing. The concert of the Dutch String Quartet owed its main interest to Cyril Scott's Pianoforte Quintet. With Mr. Howard-Jones at the pianoforte, a very fine reading of this extremely difficult work was secured. Mr. Howard-Jones's solo recital has further enhanced the reputation which this artist enjoys here. He moreover is one of the few who realises his duty towards the art of his country. Consequently he never appears here without introducing new works of British composers. This time works by Arnold Bax and Eugène Goossens were chosen. Taken as a whole, his recital was one of the finest we have had this winter. Madame Berthe Seroen and M. Evert Cornelis came again with some very interesting items. Fine songs by Debussy and Moussorgsky were heard at their concert on March 28. The *Quatre Poèmes Juifs* by Darius Milhaud could not, however, induce us to change our attitude towards this reckless extremist. Besides Debussy's *Children's Corner*, M. Cornelis gave a fine reading of Moussorgsky's *Pictures from an Exhibition*.

M. Hubert Cuypers, who as chorus-master ranks among the very first of his profession, has been very active of late. Under his able tuition our youngest choral society, Schola Cantorum, has in an almost incredibly short time made splendid progress. This was evident in a Church concert on April 14, when we were regaled with a fine selection of a *cappella* works of such masters as Lotti, Ingegneri, and some compositions of more modern date. With the magnificent Toonkunst-koor and the orchestra of the Concertgebouw, M. Cuypers, on April 29, gave an exceedingly fine performance of Bossi's secular oratorio, *Jeanne d'Arc*. The treat was enhanced by a select body of soloists, comprising Mesdames Mia Peltenburg, Jeanne Brandsma, Suze Luger, and Messrs. Urlus and Thom. Denys.

At the second concert given by the Madrigal Society we heard a composition by C. Caplet, *Messe dit des Petits de St. Eustache*, a highly interesting work, originally written for boys' voices, and containing splendid music conceived in a style which is absolutely modern and yet does not violate the ears of the listener.

Since May 1 we have again had Italian Opera. Cavaliere de Hondt has this time shown an exceedingly fortunate hand in selecting his artists. Indeed I venture to say that the operatic world is likely to hear more anon of such excellent singers as the lyric tenor, Signor Gilletta, Signorina Torri, and the two baritones, Signori Ghirardini and Conati, not to forget Signorina Cassani, whose magnificent singing succeeded in making even Donizetti's *Lucia* palatable to our ears. Talking about opera, it pains me to have to record the final debacle of our National Opera. There

seems to be still a faint possibility of restoring it to life on a more limited scale next season. The more initiated are, however, far from sanguine on that subject.

On May 7 we were visited by the Vatican Choir, *en route* for England. W. HARMANS.

GERMANY

MAX REGER

This is a time of progress and development. While some of the younger composers are zealously busy to cultivate the field of music with more or less success, Max Reger has since his death become a pillar in the land. He is looked upon not as a revolutionist, but as a link in the line Bach, Beethoven, Brahms. Since Lindner published his life of Reger (Stuttgart, I. Engelhorn's *Nachf.*) the world knows how he adored and loved these giants, and that 'an intense study of their compositions has made him what he is.' Powerful factors are at work to bring Reger home to the masses. At Leipzig a Reger Gesellschaft has been formed, with Richard Strauss at the head, for the purpose of organizing regular Reger Festivals and publishing scientific and artistic works to explain his art and manner. Realising a wish of the deceased, funds are to be collected to assist young composers in the publication of their works.

As the result of a most successful Reger Festival, lasting three days, another Max Reger Gesellschaft has been formed at Vienna, with Reichwein, Schütz, Kistersitz, Foll, and Dr. Viktor Junk as founders, and aims similar to that of Leipzig.

One does not expect to fill a hall with an audience listening to a Reger programme, and it was a daring undertaking on the part of Wilh. Jinkertz and Emanuel Gatscher, of Berlin, to advertise a concert devoted exclusively to Reger compositions for two pianofortes—the Variations and Fugue, Op. 132A, on a theme by Mozart, Introduction, Passacaglia, and Fugue, Op. 96, and Variations and Fugue, Op. 86, on a theme by Beethoven. With Reger's thorough mastery of the organ style the solo character of the pianoforte disappears to a certain degree, and the aural effect of the performance does not exceed that of two performers on one instrument.

On the other hand, in the domain of organ music Reger is the unparalleled master of our time. When the Cologne Gesellschaft für neue Musik enlisted the services of Hans Bachem, one of the most qualified interpreters of Reger's organ music, it was thought advantageous to repeat either at the same or at some future concert the more abstruse works. It is characteristic of the audience which in this respect begged at the last of the six concerts a repetition of the Fantasia and Fugue in D minor, Op. 135B, instead of the monumental Fantasia and Fugue, Op. 46, which had opened the cycle of concerts. With such programmes it was possible to form a judgment of the style of the earlier works, with their unbridled strength, in contrast to the clear ripeness of the later compositions. Between the great Fugues, Fantasias, and Passacaglias, Bachem interpolated miniature specimens of Reger's art, such as pieces from Op. 59, which depict in an especial manner the deep religious trait of the composer's life work. While they showed the organist's taste in the choice of tone-colour, the monumental works proclaimed him a master of form and matter.

Prof. Carl Straube, of Leipzig, the intimate friend of Max Reger and master interpreter, is engaged on a book, *Reger und die Orgel*, which is anxiously looked forward to by German organists. It forms the sixth book of a series of monographs published by Otto Halbreiter (Munich), dealing with *Reger's Harmonik*, by Grabner; *Reger's Persönlichkeit*, by Wülz, Kaas, and Unger; *Reger's Chorwerke*, by Holle, &c., the authors being pupils or personal friends of the deceased master.

Mention must also be made of an excellent book on Max Reger by Karl Hasse (Leipzig, L. F. W. Siegel), Professor of Music at the University of Tübingen and a pupil of Reger. It is an answer to those who declare Reger's art a product of decadence. Hasse is not only intimately acquainted with all his master's works and methods; he is also a psychologist, although in this respect he gazes somewhat too intently through the spectacles of a

pupil. All the aforementioned booklets are but accessories to Lindner's path-breaking book already referred to. It is an introduction into the mind of Max Reger, inexhaustible in historic material, and at the same time a monument of a friendship based on mutual understanding. Included in it are analyses of Reger's great works, together with a series of photographs hitherto unknown. Lindner discovered the boy's great gifts, taught him pianoforte playing and theory, and was ever looked upon by the pupil as an authority.

A NEW OPERA

The Birds of Aristophanes, a political satire, appears at first sight a subject of little attraction to a composer. Indeed, when Walther Braunfels chose this old Greek comedy he had to adopt considerable alterations. Thus the nightingale, the symbol of eternal longing, becomes a central figure whose melodies form a red thread throughout the story. At the same time, with the omission of the satirical element the dramatic interest has suffered considerably. Braunfels's music is beautiful beyond description—it does not excite, it does not cause the blood to freeze, it is no theatre music. It is natural, economical as regards resources, and flows on like a beautiful river. Braunfels composes regardless of intuition, of spontaneous inspiration, and the listener hardly ever receives the impression of an especially happy thought.

NEW MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS

A year has gone by since Oswald Kühn, of Stuttgart, organized the Württembergische Konzertbund for the purpose of preventing the danger of collapse that menaced the life of music. The Bund grasps all available forces to give to musical life a solid foundation, being a reform on a grand scale, realising modern ideas with respect to public performances, disregarding the star system and the profit-devouring musical agent, and thus serving both artist and public. As the Bund can only attain its great aims if all music-loving circles and individuals become members, its work is spread all over the country. With the aid of the Tonkünstlerverein, Musikpädagogischer Verband, Landestheaterorchester, the Bach-Verein, all choral societies, and numerous artists, seven groups of concerts—each comprising six programmes—have been in progress during the last winter. Each group supplied a symphony concert, a chamber concert, a choral concert, and three concerts for soloists, and the final group was devoted to sacred concerts only. The prices of admission are low, being six, four, and three marks. The success of the undertaking was so great that a rejuvenation of the national musical life is expected. Henceforward series of high-class concerts are provided, uniformly and systematically artistic, which will do away with the haphazard system hitherto followed. Young and unknown composers, unable to pay fees to hear their own works performed, may now obtain a hearing, and even payment; and the public has opportunities to listen to the greatest of players so long as their charges are not exorbitant.

Another organization to be welcomed is Der Berufsverband der Musikwissenschaftler, that purports to guard the interests of musical scientists. This new union was formed at Frankfurt a/M., at the instigation and under the auspices of the professors of music of the Universities of Leipzig, Frankfurt, Freiburg, Cologne, Heidelberg, and other scientists not connected with universities. It was decided to organize local branches in all towns, if possible, in connection with musico-historic institutions, all to be subject to a central committee, and the first meeting of delegates is to take place in the summer at Leipzig.

A VICTIM OF THE WAR

From time to time the world is reminded of the great loss the musical world suffered when in 1915 Rudi Stephan died on the battle-field of Galicia. Schulz-Dornburg, of Bochum, the champion of modern music, organized in memory of the young master a three days' Festival, producing songs (Frl. Laner-Kottlar and Richard Breitenfeld, of Frankfurt a/M.), excerpts from the opera *Die ersten Menschen* and the Musik für Orchester, and Dr. Karl Holl, the friend and propagandist of the dead composer, showed at a *matinée*

how Stephan followed Hugo Wolf, and coined spiritually a new musical language. The operatic excerpts were very successful, the music being so characteristic that the eye did not miss the scenic representation. The orchestra, under the spirited guidance of Schulz-Dornburg, performed brilliantly, causing great enthusiasm among the large audiences. Sixteen posthumous songs have just been published by Schott Söhne (Mayence), each a world in itself—songs that are best described by referring to the style of Hugo Wolf.

NEW MEN AND THEIR COMPOSITIONS

All is well for modern music if only it be taken in hand by enthusiasts. Bruno Stürmer, a professor at the Conservatorium at Karlsruhe and a well-known composer, has been giving chamber concerts at Heidelberg and Mannheim, devoted to the works of Busoni, Béla Bartók, Hindemith, Scriabin, Reger, Ravel, Debussy, Scott, Moritz, Stürmer, Alban Berg, Windsperger, Schulhoff, Schönberg, von Weber, and Moussorgsky. As Stürmer admitted only music of a vivid character, without regard for school or tendency, his concerts proved a great success.

The works of Hugo Kaun are slowly but surely finding their way to the front. His chamber music having been interpreted by the Rostock Kammermusikvereinigung, the Rostock Town Theatre held a two days' Hugo Kaun Festival, the composer being present. The programme included the third Symphony in E minor, a Pianoforte Concerto, the Overture *Am Rhein*, and concluded with the first performance of the fantastic opera *Der Fremde*.

NEW MUSICAL LIFE AT NÜRNBERG

Nürnberg has received a new attraction for the lovers of music. St. Katherine's Church, built about 1300, from 1620 until 1770 Schul and Singeraum of the Meistersinger, afterwards successively anatomical museum, school of art, military hospital, granary, store-room, exhibition building, and during the war storing place for all sorts of things, has now, by an expenditure of a million marks, been changed into a concert-hall with accommodation for twelve hundred listeners and a platform for a hundred and fifty performers. The new hall is acoustically an ideal place, especially for chamber music. It was inaugurated with a performance of Wagner's Prelude to *Die Meistersinger* under Michael Balling, and it is hoped that this means a period of increased musical life at Nürnberg.

F. ERCKMANN.

NEW YORK

New York is so congested with orchestral concerts—those of the chamber music societies and the innumerable pianoforte, violin, and vocal recitals—during the winter months that choral performances of importance are more apt to be given in the spring. Foremost of those deserving mention this year was the visit of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, previous visits to New York having been made in 1907 and 1911, under the leadership of Dr. A. S. Vogt, who founded the choir. His successor, Mr. Herbert Fricker, proved that he had maintained the reputation the choir had gained under its founder—that of an unsurpassed and probably unrivalled choral organization in existence anywhere. On this visit the choir gave two concerts, the first, entirely *a cappella*, the programme including the names of Palestrina, Rachmaninov, Schindler, Elgar, and Sibelius. At the second concert—with the aid of the New York Philharmonic—the singers were heard in another group of short choruses and Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony*. Mr. Fricker trained the English choir that first gave the *Symphony* at Leeds in 1907. The composition itself, despite orchestral background and admirably chosen soloists, did not prove to be very interesting, though presenting occasional brilliant moments; but the work of the singers, their superb body of tone, their perfect precision, and their wonderful variety of tone-quality was absolutely flawless. More interesting and equally well done were the short choruses that formed the whole programme at the *a cappella* concert and completed the symphonic one. Special mention should be made of Kurt Schindler's arrangements of a Siberian Prison Song—strong in its dramatic power—

and of a dainty Spanish choral ballad called *The Silversmith*, which had to be repeated.

Mr. Schindler's *Schola Cantorum* ranks high among our own choral organizations, but claims rank more for its leader's taste and aims in his programmes than for the excellence of its performances. Probably the indifferent character of these is largely due to insufficient rehearsing, for the body of tone is good and Mr. Schindler's ability is unquestioned. It is very hard to get the members of a choir at New York to devote sufficient time to rehearsal. The result is that the concerts are only moderately good, and not good enough to arouse enthusiasm and insure large audiences. Mr. Schindler gave the Bach B minor Mass at one of his concerts last season, and another evening was devoted entirely to Italian compositions. Verdi's *Stabat Mater* had been heard here before, but his *Te Deum* was sung for the first time at New York, and proved imposing and effective. Pizzetti's *Lament for the Death of Hyppolitos* was also a novelty, and is an interesting composition conceived and executed in a lofty and dignified spirit. A cantata by Malipiero, *San Francesca d' Assisi*, with baritone solo, was given a world première, Mr. Schindler having brought the work in manuscript from Italy last summer. In this cantata, besides the full choir every resource of a modern orchestra was employed. The soloist was Giuseppe de Luca, who, in the few appearances he has made on the concert-platform, has proved himself to be as remarkable an artist as he is on the operatic stage. The composition itself, in spite of its elaborate construction, did not find favour either with the critics or with the audience, and although other novelties by Malipiero have been performed at New York, nothing of his so far heard has given him a high standing as a composer. Like many of the modernists, he attempts ideas that he cannot formulate, giving us instead dull and tiresome works whose meaning is obscure.

Our oldest choral organization, the Oratorio Society, founded some fifty years ago by Dr. Leopold Damrosch (father of Walter), was awakened last winter, by its new conductor, Mr. Albert Stoessel, from the lethargy into which it had fallen. The Christmas performance of *The Messiah* was far better than had been heard for years, while the spring concert, devoted to Bach's Passion Music, aroused real enthusiasm by the excellence of its performance. The old Oratorio Society conserves some good material, and under its new conductor has regained some of its lost prestige, but it must work still harder to aspire to rival the Toronto Choir.

To celebrate the eightieth anniversary of the founding of the Philharmonic Society—April, 1842—two performances of Beethoven's ninth Symphony were given by the combined forces of the Philharmonic Orchestra and the Oratorio Society, M. Willem Mengelberg conducting. This glorious composition never fails to draw large audiences, who listen reverently, as it were, to the supreme masterpiece of symphonic writing. The Philharmonic Society has given this immortal work over twenty times under several different conductors, but on two occasions the choral *Finale* was omitted. On both of these the Symphony had been prepared and announced, but the *Ode to Joy* could not be sung two weeks after the assassination of President Lincoln (April, 1865), or four days after the death of Anton Seidl (April, 1898), who was at that time the conductor of the orchestra. M. Mengelberg gave a sound reading of the score, though it lacked the inspiration he bestows on more modern works.

Although the four orchestras which during the season give over a hundred concerts at Carnegie Hall, and the twenty-three weeks of opera given at the Metropolitan Opera House are the musical attractions which draw the largest audiences at New York, and which undoubtedly make the biggest noise, yet the smaller organizations often perform music equally (or more) grateful to the ear of true music-lovers. One of these, known as 'The Society of the Friends of Music,' is under the direction of M. Artur Bodanzky. The function of this Society is to produce works that are not suited to the modern full orchestra or to the big choir of an oratorio society. The orchestra numbers about fifty performers, and on the programmes for the last season are found Symphonies by Haydn,

Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Schubert, along with Serenades and Suites by old and new composers. For choral work there are sometimes a dozen voices and sometimes forty or fifty. M. Bodanzky seeks to explore a field neglected in these modern days, often with the happiest results. In the winter series of ten concerts Bach's name is frequently seen, and this season one whole concert was devoted to him, the programme consisting of two Cantatas—Nos. 102 and 211 (*Coffee Cantata*)—and the Concerto in D minor, Harold Bauer presiding at the pianoforte. The tenth and last concert of the series presented a remarkably beautiful programme exceedingly well performed. The Mozart Symphony in C major (Köchel 338) was played as Mozart should be played—entirely without the exaggerations and affectations that afflict so many of the conductors of the present day. The Bach Concerto in A minor for flute, violin, and pianoforte, No. 8 (Mr. Bauer again at the pianoforte), delighted the audience, which gave unusual expressions of pleasure both for the composition and for Mr. Bauer's masterly interpretation of the spirit of the great composer. There are no more intelligent musical audiences at New York than those that listen to the concerts of the Friends of Music, and it means something to arouse these to enthusiasm; but enthusiasm was the order of the day at this concert, for the last number on the programme, Brahms's *Song of Destiny*, is a composition of such extraordinary beauty—so especially adapted for small orchestra and chorus—and received from instrumentalists and singers so flawless a performance, that the listeners left the concert-hall in an exalted mood and with eager anticipations for the next season's appearances of this Society.

The eighth and last novelty at the Metropolitan Opera House was a production of Mozart's *Così Fan Tutte*. It was more than a hundred and thirty years ago when this delightful opera was first given at Vienna, and every effort was made to reproduce the art of the period. A small stage, curtained off, was built on the large one, the foot-lights imitating lamps or candles. Costumes, furniture, and properties were historically correct, and the nine scenes in the two Acts were given appropriate settings. So carefully was every detail thought of that even the pianoforte that gave the chords for the recitatives was made to sound like a harpsichord. The silly story of woman's faithlessness was delightfully acted and sung by the six principals, George Meader and Giuseppe De Luca representing the true lovers and the disguised ones; Florence Easton and Frances Peralta the tempted sweethearts; Adamo Didur the sneering philosopher who has no faith in woman's constancy, and who plans the downfall of the maidens with the help of their scheming maid (Lucrezia Bori). Florence Easton, the most versatile artist on the operatic stage to-day, was easily the star of the performance, her lovely voice, her consummate art, and her great dramatic talent fulfilling all the requirements of the score and the story. M. Bodanzky's labours in the performance deserve unstinted praise.

M. H. FLINT.

PARIS

Kussewitzky's presence at Paris has resulted in a fine revival of *Boris Godunov* at the Opéra, with M. Vanni Marcoux in the title-part, M. Gresse as Varlaam, M. Huberty as Pinnen, M. Fabert as Shuisky, Mr. Sullivan as Grigory, Mlle. Lubin as Marina, Mlle. Courso and Mlle. Laval as the Tsar's children, and Mlle. Lapeyrette as the innkeeper. The settings by Golovin created a most favourable impression, and the chorus as well as the orchestra were unanimously pronounced satisfactory. Kussewitzky has given a remarkably good concert of Russian music for the benefit of the Russian Famine Fund, and is announcing four symphonic concerts which promise to be of unusual interest.

At the Concerts-Colonne was given the first performance of a new symphonic work of vast proportions by Vincent d'Indy, *Poème des Rivages*. It is remarkably fine, and not a little complex from the structural point of view, and curious as an attempt to incorporate certain types of harmonic idiom—which may be described, briefly, as ultra-modern—into a fabric whose plan is as solid and whose proportions are as rigorous, in their logical aspect,

as in any previous work of d'Indy's. It leaves us with the impression that here is something fine and lofty, but which we desire to study more closely before expressing a definite opinion.

Another important novelty was Albert Roussel's Symphony at the Concerts-Pasdeloup—again one which it is hardly fair to judge from a first impression, and one whose broad architecture and efficiently-controlled progress are far easier to perceive than its artistic purpose. It did not prove so convincing, perhaps, as the superb *Évocations* or the more recent *Pour une Fête de Printemps*. Yet it was well received, and certainly deserved to be.

On the following Sunday, at the same Concerts, were given excerpts from Louis Aubert's delightful fairy opera *Forêt Bleue*—the production of which at one of the Paris theatres all music-lovers agree in clamouring for, as they do for that of de Bréville's *Éros Vainqueur* (mentioned in my last letter). But the ways of State-aided theatres are strange; and while these fine works and many others are waiting, the pageant of still-born operas written to order and produced 'because it is the law' continues its wearisome course.

At the Concerts-Colonne Pierné's *Solo de Concert* for bassoon and orchestra was performed for the first time. It is an extremely clever and tasteful piece of writing, and was well played by M. Dhérin. The same day Enesco's second Symphony was performed and received with favour. A new Trio by Pierné was the main feature at the concert of the Société Nationale given the next day.

The Bacchanal from Roger Ducasse's *Orphée* received its first performance at the Concerts-Colonne on the following Sunday. It is replete with effects of extreme violence, most ably devised and carried out; but the substance is somewhat thin, and the music at times failed to carry conviction.

At the Concerts-Pasdeloup a whole programme was devoted to Belgian composers. Those represented were Lekeu, Léon Du Bois, Scharrés, Dupuis, Bouserez, de Boeck, Jongen, and T. Ysaÿe.

Various works by Busoni have been performed. At the Concerts-Colonne his *Concertino*, *Berceuse Étiologique*, *Rondo Arlecchinesco* (vocalist, M. Sabatier); and at the Conservatoire, two Études for his forthcoming score of *Faust*, entitled *Sarabande* and *Cortège*—both ingenious and impressive. Busoni and Petri have repeated here the recital of music for two pianofortes by the first-named which they had given in London.

P. Kunc's *Suite Symphonique*, another novelty given at the Concerts-Lamoureux, consists of altogether workmanlike developments of a folk-song from the Pyrénées.

The Orchestre de Paris gave a *Brazilian Suite*, pleasing and picturesque, by a Brazilian composer, M. Nepomuceno.

Other interesting events were the concert given by the 'Studio' at the Hall of the Theosophic Society, at which Madame Olénine d'Alheim sang a number of songs by Hugo Wolf, which she interprets admirably; a programme by Madame M. Meyer devoted to works by the French 'Six,' Satie, and Stravinsky—all quite entertaining if the listener happens to be in the right mood; a Vincent d'Indy evening given at the Nouveaux-Concerts (the nomenclature alone of new concert halls and new choral societies is becoming more bewildering than ever); at the Société Musicale Indépendante a good 'Cello Sonata by Opol Ygouw and Schmitt's *Mirages* for pianoforte; and I must end by mentioning that Madame Roger Miclos, at her recital at the Salle Pleyel, gave the first performance of Harrison's *County of Worcester* and John Heath's *A Child's Night*.

A. BOLD.

ROME

At the Augusteo Mr. Albert Coates renewed his triumphs of last year in a concert which included Holst's *The Planets*, the Wedding-March from Rimsky-Korsakov's *Coq d'Or*, Ravel's *Ma Mère l'Oye*, and the *Death and Transfiguration* of Strauss. A second concert given by Mr. Coates was notable for the performance of a Suite for strings by Purcell and Tchaikovsky's fifth Symphony; and his visit closed with a third concert, in which the programme consisted of Brahms's fourth Symphony, Tommasini's *Il beato regno* (first performance), Liadov's *Eight Popular Russian Airs*, and Elgar's *Enigma Variations*.

At the time of writing Ferenc de Vecsey is at Rome, where he is regarded as the greatest living violinist, and has given a concert at the Augusteo. He played Concertos of Max Bruch (G minor), Sibelius (D minor, Op. 47), and Paganini (D major).

M. Cortôt visited Rome for the first time on April 7, and gave a concert under the auspices of the Accademia di S. Cecilia, with a programme that included Debussy's first book of Preludes.

During Holy Week, if we except the usual liturgical music which draws thousands of visitors to the patriarchal basilicas, the chief musical event was the performance of Perosi's sacred Trilogy *The Passion of Christ* at the Royal Philharmonic Society's hall, under the direction of Alexander Bustini, the artistic director of the Roman Philharmonic. This poem, written when Perosi was only twenty-four, is the first of the series which has rendered his name famous and foreshadows the remarkable melody and orchestration which later were to raise such a furore in the *Natale*, *Resurrection*, and *Transfiguration*. The eminent composer (who is, it appears, about to secede to the Waldese Protestants) resolutely refused to attend the representation, to which he was opposed.

Amongst other events at the Philharmonic this month are to be noted a concert given by the Bolognese Quartet, which was heard in Beethoven in B flat major and Glazounov in A, and a series of *Laudi* written for strings and pianoforte by Renzo Bossi, teacher of composition in the Milan Conservatory, and son of the famous organist Marc Enrico.

A notable concert has also been given in the great Hall of the Pontifical School of Music by Ulisse Matthey, first organist of the Santa Casa of Loreto, with a programme that included a Sonata in B minor by Schiapatti and a Symphonic Study by E. Bossi.

LEONARD PEYTON.

TORONTO

Two concerts by the New York Symphony Orchestra have suggested that either Mr. Damrosch has profited from his sojourn with the London Symphony or the New York Symphony has retained something of Mr. Albert Coates. Be that as it may, Mr. Damrosch conducted very thoughtful and satisfying performances of the César Franck Symphony and Vaughan Williams's *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis*. He was not so happy in the Tchaikovsky Concerto (B flat minor), which was played with fine comprehension by Mr. Ernest Seitz, a Toronto pianist.

The Hambourg Conservatory has given two concerts recently, which proved thoroughly enjoyable. One programme was devoted to Tchaikovsky, the other contained Beethoven's Variations on *See the conquering hero comes* for violoncello and pianoforte, with Mr. Boris Hambourg as 'cellist and Signor Guerrero at the pianoforte.

The Orpheus Society, conducted by Mr. Dalton Baker, gave an impression of careful training at its recent annual concert. Works chosen included Bach's *I wrestle and pray*, Elgar's *Death on the Hills*, Bantock's *One with eyes the fairest*, English Madrigals and part-songs by West and Walmisley, and anthems from the Russian School by Gretchaninov, Tchaikovsky, and Balakirev.

Madame Emma Calvé, Dame Clara Butt, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, and Mr. Watkin Mills were heard in recital. Young singers of to-day might well take note of the dignity of style which still distinguishes Mr. Mills. The present age has yet a few things to learn from its predecessor.

The efforts of the Toronto Chamber Music Society have certainly increased the desire for this type of music. A well-filled house greeted the return concert of the London String Quartet. Never before has this body played with such rare taste and purity of style. The Beethoven Quartet in F minor (Op. 95) gave ample proof of the unique talent the Londoners have of passing the melodies smoothly, almost unconsciously, from one instrument to another. Especially was this noticeable in the beautiful second movement. The first performance of H. Waldo Warner's Fairy Suite *The Pixy King* made a vivid impression by its colour and descriptive power. Truly it is a charming work, distinctive in style and skilfully written. Frank Bridge's *Londonderry Air*, Dvorák's *Nigger Quartet*, and solos by

Miss Athens Buckley, of Toronto, completed the programme.

The Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, of two hundred and thirty voices, and under the conductorship of Mr. H. A. Fricker, recently completed a tour through four cities of the United States. From April 3-7 concerts were given at Buffalo (*a cappella*), New York (one *a cappella* and one with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra), Philadelphia (one with the Philadelphia Orchestra), and Baltimore (one *a cappella*). The works performed with orchestra were Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony*, with Florence Hinkle and John Barclay; *The Ballad of the Kremlin* (arranged by Kurt Schindler), *The Wreck of the Julie Plante* (Geoffrey O'Hara), and the Choral *Finale of The Mastersingers*. The *a cappella* numbers included the Bach Motet *Sing ye*, the Palestrina *Surge Illuminare, To Thee, O Lord* (Rachmaninov), *Judge me, O God* (Mendelssohn), *Bless the Lord, O my soul* (Ippolitov Ivanov), *The Silversmith* (arranged by Kurt Schindler), *Love's Tempest* (Elgar), *Broken Melody* (Sibelius), *Lullaby* (Ferrari), and *The Miracle of St. Raymond* (arranged by Kurt Schindler).

Dr. Broome held his Spring Festival on April 24, 25, in conjunction with the Cleveland Orchestra under Mr. N. Sokolov. Miss Alice Gentle, of the Scotti Grand Opera Company, was the soloist. The Oratorio Society introduced Mr. Cyril Jenkins's *Ode to the West Wind* (the composer being present at the performance), Sir Charles Stanford's rather vague *At the Abbey Gate*, and a number of part-songs.

VIENNA

THE LEGEND OF JOSEPH AT THE STAATSOOPER

In drawing the summary of this season's work at the Staatsoper, we find a pitifully small result. There had not been a single *première* so far, and when well towards the end of the opera season the first novelty of the year was produced, the choice fell on a work by one of the directors of the house—a fact which in itself is open to criticism, but all the more so in view of the fact that *The Legend of Joseph*, the one-Act Ballet by Richard Strauss, is not at all a work of towering importance. Its origin, in 1914, was due to the passing vogue of the then famous Russian Ballet, which produced it at Paris without causing more than an ephemeral sensation. At the Vienna Staatsoper, the *première* of the Ballet took place in conjunction with a revival of *Feuersnot*.

BRAHMS CELEBRATION

Aside from this *première* at the Staatsoper, the dominating features of the last few weeks were the various Brahms Festivals attendant upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of this composer's death. The city of Vienna—which rightly claims Brahms as her son, though his birthplace was in Germany—had provided a worthy official celebration, in the course of which, amid befitting ceremonies, a marble memorial tablet was unveiled on the site formerly occupied by Brahms's dwelling-place, while his grave in the Vienna Central Cemetery was beautifully decorated. There were four individual Brahms celebrations given by the foremost musical organizations of the city, and a complete cycle of his works was arranged by a local concert bureau, in which the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, the Rosé Quartet, Ernst von Dohnányi, and some of the leading Vienna artists, were the participants. The most impressive of these memorial functions was, perhaps, a concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted for the first time by Wilhelm Furtwängler, which gave evidence of the wonderful work of these players are still capable when inspired by a really great conductor. The concert took place in the Grosser Musikvereinsaal, where so many of Brahms's works had their first hearing in the presence of their composer, and it was sponsored by the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, of which Brahms was at one time musical director.

ORCHESTRAL NOVELTIES

The Philharmonic Orchestra this season has not been particularly happy in its choice of novelties, which were all 'first performances anywhere.' Least successful of these was an Overture, *Diana*, by Joseph Klein. More attention

was attracted by a *Symphonic Fantasy* by the young Viennese, Hans Gál, which, though not very productive of new ideas, recommended itself by a distinct sense of form and style. Georg Széll, formerly a pianist child-prodigy, and now assistant-conductor of the Darmstadt Opera, has been invited to conduct his new *Lyric Overture* at a Philharmonic concert. It is a melodious piece and well-orchestrated, but much too long, and, at times, incoherent.

The era of 'autobiographical' symphonies initiated by Richard Strauss's *Heldenleben* found a rather belated sequel in two of this year's Philharmonic novelties. The Symphony No. 3, by Guido Peters, belongs to that species, depicting as it does the vain struggle for general recognition which this earnest Viennese composer has been going through for many years past. Equally 'autobiographical,' to some extent, is the *Autumn Symphony* by Joseph Marx, who paints the moods of the artist passing through the autumn of his life, reaping harvest, yet preparing for new conquests. It is a beautiful and serious work, though at times overloaded with orchestral effects which make it appear rather too massive in sound.

The Philharmonic, once probably the most exclusive and independent orchestra on the Continent—it is just now preparing for a three months' tour of South America, under Weingartner—has of late acquired the habit of selling its services to visiting conductors and artists, regardless of their merits. This habit, probably forced upon the orchestra by adverse financial conditions, is a sad sign of the times, and one deeply deplored by Vienna's conservative music-lovers. At one of these 'extra' concerts another work of the 'autobiographical' variety was ably conducted by Arthur Löwenstein. It is termed by its composer, E. N. von Reznicek, 'a symphonic-satirical poem of the day,' and is entitled *The Victor*. It employs a huge orchestra with a predominantly strong brass section, with, in the last movement, a chorus (off stage) and a contralto soloist.

At an orchestral concert conducted by Carl Audiérieth we heard a symphonic poem entitled *Vorfrühling*, by the Viennese composer and musicologist, Egon Wellesz, who, though originally a pupil of Schönberg, in this piece discloses a tendency towards the impressionistic methods of Debussy as evinced in some of his exquisite tone-colourings. Wellesz, whose opera *Princess Gurnara* has had some success in Germany, will shortly pay a visit to England, in the course of which he will deliver a lecture at Cambridge University.

VISITING CONDUCTORS

Among the foreign conductors who have paid frequently recurring visits to Vienna, Bruno Walter is particularly dear to the hearts of our public since the days when he conducted, under Gustav Mahler, at our then Imperial Opera. Later he assumed the post of director with the Munich Opera, which he has just resigned after ten years of activity. To Vienna audiences Walter is the chosen conductor of Mahler's Symphonies. These Symphonies, once laughed at and hissed in Vienna concert-halls, are now features in the programmes of the very same Philharmonic Orchestra which once rejected Mahler's services as a conductor, considering him 'too exacting' in his demands on his players; and Bruno Walter, once ridiculed as Mahler's prophet and permitted to leave the Vienna Opera, now returns in triumph to conduct four sold-out performances within one week of Mahler's eighth Symphony. This *Symphony of the Thousand*, which requires a huge orchestra, double chorus, children's chorus, and soloists—well over nine hundred heads in all—had a remarkable performance under Walter's baton, and with the same composer's *Song of the Earth*, the 'song symphony' in six movements, for two solo voices, Walter's name has become so closely identified that no other conductor so far has been able to succeed with it here. Karl Schuricht, from Wiesbaden, failed utterly this season, and even Oscar Fried, himself a disciple of Mahler, was unable to banish memories of Walter's reading.

Among the younger conductors from Germany, Fritz Reiner, until lately connected with the Dresden Opera, is one of the commanding figures. He even succeeded in rousing a certain amount of interest in Strauss's *Alpine Symphony*.

Egon Pollak, a guest-conductor from Hamburg, introduced an *Overture to a Merry Play* by Joseph Rosenstock, a gifted pupil from Franz Schreker's class. It is a sparkling piece of refreshing unaffectedness. At the same concert we heard a new song-cycle by Erich Wolfgang Korngold entitled *Songs of Farewell*, sung by Maria Olszewska, and accompanied at the pianoforte by Korngold himself.

A young conductor from Stockholm, Nils Grevillius, has been a frequent visitor to Vienna this season, impressing our audiences by his spontaneity and by an assurance that is remarkable in one so young. To him we owe the acquaintance with a number of contemporary Swedish composers. The most interesting of these was Hugo Alfvén with a *Swedish Rhapsody*, and even more so with his Symphony, which excels by the clever treatment of the human voice as an 'orchestral' instrument pure and simple (without the use of words)—a device used also by Gustav Holst, the English composer, in the last movement of his Suite *The Planets*.

Of the guest-conductors who have appeared here during the last few weeks, Siegfried Wagner requires but short comment, both as a composer and orchestral leader. In the latter capacity he is hardly above the average customary with the conductors of provincial German opera houses, and his compositions, while they contain some nice, simple melodic strains, are hardly able to evoke more than casual interest. Whatever importance attaches to him with pan-German circles and with the close friends of the Wagner dynasty, is due principally to a reverence for his distinguished parent and for his grandfather, Franz Liszt, whose works, besides Siegfried's own, figured prominently on the Vienna programme. The short stay here of Paul von Klenau, the Danish composer, resulted in the first performance of his Symphonic Fantasy, entitled *Hampstead Heath*, which is an appealing and well-orchestrated bit of music, picturing an English Fair. In another concert, Klenau showed himself to be a very able conductor when he produced, for the first time anywhere, a large choral work, entitled *Weltfeier*, by Karl Weigl, a Viennese composer. It was written well over ten years ago, and, in spite of undoubted talent and of some original traits, on the whole employs the idiom of Richard Wagner, which was the dogma of most young German composers of that period.

[Mr. Bechert's consideration of the Deutsche Motette of Richard Strauss and some works of Pfitzner, Bartók, and others, is held over.]

THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL.

Definite plans have just been announced for the great Festival which will take place this summer at Salzburg, the Austrian provincial city so closely connected with the name Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. As is well known, the proceeds of these annual festivals are being devoted to a fund intended to bring about the foundation of a large festival theatre at Hellbrunn, near Salzburg. This year's festival will comprise four Mozart operas and *Das grosse Welttheater*, the play which Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the Austrian poet, has adapted from the old Spanish drama by Calderon de la Barca. Einar Nilson has composed the incidental music of the play, which will have thirteen consecutive performances in the rare and beautiful environment of the old Collegian Church of Salzburg, between August 13 and August 25. The operatic part of the festival will be furnished by the Vienna Staatsoper, which intends to give four performances each of the following four Mozart operas: *Don Juan* on August 14, 18, 22, and 26; *Così fan tutte* on August 15, 19, 23, and 27; *The Marriage of Figaro* on August 16, 20, 24, and 28; and *The Elopement from the Seraglio* on August 17, 21, 25, and 29. Richard Strauss will conduct the presentations of *Don Juan* and *Così fan tutte*, while the remaining two operas will be entrusted to Franz Schalk, co-director with Strauss at the Vienna Staatsoper. Two orchestral concerts of classical works are scheduled for August 15 and 20. Preceding the Festival proper there will be a six days' 'International Festival of Modern Chamber Music,' commencing on August 5, and featuring the works of living composers from all countries, a number of whom will personally participate in the performances of their works. Among the English composers who will be heard at these

concerts are Messrs. Bliss, Bax, and Goossens. Compositions by Richard Strauss, Schönberg, Korngold, Joseph Marx, Bartók, Hindemith, Busoni, Alfredo Casella, Malipiero, Darius Milhaud, Arthur Honegger, Stravinsky, Percy Grainger, Ernest Bloch, Antonio Salazar, Ebbe Hammerik, and many others will figure in these programmes.

PAUL BECHERT.

Miscellaneous

Under the auspices of the National Organization of Girls' Clubs, a concert will take place at the Albert Hall on June 14, at 8, when a choir of twelve hundred members of working girls' clubs will sing unison songs, rounds, and part-songs. They will be assisted by Mesdames Adila Fachiri (d'Aranyil) and Margaret Champneys, Messrs. Plunket Greene and Harold Darke.

The West Middlesex Musical Society has been inaugurated, for the study of choral and orchestral music. The hon. secretary is Mr. J. H. Cuddington, 21, Selby Road, Ealing, and the hon. conductor Mr. C. Stanley Smallman. The first rehearsals will be held in the autumn, at Ealing, the works chosen for the first season being *The Golden Legend*, *A Tale of Old Japan*, and *The Redemption*.

The Amphion Choir of Seattle, conducted by Mr. Claude Madden, opened its twelfth season recently with a programme of part-songs for male voices. These included Cooke's *Strike the Lyre*, Button's arrangement of *The Land o' the Leal*, and *Give a man a horse he can ride* by the young Canadian composer, Geoffrey O'Hara.

The National Provident and Union Bank Musical Society gave an excellent concert at Queen's Hall on April 22. The chief works performed were Brahms's *Song of Destiny*, Grieg's *Landerkennung*, Bath's *The Legend of Nerubda*, and Grieg's Pianoforte Concerto, with Miss Kathleen Thomson as soloist. Mr. Herbert J. Bagge conducted.

The Oratorio Society of Brantford, Ontario, gave Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, and a selection of part-songs on April 27, under Dr. Frederick C. Thomas. The choir of a hundred voices was accompanied by an orchestra of twenty-five, which also played Cherubini's *Anacreon Overture*.

The Lothbury Male-Voice Choir gave a concert at Cannon Street Hotel on April 26, Mr. E. Stanley Roper conducting. The programme included part-songs by Spofforth, Calkin, Brewer, Hatton, Elgar, E. H. Thorne, Brahms, and Lloyd.

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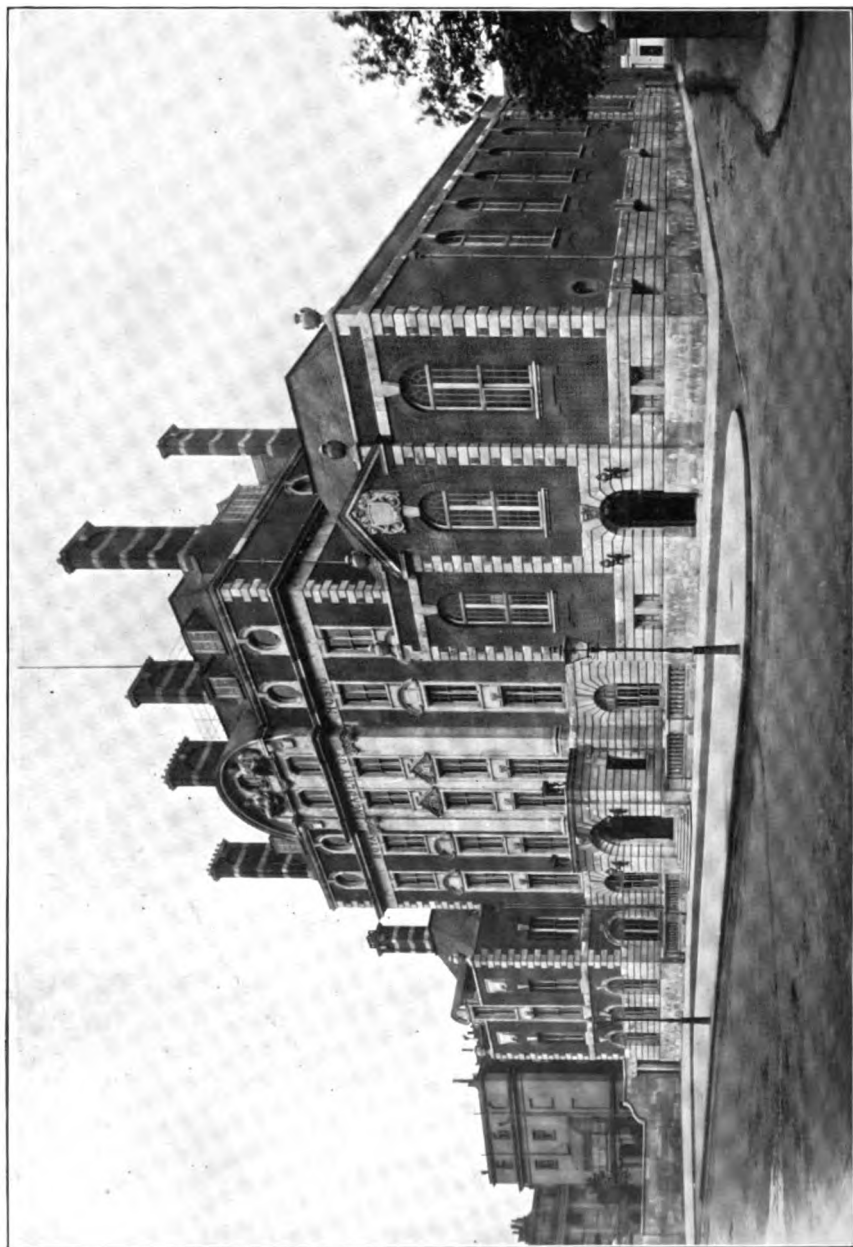
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1822-1922

A school—no matter of what kind—that reaches its hundredth year full of life and vigour is so much of a national institution that its centenary cannot be regarded as a mere domestic event. Every one of its hundred years of life has seen its influence

the rest and best of Europe are products of our great music schools. In the most real and practical sense, then, our musical history of to-day and of the past half-century is bound up with that of our teaching institutions, and it is fitting that the centenary of the Royal Academy of Music is to be celebrated by a series of events in which ample provision is made for the public to take part. Here is a condensed list of these celebrations :

July 10.—Æolian Hall, at 3. Lecture by Mr. Tobias Matthay.

July 10.—Æolian Hall, at 8.15. Concert. Selections from the works of J. B. McEwen.

July 10.—Duke's Hall, at 8. *The Yeomen of the Guard*.

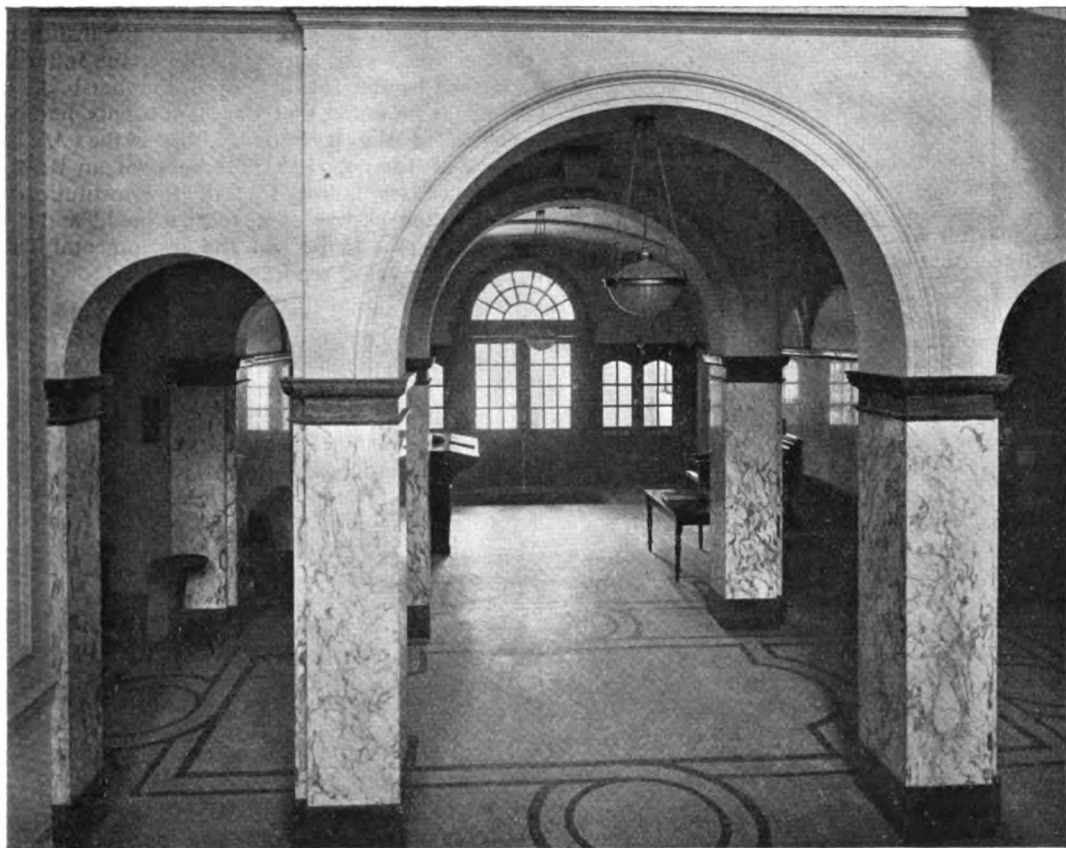


Photo by]

ENTRANCE HALL, ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

[Alexander Corbett

spread farther and farther, and this influence, instead of being weakened by diffusion, has become stronger as old scholars grow in numbers and disperse themselves abroad. In the case of a school devoted to music this cumulative power is exerted in a direct and unmistakable way because the great majority of its ex-students occupy public positions as teachers, conductors, performers, or composers. The handful of people who pooh-pooh academic training in music have no answer to the fact that, with very few exceptions, the musicians—composers, as well as performers and conductors—who have enabled us to hold up our head once more before

July 11.—Æolian Hall, at 3. Chamber Concert.

July 11.—Æolian Hall, at 8.15. Chamber Concert.

July 12.—Æolian Hall, at 3. Chamber Concert.

July 12.—Æolian Hall, at 8.15. Chamber Concert.

July 12.—Duke's Hall, at 8. Mackenzie's *The Cricket on the Hearth*.

July 13.—Æolian Hall, at 3. Chamber Concert.

July 13.—Æolian Hall, at 8.15. Chamber Concert.

July 14.—Æolian Hall, at 3. Chamber Concert.

July 14.—Æolian Hall, at 8.15. Pianoforte Recital by Miss Winifred Christie.

July 14.—Duke's Hall, at 8. Goring Thomas's *Nadeshda*.

July 15.—Æolian Hall, at 3. Students' Chamber Concert.

- July 15.—Æolian Hall, at 8.15. Students' Chamber Concert.
- July 17.—St. Paul's Cathedral, at 12 noon. Thanksgiving Service, preceded by orchestral and organ music by composers connected with the Academy.
- July 17.—Queen's Hall, at 8. Reception and Masque. The Ladies' Choir, composed of two hundred voices, will perform Corder's Motet, *Sing unto God*, conducted by the composer.
- July 17.—Duke's Hall, at 3. Dramatic Performance under the direction of Mr. Acton Bond.
- July 18.—Duke's Hall, at 3. *The Yeomen of the Guard*.
- July 18.—Queen's Hall, at 8. Orchestral Concert by ex-students. Conductors: Sir Henry J. Wood and composers.
- July 19.—Queen's Hall, at 3. Orchestral Concert by ex-students. Conductors: Sir Henry J. Wood and composers.
- July 19.—Duke's Hall, at 8. Mackenzie's *The Cricket on the Hearth*.
- July 20.—Queen's Hall, at 3. Students' Orchestral Concert. Conductor, Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie.
- July 20.—Duke's Hall, at 8. Dramatic Performance under the direction of Mr. Acton Bond.
- July 21.—Queen's Hall, at 3. Distribution of Prizes by the President, H. R. H. The Duke of Connaught, K.G.
- July 22.—Duke's Hall, at 3. Goring Thomas's *Nadeshda*.
- July 22.—Great Central Hotel, at 7.30. Banquet.

The R.A.M. is now so strongly established and so popular an institution that its early struggles make interesting reading. The first forty years of its life were a more or less constant struggle against insolvency, and that the shutters did not go up once and for all was due not to the wealthy amateurs who started the school nor to the efforts of business men, but to the energy and practical ability of the professors themselves. For example, they came to the rescue in 1824 by giving their services for three months, and in 1868 they surrendered a good sum in fees—£629 19s. 6d., to be exact. But their best stroke was in this same year, when, it being reported that the Committee had resigned the Charter, they obtained legal ruling that such a step was not valid unless taken with the consent of every member of the Academy. Having saved the Charter, the professors, led by Sterndale Bennett, drew up a form of government in which they themselves were prominently represented. This proved to be the turning-point in the Academy's career.

There is no need for us to attempt even a sketch of the history of the R.A.M. Much of it may be read in *Grove*, and the whole has been set forth most attractively by Mr. Frederick Corder in a booklet which will be public property during the forthcoming celebrations. We may, however, be allowed to comment on one or two of the facts mentioned by Mr. Corder.

He tells us that during the first forty years of the Academy's life

‘ . . . the musical press of the period never ceased to assail it with a virulence rather difficult to account for. From its foundation, attacked at great length by the *Musical Review* of 1823, to the time of its greatest trial, 1868, when the *Musical World* seldom let a week pass without some acrimonious onslaught, the R.A.M. suffered under the blows of those who

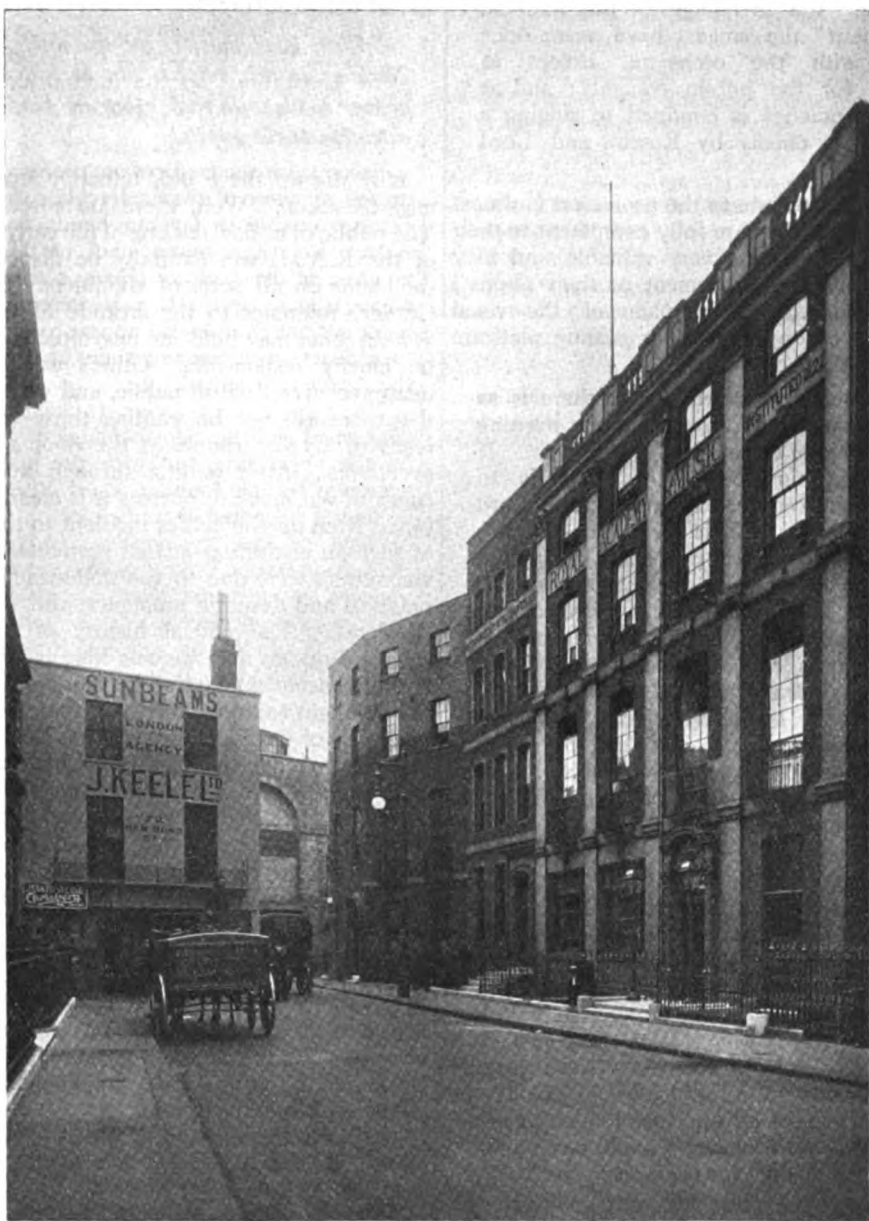
knew it could not hit back. But “sweet are the uses of advertisement.” These attacks seemed to do at least as much good as harm, by keeping the public aware of the existence of the Institution; so the unkind journalists of that period may be reckoned among our benefactors.’

Anxious for the credit of our predecessors we have turned up some of their references to the R.A.M. We are unable to lay our hands on the *Musical Review* for 1823, but a stack of the little brown volumes of the *Musical World* is at our elbow. If all the attacks on the R.A.M. were as justifiable as those we have turned up appear to be, the ‘unkind journalists’ were indeed some of the best friends the Academy has had.

Their indictments seem to have been mainly concerned with the shortcomings of the institution on the vocal side, and with the undue influence exercised by the founder, Lord Burghersh. And it should be noted that their complaints had the backing of the lay press. Thus the *Musical World* of June 9, 1837, in a report of an R.A.M. concert, after falling foul of the institution as ‘worse than useless as a vocal school,’ and ‘not what it ought to be’ on the instrumental side, quotes *The Times* report of the concert:

‘The combination of the pupils in one elaborate composition, requiring not only execution but great knowledge of music, seems to be a form of discipline quite lost sight of at the Academy. The miscellaneous selection was nearly all bad, and ought never to have been admitted here. Of course, no one can object to the Overture to *Oberon*, if the pupils are able to play it, but a set of worn-out dramatic pieces from Rossini and Meyerbeer should never be permitted, and, above all, we would exclude all the compositions to which the name of Lord Burghersh is attached. They belong to no school, have no sort of merit, and can only serve to pervert the taste, such as it is, of the pupils. We really think that his Lordship should, out of delicacy, refrain from all attempts to keep up a musical reputation, to which he has no pretension, through this medium. As he is known to be absolute dictator in the affairs of the Academy, the making himself judge of his own merit is what any man of refined feeling would avoid. We hear of Lord Burghersh at no other concerts but those of the Academy. The reason is obvious, but both reason and propriety alike are opposed to their introduction here. If his vanity, however, leads him to this breach of decorum, it does more and worse, by lowering the tone of the whole selection.’

Hard hitting though this be, it is mere reproachful tapping by the side of an onslaught that appeared in the *Musical World* a few weeks later, as a sequel to an article entitled ‘State of the Royal



[Photo by]

[Alexander Corbett]

THE R.A.M. IN TENTERDEN STREET, 1822-1911

Academy of Music,' by Collet Dobson. Mr. Dobson drove a vigorous quill:

'In writing of this subject [he begins] I have the "advantage" of having been for three-quarters of a year an extra student at this Institution. The knowledge conferred by this "advantage" is, however, only a knowledge of the mode of proceeding in Tenterden Street: to expect thereby to acquire an acquaintance with the rich stores either of native or foreign composers, would be an absurdity only paralleled by Henry Hunt, who boasted of

knowledge of the people of Ilchester, explaining that he derived it from his residence in the jail.'

Mr. Collet does not get far before dealing faithfully with Lord Burghersh:

'When the student has fairly entered the Academy, these bright prospects fade away one by one. He finds that the band seldom practise together more than twice a week, and sometimes not so often; nay, while Lord Burghersh was out of town last year, they were not assembled at all During

three-quarters of a year that I have been a partaker in "the advantages of this national establishment" the singers have never once practised with the orchestra, except at rehearsals for the public concerts; and at these their practice is confined to singing a few choruses, chiefly by Rossini and Lord Burghersh.'

After paying a tribute to the professors ('almost without exception they are fully competent to their duties; their lessons are very valuable, and they are anxious for the improvement of their pupils') the writer proceeds to complain of the vocal students' lack of opportunity for gaining platform experience at the Academy:

'At the amateur societies . . . there is as much vocal music performed in one evening as at Tenterden Street in a whole year. If then the question be asked, "Who is to blame?" I answer Lord Burghersh, and Lord Burghersh only; he is in truth director, conductor, and dictator; in short, the grand *primum mobile* of the stand-stillism of the Academy. His introduction of his own compositions, to the exclusion of those of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart; his inattention to the real interests of the institution, his carelessness of everybody's time and convenience; show most clearly that his object is not so much to improve the musical art, as to draw round him a circle of which he may be the principal attraction.'

This article—the first of a series of three—drew an anonymous reply in the *Morning Chronicle*, from a student's parent, which in its turn called forth a heated editorial in the *Musical World*, followed by a letter from 'Vindex,' a student at the Academy. 'Vindex' tells us that on the appearance of the Collet article, the superintendent drew up a 'disproval' which the students were 'compelled to sign,' and which was then forwarded to his Lordship. 'Vindex' leaves Mr. Collet far behind in frankness. No musical journal of to-day—so mild have we become!—would dare to print such a passage as this, for example:

'Nothing, Sir, can be more ridiculous and contemptible than our system of management. We have a great man, who enacts the part of Manager Strut with a ten-horse power. He fancies himself a composer (God save the mark!) and there are not wanting sycophants to play the "toady." They tell him he is a second Lord Mornington, and, behind his back, laugh at him. We have to sing stuff which he composes and calls "Madrigals"; nor is there one programme suffeted to be made up without one or more of these delectable compositions. The whole thing, building, managers, teachers, &c., are under this great man's thumb. He is the real prototype of Shakespeare's Sir Oracle; for no dog dare bark in Tenterden Street without his leave.'

'Vindex' ends with italicised praise for everybody else at the Academy:

'With good masters we are well provided. Nothing, in this respect, can be better. They appear to vie with each other in kindness and attention to the pupils.'

Why dig up these old, unhappy squabbles? it may be asked. Well, there are several reasons. The public of to-day, reading of the early difficulties of the R.A.M., will naturally be disposed to put the blame on all sorts of shoulders. Seeing Mr. Corder's reference to the attitude of the *Musical World*, some may hold an unsympathetic press to be chiefly responsible. Others will blame the unappreciative English public, and we may be sure that there will not be wanting those who will be ready to lay the trouble at the door of the early professors. After wading through a good many pages of old musical journals it is clear to us that (apart from the difficulties incident to the founding of such an institution at that particular period) the vicissitudes were due to the well-meaning but unpractical and despotic amateurs who founded the Academy. The official history of the R.A.M. cannot do more than vaguely hint at this fact, lest it should seem ungrateful to the Founders. The public ought to know, however, that although the inception of the R.A.M. was due to Lord Burghersh and his friends, the institution had to be saved from them before it could enter on the successful career that has enabled it to play so big a part in the revival of English music. A further reason for this glance at its early struggles is that it enables us to appreciate fully the splendid success of its present regime.

We wonder, by the way, whether the Founders' choice of title was due to a desire to perpetuate the memory of the ill-fated Royal Academy of Music with which Handel was associated—that operatic venture which in its short life (1720-28) swallowed the whole of the original subscription of £50,000 as well as the receipts. (One of the last of the crushing blows from which it suffered came from our friend *The Beggar's Opera*, then in its first flush of success at Lincoln's Inn Theatre.)

Mention of opera reminds us of the unpromising hostility shown by Crotch, the first Principal, when in 1824 it was proposed that the students should give a stage performance of a complete work. One can see him raising his hands in horror before sending the following protest to Lord Burghersh:

'Kensington Gravel Pits,

'September 13, 1824.

'SIR,—On reconsidering the proposal that the students should act [underlined] an opera ON A STAGE [twice underlined] IN PUBLIC [thrice underlined], I feel so much more alarmed for the consequences than I was at first that I think it my duty to write immediately requesting that you will have the goodness to pardon the following remarks.

'Is it agreeable to the express intention of the establishment to make actors and actresses of the Academicians? May it not be much more offensive to the parents than anything that has yet been objected to? Ought the character of an instructor in music, or of a composer, to become identified with that of an actor? Would not persons wanting teachers for their daughters (especially female teachers) prefer any who had not sustained that character? . . . When I recommended *Così fan tutte* I merely meant such parts of it as might be performed in a Concert, not all the Recitatives concerning the plot, &c. Nor am I quite persuaded that learning music by

complete stage performance, in which its reprehensible plot was laid bare, and an uninsular display of passion called for, was clearly a matter for the less proper foreigner. Not until the present Principal took up the reins (1888) was opera given its proper place in the curriculum. We said above that our musical history of recent years is that of our teaching institutions. Mostly this has been to the good, but here we have a big item on the wrong side of the balance-sheet. Thanks to the wide-spread feeling expressed by Crotch, and to the obsession in favour of Italians where opera was concerned, we are only now doing what ought to have been done fifty years ago. The best comment on the changed attitude of the Academy



Photo by]

THE CONCERT HALL, FROM THE BALCONY

[Alexander Corbett

memory will (if it does no harm) do any good to the student, who ought rather to perform from notes in order to perform well at sight. Hoping you will excuse the liberty I take,

'I am, Sir, with great respect,
WM. CROTCH.'

Even more amazing than the protest itself is the fact that it carried weight enough to put off the evil operatic day for about four years. When at last a start was made, the study of opera was only fitful—partly, of course, owing to lack of facilities, but probably even more to a kind of feeling that, so far as young England was concerned, an opera must be regarded merely as an alluring dish from which plums might be extracted for concert use. A

towards opera is a bare statement that a site adjoining the institution has been secured with a view to the early erection of a Students' Theatre for Opera and Drama. There, with the shade of William Crotch hovering uneasily in the background, the Students will *act ON A STAGE IN PUBLIC*.

Against what the R.A.M. did not do for English opera and opera in English may be set its fine work for the native teacher. At the start a concession to public taste was made, the prospectus bristling with foreign names—even Rossini's being added! The actual work however was done almost entirely by home-grown musicians. Mr. Corder gives a list of those who taught during the first year, adding:

'When our excellent first batch of students began to grow up they nearly all became sub-professors and taught the next generation. Thus did the R.A.M. from the very first achieve its proper task of producing a race of properly trained native teachers, and now at the end of a hundred years it can look with pride on the results of its work.

'Speaking only of those whose labours have ceased, we had in Composition, Charles Lucas, Thomas Mudie, Sterndale Bennett, George Macfarren, Arthur Sullivan, Arthur Goring Thomas, and others; in Pianoforte, W. H. Holmes, W. Dorrell, F. Brinley Richards, F. B. Jewson, W. G. Cusins, Walter Macfarren. Arthur O'Leary, T. Wingham, F. Westlake, Alfred Izard, and Sidney Blakiston



Photo by]

[Alexander Corbett

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

are only a few of those who rose from the ranks to be distinguished professors: in Violin we had H. G. Blagrove, H. Burnett, Frye Parker, Weist Hill, F. Amor, and many others; in 'Cello, H. Chipp, Lucas, Aylward, Pettit, and Buels; in Double-Bass, Howell and White, while nearly all the existing wind instrument players and organists have at least been educated by native teachers who owe their existence to the Royal Academy.'

Of the present staff of about a hundred there is no need to speak. The mere list of their names in the current prospectus is the best of evidence as to the position now occupied by the Academy. Nor is it necessary to dwell on Sir Alexander Mackenzie's share in bringing about this state of affairs. When due credit is given to Sterndale

Bennett and Macfarren for their sterling work on behalf of the institution, the fact remains that the R.A.M., always in danger until Sir Alexander became Principal, has been an increasingly brilliant success ever since. As composer, his part in the renaissance of British music is beyond dispute. We do not belittle that share when we say that in the long run his work at the Royal Academy of Music may prove to be an even more potent factor in the musical life of the nation.

OUR DECADENCE

BY RUTLAND BOUGHTON

Music was an aristocratic privilege in the days of Byrd and Wilbye; in the time of Bach and Handel it was a popular art; it became exclusive again under the hands of Mozart and Beethoven; and more general in both practice and appeal during the period which culminated in Wagner. But whether the appeal was a large or a small one there was always a certain quality in the music which proved that the understanding of it was not confined to professional musicians. The country lady who employed Wilbye, the masses who acclaimed Handel, the noblemen who supported Beethoven, and the throng of contemporary Wagner worshippers were amateurs who loved music chiefly for its elements of rhythm, form, melody, harmony, and so on. They may have been pained by certain dissonances, they must often have misunderstood the tendencies, and they certainly missed many subtleties of which the composers themselves were aware; but they had a sufficient enjoyment of the music to prove that it was no more an art for musicians only than chairs were articles of furniture solely for the use of joiners. But a very great part of contemporary musical activity is enjoyed only by musicians—that is, if we take them at their own word and believe that they do indeed have honest joy of it. In view of the vogue of the Russian ballet, some people may be inclined to think that the kind of music so many of us are up against makes the same sort of popular appeal, in spite of the hostility of the faculty, that Wagner's music made in his early days. That, however, is a point we will discuss later in this article. For the moment we need bear in mind only that Stravinsky at the Alhambra meant full houses and a commercial success, while at Queen's Hall during the existence of the same boom his works could not pay their way. But altogether apart from the very much engineered Stravinsky movement, there exists a mass of music of a similar kind which has no sort of hold on any but a small band of musicians; and it is clearly an unhappy state of affairs when a number of people are engaged in producing things which are of no earthly use to anyone but themselves, inasmuch as they become deprived of the means of exchange which secures an honest livelihood, and (what is still worse) of the sense of sharing with the majority of men the

essential things of life—friendship and love, the sun and moon, wisdom and folly, and all the other forces which unite to find expression and give joy by means of the arts.

The indifference or positive dislike which so many cultured and uncultured people have for cacophony, and the fact that we have to fall back on early composers for a clear statement of musical principles, are, I submit, signs that modern music has lost its way. In a recent number of the *Musical Times* I dealt with the present situation at some length, and suggested a practical step towards recovery.* Now it will be well for us to discover what vital principle, if any, has been violated to bring us to this pass—what principle, if any, existing in the great music of the past is being ignored in the music of to-day. Then we may be able to recover the connection, and more surely go on our way with such developments as may seem to arise—for it cannot be a good thing for us to be dependent entirely on the art of the past. However great it may be as art, and however permanent its influence, the very forms in which it is cast must hinder any large enjoyment of it by people other than musicians. This morning I saw the sun rise and turn a dull green field first to silver and then to gold, and experienced such emotions as must have been felt by many worshippers of Apollo. But for us no Delphic hymn would give adequate re-creative form to that experience, nor to any full extent would Chaucer's rapture on the daisy seem a true morning-song to people living under conditions which prevent them from seeing the day's eye open. We must have our own sane modern music in spite of the insane music of the present, and equally in spite of the sane music of the past.

In the article already alluded to I suggested the passage from Mozart to Beethoven as being the moment when music definitely began to lose its way. Let us examine the suggestion for what it is worth.

All the great masters of music up to and including Mozart represent culminating points of art made by a body of musicians under certain local or temporal conditions. They felt themselves as units of a group, were comparatively indifferent as to their personal importance in the group (at any rate so far as posterity was concerned), seeking chiefly two things: their daily bread and the advantage of the art they practised. Some did not even sign or avow their works. So it follows that the greatest musician of any particular time, group, or place represents a community of purpose, and is often credited with compositions which were actually the work of lesser men. Rubinstein rightly remarked that of Bach as of Homer it might be said that 'this is not the work of one man but of many.' When we appreciate this point of view Handel's so-called thefts lose much of their odium, for he is seen, not as an unimaginative artist eking out his thought by robbing other men, but as a master making the

best use of a mass of material common to his age. This attitude was fairly preserved up to the time of Mozart, so that it was possible for Süssmayer to complete the unfinished *Requiem* without seriously offending professional or public opinion, and, what is more, without injury to the work as a whole; for it is only a very prejudiced person who will declare any movement of it to be seriously below the standard of the rest of the work. For my own part, and judging solely by the score, I am unable to say which movements were left unwritten by the master himself. He was, however, the last great master to whose work such a thing could have happened.

With Beethoven everything is changed from the outset—personal conditions of work, personal attitude to the existing art (including that of his own master), and a true conception of what is original and individual.

Personal conditions of work (*e.g.*, whether a musician is an organist or a theatre conductor) are bound to a large extent by circumstances over which one has no control; and even the personal attitude of the artist himself is part of a vanity that is inborn, and to a certain extent also beyond complete control. But a right conception of what really is original and individual in art is so vital to its life and health that we need to give it some thought.

Originality is the sign by means of which we recognise the various sources of thought and form which influenced a composer. The originality of Bach declares him as the great sea into which flowed many converging streams of polyphonic form, Protestant thought, and Gothic tradition. We can trace his work back to its origins as easily as we can trace rivers from their mouths to their springs.

Individuality is the sign by means of which we recognise that an art-work is not standing alone, is not divided from other similar work of its time. The individuality of Mozart associates the form of his musical thought with that of Haydn, Salieri, and many lesser men. If it is the work of the greater men that survives rather than the work of the others, it is not because of its greater individuality (a phrase without syntax or sense) but because it is better work, and generally—though not necessarily—because it carries greater thought. The thought may be so strong and strange that no available technic can give it adequate form—and this happened with Blake and to a great extent with Beethoven; but theirs was not individual so much as dividual art. The more individual and definite the thought of the artist the more likely he is to find a clear and adequate expression for it in whatever forms and idiom are current at the time.

For us of to-day, however, the words 'originality' and 'individuality' have come to carry thoughts which are exactly opposed to their real and original meaning. For us originality means novelty and an absence of original descent; while individuality means

* 'Modern Music and a Way Out.' April, 1922.

character so peculiar that it is divided from the general character of contemporary work of the same kind. This inversion of thought seems to have occurred in connection with the music of Beethoven. Now I firmly believe that the spirit informing the music of Beethoven is, work for work, a greater spirit than that which informs the music of Mozart. But it is the spirit of passion, egoism, rebellion, and severance; and it tends to dissolution even in its creativeness.

Mozart's musical thought varies from the comparative vacuity of scale and arpeggio themes to the noble and condensed material of the C minor Mass, an even finer work than the *Requiem*. His predominant moods are sweet, calm, and gay; he is melancholy seldom, draws near to passion only on the rarest occasions, and then in the most guarded way. His Fantasia in C minor may be cited as one of his few approaches to passionate expression, and it affords an admirable example of wild emotions suggested without abandonment. The emotion of the work never gets out of control, being always checked by the will for technical clarity of statement and musical euphony.

Beethoven's thought, on the other hand, was passionate from the outset. He seems to have had the very shortest childhood as an artist, the very shortest period of making music just for the love of beauty and happiness, and he enjoyed depths of calm only by chance, as it were, or after immense struggles, fighting for a pure, clean line of musical theme (as his sketch-books show), as most artists have had to strive for the more terrible and darker shapes of tone. Even his least interesting passage-padding seems full of anger and pain. A very notable and characteristic wildness of Beethoven's was to launch himself on the chord of the diminished seventh, floating hither and thither without aim, taking this path and that, but following none, and generally finding himself at the end of the delirium much where he was at the beginning of it. I do not refer to such passages as that in the first movement of the *Sonata Appassionata*, where the emotion gradually drops from frenzy to the sulky muttering opening of the recapitulation, but to such desperate use of the chord as occurs towards the end of the Sonata in C sharp minor, where four bars are inserted to declare that the master is at the end of his means of expression, that the emotional stress has passed beyond the language of music; or, again, to such tentative use of the chord as occurs near the end of the big Trio in B flat for pianoforte and strings, where it is used for the sake of its tonal vagueness to allow of the insertion of the *Presto* in the unrelated key of A, at the end of which we find ourselves exactly where we were, so to speak, for the *Coda* then proceeds in the right key, as it could have done without the interposition of the A major passage. It may be contended quite fairly, of course, that such characteristic passages and usages are an extension of musical expression, and the contention need not be denied; but it is

plain that they are also of that kind of expression which is so passionate as to be uncontrollable and beyond the limits of clear phrase and shapely form. Passion is indeed a more tremendous force than gaiety and melancholy, but it does not make for clearness or beauty in the arts any more than it does in life. And because passion and ugliness are near akin, we find Beethoven infinitely less concerned with the need for euphony. He clashes dissonances which Mozart would not admit, and even Bach would have prepared and softened, tolerating them only as inevitable details of some vital polyphonic scheme which could not be achieved without their presence.

In these days when there is a positive cult of cacophony, it may seem absurd to draw attention to the occasional harshnesses of Beethoven; but it was in his music that they were first admitted, and for a very significant reason. He had already accustomed himself to a kind of musical thought beyond the power of clear expression in tone; it was but a small step further to seek relief for the still unexpressed parts of his nature outside the art of music altogether—for, unlike the masters who preceded him, it was self-expression he sought rather than the service of musical art. The need of his nature was not that individuality which gives the artist the sense of the vanishing of the self, but rather to declare his divided self in the most emphatic way possible.

Before the time of Beethoven music had often enough been associated with ideas of poetry, dance, and drama, and suited its emotion to whatever need be of harshness, suffering, or evil experience that might occur in this association. But under the most vehement stress the music was never allowed by any great master to abrogate its own musical laws.

Weelkes in many a madrigal, Purcell in many a melodic phrase, Bach in whole movements of instrumental accompaniment, Mozart in his operas (notably in the *Finale* of *Don Juan*), associated the musical sound with ideas of pain and evil, but in every case it had to work out its own rights as musical art—preparing and resolving dissonant chords, balancing phrase with phrase, and generally securing a fair musical shape quite independently of its extra-musical association. Mozart's *Requiem* is a self-standing piece of music, though every section of it is in emotional agreement with the ideas with which it is associated, but the trumpet music in Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* can be explained only by something entirely outside the art and purpose of the work. Similarly, Bach's *Caprice on the Departure of a Brother* has no musical moment which cannot be justified by the laws of euphony; but Beethoven's *Lebewohl* Sonata contains dissonances which are merely clumsy unless we think of them in non-musical terms and imagine, not cadences of tone, but rude people pushing each other about in the clamour of their farewells.

Some of Beethoven's ineptitudes were probably due to carelessness (e.g., the jarring A flat in the

Eroica Symphony), others to deafness (e.g., the disproportion of tone as between the different orchestral families in the Choral Symphony), but making every such allowance there yet remains a large body of musical ugliness definitely associated with unpleasant thoughts outside the realm of music, and only sufferable when one ceases to regard the music as such, but accepts it as a mere accompaniment to the thought. Either the master's moods were too powerful, passionate, and painful for euphony to endure, or his technique was not sufficiently developed to carry his ideas. Or, yet again, his thought did not always reach that pure and essential form where music inevitably follows. However that may be, it was a serious thing for musical art, which up to his time stood as vital an expression of the spirit of the Christian era as sculpture had stood to the faith of classic Greece—Bach and Mozart in music being fair equivalents of Phidias and Praxiteles in marble. Beethoven in his turn proved himself the Scopas of his art—admitting a degree of passion which could only be expressed by ugliness, and arriving at a pass where the form and detail of the music needed to be explained by something quite outside the art.

Choice has, therefore, to be made, in reconstructing the art of music for the future, between the principles which prevailed before and since the time of Beethoven. Euphony must stand as an immutable law, based on the physical construction of the human ear and brain, and what cannot be expressed without a violation of euphony must be regarded as outside the realm of music. And then, though music may be allowed to be associated with the other arts, its own laws may never be abrogated—the music set to verse or to a dance must be a self-standing piece of work, just as satisfying in the concert-room as in the theatre, and just as perfect without words or extraneous thought as with them. For is it not by this time sufficiently clear that Stravinsky's success at the Alhambra and his failure at Queen's Hall were due to the fact that his ballets conform to the laws of the stage but fail to conform to the laws of music?

A few musicians with a philosophical and historical point of view may perhaps ask if we, living in a decadent age, may not be forced, will-we, nill-we, to fall into line with the evil of an out-worn civilisation—if we may not, perhaps, be more fully in the life-stream doing the work of decadence than struggling against it? But that point of view is based on a misconception as to significance of the decadent periods of art. To descend a mountain is not a less moral proceeding than to ascend one; indeed, having reached the top we have simply got to descend if only in order to ascend the next, or die of too much fresh air. If anything the process of descent needs the greater skill, and the great works of art produced during the Greek decadence (works like the Victory of Samothrace and the Aphrodite of Melos) are as beautiful in their way as the sterner virtues of the intellectual climb which attained to the Lemnian

Athena and the frieze of the Parthenon. So also, the symphonies of Brahms and Elgar, the songs of Schumann and Wolf, are as important to a broad understanding of the whole art of European music as the madrigals of Byrd, the fugues of Bach, and the sonatas of Mozart. The virtue is not in the chance of living in this or that period of an art, but in observing its vital laws whatever our period may be. Out of the decadence we are now experiencing a new art has to grow, and we shall best prepare the way for it by holding fast to the principles which carried to greatness the Masters of the Climb who observed them more or less instinctively, as well as the Masters of the Decadence who observed the same laws well enough to do good work in spite of the greater difficulties which beset them. And if you ask what those greater difficulties are, I fear I should have to write another article to reply; but to put the matter shortly, periods of crescent art are those in which the arts are devoted to the service of religion; and periods of decadent art those in which, the religion having lost force and faith, the arts are pursued for their own beauty's sake.

ON EDITING ELIZABETHAN SONGS

By PHILIP HESELTINE

In suggesting 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth' as a motto for modern editors of old music I am adopting an unpopular attitude against which all respectable editors will naturally rise in dignified protest. But a flattering review of some modern reprint is so often written by one who has obviously no knowledge of the original version—and therefore no knowledge of the discrepancies between the two editions—that those of us who are contemptuously called 'purists' by the kind of critic who deplores Rimsky's 'improvements' to Moussorgsky only because Stravinsky would have done them so much better, must occasionally endeavour to raise a stand on behalf of old, forgotten, far-off composers who are not allowed to sing for themselves.

In the days of the figured bass a certain amount was left to the discretion of the performer. Nowadays it is tacitly assumed that performers have no discretion. Granting this, it is hard to believe that the average performer would be guilty of such flamboyant indiscretion as distinguishes the work of certain editors of Henry Purcell. But there was a great—perhaps the greatest—period of music in England a century before Purcell's time, and the notation of this period left nothing* to chance. In the vocal music, melody, harmony, and bass are very clearly indicated in their every detail. How is it, then, that an editor rather than an intelligent copyist is employed by the modern publisher who wants to put this music on the market again? The answer is simple, but

* For the sake of strict accuracy it should be added that only one verse of a song was printed beneath the music, and there is occasional doubt as to the correct fitting of some of the other verses to the tune.

unpleasant. Though good stuff sells (sometimes), commonplace sells much better (always). If a living composer submits a work to a publisher, he is unlikely to agree to its being radically altered so as more effectually to tickle the vulgar taste which is either shocked or bored by originality. But when the composer has been in his grave for nearly three centuries, his works may be pillaged with infinitesimal risk of his wraith rising in protest, even though in his time he was one of the chief glories of his (and our) country's music. To some of us this seems wrong. We feel that a certain respect is due to all great artists—more especially when they are at the same time consummate technicians—however much their idiom may differ from that of our favourite modern composer. We do not translate Shakespeare into American; yet the Restoration mauling of his work, deplored by everyone, is no whit worse than the 20th century mauling of the music of his age which—I repeat with emphasis—is as technically perfect as any of his lyrics. Some people do not like the harsh dissonances of Schönberg; but you cannot 'translate' them into common chords without destroying their significance. Modern editors appear to dislike the extremely delicate and subtle harmony of the lutenists—harmony often suggested rather than stated, calling the imagination to delighted play in the hearing of it; but you cannot translate Elizabethan into Victorian without destroying its significance. There is no need to decry the Victorian in comparison with the Elizabethan. Both are good, but their blending is as grisly as Mr. Bottomley's breakfast of kippers and champagne.

Now for specific instances. There is in the British Museum a manuscript, over three hundred years old, which contains several songs, tune and accompaniment being clearly and fully set forth in the notation of the period. One of these songs figures in a modern reprint,* but although the editor assures us in his preface that he has 'endeavoured to present [the songs] as far as possible in their original form and free from alterations,' *not one bar* of the original accompaniment remains intact, and even the bass has been rewritten.

In the April number of the *Musical Times* Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner discoursed very charmingly on the songs of the English Lutenists. She rightly insisted that these songs, so far from being 'antiques' or 'curios,' are as fresh and lovely to-day as the lyrics with which they are allied. So far from being material for the specialist and the scholar alone, difficult of execution and obscure to the understanding, their character is such as would win them universal popularity could they but be presented to the public in a clear, straightforward reprint, unspoiled by officious editorial 'improvements' on the one hand and pedantic adherence to certain obsolete conventions of notation on the other. Unfortunately Dr. Fellowes's edition of

The English School of Lutenist Song-writers, which Miss Warner so warmly commends, suffers conspicuously from both these defects.

Dr. Fellowes [writes Miss Warner] reproduces the tablature of the original lute-parts with an exact transcription underneath. He supplies further for each song a pianoforte accompaniment based exclusively upon the composer's own material, but so arranged as to be suited to the keyboard idiom. These arrangements, made with the minimum of alteration, show admirable sympathy and discretion. From the practical point of view they are absolutely justifiable, and from the critical point of view notably so. The lute is a plucked instrument of six strings with no power of sustaining a note, and thus a harmonic rather than a polyphonic instrument. But it was the instrument of a polyphonic age, and the lutenists' accompaniments, especially those of Dowland, are extremely contrapuntal in import, even when the exigencies of lute tablature thwart the full indication of this. The principle followed by Dr. Fellowes in his alternative accompaniments has been to complete the texture sketched in the tablature, which is certainly more representative of the composer's intention than any mere filling out of block chords could be.

This is a clever summary of the editorial methods of Dr. Fellowes, but it is the summary of a skilful barrister speaking from a brief. The principle of completing the polyphonic texture sketched in the tablature is already applied in the 'exact transcription'—justifiably enough, seeing that the strings are not entirely devoid of sustaining power. Dr. Fellowes in his General Preface to the edition admits 'having exercised his own discretion in interpreting the individual values of the notes as plucked on the lute; but the percussion of the notes on the pianoforte precisely corresponds with that on the lute.' Here is a simple example of the method employed:

TABLATURE (LITERAL TRANSCRIPTION)

Ex. 1.

night's black bird her sad in - fa-my sings, There

let me live for - - lorn.

DR. FELLOWES'S TRANSCRIPTION

Ex. 2. (Voice part as in Ex. 1.)

let me live for - - lorn.

* Of the many versions of this song that have appeared in print not one is correct. The same may be said of Morley's *It was a lover and his lass*.



* Dr. Fellowes's error. This should be A.

But when we come to the new pianoforte accompaniment supplied by Dr. Fellowes, the polyphonic texture clearly indicated in the tablature is merely hinted at, while an additional part, doubling the voice (a practice never resorted to by the lutenists), has been added:

Ex. 3.

A foot-note informs us that the last bar quoted from the improved accompaniment 'has been borrowed exactly from Thomas Morley's setting of the *Lacrimæ* in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*.' This is equivalent to quoting any bar but the first from Brahms's Violin Sonata in A (♩ ♩, ♩) and saying that it has been borrowed exactly from Brahms's setting of Walther's *Preislied*. Apart from an accidental resemblance in the opening phrase, Morley's *Pavan* bears no resemblance to Dowland's song, of which there are two acknowledged transcriptions, by William Byrd and Giles Farnaby, in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*; but having been labelled as a transcription of Dowland's *Lacrimæ*, presumably by Messrs. W. Barclay Squire and J. A. Fuller-Maitland, the modern editors of the book (to whom be much gratitude for the book itself), the ascription has been accepted without further question, and uncritically repeated not only by Dr. Fellowes but by Dr. E. W. Naylor, M. van den Borren, Prof. Granville Bantock, and no doubt other professors and antiquarians as well.

It will be observed that in Dr. Fellowes's version a four-bar phrase of common time has been 'somewhat modified with the object of simplifying the interpretation of the music' (General Preface), but no signatures accompany the changes from

C to 3-4, 3-4 to 6-4, and 6-4 back to C, which this process of 'simplification' involves. There are, in fact, no time-signatures in any of Dr. Fellowes's versions.

The bar in Elizabethan times had none of the rhythmic or accentual significance with which it was subsequently invested. It was used in the song-books chiefly as a convenient method of enabling singer and accompanist to keep together—in the virginal books to help the left hand know what the right hand was doing. In the separate part-books, vocal and instrumental, bars rarely occur at all. It is therefore merely pedantic to retain this original irregular and largely arbitrary system of barring in a modern reprint which should be the means of bringing these songs not only to the libraries of professional musicians and musical institutions, but into the hands of every English-speaking amateur who ever buys or sings a good song; for music depends for real popularity upon the great body of amateurs rather than upon the comparatively small body of professional musicians. And to replace the old system of irregular barring by a new one is a most unnecessary procedure, seeing that every Elizabethan song can be divided into bars of equal length (changes from duple to triple time being invariably marked in the original editions). This regularity is a great convenience to the reader, and detracts nothing from the music so long as it is phrased intelligently and not accented by the bar.

The average amateur knows little about musical history, and cares less. He is a shy bird when it comes to exploring new fields of music, and anything suggestive of archæology is a sure and certain scarecrow to frighten him away. He merely wants a good song clearly printed in the most readily intelligible form for reading and singing. Let us suppose him an enthusiastic lover of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Sidney, and the rest. Someone tells him that the songs of the period are as lovely as the lyrics, and he goes into a music-shop and opens a volume of Dr. Fellowes's edition. His eye lights at once on hieroglyphics which have no meaning for him and no connection with any form of musical notation he has ever encountered. Accompanying them he sees three staves of ordinary music-type, but even these present an unfamiliar and forbidding appearance. A bar containing fourteen minims is preceded by one of four minims, and followed by one of two without any warning, and breves—another scarecrow—abound. Small wonder if he turns hurriedly from such pages with the thought that they are not for the likes of him. And if he does not altogether abandon his idea of getting acquainted with the music of Shakespeare's England, he will in all probability turn to some such edition of Elizabethan songs as that produced by Mr. Frederick Keel. Nothing could be more delightful—to look at (how much appearance counts with the amateur, fearful of unaccustomed difficulties on every page!). Simple tunes in familiar crotchets and quavers, and nice easy accompaniments which

anybody could play and many transpose at first sight. So Mr. Keel's volumes are purchased and our amateur begins to entertain his friends with Elizabethan love-songs, oblivious of the fact (for Mr. Keel's modesty forbade him to mention it in his preface) that the accompaniments bear no relation whatever to the original tablature, having been *entirely composed* by Mr. Keel, complete with new basses and all.

Now we come to the question of arranging music so as to be suited to 'the keyboard idiom.' This is a tiresome and meaningless phrase. Flatly, there is no such thing. Every significant composer uses the keyboard in a different manner, as everybody knows perfectly well. We enjoy Liszt's transcriptions of Schubert's songs as one great artist's commentary upon the work of another; but such commentaries spring from excess of love and appreciation of the original work in its original form, an attitude as far removed from pedantic notions of the original's inadequacy for modern requirements as the pedant is ever removed from the creative artist.

The original accompaniments of the Elizabethan song were designed for the lute and the bass-viol, but in no example do they contain anything that the pianoforte cannot successfully and beautifully reproduce without any alteration whatever. The lute, as Miss Warner observes, was the instrument of a polyphonic age, but these songs belong to the transition period, and we must not forget the important part played by the lute in promoting the concept of harmony as such and in stimulating genuinely homophonic thought. Is there anything peculiarly offensive to the modern ear in four-part harmony in which the voice bears a part not doubled in the accompaniment? Or in a common chord of which the voice sings the third while the accompaniment sustains the open fifth? Or in a bass which is not pounded out in octaves? And is it essential to propriety and decorum that the pianist's right and left hands should be continually an octave and a half apart? Dr. Fellowes would, it seems, answer all these questions in the affirmative, and though one cannot but admire the spirit which has prompted him to publish so much good music, one cannot on the other hand but regret that in this particular department he has not shown a little more humility and a little more reverence for the finished work of great masters. For Dowland—to name but the chief of them all—was one of the most technically proficient as well as one of the most inspired song-writers the world has ever seen, and no one who has any regard for purity of style—to say nothing of a sympathetic understanding of the music itself—would wish to add to or detract anything from what he has written. Wholesale doubling is bad enough, but wholesale decoration with twiddle-bits that the most charitable euphemism could not call counterpoints is impertinent and unjustifiable from any point of view, whether practical or critical.

When the first volume of *The English School of Lutenist Song-writers* appeared, I was given to

understand that the 'alternative accompaniments' were added reluctantly by Dr. Fellowes at the request of his publisher. Now, however, that Mr. Winthrop Rogers is dead and private generosity alone enables the edition to be continued, one regrets more than ever the money expended on their inclusion in volumes which might otherwise, at equal cost, contain twice as many genuine Elizabethan songs (there are over six hundred of them, of which but fifty have as yet appeared in this edition, which aims at completeness).

It may be argued that I am unduly critical of Dr. Fellowes's improved accompaniments seeing that these are, at least, constructed upon the original basses and may be compared with the naked original that appears on the preceding page. My quarrel, it is true, is not specifically with Dr. Fellowes's accompaniments (horrible as they indeed sound, regarded as original works in 'the keyboard idiom'), but with the principle of tampering with fine work that is already complete in all its detail. The amateur, seeing *any* alternative version alongside the original, naturally concludes that there is something wrong with the latter, and is at once predisposed to regard the songs not as living music but as archæological specimens in need of restoration for practical use. But works of art cannot be restored save by a genius equal in all respects to that which created them. Craftsmanship titivating the work of genius is a sorry spectacle; and in conclusion I would ask those doctors and professors who may even now be stirring their ill-smelling pots of editorial glucose and colouring matter to stay their hands awhile and reflect upon some wholesome remarks of Mr. Cecil Gray, occasioned by the work of Béla Bartók, who [says Mr. Gray] has freed himself from

... the tyrannic conventions of musicianship which are in reality its negation—all those superfluous counterpoints, meaningless figurations, and all the other familiar forms of *remplissage* which have so long inhibited all native freedom of expression, like a kind of elephantiasis. The Greeks used to believe that the man who would not show himself naked must necessarily have some physical defect. The characteristic musicians' maladies are gymnophobia and agoraphobia—the fear of nakedness and of empty spaces.

THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG

BY ALEXANDER BRENT SMITH

William Ernest Henley, the Gloucestershire poet, had a real countryman's love for the blackbird. He says:

The blackbird plays on a boxwood flute
... I love him the best of all.

Most poets, if asked to name the bird-singers in order of merit, would lead off with the nightingale, though I very much doubt if half the poets who rhapsodise about nightingales ever heard one sing. He is a wonderful singer undoubtedly, but a star-performer who will sing only to suit himself. But the blackbird sings his heart out on every occasion, and if anything he sings his best when everything is sodden under foot and tattered clouds

are trailing through the hills. And what a flute he has! From some far distant tree he sings, and through the sound of dripping rain and the chatter of bickering sparrows in the blackthorn hedge his song is clearly heard. And what a song he sings! For many years I have kept my ear upon him, and noted his turns of melody. I will not compare him with the nightingale, because my human frailties have interfered with my study of the latter's song. But of birds who sing by day the blackbird is by far the most musical. His song is individual; no two blackbirds sing the same, and yet they seem to be governed by a passing fashion which decides the form but not the details of the song. This year the fashion decides that songs are to be very simple in design, consisting chiefly of a graceful arpeggio, cut rather short, decorated about the close with a delicate shake. My blackbird, therefore, sings a tune of which the following is the chief motive:



Two years ago the fashion was for much more elaborate tunes, founded upon an arpeggio groundwork but trimmed with chromatic passing-notes. My present little friend's grandfather, the pride of his landlord and the neighbourhood, sang the following motive:



(N.B.—This is transposed down about a fifth.)

This was the principal theme of the song, sung *marcato* and, I think, *un poco nobilmente*. After many repetitions of this tune, he would add a cadence possessing great distinction, yet again conforming to the fashion of the year:



Sometimes he would give a new significance to the phrase by pausing after the E and flinging out the last two notes with a ring of finality.

Who taught the blackbird to sing in intervals that we can reproduce through our men-made musical notation? Did the blackbird pick his intervals from man, or is there in the depths of nature some guiding principle of sound which birds by chance may stumble on in song? Personally I like the latter view, and I hazard an opinion that though our experimentalists who live in the clangour of the streets may astonish their friends with sophisticated intervals of their own devising, yet for mankind who live in God's own fields the music that will be their happiness and consolation will lie within those worn-out intervals which ring as fresh and beautiful among the trees to-day as they did when God first taught the blackbird, the cuckoo, the thrush, and the nightingale to sing their native tunes in Paradise.

MUSIC AND COMMUNISM

By C. D. GRAHAM

In a previous article* some reference was made to the importance attached by the Bolsheviks to what is described as 'cultural propaganda.' There is no need again to enlarge upon the apparent anomaly of a policy which aims at a sane mind at the expense of a sound body. Culture, it seems, still has its uses, although recent associations have placed it on the list of 'tainted' words recently referred to by Mr. A. B. Walkley.

As early as 1918 the Soviet recognised the value of music as an anodyne for 'killing care and grief of heart.' Accordingly, in October of that year a body possessing the imposing title of the 'Commissariat for Public Enlightenment,' of which Lunascharsky was the head, decreed that music, in common with all other enterprises in Russia, was to be socialised. Among other changes involved, this meant that the conduct of the Conservatoires had to be submitted for approval to specially appointed commissaries instead of being left to the discretion of the governing board of professors. It was decreed also that the students were to be represented on the board by a council of 'elders,' elected from among themselves.

Those who know their Gilbert will remember what happens to a community where 'everybody's somebody.' The scheme, however, seems to have worked well enough in the main, although in some cases it naturally resulted in a good deal of mutual recrimination between the pupils and their nominal chiefs. The reorganization had another comic aspect, for in order to conform still further to the Gilbertian ideas of Communism and the dignity of Labour—and presumably of Art—it was considered advisable to revise nomenclature as well; thus 'work-shop' was substituted for 'class,' 'master-worker' for 'professor,' 'great assembly' for orchestra, and so forth.

Another astonishing step in the direction of providing music for the million was a decree under which instruction in all music schools was thrown open free of charge. Only in the case of the larger conservatoires was the stipulation made that applicants should display a certain amount of natural aptitude. In March, 1919, therefore, all students in the Moscow Conservatoire—to take a typical instance—were subjected to a weeding-out process. Those who failed to reach the qualifying standard were obliged to seek instruction elsewhere. For the rank and file, opportunity for obtaining gratuitous education was afforded by the numerous musical centres which were then springing up all over the country. Many such centres were already in existence, having been founded under the regime of Kerensky for the benefit of the lower classes. Other conservatoires in which high fees were being charged were also 'taken over' by the people, together with all other so-called 'bourgeois' property.

* *Musical Times*, May, 1922.

professional hornist brings an instrument crooked in F, and in F that instrument remains, while with admirable patience he transposes all the parts at sight, except of course those sections which are scored for horn in F, and so require no transposition. What does the reactionary think? Nothing. He does not think: he exists as a being apart, in a sphere of marvellous imagination. But he gives his horn player a cheque, and perhaps compliments him on his tone, quite oblivious to the fact that, during the greater part of the performance, notes made by the valve were used almost exclusively!

When, not much less than half a century ago, Tchaikovsky wrote the beautiful horn solo in the *Andante* of his fifth Symphony, he must have realised then that the mechanism of valves as applied to brass wind instruments had been successfully perfected. Note these passages, and the 'fingering'—the usual three valves being used separately and in combination, in addition to the normal 'open' notes:



performer, appreciate also the convenience of scoring for trumpets in exactly the same key as clarinets.

But the reactionary appears to delight in difficulties—difficulties of a kind. He obstinately sets his face against chromaticism, though so great a master as Richard Wagner, forty years ago, saw fit, at the commencement of the *Parsifal* Prelude, to score the air for trumpet solo (in F):



Richard Strauss, after his unfortunate pronouncement above quoted, will hardly be acceptable as a model to the prehistorics, yet, deplorable as may be the fact, his works are frequently performed by our greatest orchestras. No critic, so far, has had fault to find with the tonal effect of the chromatic trumpet solos Strauss delights in, one of which, from *Don Quixote*, is here quoted:



Occasional Notes

We have received copies of the *Perthshire Advertiser* containing a correspondence concerning Mr. Hugh Robertson, the conductor of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir. With the point at issue we have nothing to do—indeed we do not know even what it is, as we have not seen the opening letters; our concern is solely with a passage in a letter written by Mr. F. H. Bisset, the president of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir. Mr. Bisset, alluding to our criticism of the Choir's recent concert in London, says that 'the *Musical Times* has been nothing if not consistent in its ill-tempered unfriendliness to Mr. Robertson. But [he adds, darkly] there are reasons for everything.' Presumably Mr. Bisset has his reasons for accusing the *Musical Times* of being consistently unfriendly to Mr. Robertson, but for the life of us we can't imagine what they can be. So far as a glance at our past volumes can show us, the *Musical Times* has contained only one adverse criticism of the Orpheus Choir—that written in connection with the London concert. If the word 'consistent' means anything, Mr. Bisset must be able to point to a good deal more than that. One adverse criticism no more proves consistent ill-tempered unfriendliness than does one swallow make a summer. Everybody knows of Mr. Robertson's work for choral music in Scotland, and the *Musical Times* would be false to its traditions if it in any way belittled such work. But no choir is above criticism. The Glasgow Orpheus came to London with such a high reputation that we paid it the compliment of judging it by the standard we have heard reached in the best English choral centres. It struck us as falling short of this standard, and we said as much,

giving our reasons. Mr. Bisset assumes that frank criticism of this kind must necessarily be inspired by unfriendliness. Does he (to be consistent) assume that some at least of the highly laudatory notices are due to the writers' personal regard for Mr. Robertson? Mr. Bisset cannot have it both ways. Any kind of public appearance is a challenge to criticism. There are ingenuous débutants who regard favourable notices as proofs of critical acumen and pooh-pooh the unfavourable ones as evidence of the milder forms of lunacy (or even 'ill-tempered unfriendliness'). We may tolerate such an attitude in young and inexperienced soloists, but we expect something different from one who is chairman of the Glasgow Musical Competition Festival Association; chairman of the Edinburgh Musical Competition Festival Association; vice-chairman of the British Federation of Musical Competition Festivals (headquarters, London); chairman of the Scottish Musical Competition Festivals Joint Advisory Council; president of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir; ex-president of the Glasgow Bach Choir; president-elect of the Edinburgh Bach Society; ex-member of Executive of the Glasgow Society of Musicians; late conductor of the Greenock Male-Voice Choir and other choirs; correspondent for Scotland for the *Musical News and Herald* (London); musical critic and reviewer for the now defunct *New Tribune*; and frequent adjudicator at Scottish and English Musical Competition Festivals—for the *Perthshire Advertiser*, in an awestruck footnote, tells us that Mr. Bisset is all these. He must be a busy man, but none the less we must ask him to spare time to give us particulars of the consistent unfriendliness of which he accuses us. If he is unable to produce chapter and verse, he will no doubt be ready to withdraw the remark.

Now that our Tudor composers are at last in a fair way of having justice done them, it is to be hoped that we shall extend the revival work so as to include some worthies who were less fortunate in the date of their birth. A composer who spends the greater part of his working life in a transition period is apt to come off badly in the matter of posthumous honour and glory. Such a composer was John Blow, whose fame suffers, too, from his having been so completely overshadowed by Purcell. It is good to hear that he is to be commemorated by a service at Westminster Abbey on Monday, July 3, at eight o'clock, when the whole of the music will be drawn from his works. Six anthems will be sung—*Lift up your heads* (hitherto unpublished), *Save me, O God, Let Thy hand be strengthened* (hitherto unpublished), *Salvator Mundi*, *Sing we merrily*, and *I beheld, and lo! a great company*. The last-named is perhaps Blow's most familiar work, but it has so far been printed in a corrupt form. The correct readings have now been restored. It will be given with orchestral accompaniment, as will also be *Sing we merrily* and *Lift up your heads*. The *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* will be sung to the setting in F, a fine contrapuntal work in a style somewhat reminiscent of Gibbons. It has so far existed only in MS. The service will close with a hymn by Blow, given in Playford's *Divine Companion* (1701), followed by the *Gloria* from the *Jubilate* in G.

The Abbey Choir and the Abbey Special Choir will join forces for the occasion, and the orchestral accompaniments will be played by a contingent of the British Symphony Orchestra. Tickets of admission are to be had on application (with a

stamped addressed envelope) to the Secretary, Westminster Abbey Special Choir, the Song School, Westminster Abbey.

We understand that this Blow service is the first of a series of commemorations of the great English Church composers, more especially of those connected with the Abbey. The great value of such services is too obvious to need discussion, but we may be allowed to point out one direction in which they should be particularly helpful. Everybody knows that, so far as old English Church composers are concerned, the repertory of our choirs is not only extremely meagre, but quite unrepresentative in the matter of quality. Much of the finest work of the school remains in manuscript, or is available only in old editions that are inconvenient, and often corrupt as well. Blow, for example, wrote fourteen services and over a hundred anthems, but not a fifth part of his output is published. If the small portion that has been published happened to be the cream of his work there would be less cause for complaint, but musical historians tell us that this is not the case. Such services as these projected at the Abbey will do a much-needed work if they give choirs and choirmasters (and publishers' readers) an opportunity of hearing music that has been undeservedly neglected. The two anthems and the service that are to be revived at the Blow Commemoration have been copied at the British Museum by Mr. Sydney Nicholson, and have just been published by Messrs. Novello. It is safe to assume that they have not been performed since the composer's day.

'Blow [says Dr. Ernest Walker in his *History of Music in England*] is undoubtedly far the greatest of the Restoration composers, after his great pupil; and much of his Church music is of really noble quality, though some of the best still remains unpublished. . . . Blow's is one of the outstanding names in English music. . . . there are things in the best of his sacred compositions which can very fairly stand comparison with any contemporary music of any nationality.'

The Abbey should be crowded on July 3.

The Conference of the British Music Society will have opened by the time this number appears, but it is not too late to remind readers that the music at Westminster Abbey, Southwark Cathedral, Westminster Cathedral, and All Saints', Margaret Street, on July 2 will bear on the occasion by being specially chosen from native sources, ancient and modern; and that on July 3 the Conference ends with a concert by the London Contemporary Music Centre at Seaford House, by kind permission of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden.

The following order—apparently the result of the combined efforts of a heat-wave and an unmusical typist—was received by Messrs. Novello recently:

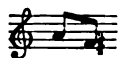
I Wrink's Organ School. W. T. Bass.

I Bark's Prelude and Fluids, Book No. 2.

A pity the list stopped so soon! Handel's Water Music and 'Ruddier than the Sherry' would have made up an attractive little consignment.

Seeing that all our daily papers have on their staff at least one musician, it seems odd that the editorial department does not make use of expert knowledge

before printing musical matter received from lay sources. A week or two ago the *Daily Chronicle* published on its leader page an article on the cuckoo in which the song of that unprincipled fowl was three times shown thus:



One would have thought it impossible that a writer sufficiently educated to be a contributor to a great daily paper should be ignorant as to the position of an accidental. Even more surprising is it that the mistake should be made three times, and pass unquestioned through editorial and printing rooms.

Another example: the *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 9 contained an article headed 'London Girl Organist. Deputy for Sir Frederick Bridges (*sic*) at age of sixteen. Eyes on an Abbey.' One naturally supposes that the London Girl Organist had deputised at Westminster Abbey, but it turns out that she had merely taken Sir Frederick's place at a political demonstration held at Central Hall! The *P.M.G.* writer makes great play with the fact that this young woman, though only just seventeen years of age, is 'a proficient organist of great promise after a year's study', and is now able to play an occasional service for her teacher, Mr. Allan Brown, at the City Temple. As he tells us later on that she was being taught the pianoforte at the age of eight, we are less astonished than he expects us to be. Miss — may have all the talent claimed for her, but the *P.M.G.* rhapsodist may take it from us that there is nothing 'remarkable' in a student of seventeen, after nine years' pianoforte lessons and one year at the organ, being able to play at the City Temple—or even at a political demonstration. We hope the London Girl Organist will go ahead and attain all her ambitions, but the less she allows herself to be interviewed and written up in this way the more likely she is to reach that Abbey on which she has her eyes.

From the Annual Report of the Fitzwilliam Museum we learn of some recent additions to the music department. An autograph letter of Robert Schumann has been given by Sir Herbert Thompson to accompany his previous donations of musical autographs. Mr. Denis R. H. Browne has presented a quantity of books from the library of his brother W. C. Denis Browne, of Clare College, who while at Cambridge took a leading part in its musical life. He died in 1915 of wounds received in action at Gallipoli. Other gifts to this department have been received from Captain Evelyn Broadwood, H. J. W. Tillyard, of Gonville and Caius College, J. B. Trend, of Christ's College, and the Director of the Biblioteca de Catalunya at Barcelona.

A very interesting new departure is to be made at the presentation of diplomas at the R.C.O. on July 22. Probably many of those attending such functions have said to themselves: 'Here on the platform are some of our finest organists, and close by the platform is an organ. Why shouldn't we be given a little music, even if, in order to make time for it, some of the votes of thanks and other oratorical standing dishes have to be sacrificed?'

The R.C.O. Council has asked itself the same question, and answered it by arranging that at the next presentation Dr. W. G. Alcock will kindly play the pieces chosen for the December Fellowship

examination. Wise students will bring copies of the pieces and make notes. They will not be wise, however, if they run away with the idea that the *interpretations* they hear are necessarily, or even probably, those the examiners will expect from candidates. The object is rather to give members, especially those from the remoter parts of the country, a chance of hearing the test-pieces played by acknowledged masters, and so realising the technical and general standard at which they should aim. No doubt opportunity will be found later on for a performance of a group of Associate tests.

Organ students seem to be specially favoured in this way—at all events we have not heard of pianoforte, violin, or vocal recitals, given publicly, in which the programmes are made up from examination syllabuses. For once, the despised organist seems to be in front. The R.C.O. test-pieces have lately been played at various places in London, among others, at the National Institute for the Blind, by Mr. H. V. Spanner, and by Mr. Herbert Hodge at St. Stephen's Walbrook. Examinees who have not yet had an opportunity for taking advantage of such recitals should note that Mr. Hodge plays all the tests (Associate and Fellowship), during July at his weekly recitals at St. Nicholas Cole Abbey (Tuesdays, at 1).

Something new in the way of Summer Schools has been arranged by the Federation of British Music Industries in conjunction with the British Music Society. As a rule such holiday courses are for the more enthusiastic professional teachers. But there is an enormous amount of valuable educational work done by amateurs and part-time musicians—for example, in clubs and institutes, and in connection with village choral societies. A Summer School for such teachers (though of course not exclusively for them) will be held at Oxford from August 15 to 30. Here is the syllabus:

- Mr. Frank Roscoe: Principles of Teaching (four lectures).
- Mr. Robert McLeod: Aural Training and the School Singing Class (infants and older children).
- Mr. Percy A. Scholes: The History of Music—A Sketch of the subject and a discussion of its application in 'Appreciation' Teaching (three lectures).
- Dr. R. R. Terry: School and Village Choir Training for Competitions: Hints to Conductors (two lectures).
- Major J. T. Bavin: Teaching Musical 'Appreciation' with the Gramophone. School Violin Classes (twelve lectures).
- Mr. T. Pennyquick: (Head Master, Fonthill Road School, Liverpool) Music 'Appreciation' lessons in Elementary Schools. A demonstration of the lecturer's practical experience and methods (three lectures).
- Mr. Edward Mitchell: Pianoforte Lecture Recitals—The Modern Composers (eight lectures).

A civic reception will be held by the Mayor of Oxford; Sir Hugh Allen will make the opening speech, and Dr. Arthur Somervell the closing one. There is a tempting list of recreations, indoor and outdoor. Particulars may be had from the Federation of British Music Industries, 117-123, Great Portland Street, W.1.

The Form of Service for the R.A.M. Centenary Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral on July 17 has just been issued by Messrs. Novello. It contains ninety-five pages of music, all of which has been composed (a good deal of it for the occasion) by past and present members of the Academy. It is worth noting that of the two psalms included, one will be sung to plain-song, with some faux-bourdon verses, and the other to an Anglican chant. The two most important numbers are Dr. G. J. Bennett's anthem, *This is the day*, written for the Centenary, and the fine setting of *Te Deum Laudamus*, composed by Dr. Charles Macpherson for the Peace Thanksgiving Service, July 6, 1919.

May we venture to say a few timid words on behalf of poor old London? Of course the small attendance at the Leeds Choral Union's splendid performance of *The Apostles* made those of us who were present feel angry. But the haste with which Mr. Bernard Shaw and some of our newspapers handed out the blame led them to say some foolish things. For example, when Mr. Shaw says he apologises to posterity for

. . . living in a country where the capacity and tastes of school-boys and sporting costermongers are the measure of metropolitan culture

he forgets that he is a writer of plays, with a bigger public in London than anywhere. Either metropolitan culture is not so bad as he thinks it is, or his plays appeal chiefly to sporting costermongers and grown up school-boys. And what is wrong with the sporting costermonger, anyway, that he should be used as an opprobrious epithet? We have been in far worse company at many a West-end concert. For underlining class distinctions there is nobody like your democrat!

'London's Apathy to Great Music' made a good large cap. headline in the *Daily News*, but has no other merit. Is it apathy to fine music that has made possible twenty-six consecutive seasons of Proms.? That fills the Albert Hall year after year for *Gerontius*, *The Messiah*, and other choral masterpieces? That led to a packed Queen's Hall for the B minor Mass, the Ninth Symphony, and other great music given by the Philharmonic Society and L.S.O. during the past season? That provides a steady public for chamber music by the finest players, native and foreign? Is there any other place in the country where a pianist (not a foreign lion, but a mere Englishman) could give Bach recitals for a week of afternoons and find it a paying proposition? Is it apathy, *plus* the taste of school-boys and costermongers, that is responsible for a two years' run of *The Beggar's Opera*, a record season of Gilbert and Sullivan, and (at the time of writing) successful seasons of serious opera given simultaneously at Covent Garden and Hammersmith? We could fill another column with examples of musical activity that are apparently possible nowhere else than in this uncultured and apathetic old metropolis. No; the small attendance at *The Apostles* was due chiefly to the fact that the performance was given at the wrong time—a time that was of course inevitable owing to the travelling plans of the choir. Everybody knows that what Mr. Shaw calls 'London Society' is by no means the most musical section of the public. The modest amount of enthusiasm it can screw up for the art runs in the direction of opera or star soloists. Of all kinds of

music it has the least use for choral, especially when the choralists are engaged in oratorio. To give a choral concert at a time when, roughly speaking, the only leisured folk are those who have no use for choral music, is simply to book a failure. Even the most attractive of orchestral concerts have to be given in the evening or on a Saturday afternoon. We had a good proof of the difficulty of getting an audience on any other afternoon, when during the war the experiment was tried of shifting the Proms. from the evening to the afternoon in order to dodge air-raid alarms. The experiment was a failure. No doubt hard things are being said at Leeds. But would the Choral Union draw a big audience in Yorkshire on a Thursday afternoon in June? Mr. Shaw is fond of music, but cold where sport is concerned. There are plenty of us who like music as much as he does, but who may be pardoned if, given the choice between Queen's Hall and Lord's or the Oval on a summer's afternoon, we do not hesitate much before joining the cricket crowd. In a few trifling details this is still a free country, and Mr. Shaw, the *Daily News*, and the other democrats to whom liberty is supposed to mean so much, must allow folk to choose their own ways of spending their spare time. Mr. Shaw has no more right to shriek at people who prefer sport to oratorio than the sporting costermonger has a right to abuse Mr. Shaw for spending a fine afternoon listening to music when he might be spotting likely ones at Epsom.

Apropos of *The Apostles*, we note that the work is constantly spoken of as 'neglected.' Of course such a term is relative, and a number of performances that would be small for (say) *The Messiah* may be large in the case of a modern work. *The Apostles* was inevitably shelved during the war, and was rarely heard for the first two seasons that followed. This is not surprising, seeing that, in addition to making heavy demands on choir and orchestra, it calls for six first-rate soloists. Critics who seem to be unable to mention this work without tacking on the 'neglected' will be interested in the following list of performances :

- March 24, 1920—Leeds Choral Union—Leeds.
- May 8, 1920—Choral Leeds Union—Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- March 17, 1921—Notts Sacred Harmonic—Nottingham.
- May 7, 1921—Alexandra Palace Choral Society—London.
- September 7, 1921—Hereford Festival—Hereford.
- March 29, 1922—Leeds Choral Union—Leeds.
- March 30, 1922—Hallé Concerts—Manchester.
- April 11, 1922—London Choral Society—Queen's Hall.
- May 11, 1922—Peterborough Choral Union—Peterborough.
- May 18, 1922—Bedford Musical Society—Bedford.
- June 8, 1922—Leeds Choral Union—London.
- June 9, 1922—Leeds Choral Union—Canterbury.
- September 5, 1922—Gloucester Festival—Gloucester.

The *crescendo* is significant, and coincides with the gradual revival of the big choral societies—two performances in 1920, three in 1921, and seven in the short period from March 29 to June 9.

Members and friends of the Livery Club of the Worshipful Company of Musicians were entertained at a reception given by Mr. Augustus Littleton, the President, at 160, Wardour Street, on June 20.

Sir Dan Godfrey's knighthood is a fitting recognition (made none too soon) of fine, all-round work. An immense amount of talk about our native music is delivered, on paper and otherwise, with comparatively little result. Sir Dan's propaganda is the only kind that counts for much in the long run. He cuts the cackle and gets on with the performance. Lucky Bournemouth!

The seventh of our series of articles on 'British Singers and Players,' reviews of new books and music, gramophone notes, and some letters to the editor, are unavoidably held over.

'Mr. —, the yell-known local tenor, won the bronze medal.'—*Scotch Paper*.

Yell-known, certainly; but no longer merely local. We have lately heard him in quite a lot of places.

More news from over the water :

After more than a quarter of a century's service as conductor of the London Choral Society, Sir Frederick Bridge has retired from his post.—*Musical America*. This will enable Mr. Arthur Fagge, the Society's founder and first conductor, to take up his old post again.

Here are three extracts from the daily press, showing that music is at last taking its place among the things that matter :

By keeping the mind of his patient, a highly nervous girl, lulled with music from a wireless telephone, a New York surgeon was yesterday able to operate for appendicitis without even a variation in her pulse. A spinal anæsthetic was used, causing the patient to become insensible to pain from the shoulders downwards. Wireless telephone receivers were strapped to her ears, and she lay listening to a Chopin recital on the pianoforte while the surgeon operated.

The complaint against a woman in the Bow County Court, to-day, was that she was so 'crazed' on her gramophone that she would even have it going in the bathroom when she was having a bath.

Every afternoon, in — Restaurant, 'the Singing Mannequin,' a well-known opera singer, masked, will entertain visitors with selections from her repertoire whilst displaying the newest fashions.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL AT HALLE:

MAY 25 TO 28

BY E. VAN DER STRAETEN

Handel's birthplace, the town of Halle, in Saxony, celebrated the memory of its greatest son by a four days' Festival, organized by a committee of which Prof. Dr. Arnold Schering, the well-known music historian, Prof. A. Rahlwes, University music director, and Dr. B. Weissenborn, chief librarian, all of Halle University, were the principal moving spirits. The Festival was remarkable, firstly, in showing the master-mind in his various aspects; secondly, in bringing to light new facts concerning his person. It demonstrated, moreover, that gigantic proportions of chorus and orchestra, wonderful and impressive as their effect is in some of the monumental choruses, are not the best means of presenting Handel's work in the most artistic manner. This was clearly shown by the performances of the oratorios, *Semele* and *Susannah*, in which the choruses were rendered by the Robert Franz Vocal Academy

of a hundred and sixty-three singers, under their conductor, Prof. Rahlwes. The Halle Orchestra was increased to sixty-four instrumentalists by twenty-three members of the Leipsic Philharmonic

Gaartz in a very delicate manner, and the orchestra distinguished itself particularly in the exquisite Morpheus music. All this may seem extravagant praise, but may be justified by the fact that a crowded house, including several hundred eminent musicians and writers on music, as well as musical amateurs from all parts of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, England, and Italy, were absolutely electrified, and roused to a pitch of enthusiasm that I have seldom witnessed. Prof. Rahlwes was responsible for the edition of the work, while Prof. Schering had prepared the version of *Susannah* which was given at the Cathedral, conducted by Prof. Rahlwes. Mesdames Rose Walter as *Susannah* and Frieda Schmidtes (the servant) proved themselves possessors of fine and well-trained soprano voices, Dr. H. J. Moser (baritone) was an excellent Joachim, and the same applies to Mr. Ernst Meyer (tenor) as Daniel. Messrs. G. A.

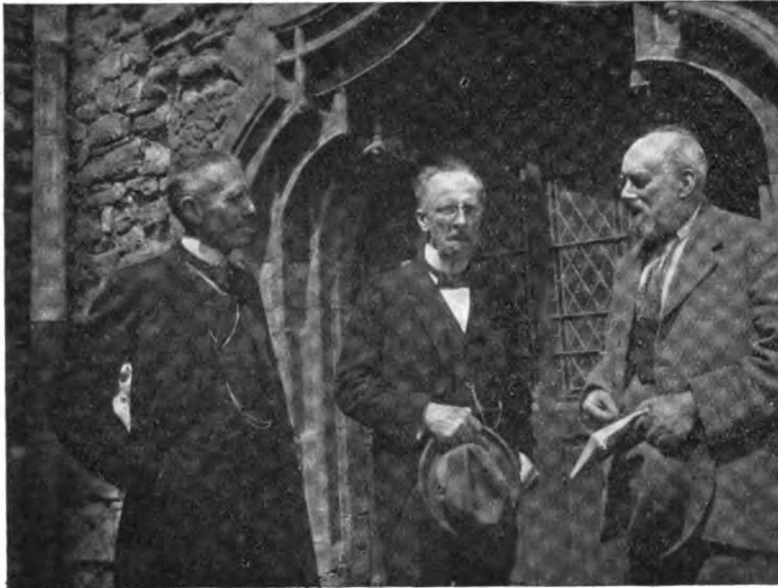


Photo by)

(Newman Flower

DR. WEISSENBORN, DR. A. SCHERING, MR. E. VAN DER STRAETEN

and Gewandhaus Orchestras. With *Semele* the Festival began at the handsome theatre. In England this oratorio is known at present only by the two fine arias, *Where'er you walk* and *O sleep, why dost thou leave me?* although of its kind it is as great a work as *The Messiah*, and Prof. Rahlwes obtained a magnificent performance. He is imaginative, full of temperament, and called to life the many great beauties which the work contains. The choir sang with great precision and spirit, and produced a fine volume of sound of good quality. The soloists, especially Madame L. Leonard (soprano), Madame A. Leydhecker (contralto), Mr. George A. Walter (tenor, the quality of whose voice was not quite equal to his very artistic style), and Prof. A. Fischer, who combines a magnificent bass voice with the temperament of a great artist, acquitted themselves of their task in an excellent manner, the fine reading of the duet between *Semele* and *Hera*, and the beautiful aria of *Morpheus*, being worthy of special comment. The recitatives, &c., were accompanied on a concert grand (for want of a harpsichord) by Dr. Hans

Walter, Prof. Fischer, and Dr. F. Viol, gave a fine rendering of the two Elders and the Judge. On Thursday evening there was a concert at the Marktkirche, where Handel first played the organ, the



Photo by)

(Newman Flower

HANDEL'S BIRTHPLACE (THE HOUSE ON THE LEFT).

programme including his sixth Chandos Anthem and Organ Concerto in G minor, Op. 4, No. 1; also works by former organists of this Church, viz., Zachow,

Wolff Heintz, William Brade (Variations for violin and organ), a fine Magnificat by Samuel Scheidt, Sacred Concert for soli, chorus, strings, and organ, by A. Krieger, and an impressive *Sanctus* by Friedemann Bach for chorus, orchestra, and organ, all performed for the first time. Friday began with the opening of the Handel Loan Exhibition by Dr. Weissenborn, who recently discovered that the house in which Handel was born stood at the corner of the Nocalai and Kleine Ulrichstrasse, and is not the adjacent one fixed upon (though not without misgivings) by Chrysander. Both are shown on page 488 in a photograph by Mr. Newman Flower. The pseudo-Handel house was decked with garlands for the Festival. The exhibition contained, among autographs, personal souvenirs, &c., what is probably the last portrait of Handel, which was found early this year by Prof. Werner in the possession of descendants of Handel's sister. In the evening there was a symphony concert, when the Overture, Ballet music, and the exquisite Dream music of *Alcina*, with the second part of the Water Music, formed the orchestral numbers, while Madame Leydhecker sang an aria from *Tamerlane* and two arias from *Partenope*, and Prof. Fischer the beautiful solo cantata *Cuopie tal volta il cielo*. On Saturday morning Prof. Schering gave a very interesting lecture on 'The World of Handel,' in which he pointed out that Handel's genius could never have attained its proper development but for his coming to England.

Sunday morning began with a musical service at the Marktkirche, where were heard a Motet from the eighth anthem, an Organ Fugue in C minor, 'Glory to God,' and 'Hallelujah' from *The Messiah*, an Organ Prelude, *Es ist das Heil*, by Zachow, and one by J. S. Bach on the same Chorale. At mid-day began a chamber concert of works by Handel in the Aula of the University: Trio for two oboes and *Continuo* in E flat major, played by Messrs. H. Schmiedel and A. Karl, and Dr. H. Gaartz; *Lucrezia*, solo Cantata for soprano, sung by Madame Leonard; Harpsichord Suite, in F minor, Miss A. Linde; Chamber Duet, Madame Leonard and Dr. H. J. Moser; two German Arias, with oboe and violin obbligato respectively, Madame Leonard; and the *Harmonious Blacksmith* Variations, Miss Linde. The whole programme met with an enthusiastic reception by the audience. At the banquet which followed a professor of Freiburg University told about his discovery of a letter from George I. to the King of Prussia which throws an entirely new light upon the story of the Water Music and Handel's relation to the Court; but of this anon. The evening brought the opera *Orlando Furioso* at the theatre, which proved a great success. Dr. H. J. Moser, who had translated and edited the opera, explained in an essay added to the programme-book that the staging could not be done as he would have wished it owing to present conditions. Nevertheless the scenery and costumes were most artistic and very well executed. The costumes adhered to the baroque style of Handel's time. The absurdities of the book are pushed into the background by the genius of Handel, who treats the characters from a psychological standpoint, and therefrom received the inspiration of a great deal of most beautiful music. Space, however, will not permit a detailed account of this. An excellent performance was conducted by Mr. Oscar Braun.

Messrs. Willi Sonnen, as Orlando, and Cornelius Barck, as Zoroaster, had exceptionally fine voices and shone in dramatic as well as cantabile passages, but their coloratura was less satisfactory. The Medoro of Mr. S. Matuczewski, Angelica of Madame Hilde Voss, and Dorindo of Madame Anna Eghardt were worthy of all praise. It is to be hoped that the intention of holding another Handel Festival at Halle in five years' time may crystallise and prove as great a success as that of 1922.

[Mr. van der Straeten's modesty prevents him from mentioning his own share in the Festival.



THE HANDEL PORTRAIT RECENTLY DISCOVERED
BY PROF. WERNER

From another source we hear of the success of his performance of a Gamba Sonata—the only one for which Handel wrote out a harpsichord part in full. Mr. van der Straeten used a very fine old English lyra-viol (the smallest bass-viol), made about the time of Charles I. Following is an extract from the *Berliner Tageblatt* of May 31:

The greatest artistic treat offered was a chamber concert in the Aula of the University in which the most select concert pieces of the master were magnificently rendered. The artists, especially Lotte Leonard (Berlin), Anna Linde (Berlin), E. van der Straeten (London), Dr. Hans Gaartz (Halle) received ovations such as were never known before in the industrial town of Halle.—Ed., *M. T.*

The Rondel Quartet—Miss Ethel Waddington, Miss Eleanor Tibbits, Mr. C. E. Dodge, and Mr. A. B. Bacon—gave an excellent programme at St. Helen's Gymnasium, Blackheath, on May 23. Half was Elizabethan (Lichfield, Wilbye, Morley, Edwards, Dowland), and half modern (Stanford, Ireland, Holst, Balfour Gardiner, Gerrard Williams, and Whittaker).

Music in the Foreign Press

ON JOHANNES BRAHMS

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Brahms's death is adequately commemorated by most German periodicals and a few non-German. The special Brahms numbers of the *Neue Musikzeitung* (April 6), the *Zeitschrift für Musik* (April 1), *Cecilia* (April 10, further contributions in May issue), and *Die Musikwelt* (June 1) contain much that will be prized by investigators.

In *Die Musikwelt* Prof. Ferdinand Pfohl writes :

As a composer Brahms belongs entirely to the 19th century. So far as actual influence is concerned, his music does not overstep that century's limits although it possesses vitality enough to carry it forward another hundred years. There have been 18th century composers—Haydn, C. Ph. E. Bach, and even, in a measure, Mozart—who express their period fully, are nowise revolutionists such as Gluck, Beethoven, or Wagner, and whose music endures. Thus is Brahms part and parcel of the 19th century. Comparing his Symphonies with those of Beethoven, you will see that they embody no progress, and are side-issues (*Seiten-Aufwirkungen*) rather than a sequel, a step towards the future. It is for that reason perhaps that Brahms, although he is to be considered as a specifically German composer, has never gained a real footing, from the higher point of view of culture and influence, outside Germany.

In the same issue, Dr. R. St. Hoffmann writes :

After a period of excitement over exoticism, impressionism, expressionism, and so forth, composers are reverting, O wonder ! to the study of polyphony and of form problems. They are writing variations and fugues. They are sick of mere colour, and long for form and design. Is not this the very spirit of Brahms, who always considered that without loving labour and accurate comprehension of form, there could be no genuine work of art ?

And Dr. Wilhelm Altmann investigates the genesis of Brahms's Op. 34—a subject upon which he brings new light to bear.

In the *Zeitschrift für Musik* Dr. Alfred Heuss writes :

Brahms reacted against the destructive elements which the modern spirit was introducing into German music. The critical history of the new German school, whose leader was Liszt, has not yet been written. Liszt, by creating a progressive party among German composers, has done German music a good deal of harm. It is he who is responsible for the fashion of seeking novelty at all costs. The easiest way to achieve novelty being to employ novel means, we saw whole generations of composers intent upon creating such means, and overlooking the fact that the essential thing is not to invent means, but appropriately to use means—old or new, provided they are suitable. This unaccountable misconception led 'progressive' circles to assert that Brahms is 'un-modern,' has nothing new to say, simply because he does not resort to new means. That nowadays his music should be alive and in full bloom, whereas that of hundreds of composers who achieved 'novelty' is dead and forgotten, is a fact whose moral is obvious.

In the *Neue Musik-Zeitung* the most interesting contributions are Dr. Grabner's ('The Elegiac in Brahms's music') and Alfred Weidemann's ('Brahms and Wagner'). A set of anecdotes, collected by Mathilde von Leinburg, makes rather depressing reading.

In the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* (March) Alexander von Zemlinsky publishes his personal recollections of Brahms.

Letters from Brahms to Ernst Frank appear in the April issue of the *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft*.

NEW WORKS BY BARTÓK AT FRANKFURT

The first performances outside Hungary of Bartók's music-drama *Duke Blue-Beard's Castle*, and of his ballet *The Wooden Prince*, have taken place at Frankfurt. Here are a few excerpts from notices in the local Press :

The obscurity of the libretto of *Blue-Beard* is regrettable; for from the musical point of view the work constitutes an impressive specimen of the newer order. Bartók's way of expressing the poem's various moods is most striking. The interest of the music lies in the wonderful, glittering combinations of timbres. The composer's fancy in this respect is inexhaustible, although it originates merely in a multiplication of Debussy, Schrecker, and other modern masters. The results are impressive, yet one never feels that he is confronting an artist endowed with great creative power: even Bartók's surpassing, and almost uncanny skill cannot disguise the fact. The score of *The Wooden Prince* marks a progress, and is noteworthy not only for its colour, but because it reveals an altogether fresh sense of rhythmic characterisation. Here Bartók's touch is masterful, telling, and entirely original. He reveals the most attractive aspects of his individuality.—*Volkstimme*, May 15.

In *Blue-Beard* Bartók is a master of melodic expression; but in his melody he uses sequences of intervals whose almost indefinable spiritual qualities and characteristic charm lie hidden under closed doors. His music may at first appear intricate and empty; but study will supply the key to its many beauties. The scoring is manly, heroic in character.—*Volkszeitung*, May 16.

The music of *Blue-Beard* is the outcome of thought and feeling rather than of a capacity to build. It lacks the actual live quality which befits the lyric stage, and also dramatic warmth. In many respects that of *The Wooden Prince* is more effective. Bartók's gift for the burlesque is undeniable; and his sense of characterisation finds ample opportunity to assert itself.—*Frankfurter Zeitung*, May 15.

In the *Signale* (May 31) Robert Hagenow remarks that despite, their external dissimilarity, both scores constitute an organic whole, and might be respectively the *Andante* and *Scherzo* of a huge symphony.

SCANDINAVIAN MUSIC

In the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* (May) Kurt Atterberg describes the contemporary Swedish school :

On one hand, a number of composers, unequivocally romantic in spirit, faithful to the principles of classical tradition, and not disinclined to use plain, forcible orchestral combinations; these composers are Hugo Alfvén, Natanael Berg, Ture Rangström, Oskar Lindberg, and Kurt Atterberg. On the other hand a number of modernists: Edwin Kallstenius, who writes harsh chamber music; Hennig Mankell, whose Piano-forte Concerto and piano-forte pieces are not dissimilar in style to the music of the younger Frenchmen; Daniel Jeisler; Viking Dahl, 'whose music reminds one of that kind of hallucinating piano-forte piece which can almost be played with one finger.'

In the *Signale* (May 10) Fritz Crome writes :

The younger generation of Norwegian composers is numerous, but comprises little that is worthy of notice. In Sweden, the most interesting among the younger men is Ture Rangström; Kurt Atterberg evinces individuality, his chamber music, ballet, and scores being interesting from the point of view of both colour and expression by rhythmical means. In Denmark, we find symphonists such as Victor Bendix, Louis Glass,

(Continued on page 495)

PART-SONG FOR MIXED VOICES

Words by PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Music by ERIC FOGG

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Andante

SOPRANO

*espress.**p*

There was a lit - tle lawn-y is - let By an - e - mo - ne and vio - let,

ALTO

*espress.**p*

There was a lit - tle lawn-y is - let By an - e - mo - ne and vio - let,

TENOR

*espress.**p*

There was a lit - tle lawn-y is - let By an - e - mo - ne and vio - let,

BASS

*espress.**p*

There was a lit - tle lawn-y is - let By an - e - mo - ne and vio - let,

Andante $\text{♩} = 72$

(For practice only)

p

Like . . mo - sa - ic, pa - ven : And its roof was flow'rs and leaves Which the

Like . . mo - sa - ic, pa - ven : And its roof was flow'rs and leaves Which the

Like . . mo - sa - ic, pa - ven : And its roof was flow'rs and leaves Which the

Like . . mo - sa - ic, pa - ven : And its roof was flow'rs and leaves Which the

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summer's breath en - weaves, Where . . nor sun nor showers nor breeze Pierce the pines and tall-est

summer's breath en - weaves, Where . . nor sun nor showers nor breeze Pierce the pines and tall-est

summer's breath en - weaves, Where . . nor sun nor showers nor breeze Pierce the pines and tall-est

summer's breath en - weaves, Where . . nor sun . . nor showers nor breeze Pierce the pines and tall-est

trees, *p dolce* Each . . a gem en - gra - ven. Girt by ma - nyan

trees, *p dolce* Each . . a gem en - gra - ven. Girt by ma - nyan

trees, *p dolce* Each . . a gem en - gra - ven. Girt by ma - nyan a - zure

trees, *p dolce* Each . . a gem en - gra - ven. Girt

a - zure wave . . With which the clouds and moun - tains pave

a - zure wave . . With which the clouds and mountains pave

wave . . With which the clouds and moun - tains pave

by ma - nyan a - zure wave With which the clouds and moun - tains pave

A lake's blue chasm, . . . a lake's blue chasm.

A lake's blue chasm, . . . a lake's blue chasm.

A lake's blue chasm, . . . a lake's blue chasm.

A lake's blue chasm, . . . a lake's blue chasm.

A lake's blue chasm, . . . a lake's blue chasm.

a tempo
There was a lit - tle lawn - y is - let By an - e - mo - ne and vio - let,

a tempo
There was a lit - tle lawn - y is - let By an - e - mo - ne and vio - let,

a tempo
There was a lit - tle lawn - y is - let By an - e - mo - ne and vio - let,

a tempo
There was a lit - tle lawn - y is - let By an - e - mo - ne and vio - let,

a tempo
There was a lit - tle lawn - y is - let By an - e - mo - ne and vio - let,

Like mo-sa-ic, pa-ven: And its roof was flow'rs and leaves Which the summer's breath en-weaves,

Like mo-sa-ic, pa-ven: And its roof was flow'rs and leaves Which the summer's breath en-weaves,

Like mo-sa-ic, pa-ven: And its roof was flow'rs and leaves Which the summer's breath en-weaves,

Like mo-sa-ic, pa-ven: And its roof was flow'rs and leaves Which the summer's breath enweaves,

Where . . nor sun nor showers nor breeze Pierce the pines and tall-est trees, Each a gem en - gra - ven.

Where . . nor sun nor showers nor breeze Pierce the pines and tall-est trees, Each a gem en - gra - ven.

Where . . nor sun nor showers nor breeze Pierce the pines and tall-est trees, Each a gem en - gra - ven.

Where nor sun . . nor showers nor breeze Pierce the pines and tall-est trees, Each a gem en - gra - ven.

(Continued from page 490.)

Carl Nielsen, writers of dramatic music such as Peter Heise, August Enna, Hakon Børresen. In Finland, the list of contemporary composers includes, besides Järnefelt and Palmgren, Erki Melartin and Leevi Madetoja (whose Symphony in E flat major is worthy of notice).

VIENNESE COMPOSERS

Musica d' Oggi (February-March) contains a useful encyclopædic article by Richard Specht on Viennese composers of to-day. Among the lesser-known names mentioned in it are those of Franz Schmidt, Karl Weigl, Karl Prohaska, Josef Rosenstock, Wilhelm Grosz, Felix Pétýrek, Georg Szell, Hans Gal, Hugo Kander, Egon Lustgarten, Walter Klein, and Robert Konta.

In the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* (April) R. St. Hoffmann speaks highly of Wilhelm Grosz, and gives a list of his works.

OTTORINO RESPIGHI

In *Il Pianoforte* (May) Ettore Desden defines in convincing terms Respighi's individuality as a composer, and gives a complete catalogue of his output.

SMALL INTERVALS

In *Le Ménestrel* (May 12-19) E. C. Grassi expresses the opinion that the future of musical art lies in the study of modes, which can best be accomplished by investigating the present music of the Far East.

He analyses certain Siamese scales, and calls attention to the subtle intervals which they contain. Advocating the use of distinctions lesser than the semitone, he acknowledges that tempered quarter-tones are in principle undesirable, and points out that there is a possibility of producing small, non-tempered intervals upon wind instruments.

Readers acquainted with Grassi's music will find a special interest in these suggestions, and in the sidelights on æsthetics which the article (unfortunately far too short considering the novelty of the ground it breaks) contains.

THE PUBLIC AND SCHÖNBERG

The following remarks from the pen of Emile Vuillermoz (*Excelsior*, May 1) carry a truth whose scope is more than local:

Abruptly introduced to an unprepared public, Schönberg's *Five Orchestral Pieces*, which are pure music, music of the kind that has to be felt and yielded to, without any attempt at 'understanding,' frightened and scandalised that public. Fright and scandal, if not legitimate, are easy to explain. With great difficulty, those people were taught to comprehend the syntax of Wagner and of Debussy. But hardly have they learnt the lesson than they are confronted with a new way of assembling sounds, which strikes them as excruciating, pending the time when they will enjoy it. Their indignant protests are therefore quite natural.

PORTRAITS OF ANCIENT MASTERS

In *La Revue Musicale* (June) Henri Prunières shows reasons why a painting ascribed to Lorenzo Lotto and preserved at the Palazzo Pitti, Florence, might in fact be the painting by Sebastiano del Piombo which Vasari mentions as representing Hobrecht and Philippe Verdelot.

MONTEVERDE'S TWO STYLES

In the same issue, A. Tessier devotes a long and interesting essay to Monteverde's views on his art, to his innovations in the order of the madrigal and in that of monody. He examines the most typical passages of Monteverde's various works, and especially of *The Crowning of Poppea*, praising them with judicious enthusiasm.

ANTON REICHA

Daniel Lazarus in the same number emphasises the originality of outlook which characterises Reicha's *Cours de Haute Composition Musicale* (published 1824-26), and shows how great an influence it may have exercised on Berlioz, who was Reicha's pupil for counterpoint and fugue.

M.-D. CALVOCORESSI

SONGS AND THEIR WORDS

To listen to Miss Lucia Young's concert (Wigmore Hall, June 12), at which her English versions for songs of Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms were used, was to ponder again on the mysterious relations between the verbal and the musical bearings of a song. Ought words to weigh at all with the truly musical listener? No, we have been told; the words and the rhythm of the verse have had their use in fertilising the composer's musical thought; the various sounds of words may be an enrichment of singing tones beyond the mere use of open vowels, but there the rôle of the word stops short—the truly musical listener is all-absorbed by the new, super-verbal product. This resulting musical value is all he cares for, and it is all one to him whether the words are about Roses in Picardy or Bluebells of Scotland. Mr. W. J. Turner has somewhere put forward this view, or something like it.

Certainly we listeners do get into the way of dispensing with words, but is this a state of sublimation or is it a makeshift? Take the hardened opera-goer. He descends to the grave without knowing what *Trovatore* and *Ballo in Maschera* are about. Has he resigned himself to dwell in this ignorance or has he soared into a realm really superior to crude verbal information? Ask (in your crude way) of your hardened opera-goer why, although the young persons of *La Bohème* are severely feeling the cold indoors at the beginning of the opera, they can adjourn pleasurably to partake of their Christmas dinner in the middle of the street. Ask why in Act 3 of that opera all the characters have apparently taken up their residence in a Customs House. He cannot tell you, naturally, and points out that that is not his concern, it is the composer's obscure private concern—he, for his part, goes to the opera to see Melba or whoever. This is possibly sublime; or else possibly an indication of the shrinking of unused faculties—like the blindness of subterranean fishes. So, possibly, is the indifference to words of us listeners inured in long years to the singing of nonsense in English or else a macedonia of foreign words. (Once when it was only a question of Italian, French, and German, some pretence could be made at following. But of late the tale is Russian, Spanish, Finnish, Erse, all round us, and a famous prima donna gives recitals in fourteen languages! It is true she cannot pronounce 'bird,' but, then, was it quite fair of Handel to set English words to music?)

Somehow the ordinary plain person seems to want to get the hang of the words of the song he hears. But not even he invariably. For instance, when Tristan and Isolde rush into each other's arms in Act 2 no one, not the most literal-minded among us, ever wanted to know what exactly they are saying. We all perfectly well know that they cannot possibly be saying anything with any 'sense' (that is, verbal meaning) in it. Their song is merely quasi-animal gurgles and chuckles heightened into music, practically without verbal intermediaries. But such song is something different from the ordinary quiet song of our smaller concert-platforms, where the composer's chosen text, so often in these days itself the work of an artist, and the fact that it is printed in full on the supplied programme, are invitations to an exertion of the verbal alongside the musical understanding. This admission will, I hope, not be deemed treachery to music. I do see how soon a song, when its musical character is at all vivid, passes beyond the interest of the verbal understanding. The *Erl King*, I conceive, would do just as well if the text were in never-translated Chocław—we know that the piano-forte version 'does' as well, to tell the truth, as Schubert's original. But is there not a territory of song—an Alsace, both French and German—which is alike verbal and musical?

Miss Lucia Young thinks so evidently, for she has taken the trouble (an unbelievably arduous trouble, which she has cunningly disguised with an air of happiest humour and grace) of turning into genuine English these German song-texts. The *Musical Times* recently recommended Miss Young's translations published in *Music and Letters*. About twenty-five were sung at this concert. She is a singer, and all were singing versions. All were good. She is not a miracle-worker to the point of giving us all of *Du bist wie eine Blume*; in fact, her solution here was to give us not Heine at all, but something very serviceable and singable if not exactly very good verse (the 'flower' is left out and the first line runs, 'How lovely in its radiance that youthful, glowing face.' The third line begins, 'Though some would smile at my fancy, a prayer I've softly made.' Miss Young ignores the fact that Heine's poem was addressed to a white pig). But of songs made on light verse rather than fine poetry Miss Young has given us altogether definitive English versions. There will henceforth be no need for anyone to tackle afresh, or indeed to alter aught in the way in which she has done, such songs as Schumann's *Aufträge*, *Wanderlied*, *Marienwürmchen*, Brahms's *Sonntag, Des Liebsten Schwur*, and eight numbers of the *Love-song Waltzes*. We heard all these with delight; the English fitted; a partiality for this language has to be admitted; the good music was brought home.

There were four singers. Singers who would be safe in Chocław take risks when they sing to us in English. Luckily these were good singers, but Miss Olga Haley—most impressive in Schubert's *Dem Unendlichen*, and ever admired for her musicianship and beautiful voice—did not escape the comment (since we were so particularly listening to the singing of English) that in the minutiae of verbal forms she is vague and lax. Mr. Frederick Ranalow, vocally indifferent that day as it happened, still could show us how English sounds. Miss Young as a singer is winning, but still unfinished. The accomplished Mr. John Adams made up the quartet. C.

London Concerts

LEEDS CHORAL UNION AND *THE APOSTLES*

Before a half-empty Queen's Hall the Leeds Choral Union, the London Symphony Orchestra, and a fine set of soloists—Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Phyllis Lett, Messrs. John Coates, Charles Knowles, Norman Allin, and Herbert Heyner—conducted by Sir Edward Elgar, gave a performance of *The Apostles* on June 8 in aid of the Westminster Restoration Fund. Such splendid choral singing has not been heard in London since the last visit of a Yorkshire choir some years ago, chiefly because no choir that has sung to us in the meantime has been blessed with such ample resources in male voices. The prime excellence of the Leeds singers' work lay in their ability to pile up magnificent climaxes without a trace of effort or loss of quality. In such passages as 'Proclaim unto them' and 'The right hand of the power' they gave us unforgettable moments. Their soft singing was less moving, and there were some odd lapses in the matter of *sostenuto*, the opening phrase 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,' and a few similar passages later on, being broken for no apparent reason. Better enunciation could not be wished for, the words coming through with a clearness quite startling at times. It is regrettable that the visit of the choir took place at a time when such Londoners as care for concerts of the kind were busy earning their living. Most of our conductors and singers have yet to realise that the difference of standard between the average London choral society and the crack northern bodies is not so much a matter of material as of hard work. The Leeds choir made the most difficult passages sound easy; our choirs make heavy weather of them, because too many singers look on a rehearsal as a mixture of rest cure and recreation. In the North the rule is plenty of rehearsals and coats off all the time. We hope Dr. Coward and one or another of his choirs will forget this discouraging occasion, and pay us another visit soon, choosing an evening or a Saturday afternoon. They will then have no cause to complain of London apathy. H. G.

GERVASE ELWES MEMORIAL FUND

The concert given at the Albert Hall on May 24 in aid of this fund drew nothing like the audience both cause and programme deserved. The soloists were Miss Louise Dale, Messrs. Hubert Eisdell, Ben Davies, and Robert Radford, but even so accomplished a group could not prevent the main interest from being centred in the splendid playing of the Goossens Orchestra and, in a lesser degree, the singing of the Westminster Cathedral Choir. The orchestral items were the *Brandenburg Concerto* in G for strings, Butterworth's *Shropshire Lad* Rhapsody, Quilter's *Children's Overture*, Grainger's Air from County Derry and *Shepherd's Hey*, the *Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla*, and Elgar's *Enigma* Variations and *Cockaigne*, the Variations receiving a really memorable performance. The Westminster Cathedral Choir (conducted by Mr. P. J. Collis in the absence through illness of Dr. Terry) sang the Sanctus from Palestrina's *Missa Papa Marcelli* and *Lumen ad revelationem gentium* by the same composer, side by side with Byrd's settings of the same text—a capital bit of programme-making. The comparison showed the futility of describing Byrd as 'the English Palestrina.' There is a world of

difference between the suave beauty of the Italian and the strength and frequent roughness of the Englishman. Great music, all of it, with little in common beyond the polyphonic method of the period. The choir was heard also in a group of Madrigals. Inevitably we compared the singers with the Vatican Choir. A smaller body, they sang with far better blend and balance, and of course their style was more level and reserved. The boys were delightful, save for a trifle of hootiness in the middle and lower notes. The wearing of ecclesiastical garb for the madrigals was a bad mistake. Chloe, Oriana, and those Nymphs of Diana went ill with cackocks and cottas. Sir Henry Wood conducted *Cockaigne*, Mr. Roger Quilter his *Children's Overture*, and Mr. Eugène Goossens the rest of the orchestral music. Mr. Kiddle was at the pianoforte. H. G.

KUSEWITZKY CONCERTS

It was the contrast between the two sections of the programme that made the second Kussewitzky concert on May 25 specially attractive. The first half was severely classical, but not too familiar, for it is not every day that we have the chance of listening to one of Handel's *Concerti Grossi*, and as for the music of Carl Philip Emanuel Bach it is all but forgotten. It is to Maximilian Steinberg, the son-in-law of Rimsky-Korsakov, that we owe the resuscitation of a charming Concerto which he has arranged for small orchestra. Steinberg is a musician of serious—some say too serious—attainments. His ballet, *Midas*, the work by which he is remembered in London, suffered a little from this, but compositions in which the scholarly element is not out of place show him at his best. It was to be expected that the man who completed Rimsky-Korsakov's great book on orchestration would score well, and the Concerto was no disappointment. Both works were brilliantly performed. Then followed Beethoven's first Concerto, with Alfred Cortôt as the soloist. The exuberance with which he played the *Rondo* made an 'encore' inevitable.

Cortôt was also the soloist in de Falla's *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*, which formed the central feature in the second half of the programme. Not for the first time it made one reflect whether composers are well advised in attempting the interpretation of their own works, for the only previous performance in London was one in which de Falla took part, and it certainly did not reveal the warm effulgence of this remarkable music. The work consists of three connected *Nocturnes*, and is not only a characteristic example of modern Spanish music but a welcome enrichment of a form which seems to be in need of it, for the number of really interesting works of recent date for pianoforte and orchestra is by no means commensurate with the activity prevailing in other branches of composition. It is to be hoped that the success of this performance will help to popularise the work. It was preceded by Ravel's *La Valse*, played with remarkable clarity, but less rhythmic elasticity than it seems to demand, and followed by Rimsky-Korsakov's *Capriccio Espagnol*.

At the third concert, on June 1, the interest for the greater part, if not the whole, of the audience, was concentrated in some wonderful Wagner interpretations. The excerpts were, of course, more than familiar, but if any doubts remained concerning Kussewitzky's claim to rank with the great conductors of to-day, these performances should silence

them. Wagner's slow *tempi* are a searching test, because the temper of a modern audience is a little prejudiced against their gravity. We have grown accustomed to a slight but perceptible acceleration of the readings, and it needs an impressive personality to restore them, as Kussewitzky did, without incurring the danger of restive listeners. Next in importance was his performance of Tchaikovsky's *Pathetic*, in memory of Arthur Nikisch.

In comparison, the novelties were not very significant, though to a journalist they necessarily represented 'news value.' There has been much curiosity concerning Prokofiev's opera *The Love of Three Oranges*, but the two fragments introduced on this occasion will not go very far towards allaying it. They consisted of a March and *Scherzo*, both of exhilarating character and scored in sparkling but somewhat tinselly style, excellent as orchestral comedy, but not in the least of the stature of the composer whose third Concerto aroused so much interest. As for 'The Flight of the Bumble-Bee' from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera *The Legend of Tsar Saltan*, it is a piece of descriptive virtuosity, ingenious and effective, but not rich in musical substance.

E. E.

THE CAPET QUARTET

Both the concerts given by the Capet Quartet of Paris at Æolian Hall were exceedingly interesting. It is highly probable that quartet playing is now better than it has ever been. It cannot be denied that few of us remember, or, for that matter, have ever heard the Joachim Quartet in its best days. But whatever the Joachim Quartet was, it alone held the supremacy thirty years ago, while at present quartet parties come to London one after the other, and all of the first rank. The Flonzaley, the Budapest, the Lener, the Copenhagen, and now the Capet Quartet—these have all given performances which in one way or another had some point of extraordinary beauty. The speciality of the Capet Quartet appears to be freedom and unanimity of rhythm. Of course freedom and unanimity of a kind are expected in all good quartet playing. But the Parisian combination has extended this art far beyond the usual limits. To begin with, while other leaders, in approaching the point where a slight alteration is going to be made, hang out—perhaps unconsciously—some kind of signal, M. Capet, apparently, felt it unnecessary to warn his colleagues. And the others, for their part, followed the leader as if they shared his conviction that the reading was not so much the best of many, but the only possible reading. It was this unanimity that gave force and incisiveness to their phrasing and rhythm, and at the same time gave their performance its characteristic clear and easy grace.

B. V.

HAROLD BAUER

The return of Mr. Harold Bauer after a long absence was one of the most welcome events of the month. He always was one of the most intellectual of pianists, who never allowed his brain to hamper his temperament. He gave two recitals, on May 30 and June 7 respectively. At the first he was most impressive in César Franck's Prelude, Aria, and Finale, and the C major Fantasia of Schumann, which was played with extraordinarily fine impulse. Very impressive is his skill in pedalling, which

remains unequalled. In Moussorgsky's *Pictures of an Exhibition* he showed that he also has an ingratiating humour and power of characterisation. At the second recital he played with exquisite purity of style a group of 18th century music, both French and Italian, and his performance of Brahms's F minor Sonata was in every respect masterly. A. K.

HOWARD-JONES'S RECITAL.

Without detracting from the acknowledged merit of Mr. Howard-Jones's Beethoven playing, we might advance that on that particular afternoon his English group was more refreshing, for the thirty-two Variations are not suited to the tropics, in which we were then living. It consisted of two new pieces by John Ireland, followed by the first of Eugène Goossens's *Nature Poems*, Arnold Bax's *Hill Tune* and his boisterous *Burlesque*, one of his most effective pianoforte pieces, which had to be repeated.

The new Ireland pieces are in two contrasted moods, both familiar from earlier works, but none the less welcome, and expressed from a fresh angle. The *Soliloquy* might belong to the *Preludes*, and has in fact a remote affinity with *The Holy Boy* in its lyrical quality, as apart from the inner thought inspiring it. *On a birthday morning* might perhaps be assigned to the London pieces because of its buoyancy, not unlike that of *Soho*, though again reflecting other impulses and motives. Both pieces are attractive additions to the slender quantity of Ireland's pianoforte music, which grows too slowly for the liking of his many admirers. E. E.

FREDERIC LAMOND

Mr. Frederic Lamond gave a Beethoven recital on the afternoon of June 17 at Queen's Hall, and played pieces that were familiar, with the exception of the seldom heard *Fantasia in G minor*. It is a work the existence of which one is glad to be reminded occasionally, especially played as Mr. Lamond played it. His reading of things like the Waldstein Sonata, the Appassionata, and the E major Sonata had all the merits which we associate with Mr. Lamond's Beethoven playing; and, as things go nowadays, the audience was large and extremely cordial. A. K.

BALOKOVIK

M. Balokovik, who had left very pleasant memories at his last appearance here, gave a violin recital at Queen's Hall on June 13. The most notable feature of his programme was the inclusion of John Ireland's first Sonata, with the composer at the pianoforte. It is rare that foreign virtuosi pay such a compliment to our native composers, and when they do it should be accounted to them for virtue. Mr. Ireland's musical personality and idiom have changed somewhat since he wrote this Sonata, but it is a work full of charm and individuality, and its melodic invention, especially in the second and third movements, is of a high order. The work as a whole perhaps makes a quicker and more general appeal than some of his later compositions. M. Balokovik played with obviously keen sympathy with the music, and with remarkable beauty and variety of tone. His technique in Paganini's D minor Concerto was dazzling, and he avoided the temptation of making it seem merely an exhibition of fireworks. In his playing of a Mozart

Concerto he proved himself a consummate musician who has the gift, which seems to grow rarer and rarer, of the necessary self-effacement. He certainly deserves a place in the foremost rank. A. K.

ANNE THURSFIELD

Anne Thursfield—*salve!* True and delightful mistress of the art of song, hail! Where, I ask, among the lyric singers of these latter years is her equal? I came from her concert (Wigmore Hall, June 9) feeling that musical England is still not half proud enough of such an ornament. 'But it is not exactly a great voice, is it?' I fancy some folks remarking in a sad, familiar way. Always that fatuous cry for bigness! Well, Anne Thursfield does command bigness—by the side of such an infinitely delicate *pianissimo* as hers her more impassioned singing sounds by force of contrast big to the point of absolute adequacy. A matter of scale! But when she sings we are not thinking at all about the instrument. She plays upon it too well. So completely does she apprehend her powers that there results no vacillation of voice or method. The composer has his chance when Miss Thursfield sings. Her voice sheds light on the music. Is not that after all the business of singing? There were high suspended *sostenuto* tones in Miss Thursfield's second group quite ethereally lovely. Her diction was compounded of appreciation of colour and culture. The programme was original and satisfying. The consummate interpreter of the songs of Arnold Bax, Goossens, and Arthur Bliss, this time made her particular contribution some very fresh and winning work by Armstrong Gibbs. H. J. K.

FRIEDA HEMPEL

We heard how truly beautiful the human voice can be, on June 11, at the Albert Hall. The physical conditions that control its emission are, with Madame Frieda Hempel, perfection. She is understood to style herself a light soprano. If she really is, then her voice is an anomaly—a light voice of a great expressive depth. How far this depth is the reflection of the singer's personality or an unconscious possession was not clear, since the programme was not of a sort truly to test her. Her voice has not the impersonal, bird-like quality of the ordinary coloratura singer; and it was never shrill. At the same time she cannot vie with a Galli-Curci or a Tetrizzini when fluttering high above the stave. She is less mechanical than they, and consequently less agile. I incline to call her an absolute soprano, and leave labelling there. She began with Handel and went on to Schubert. The mellow, muted beauty of tone in the *Ave Maria* was ravishing. *The Trout*, *Youth at the Spring* (a departure from the usual hackneyed selections from Schubert), and *Impatience*, all were given with pure lyric soprano sweetness. Two solos were pyrotechnical, and unfortunately other songs were merely silly. No musical bliss without alloy! Frieda Hempel in a properly chosen programme might give us it, if anyone could, we fondly fancy. Mr. Conrad V. Bos's accompanying was admirable. H. J. K.

SUSAN METCALFE-CASALS

On Saturday, June 17, Madame Susan Metcalfe-Casals gave a song recital at Wigmore Hall with M. Casals at the pianoforte. He is a skilled pianist and, naturally, his great musicianship is apparent in

everything he did, but it seemed sometimes (and in the circumstances it is not perhaps unnatural) that he was rather the dominant personality in the partnership, especially in the *Zigeunerlieder* of Brahms. In these he seemed to be forcing the pace to an extent which made it difficult for the singer to make the fullest use of her powers of expression and phrasing. Madame Metcalfe Casals is a singer who has much variety of expression at her command, and it was perhaps best shown in a group of Schumann's songs, which she sang with great purity of style. Her programme also included a group of songs of Charles M. Loeffler and Emanuel Mohr, which she sang admirably, and the interest of which was somewhat esoteric. A. K.

A BATCH OF SINGERS

A great many singers' recitals were heard in London in May and June, and a tendency at a number of them was an excessive striving after big tone. This is all right when the tone, on arriving, really is big, but often the needlessly laborious struggle merely ended in bad tonal balance, and both listener and singer suffered. Tone, to be effective, must of course *escape* the singer; often the tone that rings so richly in the head, to the conviction of the performer, is muffled to the listener by reason of its own excessive resonance. It is bottled up, in fact. A judicious musical friend may often put his finger on the defect, if the artist is artist enough to profit by such criticism; and, incidentally, writers in the newspapers would be spared much uncongenial work. Singers' faults arise far more from misconceptions of their own tones than from any other source. When an inexperienced singer cultivates a wrong sort of tone it is because he hears it differently from his audience. But the listener, after all, is the arbiter. So much for generalisations.

Miss Phyllis Lett's tone (she sang at Wigmore Hall on June 7) was for the most part lavishly beautiful. At moments the musical appeal was absolute. Her experience in vocal poise accounts partly for this, but still more does the naturally dulcet quality of her voice. Regrettable was the marring of her *sostenuto* work by indifferent breath control—a marring no so much in the actual phrasing as in the tonal release, forcing her to gasp much as Elena Gerhardt so unfortunately does. It was curious that Miss Phyllis Lett's voice was most delightful when it was at its least contralto-ish. Not of course that the fundamental tone is not contralto, but in striving after fulness she often leant too much on the heavy vowels and obscured her diction. She sang some very beautiful songs, old and new, by Purcell (*Dido's Lament*, *I attempt from love's sickness*), Blow, Parry, Holst (*The Heart Worshipers*—a song which is surprisingly little known despite this great composer's present recognised fame), Martin Shaw (two of whose songs were encored), and Duparc. Miss Phyllis Lett, perhaps, has too absorbing a position as an oratorio singer to care to seek further perfections, but if she desired she could easily be a really commanding figure in the interpretation of contemporary lyric song.

Miss Rosalie Miller, who sang at Wigmore Hall on May 30, is prone to exploit a naturally large voice. As a consequence the more subtle shades of a well-balanced diction are often lost. Fortunately her voice is of good quality, and an interpretative sense was there. This matter of unwieldy diction was her shortcoming, and thus the original impression

made by her dramatic singing of Lully's *Le héros que j'attends* and Gluck's *Adieu! conservez dans votre âme* was not later enhanced by enough variety. Her low tones were quite contralto-like in fulness. Her fault of vocal prodigality is not so very serious—with experience Miss Rosalie Miller will cultivate her art in the less obvious directions.

Miss Winifred Holloway (Æolian Hall, May 30) leans in just the opposite way from Miss Miller. Words are for her of paramount importance. Her speaking tones are extraordinarily vivid, and she finds the transition from speech to song the easiest thing in the world. Irresistible is the friendliness of her style; she charmingly puts herself on the footing of intimacy, and has the rare gift of making her personality felt by the means of simple frankness. Herself playing the harpsichord, she sang, dressed in antique costume, and was to perfection the prim damsel of a bygone day. In word and in gesture this art of hers defies criticism—and besides, she probably knows better than anyone all about her own voice! Her perfect speech is a proof of this. Mr. Plunket Greene sang too at this concert, as ever with sincerity and keen instinct for musical values.

Miss Una Bates sang at Queen's Hall (May 30), accompanied by Sir Henry Wood and the orchestra. Her easy production enabled her tone to fill the hall reasonably well, but we were not convinced that her choice of so big a scene was justified—her musical portraiture was not vivid enough for those spaces. She has a beautiful voice, she often sang artistically, and still not more than a placid attention could be paid. We might have been more touched in a smaller hall. Iphigenia's *Invocation to Diana* (Gluck) was Miss Una Bates's most important number. She did not shrink from choosing a triviality or two.

Mr. Brabazon Lowther sang a certain proportion of sad, poor stuff—some of it his own—at Wigmore Hall on May 31; a pity, for he is almost a great singer. Cultivated diction gives his voice a resemblance, at moments extraordinary, to that of Gervase Elwes. How commonly do singers obscure the difficult lingulate sounds! Nothing of the sort from Mr. Lowther—too good a vocalist for any slipshod ways. His technique was a triumph of care and culture. His *mezza-voce* was beautiful, his breath control always impressive. Alone some occasional ugly, high, open tones marred his singing.

Miss Sibyl Cropper, who sang in the same hall later that day, is a real contralto, not a masquerading mezzo-soprano. Also she is in many ways a sterling artist. With a degree more of ripeness in her art, with a gain of flexibility in her voice, she ought to rise to high rank in contemporary song. She already sings intelligently, smoothly. Against a certain lack of actual profundity of tone she balances evenly the material that is hers, and conveys a sense of reserves behind. She has been well trained, and her programme showed a delicate judgment. Songs of lightness, such as Strauss's *Sweet Month of May*, were perhaps those that most indicated the directions where she has still to learn.

Miss Astra Desmond offered an extremely interesting programme at Wigmore Hall on June 10, including a new song by Cyril Scott, the two recent songs of Goossens with string quartet accompaniment, and songs of Fauré, Ravel, and Manuel de Falla. Miss Desmond has many of the qualities which make a great singer. She is so splendidly equipped that the listener feels it may be a bit his

own fault that he is not more seized with positive enthusiasm. In the course of an afternoon wherein everything was admirably competent there were moments when the singer's art really kindled, when her personality became highly vivid, and these moments suggested that perhaps time and a deepening of musical sentiment will make this very able singer into a supreme one. Miss Agnes Bedford's remarkable accompanying (wholly from memory) was a vital part of the concert.

Mr. Cecil Fanning, baritone, sang four times at Wigmore Hall, in the course of May and June. He is of the intellectual order. Obviously he loves his art, and his voice is beautiful. Still he does not manage to scale any very great heights. Curiously enough, his dramatic singing was the most satisfactory; it had earnestness and vitality, though it was at moments toneless. The voice itself, you would say, is meant for lyric singing, but here Mr. Fanning is not able to sink a too anxious scrupulousness over details. The sense of individual phrases was most conscientiously expressed, but he made of no song a spontaneous whole. Not one but was *déçousu*. At his third and fourth concerts he sang some Irish Melodies of Moore, together with settings by Berlioz of the same poems. Grieg, Rachmaninov, some modern American songs, and a ballad of Loewe (for whom Mr. Fanning evidently has a weakness) made up the programme. H. J. K.

Miss Ursula Greville, at Steinway Hall on May 29, brought her lively faculties to bear on songs of Martin Shaw, Gerrard Williams, and Dr. Egon Wellesz. A pupil of Schönberg, Dr. Wellesz is not behindhand in modern daring, and has the courage of his own harmonies. He has ideas to express, however, and his five captivating *Kirschblütenlieder* were well worth the singer's trouble. The wordless *Aurora* is more exacting, without such clear grounds.

M.

Mr. William Higley made his re-entry to the concert world on June 2 with a programme well calculated to propitiate. Ten British songs were given for the first time. Three were by Roger Quilter, who accompanied them, two were by Thomas Wood, two by the singer himself, and of the others may be mentioned Dr. Naylor's *Had I a thousand souls* and W. H. Reed's *The Young Knight*. One of the most striking of the British songs—not, however, labelled 'first time'—was Alexander Brent Smith's *The Cotswold Farmers*. Dale's *Come away, death*, with the viola obbligato played by Mr. Reed, made a deep impression. Twenty-four songs did Mr. Higley sing, under the burden of a laryngitis that would have sent many an artist home to bed. His accompanist, who played *con amore*, was Mr. Harold Brooke. M.

THE APOSTLES AT CANTERBURY

The choir of the Leeds Choral Union, seventy members of the London Symphony Orchestra, with Sir Edward Elgar and the artists who had taken part in the London performance of *The Apostles*, journeyed to Canterbury on Thursday night (June 8). The Kentish streets hummed with broad Yorkshire which, I heard, the natives had great difficulty in understanding—puzzled almost as much as the Milanese once were on a similar occasion by the Sicilians.

The performance of *The Apostles* was repeated in the Cathedral in aid of the Fund for the Preservation of the Cathedral. The Church was

crowded in every corner, and was made to hold over four thousand people, which is said to be the largest number ever assembled there.

Having had a rehearsal in the morning, everybody concerned felt more at ease than in London on the previous day, and the performance was in all ways magnificent. After what has been said above, it is not necessary to go into details, but my most vivid recollections are of the outburst of the male voices in the scene 'In Cæsarea Philippi,' 'Some say John the Baptist,' and the chorus of women, 'This Man, if He were a Prophet,' which comes later in the same scene: and the close of the first part was beyond words impressive. The claims of a London daily paper and the telegraph office prevented me from staying to the end, but I saw Sir Edward Elgar at the close, and he told me that in his opinion it was the finest performance of the second part, especially the closing chorus, which he himself had ever heard.

The Apostles is a work which requires a cathedral for the full appreciation of its beauty and strength, and there is no building in the kingdom in which these can be brought home more fully to the hearer than Canterbury Cathedral. Some there were who complained that the acoustics were bad, but I had nothing to complain of from the seat allotted to me.

I have seldom, if ever, been at a performance which appealed more forcibly to the eye. The singers were so placed that the afternoon sun, streaming in through the stained-glass windows, painted wonderful patterns of colour over the whole of the platform and the tiers of seats behind, which enhanced the feeling of other-worldliness produced by the whole.

A. K.

Opera in London

[We are glad to be able to say that our protest against the British National Opera Company's attitude to the musical press has had a most satisfactory result. The secretary, after satisfying us that the action of which we complained was due to the directors of the Company, informs us that in future the *Musical Times* will be afforded the usual press privileges. We give below a brief résumé of the season just ended, and when the Company comes to London again we hope to be able to treat the various productions in more detail fashion.—ED., *M.T.*]

THE NATIONAL COMPANY'S SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN

By the time this issue is in the hands of readers the season at Covent Garden by the British National Opera Company will have come to an end. It has been in every way memorable, for more than one reason. The chief reason cannot fail to give immense satisfaction to those who have stood for the cause of opera in England for it has been made abundantly clear that present-day public is ready to support its representations. The whole story is a long and interesting one, and some day when time and space permit I will discuss it. For the present I content myself with a record—a bare record of 'business done.'

In the first place the feature of the British National Opera Company's season has been

success of the Wagner performances. They were restricted almost exclusively to *The Ring*, *Parsifal*, and *Tristan*, for *Tannhäuser* did not appear until late, and *Lohengrin* not at all; so that it is on that particular phase that the Company has concentrated, and to good purpose. There have been two complete cycles of the great Wagnerian music-drama and numerous representations of the sacred work. In these the outstanding points are the success of Miss Beatrice Miranda as a *Ring* singer; the staying-powers of the tenors, headed by Mr. Walter Hyde, who has risen to the foremost place I have long prophesied for him; the playing of the orchestra (part of the organization), and the success with which, in *The Ring*, Mr. Albert Coates concentrated attention on the orchestra when he directed it.

THE SINGERS

To particularise: the performances have introduced a tenor with a future in Mr. Tudor Davies, a notable Hans Sachs in Mr. Andrew Shanks, a new Wagnerian soprano in Miss Florence Austral from Overseas, and that rare and precious thing, a lyric baritone, in Mr. Percy Heming. The Company, too, has been able to offer two British Carmens, which is something of an achievement, although that of Miss Olga Haley in comparison with that of Miss Phyllis Archibald was more in the nature of promise than performance. Miss Maggie Teyte returned to grand opera, and though she restricted her attention to *Madame Butterfly* she contrived to make that opera one of the big attractions of the season. Miss Mignon Nevada is another British singer whom the Company has brought to mind, and it was her privilege to take part in a performance of *La Bohème* attended by the King and Queen, an event that put the seal on this particular page in the history of opera in English. Sterling work has been done by Miss Edna Thornton and by Miss Agnes Nicholls, Messrs. William Boland, Norman Allin, and Robert Radford. Mr. Robert Clarence Whitehill and Mr. Robert Parker have been pillars of strength in *The Ring* performances, and striking proof of versatility has been given by Mr. Sydney Russell, who has sung all sorts of character parts from Mime to Alcini-doro.

THE CONDUCTOR

The brunt of the general conducting has been borne by Mr. Percy Pitt, who has been a true guide, philosopher, and friend to the undertaking, even though the Offenbach *olla-podrida* manufactured in Germany and styled *The Goldsmith of Toledo*, and introduced at his recommendation, was a mistake. Mr. Julius Harrison has done good work, as has Mr. Eugène Goossens, and Mr. Albert Coates has acted as specialist in the direction of *The Ring*, though without making history in any way.

The performances themselves have been distinguished by high individuality. The British singers have put their own interpretations on the operas and tradition has been thrown to the winds. As some of it inculcated in the recent seasons we have had was thoroughly bad, it is as well that it has gone by the board. The Company has set its own standard, and it is largely one that stands by itself, a fact that may cause experienced opera-goers to blink their eyes, but which is nevertheless helping things on to the real end of it all—an opera of our own—not opera in English but English opera.

F. E. B.

LOUISE

The performance of *Louise* (June 7) ought to have convinced a good many people that, although opera in the vernacular may be a good thing, opera in the original foreign tongue is sometimes better. When *Louise* has been done into English there is precious little of the original flavour left, and there is nothing much to make up the loss. We had some fine singing from the principals—Miriam Licette, Edith Clegg, Walter Hyde, and Robert Radford—and some of the small parts were so well done that they left as vivid impressions as the big ones. This was especially the case with Norman Allin's Ragman and the soloists among the work-girls. Mr. Percy Pitt conducted. The orchestral playing generally was too loud, so the poverty of much of the music was shown up mercilessly, and we lost a lot of the singers' words.

H. G.

LA TOSCA

La Tosca was conducted on June 9 by Mr. Julius Harrison, and sung by Miss Beatrice Miranda, Mr. William Boland, and Mr. Percy Heming. The conductor was the best, and the baritone the next best, but this does not mean that the whole was not sound and good and successful. No doubt our singers have deep down in them the sense that this gory *Tosca* business can't really be taken too utterly to heart. Can we blame them? Are we to blame Mr. Percy Heming if he was born probably to use his spare room for billiards rather than a thumbscrew-and-rack installation as a source of amusement? Deep down in us too is a sense of the unimportance of this Sardou-Puccini fee-foh-fum. The most here suggested is the merest hint of some inner mildness in Scarpia, and of stability in Tosca's agonies. Mr. Heming's now ripened art has made one of the pleasures of the season. To praise the excellent services of this soprano and this tenor becomes a routine. The instrumental notes lived under the conductor's hands—at moments even too vehemently.

C.

18TH CENTURY COMIC-OPERA. STORACE'S HAUNTED TOWER

The few who knew have long advocated attention to English opera of the 18th century as a superior article to German musical comedy. No doubt the success of *The Beggar's Opera*, like the kettle, began it. And now we have a regularly constituted Society whose sole object is the performance of these examples. It is called the Mayfair Dramatic Society, and seems to have a large and enthusiastic following. In May at the Guildhall School of Music Theatre it gave a performance of Stephen Storace's comic-opera, *The Haunted Tower*. This gem dates from 1789, and well represents the gifts of the composer and the state of British operatic art at that time. The book by James Cobb is distinctly good, positively Gilbertian at times in wording and characterisation. For the music, Storace laid various other writers under contribution, showing that the 'additional number' is not such a modern practice, and included a bit of Purcell as well as some Martini and Pleyel. It was either diffidence or laziness that caused him to take this unnecessary course, for his own work is by far the best. There is a remarkably good Sextet, a model of part-writing, and some charming duets anything but conventional in style. There is also that very beautiful number—the sole survivor of the opera

outside—'My Native Land,' enshrined in most English song collections. The music had been scored for trumpet and strings by Mr. Henri Lucas. The orchestra was used sparingly, the songs being accompanied on the pianoforte. This was described as a harpsichord—the only error I could detect in the production. There is an element of truth in the statement because the instrument used *had been* a harpsichord (the jack bar remains), but hammers had been put in. The tone in its old world purity was wholly appropriate. In fact the Society is to be warmly congratulated on the success with which it re-established atmosphere. There was a draped stage all-sufficient for the purpose of the thirteen changes of scene, and the singing and representation were excellent. Everyone is to be congratulated, not omitting the producers, Mrs. J. T. Grein and Mr. Alec Brooksbank, and the conductor, Mr. Alfred Roth. I can recommend the piece for professional production—Mr. Nigel Playfair and Mr. Frederic Austin please note. In September the Society promises Stora's other comic-opera, *The Siege of Belgrade*, which I await with keen interest—and so, I fancy, will many others. F. E. B.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

Mr. Gay's obstinate success celebrated its second anniversary and eight hundred and twenty-eighth performance on June 5, before a crowded audience consisting largely of habitués. (One galleryite, Mr. Playfair told us, was putting in his hundred and nineteenth attendance!) Almost every number was encored, some doubly and trebly, and there was great enthusiasm at the end, with showers of roses from the upper boxes and presents and speeches galore. Mr. Nigel Playfair made the interesting announcement that when the Beggar *does* retire there is a prospect of English opera at the Lyric. It has since been announced that Mr. Frederic Austin is at work on a libretto by Mr. Drinkwater, written round Burns. H. G.

Church and Organ Music

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS

DISTRIBUTION OF DIPLOMAS

Members and friends are cordially invited to attend the distribution of diplomas to successful candidates at the Fellowship and Associateship Examinations by the president, Dr. Charles Macpherson on Saturday, July 22, at 11 a.m. After the president's address Dr. W. G. Alcock will play upon the College organ the three Fellowship organ-work pieces selected for the January Examination, 1923, viz.:

1. Choral Prelude, *I give to thee farewell*, J. S. Bach. (Novello, Book 19, p. 7.)
2. Toccata and Fugue, *The Wanderer* (Fugue only), Parry. (Novello.)
3. *Sposalizio*, Liszt. Arranged by E. H. Lemare. (Schott.)

No tickets are required.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Will also be held on the above date at the College, at 11.45 a.m.

H. A. HARDING,

Hon. Secretary.

E. H. LEMARE

Mr. Lemare paid a visit to London recently—his first for over eight years—and gave recitals at Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, and Westminster Chapel. We regret that absence from town prevented us from renewing acquaintance with Mr. Lemare's fine playing. Reliable report says that he showed all his old mastery, which is another way of saying that he is still in the front rank of the world's greatest organists. His programmes were on familiar lines, mainly owing to requests which it would have been ungracious to ignore. Here is the programme of the New Cross recital:

Toccata and Fugue in D minor (Op. 98) ...	Lemare
Elfentanz	Bernard Johnson
Réverie in D flat	Sandiford Turner
Summer Sketches	Lemare
Trauermarsch	Wagner
'Canzona della sera'	d'Erry
Easter Morn	Lemare
Fugue on BACH	Liszt

LONDON SOCIETY OF ORGANISTS

A West and North-West section of the above Society was inaugurated on May 27 at a meeting held in Armitage Hall, National Institute for the Blind. The president, Mr. Stanley Roper, was in the chair, and set forth the objects of the Society. The hon. secretary of the newly-formed section is Mr. Edward Watson, National Institute for the Blind, Great Portland Street, W. 1.—At a recent meeting of the Epping Forest branch of the Society, Mr. G. D. Cunningham gave a brilliant organ recital on the recently enlarged organ in South Woodford Congregational Church. The collection (£6 5s.) has been sent to the Westminster Abbey Restoration Fund. Afterwards Mr. Stanley Roper gave an entertaining address.

ORMSKIRK RURIDECANAL CHOIR UNION

After a lapse of fifteen years the annual Festival of the Ormskirk Ruridecanal Choir Union was successfully revived on June 7, when a Festival Service was held in the fine old Parish Church at Ormskirk. The combined choir of three hundred and fifty voices, representing the Churches in the Union, took part in singing Dr. James Lyons's *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* in A and Woodward's anthem, *The Radiant Morn*. The conductor was Mr. John Ball, of Ormskirk, and the organist Mr. W. A. Roberts, of Maghull, hon. secretary of the Liverpool Church Choir Association.

NORWICH DIOCESAN CHURCH CHORAL ASSOCIATION

After a lapse of ten years this Association successfully revived its annual Festival at Norwich Cathedral on June 8, about a thousand singers taking part. The *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* were sung to the setting by Arthur Somervell, and the anthems were Walmisley's *From all that dwell below the skies* and Parry's *Crossing the bar*. The service ended with Part 1 of *The Creation*, the soprano solos being beautifully sung by the Cathedral boys. Dr. Bates conducted, Mr. Maddern Williams was at the organ, and Mr. Edmund Weeks led the orchestra.

The fine organ erected in King George's Hall, Blackburn, as a memorial to Blackburn men who fell in the war, was opened on May 25 by the Mayor, Alderman Joseph Fielding. M. Marcel Dupré gave two recitals, playing Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor and Passacaglia and Fugue, Franck's Pastorale and Chorale No. 2, Widor's Toccata in F and Variations from Symphony No. 6, d'Aquin's *Noël* with Variations, and his own Prelude and Fugue in F minor and G minor, and a couple of improvisations.

The organ at St. Margaret's, Anfield, Liverpool, has been rebuilt by Messrs. Rushworth & Dreaper. The following is the specification:

GREAT ORGAN

Double Open Diapason	... 16	Harmonic Flute	... 4
Open Diapason	... 8	Twelfth	... 2 1/2
Flute à Pavillon	... 8	Fifteenth	... 2 1/2
Höhl Flöte	... 8	Mixture	... 3 ranks
Stopped Diapason	... 8	Trumpet	... 8
Gamba	... 8	Claron	... 4
Principal	... 4		

SWELL ORGAN

Bourdon	... 16	Fifteenth	... 2
Open Diapason	... 8	Mixture	... 3 ranks
Lieblich Diapason	... 8	Contra Trumpet	... 16
Keraulophon	... 8	Cornopean	... 8
Salicional	... 8	Oboe	... 8
Vox Angelica	... 8	Vox Humana	... 8
Principal	... 4	Claron	... 4

TREMULANT

Octave ... Acting also
Sub-Octave, through
Unison Off) Unison Couplers.

CHOIR ORGAN

Clarabella	... 8	Harmonic Piccolo	... 2
Gamba	... 8	Clarinet	... 8
Dulciana	... 8	Orchestral Oboe	... 8
Lieblich Flöte	... 4	Tuba	... 8

Sub-Octave.

PEDAL ORGAN

Double Open Diapason	... 32	Violoncello	... 8
Open Diapason	... 16	Mixture	... 3 ranks
Violone	... 16	Trombone	... 16
Bourdon	... 16		

ACCESSORIES

- 6 Thumb Pistons to Great Organ.
- 6 Thumb Pistons to Swell Organ.
- 4 Thumb Pistons to Choir Organ.
- 1 Reversible Thumb Piston for 'Great to Pedal' Coupler.
- 6 Pedal Pistons to Pedal Organ.
- 6 Pedal Pistons acting on Swell Pistons.
- 1 Reversible Pedal Piston for 'Great to Pedal' Coupler.
- 1 Lever connecting Great and Pedal Pistons.
- Lever Swell Pedal to Swell Organ.
- Lever Swell Pedal to Choir Organ.

The wind is generated by a 'Discus' Rotary Blower actuated by a 7 h.p. Electric Motor.

A new organ, built by Messrs. P. Phipps & Son, of Oxford, was dedicated at Littlehampton Parish Church on June 1. The instrument has three manuals and twenty-nine stops. Mr. Stanley Roper gave a short recital at the dedication, and another later in the day, his programmes including Franck's Choral No. 3, Karg-Elert's March on 'Now thank we all,' Elgar's Imperial March, Rheinberger's D minor Sonata, and Parry's March from *The Birds*.

Messrs. Rushworth & Dreaper have just built a two-manual organ for St. Luke's Church, Walton, Liverpool—seven stops on the Swell, seven on the Great, three on the Pedal, and a very convenient set of fourteen pistons.

The Aberdeen Bach Society gave a fine programme on May 31—two of the 'Mystical Songs' of Vaughan Williams, a group of airs from Bach's cantatas and the chorale *Jesu, Joy of man's desiring*, and the *Missa Brevis* of Palestrina. The soloists were Miss Margaret Shakle, Miss Bella Wright, and Mr. Hugh Munro. Mr. Albert Adams conducted the Bach and Mr. Willan Swainson the Palestrina. Mr. Swainson also played Chorale Preludes by Bach, Scheidt, Böhm, Pachelbel, and Buxtehude.

The friends of Mr. Watkin Mills will be interested to hear that he has been appointed choirmaster and soloist of Knox Church, Toronto, his wife co-operating as organist. Mr. Mills leaves Winnipeg after seven years' work at Broadway Methodist Church, where (the *Winnipeg Evening Tribune* tells us) he has built up a choir of rare excellence. Mrs. Watkin Mills studied the organ with Dr. Alfred King, and later with Dr. Charles Macpherson. At the R.A.M. she was a pianoforte pupil of Mr. Frederick Corder.

M. Marcel Dupré has been engaged to give recitals at Lincoln Cathedral on Wednesday, July 5, at 3 and 8 p.m., in aid of the Cathedral Restoration Fund.

A well-attended Hymn Festival was held at St. Mary's, Kettering, on May 22, conducted by Mr. Geoffrey Shaw, with Mr. S. J. Loasby at the organ. At a meeting held later in the day Mr. Shaw gave an address on the reform of Church music, and an interesting discussion took place. As a result a branch of the Church-Music Society is being formed, Mr. S. J. Loasby, the organist of the Parish Church, being the secretary.

A carillon of thirty-one bells, made by Taylor & Co., of Loughborough, has been installed at Mostyn House School, Parkgate, Cheshire, as a memorial to old boys who fell in the war. The carillon was dedicated on Ascension Day by the Bishop of Chester. Before the ceremony Mr. W. W. Starmer gave a lecture on carillons, illustrations being played by M. Antoine Nauwelaerts, the Bruges carillonneur.

At St. Aidan's, Leeds, on May 31, the Leeds New Choral Society gave a Bach evening, singing the *Magnificat* and the cantatas *My spirit was in heaviness* and *Christ lay in death's dark prison*. Each work was preceded by some helpful notes read by the Vicar of St. Aidan's. The soloists were drawn from the rank and file of the choir. Mr. W. Hartley, of Selby Abbey, was at the organ, and the indefatigable Mr. Matthias Turton conducted.

The Church-Music Society has just issued a penny four-page pamphlet of 'Suggestions for Conducting a Festival Evensong with Combined Choirs.' The suggestions are all extremely practical, and deal with some points in organization that are often overlooked with unfortunate results. A useful feature is a list of recently published books on Church music.

We congratulate Mr. Chastey Hector, organist and choir-master of Brighton Parish Church, on having obtained the degree of Mus. Doc., Oxford. The Parish Church Choir and a few friends have shown their regard for Dr. Hector by presenting him with his academic hood and an illuminated address.

The Welbeck Abbey Oratorio Choir, a hundred strong, sang the *Hymn of Praise* on Whitsun-day afternoon. The soloists were Mrs. Dorothea Rogers and Mr. A. S. Burrows, with Mr. Horace Fulford at the organ. Mr. Harry Minchin conducted.

Mr. James Hodgson has just completed forty-eight years of duty as organist of Huyton Parish Church, and the congregation has shown its appreciation of his services by presenting him with an address and a cheque for £400.

In our June issue we mentioned an appeal made by Sir Frederick Bridge at a City Temple recital on behalf of the Organists' Benevolent League. We now hear that the result was a collection of £42 10s. Good!

The University of Toronto has conferred the degree of Mus. Doc., *honoris causa*, on Mr. Frederick Mouré, organist of the University.

Mr. J. Kendrick Pyne, organist of Manchester Town Hall and University and Lecturer on Church Music, has received the degree of Master of Arts from Manchester University.

ORGAN RECITALS

Mr. Paul Rochard, Kendal Parish Church (an Elgar programme)—Imperial March; Prelude to Part 2, 'The Apostles'; 'Pomp and Circumstance' March, No. 4; Morning, 'Caractacus'; March in G minor.

Miss Ada Petherick, St. Mary-le-Bow—Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; 'Sleepers, wake!' *Bach*; Epilogue, *Willan*.

Mr. F. G. M. Ogbourne, St. Andrew's, Holborn—Toccata and Fugue in C, *Bach*; Sonatas Nos. 1 and 3, *Mendelssohn*.

Mr. W. J. Lancaster, Bolton Parish Church (for Organists' Benevolent League)—Fantasia and Toccata in D minor, *Stanford*; Légende, *Dvorik*; Cantilène, *Vierne*; Prelude on 'Komm, Gott, heiliger Geist,' *Bach*.

Mr. Albert Orton, St. Stephen's, Bayswater—March in D, *Best*; Pastoral Sonata, *Rheinberger*; Introduction and Passacaglia in D minor, *Reger*.

Mr. Patrick A. Black, Dumbarton Parish Church—Sonata No. 6, *Mendelssohn*; Psalm-Prelude No. 3, *Howells*; 'Schiller' March, *Meyerbeer*.

Rev. E. A. Ingham, St. Anne's, Stanley, Liverpool—Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Caprice in B flat, *Guiltant*; Variations on 'Austria,' *Chipp*.

- Dr. Louis A. Hamand, Malvern Priory—Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Concerto in F, *Handel*; 'Londonderry Air,' arranged by *Hamand*.
- Mr. H. Uttley, National Institute for the Blind—Choral No. 3, *Franck*; Passacaglia and Fugue, *Bach*.
- Mr. W. Wolstenholme, St. Lawrence Jewry—Fugue à la Gigue, *Bach*; Andante in D, *Hollins*; Festival Toccata and Fantaisie Rustique, *Wolstenholme*.
- Mr. Laurence M. Ager, Fletching Parish Church—Fugue in E flat and Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Prelude Archaïque, *Hillemacher*; Preludes on 'St. Ann's' and 'Old 104th,' *Parry*.
- Mr. Arthur L. Bates, St. Thomas's Presbyterian Church, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada—Intermezzo (Symphony No. 6) and Finale from Symphony No. 8, *Widor*; Chorale Preludes by *Bach* and *Karg-Elert*.
- Mr. James M. Preston, Laygate Presbyterian Church, South Shields—Fantasia in F minor, *Mozart*; 'Covenanters' March,' *Hailing*; Fugue à la Gigue, *Bach*; Rhapsody No. 2, *Saint-Saëns*.
- Mr. Herbert Sumsion, Christ Church, Lancaster Gate—Sonata No. 1 and 'Dithyramb,' *Harwood*; Imperial March, *Elgar*; Fugue in E flat, *Bach*; Larghetto, *Wesley*.
- Mr. Sidney Smith, St. Nicholas, Chislehurst—Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; 'Meistersinger' Overture.
- Dr. Harold Darke, All Saints, Hertford—Overture, 'Berenice,' *Handel*; Psalm-Prelude No. 1, *Howells*; Prelude and Fugue in G major, *Bach*; Prelude on 'Rhosymedre,' *Vaughan Williams*; Kieff Processional, *Moussorgsky*.
- Mr. C. D. Boulton, St. Paul's, Covent Garden—Toccata and Fugue in F, *Bach*; Sonata in E flat minor, *Rheinberger*.
- Dr. Chastey Hector, Brighton Parish Church—Fugue, Op. 25, *Guilmant*; 'Hosannah!' *Lemmens*; Prelude to 'Parsifal'; 'Bohemesque,' *Wolstenholme*.
- Mr. G. W. Harris Sellick, St. Margaret's, Whalley Range—Preludio (Sonata No. 3), *Guilmant*; Prelude and Fugue in D, *Bach*; Allegro Vivace and Toccata in F, *Widor*.
- Mr. E. T. Cook, All Saints, Hertford—Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Fantasia Pastorale, *Diéod de Stéverac*; Rhapsody, *Grace*; Prelude on St. Mary, *Wood*; Prelude and Fugue on BACH, *Liszt*.
- Mr. Allan Brown, Bishopsgate Institute—Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*; Fugue in C, *Bach*; March on a theme of *Handel*, *Guilmant*.
- Mr. Ambrose P. Porter, St. Matthias's, Richmond—Fantasia in F minor, *Mozart*; Grand Pièce Symphonique, *Franck*; Fantasia in E flat, *Saint-Saëns*.
- Mr. Herbert Hodge, St. Mary's, Prittlewell—Villanella, *Ireland*; Fantasia in F minor, *Mozart*; St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside—Prelude and Fugue on BACH, *Liszt*; Sonata in E minor, *Merkel*.
- Mr. Bertram Hollins, Bromley Congregational Church (for the Bromley and District Organists' Association)—Toccata in A, *Purcell*; Andante in E, *Wesley*; Three Chorale Preludes, *Bach*; Fugue in G (Pastoral Sonata), *Rheinberger*; Finale (Symphony No. 1), *Vierne*.
- Dr. R. Walker Robson, Christ Church, Crouch End—Introduction and Fugue from Sonata in E, *Merkel*; Chant de Mai, *Jongen*; Sonata in the style of *Handel*, *Wolstenholme*; Psalm-Prelude No. 2, *Howells*.
- Mr. John Pulein, St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow—'The Wedge' Prelude and Fugue, *Bach*; Pavane, *Ravel*; Rhapsodie sur deux Noëls, *Roparts*; Choral, *Jongen*.
- Mr. Cyril G. Church, Holy Cross, Crediton—'Holsworthy Church Bells' and Choral Song and Fugue, *S. S. Wesley*; Allegro con Grazia, *Tchaikovsky*; Villanella, *Ireland*.

APPOINTMENTS

- Mr. Cecil D. Boulton, organist and choirmaster, St. Paul's, Covent Garden.
- Mr. Mark Franklin, organist and choirmaster, St. John's Parish Church, Sligo.
- Mr. H. Newton Purcell, organist and choirmaster, Keighley Parish Church.
- Mr. H. V. Spanner, organist and choirmaster, St. Michael and All Angels, Blackheath.
- Mr. Herbert W. Sumsion, organist and choirmaster, Christ Church, Lancaster Gate.

Chamber Music for Amateurs

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur chamber musicians who wish to get into touch with other players.

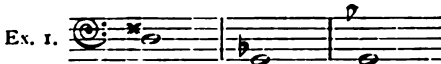
- Young vocalist wishes to meet pianist, preferably West London, for mutual practice; also another vocalist for duets, &c.—C. M. M., c/o *Musical Times*.
- Violinist with extensive library of classic and modern Sonatas would like to meet a pianist for mutual study. Also a 'cellist to join in trios. Middlesbrough district.—'STACCATO,' c/o *Musical Times*.
- Mezzo-contralto, some professional experience, would like to join party or operatic society for study.—M. H., c/o *Musical Times*.
- Pianist (male), enthusiastic, desires to join orchestra or concert party. S.E. district preferred.—G. D., 113, Crampton Road, S.E. 20.
- Accompanist (male), good pianist, wishes to meet vocalist or instrumentalist for mutual practice. N. London preferred.—A. BIGGS, 10, St. Edmund's Terrace, N.W. 8.
- Amateur dance quartet requires a pianist and drummer to join violinist and clarinetist for practice.—Write, A. MORRIS, 92, High Road, Chiswick.
- Young gentleman violinist would like to meet pianist, mutual practice. Must be enthusiastic; same sex.—1, St. Mark's Terrace, Easton, Bristol.
- Violinist required for mutual practice one evening weekly, S.E. district.—A. N., 236, Malpas Road, S.E. 4.
- Amateur instrumentalists, all parts, required in orchestra at Cricklewood. Rehearsals Tuesdays, and Sunday service.—Write, M. E., 93, Chichele Road, Cricklewood, N.W. 2.
- Young violinist wishes to meet good accompanist (lady or gentleman) with view to mutual practice. Lewisham.—W. Y., c/o M. THOMPSON, 8/9, Talbot Court, E.C. 3.
- Hammersmith Orchestral Society. Advanced amateurs (all instruments, strings and wind) desirous of gaining experience with a symphony orchestra playing the best classical and modern music are invited to apply for membership. Rehearsals begin September 14. HON. SEC., 20, Castelnau Gardens, Barnes, S.W. 13.
- Violist would like to join quartet, &c., in S.W. district.—Address, 'VIOLA,' 6, Hauberk Road, S.W. 11.
- Accompanist, experienced, moderate sight-reader, offers his services to an amateur or P.S.A. Orchestra.—'REN,' 4H, Halton Mansions, Canonbury, N. 1.
- Young gentleman (pianist) is desirous of meeting 'cellist (lady or gentleman) for mutual practice at Bristol. Clifton district preferred. A love of classics a *sine qua non*.—Write, R. A., c/o *Musical Times*.
- Pianist (gentleman) desires to meet a violinist and 'cellist (either sex) for mutual practice.—H. C. LIGHTEN, 5, Churston Avenue, Upton Manor, E.
- Violinist (young lady) would like to meet pianist or another violinist. Knowle, Bngm.—FAIRFAX, c/o *Musical Times*.
- Keen lovers of music are cordially invited to join the East London Orchestral and Choral Society. Patrons: Madame Elsa Stralia, the Mayor of Stepney, Isador Epstein, Esq., &c.—For full particulars please write SECRETARY, E. L. O. S., 98, Whitechapel Road, London, E. 1.
- Wanted for trio, 'cellist for mutual practice, standard, Beethoven, Gade, Hurlstone trios.—Apply SEC., 17, Curzon Street, Wolverhampton. Also members wanted for new Y.M.C.A. amateur orchestra.—Apply, Y.M.C.A., Lichfield Street, Wolverhampton, or above address.
- Pianist (twenty) would like to meet instrumentalist (male) for mutual practice. Pendleton district, Manchester.—H. B., c/o *Musical Times*.
- Young soprano and bass-baritone anxious to meet contralto and tenor for studying four-part songs, &c. North London preferred.—W. E. WHITE, A.R.C.M., 2, York Terrace, Cedar Estate, Enfield.

[Will C. M. M. kindly send her address? It has been mislaid, and a letter awaits her.—ED., M. T.]

Letters to the Editor

DID VIADANA USE FIGURES?

SIR,—It is well known to all students of the early history of the *Bassus continuus* that Viadana's basses are, to all appearance, entirely unfigured, and that no mention of figures is made in the twelve Rules embodied in his preface to the famous *Centi Concerti*, 1602, the nearest approach to figuring being in the use of # and b, to indicate a major and minor third respectively, the accidental being placed slightly to the left of the note (not immediately above it, as in later basses) and exactly a third, or, occasionally, a tenth above it, as :



Such, at least, was the intention, though by the carelessness of the printer (and, perhaps, of Viadana himself) these accidentals were very often in the wrong place, and, as often, omitted altogether.

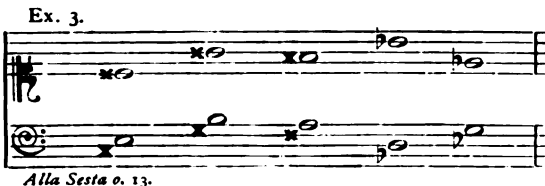
I am, however, firmly convinced that Viadana's use of accidentals (other than those sharpening or flattening the bass note itself) was somewhat wider than is generally supposed. This belief was founded, in the first instance, on the following passage from the Concerto *Peccavi super numerum*, for *Cantus solus vel tenor* :



It will be observed that the voice moves in sixths with the four bass notes provided with accidentals, and also that not one of the accidentals is correct, according to the usage just described, except the one over the crotchet *g*, indicating *b*, the passage being in D minor.

I will deal first with the # prefixed to the penultimate bass note. Here the case seems clear.

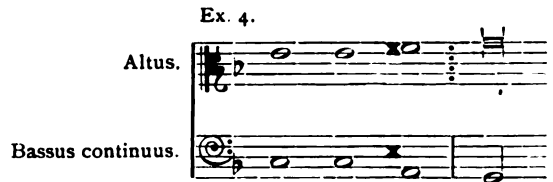
Adriano Banchieri, in his *L'Organo Suonarino*, 1605, tells us that # or b, placed to the left of the bass note and a third below it (as the inversion of a sixth above it), indicates an accidentally major or minor sixth (or thirteenth) respectively, and gives the following example :



Galeazzo Sabbatini, in his *Regola facile, &c.*, 1628 (2nd ed., 1644), mentions this usage, but adds that it had already become practically obsolete. There can, I think, be no doubt that this explains the # in the passage from Viadana, the more so as there are several other passages, to be quoted presently, where a # preceding the bass note corresponds with an accidentally sharpened sixth in the voice parts.

I will, for the moment, quote only the following one (omitting the irrelevant voice parts) from the Concerto

à voce pari (Cantus, Altus, Tenor, Bassus), *Sanctorum meritis* :

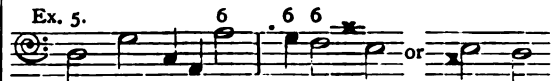


This looks as if Viadana placed the accidental a sixth above the bass instead of a third below it (according to the usage mentioned by Banchieri and Sabbatini), though, even on this assumption, the # is not quite in place, being exactly a *fifth* above the bass. It would, however, be unsafe to draw any decided inference from the position of an accidental which may, as likely as not, be due to the carelessness of the printer. It is nevertheless significant that, in all the instances in which I have found a # in the bass to correspond to a sixth in the voice parts, the # has always been either above the bass note (to the left of it) or immediately in front of it, never below.

To return to the example from Viadana (Ex. 2), the first three accidentals remain to be accounted for, or rather the first and third.

They may, of course, be misprints pure and simple, but I think it highly improbable, because in all the Concertos of Viadana which I have scored, though accidentals are constantly omitted in the *Bassus continuus*, they are very rarely wrongly inserted. My own belief is that Viadana wrote not *b* but 6. At that time the letter *b* was still very commonly used instead of *b*, and would be even more easily confused with the figure 6.

My conjecture, therefore, is that Viadana wrote the bass as follows :



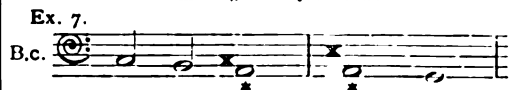
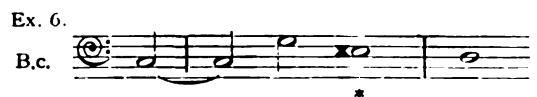
A careful examination of all the hundred and forty-six *Concerti* of Viadana contained in Stein's reprint of 1613 (Brit. Mus. D 212, c.) has yielded the following further examples, both of # as an indication of an accidentally sharpened sixth, and of *b* as an indication of a diatonic sixth, either major or minor.

In several cases the verification of the significance of the # and *b* in question has not yet been possible, owing to the fact that the copy of the *Concerti* in the British Museum lacks the tenor part-book, and I have not yet been able to obtain a transcript of the one belonging to the 1626 edition preserved in the National Library at Paris. Nevertheless, I think it is better to include these doubtful examples, which I hope shortly to be able to verify.

EXAMPLES OF # AS INDICATION OF A SHARPENED SIXTH¹⁾

¹⁾ The # is, in every case, given in exactly the position which it occupies in the printed copy, though, theoretically, it should be either a sixth above or a third below the note, on the left of the same.

Ari Sancta Maria (Tenor solus). B.c. xxxviii., bars 15 & 37.



O Pater, O Franciscus (2 Tenors and 2 Basses). B.c. cxxxviii.

Ex. 8.

Ten. 1.

Ten. 2
(conjectural).

B.c.

Lauda Sion (2 Tenors and Bass). B.c. xcvi. (5 bars before section in 3-2 time.)

Ex. 9.

Ten. 1.

Ten. 2
(conjectural).

B.c.

Tria sunt munera (2 Tenors and Bass). B.c. cii., bar 4.

Ex. 10.

Ten. 1.

B.c.

2) G sharp presumably either present in the missing second tenor part, or, in any case, to be included in the accompaniment.

O dulcis Amor Jesu (2 Cant., Alt., and Bassus). B.c. cxxvii., *ad init.*

Ex. 11.

Altus.

B.c.

EXAMPLES OF *d* AS INDICATION OF A DIATONIC SIXTH

MAJOR OR MINOR (the unverified ones first).

Hunc præclarum (Tenor solus). B.c. xxix. (5 bars from end).

Ex. 12.

B.c.

Ave hostia salutaris (Ten. solus). B.c. xxxvi. (bar 10).

Ex. 13.

B.c.

3) The *x*, denoting the major third, should, of course, be in the space above, instead of beside the note.

4) *b* here = $\frac{6}{4}$ followed by $\frac{5}{3}$, though the *x* over the following *d*, denoting the major third, is omitted. This omission was constantly due to carelessness, but the *x* over the dominant was also generally omitted (as we see from the Concerti in 3 and 4 parts) when the major third on the dominant was preceded by a suspended fourth, as in Ex. 10 above.

Sub tuum præsidium (Cantus and Altus). B.c. liii., *ad fin.*

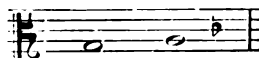
Ex. 14.

Cantus.

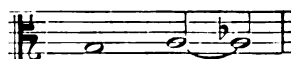
Altus.

B.c.

As the *Cantus* part shows, *d* here indicates a $\frac{6}{4}$ chord preceded by $\frac{5}{3}$ (or $\frac{5}{4}$). One would here have expected, either the *d* to be on the right of the note :



or else the notation :



but, if Viadana wrote a 6 on the right of the bass note, the printer, mistaking it for a *b*, may easily have put it on the side on which he was accustomed to see it. In this, as in the preceding example, the *b* denotes $\frac{6}{4}$, not $\frac{6}{3}$.

Montes Gelboe (Cantus and Bassus). B.c. lvi. (bar 22).

Ex. 15.

Ibid., ad fin.

Ex. 16.

In both the above Exx. the ♯ denotes $\frac{4}{3}$, and, in both, the absence of the ✕ after it, unless, as so frequently, due to carelessness, suggests a $\frac{4}{3}$ suspension, as mentioned above.

Verbum iniquum (Altus and Bassus). B.c. lxi. (11 bars from end).

Ex. 17.

This example is identical, so far as the ♯'s and the ✕ (at †) = $\frac{6}{5}$ are concerned, with Ex. 2 from *Peccavi super numerum*, in which the ♯ over the crotchet *g* (here omitted) is present.

Fili quid fecisti (Cantus, Altus, and Bassus). B.c. xcii. bar 20.

Ex. 18.

It is strange that there is no indication of a sixth over *g*†, but the omission is probably due to carelessness, as in the previous example.

Two things are now clear: (1) that Viadana used ✕ to indicate an accidentally sharpened sixth, and that it was probably his intention to place the ✕ (in most cases, at any rate) a sixth above the note, rather than a third below, as prescribed by Banchieri and Sabbatini; and (2) that the cases in which ♯ over the bass corresponds with the presence of a sixth in the voice parts are too numerous to admit of the possibility of their being pure misprints. Therefore, either Viadana used ♯ (contrary to any usage known to have existed) to indicate a diatonic sixth, major as well as minor; or else, as I have suggested, he wrote 6 which was mistaken by the printer for ♯. We have abundant evidence that Viadana was not a careful corrector of proofs, and it is not, therefore, particularly astonishing that he should not have noticed the mistake.—Yours, &c.,

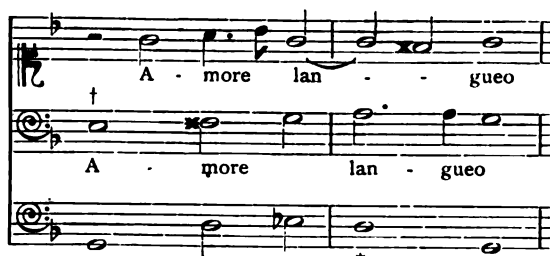
F. T. ARNOLD.

P.S.—A very interesting comment on the rare occurrence of ♯ (a sixth above, or a third below the bass), to denote an accidentally sharpened sixth, is afforded by the following passage from the *Dialogo musicale* (an imaginary dialogue between the author and a friend), which is added in the second edition of 1611 of Banchieri's *L'Organo suonarino* (Brit. Mus. K. 4 i. 2). After explaining the use of ♯ and ♮ a third above the bass (to denote a major or minor third or tenth), Banchieri proceeds:

'And, to satisfy some curious critic, know that such accidentals cause the same alteration in sixths; however, in a Concerto for two or three voices, even though the vocal bass make a sixth with the upper part, modern organists and composers (the intelligent ones for the most part), in such an event, insert, in the instrumental *Basso continuo*, a fifth below the vocal bass, in which case cognizance is taken only of the tenth between the instrumental bass and the vocal soprano, and the vocal bass will be a middle part, and no cognizance is therefore taken of altered sixths.'

April 23, 1922.

'Example of how to avoid sixths in the *Basso continuo* :



† Misprint for G (?).

Hodie nobis coelorum (2 Cant. 2 Bass.) B.c. cxiii. (bars 23, 24 from end).

• • Misprint for E (?).

N.B.—Bassus 1 is in the missing Tenor part-book.

[The above letter was unavoidably held over from our June issue.—Ed., *M.T.*]

TRINITY COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS IN INDIA

SIR,—In a report dealing with the activities of Trinity College of Music, which appeared on page 204 in the March number of the *Musical Times*, reference is made to the College local examinations, and to the fact that emphasis had recently been laid 'on their real value as a guide and test from the teachers' point of view.' Dr. Creser, who had recently returned from his tour in India and the Malay Straits, is mentioned as adding his testimony to the above. He is quoted as having stated that 'there are young ladies in India who have passed our [Trinity College] examinations, who play the music of the great masters with intelligence and brilliance.' I have been teaching at Calcutta for a number of years, and have seen a good deal of this examination system and its results. I may say that I am unable to agree with the view that it possesses any educational value. On the contrary, I am strongly of the opinion that these examinations have the effect of obstructing all progress in musical education, and that they are actually responsible for its very low standard in India.

The authorities of Trinity College do not require that the candidates should have received any definite amount of musical education, or that they should have studied any regular course under qualified teachers, before being considered eligible to appear for an examination. All that they concern themselves with is that the candidates should play properly the two (or three) pieces set for the particular examination. If the examiner is satisfied with the performance of these test-pieces (and, probably, with the answers given to a few elementary questions) a certificate of efficiency is awarded, regardless of the fact that a whole year or more may have been given to the study of them, exclusive of any others.

There is no inducement to the teachers—the majority of whom are very poorly qualified, generally having been trained themselves on the same system—to depart from the easiest course of merely teaching the pieces (or parts of pieces) set for the examinations. It is not to be wondered

at that the result—in India, at any rate—is that certificated musical ignoramus are legion.

As regards Dr. Creser's remark quoted above, this conveys a wrong impression, and would lead one not cognizant with the facts to suppose that these 'young ladies' he refers to have received a sound education in the music of the great masters, and are really capable of interpreting it 'with intelligence and brilliance.' It would have been more accurate if he had said '... who play two pieces, or parts of pieces, of the great masters ...' adding, 'after at least one year's exclusive study of them.'

With regard to the State recognition referred to in the above report, I can say that in Bengal, at any rate, it has not been accorded, and is not likely to be. Indeed, I happen to know that responsible educational advisers of the Government have strongly condemned the Trinity College system.—Yours, &c.,

S. M. EVERETT

(Honorary Pianoforte Professor,
Calcutta School of Music).

Calcutta.

March 30, 1922.

SIR,—I am obliged by your courtesy in giving me the opportunity for replying to the above letter in the same issue of the *Musical Times* as that in which it appears.

I feel that to reply at all to such grotesque misstatements is paying the writer of the letter an altogether undeserved compliment; nevertheless, in order that those interested may not even temporarily be misled by these assertions, it is perhaps well to say a few words in answer to them.

In the very lowest grades of our Practical examinations—'First steps' and 'Preparatory' divisions—Technical Exercises, Scales, two Studies, and two Pieces are required; in the 'Preparatory,' Ear-tests in addition to the foregoing.

From the Junior grade upwards, the requirements include two Studies, two Pieces, Scales and Arpeggios, Sight-Reading, Ear-tests, and Questions on the Grammar of Music—the latter from the Intermediate Grade, comprehending Intervals and Modulation, and in the Senior and Higher Local Grades, Form also.

I enclose copies of our syllabuses for your inspection, in the hope that you may be sufficiently interested in the matter to see chapter and verse for yourself. But as our Examinations are so widely known, it really seems scarcely necessary for me to say in unqualified contradiction of what Mr. Everett has stated, that Trinity College does not under any circumstances whatever grant Certificates for playing two (or even three!) pieces alone, however perfectly these may be rendered. The requirements as specified are rigidly insisted on, and the Examiner neither has authority to omit, nor does he omit, any of these on any occasion.

Mr. Everett is therefore on the horns of a dilemma. Either he has not examined the syllabuses of Trinity College, and consequently is open to the charge of making statements without verifying their correctness, or, on the other hand, if the syllabuses *have* been consulted, then the writer is convicted of putting forward as true that which he knows to be false!

Certainly we 'do not require that the candidates should have received any definite amount of musical education, or that they should have studied any regular course under qualified teachers before being considered eligible to appear for an examination.' No examining body in music does this. It would be obviously impossible in the case of candidates at Local Examinations, and without doubt extremely difficult for Higher Examination candidates to meet such requirements.

We hold, and rightly, that the mere fact of passing the examination entered for is sufficient evidence that the student has received instruction from a teacher who is, to that extent at least, competent to impart it.

Clearly, Universities which have a curriculum for their Degrees, or Institutions which examine their own students, are on a different plane, and need not here be considered.

Into the merits or demerits of the examination system in general, and of Trinity College in particular, I do not propose to enter. It is late in the day to do so. Examinations have come to stay, and a teacher who ignores this fact will not be in the van of success.

Mr. Everett apparently does not know that the official certificates in music of the Education Department of the Punjab and of Madras are those of Trinity College; and other instances of the same kind within the Empire can be named. But as I am dealing with India alone, I confine myself to that country.—Yours, &c.,

E. F. HORNER

(Director of Examinations,
Trinity College of Music).

ORGANISTS' CONTINENTAL TOUR

SIR,—May I, with your permission, advocate the desirability of organizing a Continental tour this summer for the members of the various societies of organists and other musicians. The professional musicians in this country are mainly organists, and opportunity for forming a party with a view to visiting foreign countries, friendly intercourse with foreign musicians, seeing the haunts and birthplaces of great musicians, and inspecting the principal foreign organs is not one lightly to be turned aside. Such a visit, apart from being a pleasant holiday, would have distinct educational value. Compared with my own previous visits to the Continent in pre-war times, I found last year in a visit to Austria that the passport and customs regulations were somewhat troublesome, but this year I understand things are better. Visas have been abolished in several countries. Owing to depreciation of the currency, travelling, &c., beyond Switzerland into Austria, Bavaria, and Germany is cheap. I would suggest the following: Lausanne, Interlaken, and Zurich, Munich, Salzburg, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Leipsic, Weimar, Eisenach, and the Rhine.

A most enjoyable tour could be organized, and the cost need not be great. For instance, a return ticket to Lausanne costs £8 10s. Besides the foreign musicians there are usually English Church organists in these centres, and I am sure they would welcome their brothers from the old country. Let those interested write to their Societies and Unions, and get them to move and co-ordinate with the

London Society of Organists. No time should be lost, as passports would have to be got. Personally I should be very glad to help in any way.—Yours, &c.,

'Sandon,' 57, Bexley Road, HERBERT WESTERBY.
Erith, S.E.

'PIZZETTI AND BEETHOVEN'

SIR,—A friend has sent me the letter of Mr. Percy A. Scholes, published under the title of 'Pizzetti and Beethoven,' in the *Musical Times* of June 1, 1922.

Permit me to forward, together with the original, a translation of a letter written in order to clear up the facts alluded to by Mr. Scholes. This letter has been sent to some Italian musical papers (*Il Pianoforte*, of Turin, &c.), and has been published by them:

Florence, February 25, 1922.

SIR,—In the documents of the first Italian Congress of Music, which met at Turin last autumn, are repeated the words which M. Orefice pronounced against Pizzetti's lecture on 'The Musical Institute in Italy.' On page 88 we read:

'In order to show how Pizzetti understands musical culture, the orator states that in 1918, as a member of commission of the Liceo Musicale at Bologna, he had to examine a pupil of Pizzetti's whose name he can give—Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco. Among other examinations, there is one of extempore reading of an orchestral score. M. Alfano gave Castelnuovo the score of the *Eroica*. Orefice objected, because he said that this composition was—and certainly ought to be—known to Castelnuovo, but to his great surprise they assured him that he did not know it at all.'

M. Orefice in good faith made a great mistake in what regards myself. It is quite possible that the third Symphony of Beethoven, which I knew perfectly well, was part of the reading tests, and that perhaps it was given to some other pupil in that session. But I was asked to read the Symphony in G minor of Mozart, and as I considered it my duty to declare that I knew it well, they gave me to read at first sight the score in MS. of the *Ombra di Don Giovanni* of M. Alfano.

I remember these circumstances perfectly clearly; but for the public I wished to have the fact confirmed by M. Alfano (who presided at the commission of examination) and I received the following reply:

DEAR MR. CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO.—I remember perfectly well that in your examination for the diploma here in 1918, you were indeed given the Symphony in G minor (orchestral score) of Mozart, and then the orchestral score of second Act of my *Ombra di Don Giovanni*. With regard to the *Eroica* I also remember distinctly that it was never given to you, and that you were not asked any questions about it.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCO ALFANO.

As your periodical has been among the promoters of the Congress, I should be glad if you would publish this letter. In the meantime accept my best thanks.—Yours, &c.,

MARIO CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO.

In order to clear up the other points alluded to in the *Musical Times* I may add that I have studied in the Royal Musical Institute at Florence with M. Pizzetti, but that I have taken the examination of diploma in composition as an external student at Bologna in 1918.

I am sure that for the sake of truth you will publish the above statement.—Yours, &c.,

Via Martelli F., MARIO CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO.
Florence, Italy.

June 13, 1922.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF R. L. PEARSALL

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me the use of your columns to make a request? For some six or seven years I have been gathering material for an account of the life and work of Robert Lucas Pearsall. I have been especially fortunate in some respects in securing original MSS., &c., but wish to make my essay as complete as possible.

For this reason I should be glad to hear from any of your readers who may possess any MSS., either in music or letters, or any early publications such as those by Goulding, D'Almaine & Co., Messrs. Schott, &c., if they would send me particulars. I might mention that several of these early publications appear under the initials only, R. L. P., in which way Pearsall often signed his letters.—Yours, &c.,

HUBERT W. HUNT

14, Belgrave Road, Bristol. (*Musical Director of the Bristol Madrigal Society*).
May 18, 1922.

'THE BALLAD IN AMERICA'

SIR,—It is curious to see how a certain kind of mind works when brought into contact with one that has different standards from it. Because I do most certainly not consider the songs of Charles Wakefield Cadman anything higher than the salad of commonplace and cliché that is turned out by the ton by English ballad purveyors, Mr. Porte thinks that perhaps I, being a modernist (!), despise anything so weak as melody. By what process of reasoning he reaches this alarming conclusion I cannot think. Why in the name of Baphomet Mr. Porte should be waiting for a 'general verdict' on my Sonata as good as that received by Cadman's work I cannot think: any way, it is very nice of him to say so, but again I cannot see what conceivable connection exists between my first Pianoforte Sonata (*ci sono tre!*) and American song recital programmes.

Now for Mr. Porte's 'white Englishmen and white Americans': I am sorry that your space should be taken up with ethnological details, but nonsense cannot expect to go unchallenged merely because it appears in a musical paper. Of 'white Americans' (I am told by well-informed Americans themselves), the number of those of other descent than British now greatly exceeds those of the latter and includes specimens of every race in Europe. Are all these your 'cousins'? 'White Englishmen' is an expression that interests me. Are there other colours in stock? Men from Persia and India, like myself, are of course quite accustomed to the perennial display of indecent ignorance which calls us 'black men.' Someone once congratulated me—it was an Englishman, of course—on being a *compatriot* of Coleridge-Taylor!—Yours, &c.,

175, Clarence Gate Gardens, KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.
Regent's Park, N.W.1.
May 31, 1922.

P.S.—I observe that your excellent Viennese correspondent, Paul Bechert, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, after having referred to me with some approach to accuracy as a Persian in the *Musical Courier*, now speaks of me as being of the left wing of British music! It ought not to be necessary now for me to insist on the fact that neither by race, ideals, thought, aims, or method have I anything whatever in common with anybody whatever of the modern Englishmen.—K. S.

PEROSI: A CORRECTION

SIR,—In your last number there appears a passage which calls for correction. It is as follows: 'The eminent composer, Perosi (who is, it appears, about to secede to the Waldese Protestants)', &c.—'Musical Notes from Abroad' ('Rome,' p. 439). I have it on good authority that Dr. Perosi is insane, and has been so for some years. Lately he got much worse. Consequently he is at present quite irresponsible for his actions, and I consider it to be taking a very unfair advantage of the unfortunate man if importance is attached to anything he may do. This places the remark of your Roman correspondent in a different light.—Yours, &c.,

Bishop's House, Plymouth, A. J. POWER
June 16, 1922. (*Precentor of Plymouth Cathedral*).

Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times* of July 1, 1862:

THE GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

This part was wound up by the laughing solo and chorus 'Haste thee, nymph,' from *L'Allegro*. Mr. Weiss had kindly undertaken to sing the short solo, which was too high for his voice, but he made up with comic vigour for any little deficiency of compass. The male chorus acted well up to its part in the following joyful sounds, but the ladies were deficient in the *vis comica*, and their laugh gave one no idea that they were any of them holding both their sides. It was now half-past three, and no wonder if they required something substantial to support them: it is no laughing matter to sing for two hours and a half without nourishment.

MANCHESTER.—On June 18, a concert took place at Henshaw's Blind Asylum, under the direction of Mr. Hiles, the musical instructor of the Institution. During the last half-year, twenty-three concerts, alternately sacred and secular, have been given, at which there have been but few repetitions, proving the ability and perseverance both of the teacher and his blind pupils.

WORCESTER.—The Festival Choral Society appeared in public for the first time as an independent body on June 13, when they performed the *Creation* in very good style. The principal singers were Madame Vining, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Briggs. Pianist, Mr. Tirbutt; harmonium, Mr. Caldicott. The oratorio was conducted by Mr. Done.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.—Received 1s. 6d., being the amount which ought to have been paid for music purchased from us some time since, upon a false representation that it was obtained for a professional musician.

Sharps and Flats

The more beautifully choirboys sing, the more deadening to true religion do they become. Their very existence as choirboys lends an air of unreality and indevotion to their performances.—*The Rector of St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate.*

Where a good and well-trained choir of boys' voices can be obtained, such voices are without doubt peculiarly suitable for rendering the music of the Church.—*The Bishop of Lincoln.*

I play the violin occasionally.—*The Ex-Crown Prince.*

I distinctly saw six people in the stalls.—*G. Bernard Shaw.*

You could have driven a carriage and pair through the stalls.—*Sir Landon Ronald.*

You must expect it if you give oratorio on a hot afternoon at this time of the year . . . People go out playing tennis and in search of other outdoor enjoyment and recreation, and I do not know that I blame them . . . Let the choir come in the winter, and I am sure people will go to hear them.—*Sir Frederick Bridge.*

There is something to be said, on cooler reflection, for the public that day . . . Afternoons and oratorios never go well together . . . All things considered, London did very well in sending six paying people—I am sure there must have been that many—to the stalls.—*Ernest Newman.*

Canterbury has to some extent made amends for the shameful behaviour of London.—*Alfred Kalisch.*

Expressing my opinion as an independent listener, I have no hesitation in saying that the London performance [by the Leeds Choral Union] was the finest that has ever been given.—*Dr. Henry Coward* (conductor of the Leeds Choral Union).

With proper curtailment, up-to-date production, intervals sufficiently long to secure interesting food and drink, and a thorough knowledge of the whole story on the part of the audience, *The Ring* could be made quite a cheery festival.—*A. Corbett-Smith*.

In one case where a story of mine was filmed, if the producer had changed the names of the characters I should not have known that he owed me the cheque he sent.—*Henry Arthur Jones*.

One film producer . . . told me with some delight that when he had finished with a certain play nothing whatever remained of it but the title. The kinema needs to outgrow this state of affairs.—*W. Somerset Maugham*.

The years have gone on, and have found Ornstein out, as they find out all the young fellows—every large town is full of them now—who are geniuses at sixteen, mediocrities at twenty-six, and nonentities at thirty. Nothing is easier than to make a sensation when you are young and your hair is at once a mane and an aureole; the difficulty is to keep it up when the hair begins to fall out.—*Ernest Newman*.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

A chamber concert was given on May 22 in the Duke's Hall, the programme of which included some items of more than ordinary interest. It opened with a 'Hymn' composed by Klengel for twelve violoncellos (specially written for the funeral of the late Arthur Nikisch), and played by ten students and two past-students. Later in the programme came two movements from Sir Charles Stanford's Sonata for clarinet and pianoforte—the clarinet part being admirably played by Mr. Patrick Purcell, who also played the clarinet in the first movement from Brahms's Quintet for clarinet and strings, which brought the concert to a close. The other items included songs by Parry, Henschel, Massenet, and Puccini, Bach's Suite in E major for violin (Mr. Jean Pougnet), and pianoforte pieces by Mr. Reginald King (Macfarren Scholar) and Schumann, and a recitation from *The Trojan Women* by Euripides.

A successful meeting of the R.A.M. Club took place on Saturday evening, May 27, when the members and their friends filled the Duke's Hall. An excellent performance of music was provided, which included Bach's Fantasia in D, a group of pieces by Thomas Morley, John Bull, and Couperin, all played in the most delightful manner by Mr. Harold Samuel, a group of French songs in the first part and a group of English songs in the second part, beautifully sung by Miss Amy Evans and as beautifully accompanied by Mr. Harold Craxton, and a series of recitations with musical accompaniment by Stanley Hawley contributed by Miss Lena Ashwell, the pianoforte part being played by Miss Norman Parker. During the evening Dr. Richards, the president, on behalf of the members, thanked those who had so greatly contributed to the success of the evening by their performances, and reminded all present of the rapid approach of the Centenary celebrations, in which the Club would take a prominent part.

A recent event of exceptional interest was the complimentary dinner which the professors of the R.A.M. gave to Mr. Tobias Matthay to celebrate the completion of fifty years' continuous connection with the R.A.M.—as student, sub-professor, and professor. A large gathering of professors, with Sir Alexander Mackenzie in the chair, met for this purpose on Wednesday evening, May 31, at Paganini's Restaurant. In proposing the health of their guest Sir Alexander referred to the fact that in early years the Academy had helped Mr. Matthay, who in more recent years had helped the Academy. Since the time when he, the chairman, was a scholar at the R.A.M. the advance in pianoforte playing by the Academy students had been very great, and to that advance their guest had in no small degree contributed. Unlike many other reformers Mr. Matthay had lived to see,

and he believed also to derive some benefit from, the fruit of his labours. He asked their guests' acceptance of an Address signed by the professors of the R.A.M. which expressed something of the feelings of his colleagues towards him. Mr. Matthay in a speech full of interesting reminiscences referred to his early student days, when Beethoven was regarded as a dangerous revolutionary and the parents of pupils objected to their children studying his music. He also disclosed the fact of his great disappointment when after his period as sub-professor at the R.A.M. he was appointed a professor of the pianoforte instead of harmony, to be a professor of which was at that time his great ambition. Later in the evening he proposed and Mr. Stewart Macpherson replied to the toast of the R.A.M., while the healths of Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Mr. Corder were proposed by Mr. J. B. McEwen, who has recently become a member of the Committee of Management.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

There have been two private dress rehearsals of opera in the Parry Theatre this month at each of which the following works were performed: *A Scene from the Pickwick Papers*, by Charles Wood, and *The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains*, by Vaughan Williams. The rehearsals, which took place on Friday, June 16, and Monday, June 19, were managed, as has now become the custom with operatic work at this institution, entirely by College students. M. J.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY

Mr. R. Arnold Grier has been appointed organist to the Royal Choral Society. Mr. Grier, who is organist of St. Peter's, Ealing, was born in 1888, and was open scholar at the Royal College of Music from 1907 to 1910. He has acted as sub-organist to the Royal Choral Society since 1908.

Music in the Provinces

BEDFORD.—*The Apostles*, performed by Bedford Musical Society at the Corn Exchange on May 18, was a revelation to the music-lovers of the neighbourhood who, it is said, have been talking about it ever since. The performance corrected the current notion that *The Apostles* is for 'crack' choirs only, and that it will never be popular with audiences. Under Dr. Harding the work was performed to admiration, the choral singing being not only technically sound but very expressive. The solo parts were sung by Miss Elsie Suddaby, Miss Dily Jones, Mr. John Adams, Mr. Reginald Herbert, Mr. Edward Dykes, and Mr. Harold Williams.

BRISTOL.—On May 30 Sir Hugh Allen opened the new club rooms of the Bristol Music Club, and among the pieces of chamber music performed were Schumann's *Phantasietücke* for pianoforte and strings, a Nocturne by York Bowen, and a Rhapsody by John Ireland for pianoforte.

CHATHAM.—At a charity concert on May 24 the Royal Engineers Band played selections from *Eugène Onegin* and Percy Fletcher's incidental music to *Cairo*. Lieut. Neville Flux conducted.

EDINBURGH.—At a chamber concert on May 18 concerted music by Beethoven, Saint-Saëns (Trio in F), Schumann, and Debussy was played, and the violoncellist introduced a Bach Suite in E flat for violoncello unaccompanied.

EXETER.—At the May meeting of the Chamber Music Club an Irish tone-poem for two pianofortes, *May Moll*, by Arnold Bax, a Sonata by Mozart for the same combination, and César Franck's Sonata for violin and pianoforte were played, and three Elizabethan songs for mixed voices, by Vaughan Williams, were sung.—On May 30, Dr. H. J. Edwards was presented with a silver salver and cheque by the Very Rev. the Dean of Exeter, on behalf of members of the Oratorio Society, in recognition of his services as conductor for twenty-five years, and as a token of the esteem in which he is held. The occasion was Dr. Edwards's resignation of the post, which has brought general expressions of regret.

FALMOUTH.—At the Roseland chamber concerts on May 27 and June 1, Bach's Sonata in G for violoncello and pianoforte, a Sonata by H. Eccles for the same instruments, Brahms's Pianoforte Trio in C minor, and a *Basso ostinato* for pianoforte were played, and among the vocal solos was Hadow's *Irish peasant song*.

HARROGATE.—At the symphony concert on May 18 Miss Flora McGill was the pianist in Schubert's Pianoforte Concerto, Mr. Howard Carr conducting. The orchestra also played Balfour Gardiner's *Shepherd Fennel's Dance* and *Une Fille Slave* by Glazounov.—On May 25 the Bach Brandenburg Concerto in F, Ernest Farrar's *Lavengro Rhapsody*, and a *Hornpipe* by Norman O'Neill were played.—On June 1 the Overture was Mackenzie's *Britannia*; Mr. Arthur Haynes was the soloist in Boëllmann's *Variations Symphoniques*, and the programme included a Suite arranged by Mottl from Gluck's operas.—On June 10 Frederic Lamond gave a recital of Beethoven's early and middle period of pianoforte works, playing, in addition to three Sonatas, the *Fantasie*, Op. 77, and *Andante Favori*.

LEEDS.—The *Hymn of Praise* was performed on May 18 by the Woodhouse Lane Choir, Mr. H. H. Plant being at the organ and Mr. J. Tinney conducting.

MONTGOMERY.—The second annual county musical Festival was held at the Pavilion, Newtown, on May 18, under the direction of Mr. J. M. Nicholas, county organizer of music. The programme included Bach's *Blessing, Glory, and Wisdom* and Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* in the afternoon, and *Elijah* in the evening.

NEWTOWN (MONTGOMERY).—A choir of twelve hundred voices, drawn from every town and village in the county, sang *Elijah* on May 18, with full orchestra, the conductor being Mr. J. M. Nicholas, county organizer of music.

OXFORD.—On May 29 the London Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Anthony Bernard, played in Christ Church Hall five *Ayres for the Theatre* (Purcell), a Bach Concerto in D minor (with Dr. H. G. Ley at the pianoforte), Holst's Suite in C, and two Dances by Debussy. The Cathedral Choir, conducted by Dr. Ley, sang Madrigals.—St. John's College Musical Society secured the English Singers for the Eights Week concert on May 30. The programme included two Purcell duets (*My Dearest and Fairest* and *Sound the Trumpet*), Madrigals and ballets, and the *Liebeslieder* of Brahms, with Mr. P. T. Taylor and Mr. H. M. Havergal at the pianoforte.—Keeble College concert on May 31 included B. J. Dale's setting for chorus and orchestra of Christine Rossetti's carol, *Before the paling of the stars*. Four of Vaughan Williams's arrangements of folk-songs for unaccompanied chorus were sung.—On June 2 Pouishnov gave his first public recital at Oxford, the principal item being the Concerto in D minor of Friedemann Bach. The pianist also played a *Tamhourin* by Rameau, Moussorgsky's *Hopack*; and a piece of his own, *When it rains*.—At Queen's College concert on June 2, Eglesfield Musical Society sang Madrigals, including Stanford's *Heracitus*, *Bring from the craggy haunts*, *Springtime of the year* (Vaughan Williams), and *Shenandoah* (arranged by Dr. R. R. Terry).—The last of the subscription concerts on June 8 brought Madame Suggia, who played a Bach Suite and a Sonata by Sammartini, with Mr. George Reeves at the pianoforte.—At a pianoforte recital on June 9, Miss Eleanor Spencer included in a modern group a C major Prelude by Prokofiev, pieces by Rhéne-Baton, and some early music by Scriabin.—In Queen's College Chapel, on June 11, the choir (conducted by Mr. Maurice Besly) sang a programme of unaccompanied anthems, including the Bach chorale, *Jesu, Jesu, Thou art mine*, music of alternate invocation and responsive encouragement by Arcadelt and Stanford, Besly's *In the hour of my distress*, *O vos omnes* (Morales), and a carol, *Here is the little door*, by Herbert Howells.

PLYMOUTH.—Miss Marie Novello gave a pianoforte recital on June 3, playing a *Refrain de Berceau*, the *Bird Song* by Palmgren, a *Pastorale e Capriccio* by Scarlatti, and a *Gavotte* by Sgambati.

The Festival of the London Sunday School Choirs takes place at the Crystal Palace on July 8. The junior and senior choirs total nine thousand performers.

Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths:

LADY MARTIN, widow of Sir George Martin, on June 14, aged sixty-eight. She was a daughter of Thomas Murray Cockburn, of Dalkeith, and married Sir George Martin in 1879. Lady Martin was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, where her husband lies.

ULRIC E. DAUBENY, who died on May 1; a valued contributor to this and other musical journals, being especially well-informed in regard to the instrumental side of the art. His most recent book deals with 'Orchestral Wind Instruments,' and was published by Reeves in 1920.

IRELAND

The Vatican Choir paid a visit to Dublin on May 18, and gave two concerts. La Scala was packed on both occasions. The programme was the same as given in London.

The Æolian Musical Society produced Coleridge-Taylor's *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast* and *Death of Minnehaha* in the large concert-room of the Rotunda, Dublin, on May 18, under the conductorship of Mr. Thomas H. Weaving. The choir was good, especially the ladies. Mr. W. F. Cope's annual concert at the Abbey Lecture Hall, on the same date, bore testimony to his powers as a choir trainer.

The balance of the funds subscribed for the Marchant Memorial has been allocated to provide a gold medal, to be known as the Dr. Marchant Medal, to be given annually to the chorister of St. Patrick's Cathedral who displays undoubted talent for musical interpretation.

On May 26 the Dublin University Choral Society gave the concluding concert of the season, the principal items being Gade's *Erl-King's Daughter*, Sullivan's *O Gladsome Light*, and Mozart's Symphony in E flat, under the conductorship of Dr. G. H. Hewson.

The annual Choral Festival of the diocese of Kildare and Glendalough was held in St. Brigid's Cathedral, Kildare, on June 8, when a choice programme was gone through under the direction of the Rev. T. W. E. Drury.

Musical Notes from Abroad

AMSTERDAM

Our winter season wound up with a series of six symphony concerts, with programmes drawn exclusively from Beethoven. The scheme consisted of all the Symphonies, some Overtures, the Violin Concerto (M. Zimmermann), and the *Emperor Concerto* (M. Andriessen). The last of these concerts, the receipts of which went towards the orchestral pension-fund, contained the 'Ninth' with Mesdames Peltenburg and Reidel and Messrs. Urlus and Denys as soloists.

Much to our regret the Italian Opera Company had to return to Italy on June 1. Its contract with the Paleis Theatre had expired, and no other theatre was available at the time. The Company is, however, expected back here in July, and it will appear in the Kurhaus Theatre at Scheveningen.

Only two more events have to be recorded this month. In the first place, we have received the news that our splendid 'Apollo' male choir, under the energetic directorship of M. Ferdinand Roeske, has scored an almost unheard-of success at Zurich. According to the Swiss papers, musicians and the press seemed to have been unanimous in their verdict as to the unrivalled qualities of this choir. Mention has furthermore to be made of the annual musicians' congress, which this year was held at Haarlem. Its importance lay in the first production of two new works of our most prominent Dutch composers. The first, William Pyper's String Quartet, No. 2, although not quite free from turgid moods, is by far the best work which this composer has brought forth. His new Quartet, at all events, seems to contain a promise which we seriously hope is going to be fulfilled. From a purely technical point of

view, Henri Zagwyn's new Pianoforte Trio may be said to rank higher. In this work, on the other hand, a lack of originality of thought and decision of style are felt as serious drawbacks. Both works met with a very favourable reception, part of their success being due to the performers, viz., the members of the Dutch String Quartet and the pianist, M. de Vogel. Between the two chamber music pieces nine songs by Madame Wegener-Koopman were heard, of which the compositions based on two English nursery songs were by far the best. For Rabindranath Tagore's poems the talent of the composer proved insufficient. The songs were ably interpreted by Madame Koolhoven-Eyre Ashe.

W. HARMANS.

GERMANY

THE MECCA OF CHAMBER MUSIC

For the first time since the war the Verein Beethoven-Haus has celebrated a five days' chamber music Festival, again proving that Bonn has become 'the Mecca of chamber music.' In coupling Max Reger's Quartet in D minor, Op. 74, No. 1, with Mozart and Bach, the Busch Quartet showed that in spite of Reger's overladen contrapuntal style and disregard of the classical form all that which a few years ago was pointed out as illogical seems now well ordered and consequential.

The second evening was devoted to Schubert. On the third the Rosé Quartet interpreted Schönberg's Quartet in D minor, a work of the composer's first period, less startling in its discords than some of his later works. It was followed by Windsperger's Quartet in G minor, which is also an early work full of simple and beautiful melodies and natural dance rhythms.

The fourth day formed the culminating point of the Festival, with Beethoven's Variations in C minor and Sonata, Op. 111, played by Elly Ney, and the Quartet, Op. 135 and the second *Rasoumowski* played by the Busch Quartet. The final programme included Brahms's sunny Sextet in B flat major.

As a festival gift the *Drei Masken* Verlag, Munich, published a facsimile edition of Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 111, giving a glimpse into the *Werkstätte* of this titan among composers.

THE BRAHMS FESTIVAL AT KASSEL.

This Festival was an event of importance. Thousands of listeners filled the great concert hall of the Stadthalle on four consecutive evenings. The programme covered the four Symphonies, the two Overtures, the Haydn Variations, important chamber works, songs, the *German Requiem*, and other choral works. Robert Langs and Abendroth shared the honour at the conductor's desk. The State Orchestra assisted, and the choral works were beautifully sung by the Stadtische Konzert-Chor, the Kassel Teachers' Singing Society, and the *a cappella* Choir.

FRANZ SCHREKER AT ESSEN

A year ago Ferdinand Drost introduced Schreker to the Rhenish Westphalians with a very successful performance of the opera *Der Schatzgräber*. The sequel has been a review of the entire artistic work of this much-discussed composer. At the first orchestral concert Drost conducted two works of Schreker's first period—a *Tanzspiel* for grand orchestra and an *Intermezzo* for string orchestra in nine parts. Maria Schreker, the wife of the composer, sang excerpts from the youthful opera *Flammen* and *Der ferne Klang*, and Schreker conducted his Chamber Symphony for twenty-three solo instruments, which proclaimed him a master of counterpoint. A morning performance devoted to operatic excerpts of a dreamy, lyrical character, with pianoforte accompaniment, proved that Schreker's strongest music is inspired by scenic action. His proper sphere is the stage, and as operatic composer he scored an enormous success. For months past Kapellmeister Drost had prepared this success by intense study with soloists, chorus, and orchestra, so that the highest point of perfection was attained. On the last evening Schreker read the poem of his new opera, *Irrelohe*, with considerable success. I have just received a handy book by Rudolf St. Hoffmann (published by E. T. Tal & Co., Vienna), dealing with

Schreker's position as poet and composer. It is both a character sketch and a guide through his operas, and shows the way to an understanding of this remarkable man.

THE SCHUBERT FESTIVAL AT NEUSS

In the whirl of musical festivals it is a pleasant surprise to find one dedicated to the memory of the hundred and twenty-fifth birthday of Franz Schubert. The programme of this, the first Schubert Festival on a large scale, included the *Unfinished*, B flat, and C major Symphonies, and the Mass in E flat, and took four days to carry out.

Lovers of Schubert are herewith reminded of a new musical novel, *Franz Schubert's Lebenslied*, ein Roman der Freundschaft, von I. A. Lux (Grethlein & Co., G.M.B.H., Leipzig). This is without exaggeration the very best musical novel ever written. It is written by an artist who knows that Schubert was neither a sentimental dreamer nor a drunkard.

NACHMITTAGE FÜR LAUSLICHE MUSIKKULTUR

Herr Jos. M. H. Lossen has added a new factor to the musical life of Darmstadt by arranging concerts for a small circle devoted to modern music, interpreted by eminent artists. The programme of the first concert comprised pianoforte compositions by Courvoisier, Joseph Haas, August Reuss, Strasser, Hermann Unger, and Bodo Wolf. Walter Georgii (Cologne) was the pianist.

BÉLA BARTÓK

The tale of *Blue-Beard* has earned the attention of Béla Bartók, the Hungarian composer, whose new version under the title of *Herzog Blaubarts Burg* was produced at the Frankfurt Opera House for the first time. The poem, by Béla Balazs, is preceded by a spoken prologue of a bard, bearing reference to the castle of the Duke where the action of the drama takes place. Fair Judith follows the Duke into his sombre home to share the fate of three former wives, who still inhabit the castle as shadows. This meagre plot is clothed in a gorgeous garb of dissonances, behind which however lurk a host of beautiful sounds and melodies. The opera was well staged, and was ably conducted by Herr Eugen Tzenker, but the audience was not enthusiastic.

Far more applause greeted Bartók's dance play, *Der Jol-geschmützte Prinz*, a play wherein a prince wins a maiden's love by a wooden figure representing himself.

F. ERCKMANN.

NEW YORK

Every spring, when the concert-halls and the Metropolitan Opera House are closed for the summer, managers who have something unique to offer in the musical line, but who would not dare to promote attractions in competition with the standard ones, venture to bring their novelties before the music-loving public. The chief offering of these adventurous managers this year was a Russian Opera Company—composed entirely of Russians, singing only Russian opera in the Russian language. This Company was organized four years ago in Russia, in the usual way, by an entrepreneur who engaged ninety-six men and women to fill the positions of principals, orchestra, chorus, and ballet, pledging their salaries according to their work and their abilities. Starting on tour through Siberia, they were not long on their way before they decided to run the Company on Soviet principles, with no head but a governing committee chosen by themselves, and this small communism is still in existence living from hand to mouth, sometimes with a fat treasury and sometimes nearly penniless. After wandering through China and Japan, they went to Java, where they were immensely successful, and then to Manila and other ports of the Far East, where they nearly starved. Returning to Tokio they finished their appearances on the other side of the Pacific with money in their pockets; but as it seems to be a Soviet principle 'never to work unless you have to,' they idled in Japan until starvation was again facing them. The committee was called and someone suggested—America! There was no money, but a steamship company agreed to take them to Seattle if they would pledge their scenery, costumes, and personal baggage for passage. Thus they

arrived on our Pacific coast absolutely in pawn, and there they were fortunate enough to find an American manager who undertook to take them on a ten months' tour in the United States, ending at New York.

Almost in the beginning of their tour they committed an indiscretion in California. Although they considered themselves to be a Company without a star, yet one of the women singers, Ina Bourskaya, ranked above the others in artistic merit and had in former times and at other places given such sensational performances of Carmen that it was decided to depart from their all-Russian programme and to have her appear at San Francisco as Bizet's heroine. What was the result in this wide-awake country? She was immediately engaged by both the Chicago and Metropolitan Opera Companies for next season, the Metropolitan stipulating that she should not sing at New York until she appeared under its management. It has been said by someone that if 'Calvé was the World, and Farrar the Flesh, then Bourskaya was certainly the Devil' as Carmen! So we have something to look forward to.

Deprived of its 'star,' the Russian Opera Company opened at the New Amsterdam Theatre to a large and enthusiastic audience. Everybody went out of curiosity. Many never went a second time, though the smaller audiences were often enthusiastic. Some of the voices were fairly good, especially the basses and baritones, but most of them were badly trained—or untrained—and the orchestra was rough and unbalanced. The scenery was absurdly scanty and poor, and the costumes equally so—the same scenes being often used in different operas, the same costumes worn in different rôles. Yet the acting was often quite good, and sometimes a bit of characterisation was remarkably well done, while the whole Company continually showed its never-flagging zeal and sincerity, giving us glimpses of the real way the Russians live and comport themselves in their daily lives.

The chief interest in the appearances, however, was in the production of works never heard before in this country. Among the other operas given, four had never been heard here. *Russulka* (or *The Mermaid*), by Dargomizky, given on the opening night, was so uninteresting that it was not repeated. Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Czar's Bride* proved to be one of the best in the repertoire—the music full of folk-song reminiscences and the composition superior to *Snegurochka* but inferior to *Cog d'Or*. Rubinstein's *The Demon* was very dull, and a disappointment to those who forgot that Rubinstein, although a great musician and pianist, did not rank high as a composer. The opera is a curious mixture of Faust, Mephistopheles, &c., with almost nothing to be said in its favour or of its individuality. The fourth novelty, *Cheruvichik* (or *Christmas Eve*), by Tchaikovsky, was perhaps the most successful of all. This gay little comedy, with its witch in league with the devil, was vastly amusing, and we could but wonder how it came to be written by the disciple of pessimism. Of the four operas that we have heard before at the Metropolitan Opera House—*Boris Godunov*, *Snow Maiden*, *Eugène Onegin*, and *Pique Dame*—there is little to be said: the productions by this Russian Company cannot be compared in any way to the sumptuous performances at the Metropolitan. For a few touches of Russian flavour that the great house did not realise or visualise there were a thousand sins of commission and omission by the travelling Company. The audiences grew thinner and thinner, and the four prospective weeks were shortened to three. It has always been a question with this Company, 'Where next?' The 'next' this time has been its removal to a small theatre in Second Avenue, in the very heart of the district peopled by the Russian Jews. There, at prices suited to the purses of its listeners, surrounded by its compatriots, this strange little band of Soviets may sing for some time to come in this great cosmopolitan city of New York. M. H. FLINT.

PARIS

This month the Concerts-Pasdeloup come in an easy first so far as performances of new works are concerned. The range covered by the association extends from charming, unpretentious things, such as the little Suite *Ames d'Enfants*

by Jean Cras, the *Esquisses Symphoniques* by Marcel Orban, and the songs *Dédicées* and *Le Roseau* by Jacques Pillois to the *Fresque Symphonique* for pianoforte and orchestra (in which Lucien Lambotte, a Belgian composer, has had the remarkable idea to utilise three of Liszt's *Etudes* for pianoforte, prefacing them with an *Ode Élégiqne* of his own, dedicated to Liszt's memory); to the *Poème de l'Univers* with which the gifted Siamese composer, Eugène Grassi, ventures into regions not dissimilar to those which attracted Scriabin, but displays a spirit altogether different from the Russian's; to Georges Migot's curious *Agreslides*, a set of three tone-pictures which are good music, but whose character hardly justifies the composer's endeavour to present them as an outcome of an altogether new conception of musical art; and—last, but not least—to Schönberg's five *Orchestral Pieces*, which gave the signal for the most extraordinary uproar witnessed at Paris since the appearance of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*.

At the Concerts-Colonne the nearest approach to a novelty consisted of part of the incidental music to George Sand's *Claudie*, written more than twenty years ago, but seldom heard since. At the Concerts-Lamoureux we heard a good *Légende* for viola and orchestra by Florent Schmitt, Liapounov's *Rhapsody on Ukrainian Motives* for pianoforte and orchestra, charming *Inscriptions Champêtres* for female choir by André Caplet; and at the Conservatoire an impressive, classically-built orchestral sketch, *Cimetière*, which is part of a descriptive Suite by Gustave Doret, and Respighi's *Fontaines de Rome*.

The contemporary music societies have been as active as usual. 'L'Œuvre Inédite'—an institution for which the *Guide du Concert* is responsible—continues doing much excellent spade-work and provides a useful opening for débutants. It is impossible to give a full list of the novelties which it has been instrumental in introducing. At the Société Musicale Indépendante the most noteworthy items were an amusing *Sérénade* for 'cello and pianoforte by Laurent Ceillier, and Lili Boulanger's songs *Clairières dans le Ciel*. A further insight into the output of this composer—who during her short span of life succeeded in creating a deep impression in French musical circles—was afforded by a performance of her 129th Psalm and other works of hers at the Salle des Agricultures. There is no doubt that her imagination was of no common quality, and that she had the gift of expressing herself convincingly.

The variety of interests of which concert-givers here are capable is well-evincd by the following little list, compiled from the wide choice of the programmes which daily invited attention: a concert of Polish music (Moniuszko, Niewiadomski, Szymanowski, and half-a-dozen other composers represented) given by Turzanski; another given by the 'Œuvre Inédite' (works by Rozycki, Robozinsky, Szymanowski, and Tansman—the last-named quite interesting); a concert given by the Yugo-Slavia Choir at the Lyceum, with a programme partly Yugo-Slav and partly Russian, besides a dash of Smetana; Tchecho-Slovakian songs at the Société Nationale; other Tchecho-Slovakian works at one of the concerts of the *Revue Musicale*; a concert of Armenian choral music at the Salle Pleyel; a highly interesting concert devoted to works by Honegger and Opol Ygouw at the Salle Erard; two concerts given by Madame Olenine d'Alheim, both brimful of interest; at the Salle Gaveau, a concert at which Jean Wiener, Maria Freund, and the String Quartet, 'Pro Arte,' introduced things by Stravinsky, Schönberg, and Haba (a Quartet in which quarter-tones are used, and, I fear, misused); at the Sorbonne, a lecture by Henri Prunières, with examples by Goossens, Lord Berners, Bartók, and a dozen others; at the Salle Gaveau, a concert of British music given by the Association France-Grande-Bretagne; at the same hall, a concert of works by Louis Vierne, an earnest and capable composer who deserves far wider a notoriety than he enjoys as yet. It is impossible to deal with all these events, to say nothing of all those which I have not even space to mention. Elsewhere, new bow instruments are being displayed under the title 'Nouveau Dixtuor.' Some of these are most fascinating, and were I to discuss them as they deserve to be discussed, this one topic alone would more than exhaust the space to which a mere correspondent from abroad may lay claim. A. BOLD.

SWITZERLAND

THE ZURICH FESTIVAL

The first cycle of the International Festival performances at Zurich commenced with Othmar Schoeck's *Venus* and ended with *Tristan und Isolde*. The second work, Friedrich Klose's dramatic symphony *Ilsebill*, which contains much beautiful and interesting but not very original music, scored a great success with the assistance of Marie Lorentz-Hollischer of the Vienna State Opera and Karl Melzer, a lyrical tenor of Zurich, as the fisherman. An equally laudable performance of Reznicek's *Ritter Blaubart* was accomplished by the members of the Zurich opera, with Karl Schmid-Bloss in the title-role. By way of contrast with this blood-thirsty drama the ever young and graceful *Fliedermaus* enforced its citizen-right in the frame of an otherwise serious Festival. The next day brought the Festival to a climax with the performance of *Tristan* under the masterful guidance of Herr Bruno Walter. Emmy Kruger was Isolde and Kurt Taucher Tristan.

The second cycle of the Festival was devoted to British dramatic art. Bernard Shaw's charming comedy *You never can tell* and Galsworthy's humorous play *The Pigeon* were very successfully given by the members of the London Everyman's Theatre.

The third part of the Zurich Festival was supplied by members of the Paris Opéra-Comique, under Albert Wolff, who performed *Carmen* in the original form with dialogue instead of the recitatives (which the composer wrote after the completion of the opera). Finally, Charpentier conducted his *Louise* and achieved a signal success, mainly owing to the singing of Madame Vallendri.

F. ERCKMANN.

VIENNA

NEW STRAUSS WORKS

Of all contemporary German composers, chief interest still centres in Richard Strauss, although, of course, he is no longer the leader of our extremists. This place has long since been relinquished by him to men like Arnold Schönberg and his still more radical followers and adherents. So far from being a revolutionary, Strauss is now the pet composer of the broad masses to whom music is frequently more a matter of entertainment, even of sensationalism, than of deep or noble emotion. Yet each new work of Strauss still attracts the connoisseurs and the crowds. His *Deutsche Motette*, recently heard here for the first time, is a difficult work, written for solo quartet and sixteen-part mixed chorus *a cappella*. It abounds in contrapuntal treatment of the most complicated kind, which puts performers and hearers to an equally difficult task. The *Motette* is in fact quite orchestral in character, and its effectiveness would probably be enhanced by giving it an orchestral setting, without the aid of words which are but loosely related to the music and remain unintelligible. Effectiveness and melodic swing also are the principal characteristics of Strauss's new *Hymns*, based on two poems by Hölderlin. Barbara Kemp, a slightly overrated operatic soprano from Berlin, sang them for the first time—at an orchestral concert directed by Max von Schillings, the Berlin conductor—with more pedantic accuracy than genuine enthusiasm. There is very little that is deep or great in these songs; they are just a mixture of pseudo-passionate and sometimes perfumed melodic bits which are apt to make the judicious grieve.

PFITZNER AND REGER

Quite a different type of artist is Hans Pfitzner, whose compositions—all too little recognised and, least of all, understood by his pan-German partisans who make him a political rather than an artistic issue—command respect, even love, for their uncompromising adherence to a true idealistic loftiness of purpose. His beautiful cantata, *Von deutscher Seele*, which Furtwängler produced here, was a striking demonstration of Pfitzner's lovable qualities—hampered as they are at times by a surplus of those pondering, philosophical tendencies which are so strongly characteristic of the 'deutsche Seele' in general. The deep earnestness of Pfitzner, more clearly evident in each successive work he produces, has long since won him a place commensurate to that of Max Reger,

who, to be sure, surpassed Pfitzner by his wonderful knowledge of form and marvellous contrapuntal craftsmanship, as well as in productiveness. Of this the three days' Reger Festival held here this season gave an astonishing demonstration. Reger's immensely difficult Violin Concerto, long considered 'brittle' and 'ungrateful' by the violinists of our time, was recently played here by Mrs. Mary Dickenson-Auner, the English violinist, with an admirable command of its enormous difficulties both as regards style and technique.

BARTÓK AND KORNGOLD

To Mrs. Dickenson-Auner also fell the distinction of being chosen by Béla Bartók for the first performance anywhere of his new Violin Sonata, which is still in MS. This composition, which has since been performed in London as well, created a deep impression here by virtue of its strongly personal and national touches. An equal share of admiration fell to the lot of Mrs. Dickenson-Auner and to her partner, Eduard Steuermann, a Viennese pianist from the Schönberg group, who, in their interpretation of this piece, displayed remarkable technical resources and admirable interpretative powers. In spite of the heated discussion it has everywhere evoked, this Bartók Sonata must be considered the most important addition to violin literature in recent years, though it may not agree with the musical palates of average concert-goers, who still prefer the more obvious musical nourishment contained in such works as Korngold's Suite from *Much Ado about Nothing*, which formed the pleasing dessert in the local programmes of that kind of violinists, Fritz Kreisler, and of several minor gods of the bow. Korngold's talent is beyond dispute, but one would wish him to free himself from his present desire for the easy laurels of the 'child prodigy,' and to separate his ways from that clique of unconditional admirers who still encourage him in his quest of public favour, regardless of its cost.

SINGERS AND SONGS

In spite of slackening public attendance, caused both by the advancing season and by adverse economic conditions, song recitals and aria concerts still continue to draw crowds to our concert-halls. The latter variety, though by far the most popular with the superficial masses, call for little critical comment, even if they are frequently the vehicle for such remarkably beautiful voices as those of Selma Kurz, Alfred Piccaver, and other favourite stars from the Staatsoper. The majority of these artists depend in their programmes on the great classics of song and on but few acknowledged modern writers. Special praise, therefore, is due to Marie Gutheil-Schoder for devoting an entire evening to songs by young Viennese composers. Her voice, not always beautiful in itself, is perfectly trained, and controlled by an artistic seriousness of purpose which commands respect. Among the first to sing Schönberg and Mahler in our concert-halls, she still advocates the cause of the young and aspiring composer. Her programme, besides Schönberg and Mahler, comprised songs by Alexander von Zemlinsky and Rudolf Réti, both somewhat incoherent but decidedly interesting, as well as two grateful lyrics by Franz Mittler, and four strongly dramatic and none too radical songs by Karl Horwitz. The same songs by Horwitz also figured in the programme of Louise Weigl-Pazeller, along with some rather 'pleasing' examples by Karl Wiener and Rudolf St. Hoffmann, and others by Paul A. Pisk, the latter being a very talented if uncompromising exponent of the radical 'atonal' school.

PAUL BECHERT.

THE ENGLISH FOLK-DANCE SOCIETY

A Festival of folk-song and dance will be held under Mr. Cecil Sharp's direction at the King's Theatre, Hammer-smith, from July 3 to 8. At the invitation of the League of Arts the Society undertook the organization of two country dance parties in Hyde Park on Saturday, June 17.

Stanford's *Phaultrag Crohoore* and *Songs of the Fleet*, with Mr. Leonard Rogers as soloist, were well sung by the St. Agnes (Kennington) Choral Society on May 18, conducted by Mr. Eustace Belham.

Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast was performed with excellent effect by Burgess Hill Choral Society on May 23, under Mr. H. Graves, with Mr. Herbert Orbell as tenor soloist. Madrigals and part-songs went to the making of a good programme.

The Glastonbury Festival School studies Greek drama from July 29 to August 12, Hellenic dancing, *Alceste* (to Mr. Rutland Boughton's music), and Blow's *Venus and Adonis*, from August 14 to 25. Public performances take place from August 26 to September 2.

The members of the Willesden Green and Cricklewood Choral Society have presented their conductor, Mr. F. W. Belchamber, with a silver rose bowl as a token of appreciation of his work for the Society during the past twenty-five seasons.

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If music generally is the expression of the ideal world, then the string quartet speaks for some particularly sublimated corner of that ideal. The ideal string quartet would at first glance seem unapproachable in this world of fallible matter. How shall sixteen strings of gut and wire preserve utter justness of tunefulness, any falling from which is straightway declared in their thin, transparent harmonies? How shall four mortals drop Adam's heirlooms of individual perversity and unbrotherly dissension for this cause, when for no other known cause can they be dropped? The brothers Goncourt wrote together harmoniously, but they were only two. This quatuorvirate—four in one and one in four—is possibly humanity's as yet most fruitful grasp at the Perfections.

THE LONDON STRING QUARTET

It is of a piece with the rest of modern English musical history that for long we looked on while others occupied this field, and that in the writing and in the playing of string quartets it has only lately occurred to us to put forth some strength and (with distinction) to win some considerable ground. Purcell's String Quartets are not published. Between him and Parry and Stanford what was there? (Onslow composed quartets, but they are forgotten, and then, he was half a Frenchman.) The composers seem to have arrived before the executants of rank. With the 20th century the trickle of English chamber music became a flood, and after a few years there were parties of English executants to play it.

Now there are half-a-dozen distinguished English quartet parties. None will feel slighted if the London String Quartet is put at the head of them. It is the L.S.Q. which so far has been able to give the most undistracted attention to the arduous field, and has succeeded to the satisfaction of both worlds. The London String Quartet—

James Levey, Thomas Petre, H. Waldo Warner, and C. Warwick-Evans—is a Quartet that has reached the ideal of doing nothing in life but this, eliminating the usual teaching and orchestral work. And it has been the first to win regard for English chamber music in foreign parts—at Paris and in Spain, Holland, and Scandinavia, then (and most resoundingly) across the breadth of the United States. It happened to be Mr. Waldo Warner who amiably spoke of the beginnings and of the career of the Quartet for the purposes of these pages, but such are the united intentions of the happy band, that he may be considered as speaking for all four.

Violoncello and viola were the first to put their heads together for the making of the L.S.Q. :

'It was in 1908 [said Mr. Waldo Warner], and Warwick-Evans was leader of the Queen's Hall Orchestra violoncellos and I was first viola in the New Symphony Orchestra. The idea was Warwick-Evans's—the idea of a string quartet that should be worked up to the pitch of excellence of a solo virtuoso. He first spoke to me, and I was all for it.

'Music has been my life-interest ever since I can remember a thing. As an infant I cried for music, I am told, and at three years old I played the accordion to the entertainment of my father's friends (this was at Northampton, where I was born). We came to London when I was a small boy, and at fourteen I entered the Guildhall School of Music—I was under Alfred Gibson for violin and Orlando Morgan for composition. I worked at the Guildhall for about twelve years. It was quite by chance that later I took to the viola. At a music school at Beckenham I was asked to give viola lessons when, though of course I knew the clef, I had hardly held a viola in my hand. Not long afterwards I was—through my good friend the late John Saunders—invited to be principal viola of the "New Symphony."

'There is no other pleasure in music like quartet playing, I have always felt. Compare it with the drudgery of orchestral rehearsals! In 1908 I was enthusiastic, and (although there have been much hard work and hard struggles in the meantime) I am as enthusiastic now, fourteen years after. Petre, whom Warwick-Evans found, was the first of the violinists to come in, and then, after a little, Albert Sammons was invited to lead: then we started to work. We made up our minds to slog—slog—to the point of exhaustion. We decided it was no use exhibiting ourselves in an unfinished state, and we rehearsed four times a week for nearly two years before we gave a concert.

'From the beginning we have always held that there should be no "boss" in the Quartet. We have always been on an equal footing, and

if anyone disagrees with *tempo* here or phrasing there he speaks out. The point is discussed, and the decision made, if necessary, by voting. I do not think that any of us in 1908 treasured illusions about any tremendous material rewards awaiting good quartet playing—we did it for pleasure, no doubt. Really to-day—when we are not “doing badly”—there are moments when it seems that mine is an oddly exceptional life, to be paid for what I most enjoy doing!

‘When we played at the first concert, January 26, 1910, at Bechstein (Wigmore) Hall, we called ourselves the “New” Quartet. The programme was: Dohnányi in D flat, Tchaikovsky in D, and a Fantasy Quartet (No. 1) of my own. We fetched the newspaper critics first go-off, and their compliments were our reward for the previous two years of preparation. Our next concert, in June, 1910, was of Debussy in G minor, the first of Beethoven’s *Rasoumousskys*, and a Fantasy of Balfour Gardiner’s. We early saw that “New” would soon be a super-annuated name, and Warwick-Evans suggested calling ourselves the “London”—a bold suggestion, but it gave us something to live up to!’

THE L.S.Q. IN WAR-TIME

‘The war came and, of course, affected us a good deal. Warwick-Evans and I could not serve for reasons of health. Petre joined the Army, and was in France. His place was temporarily taken by Wynn Reeves, then by Herbert Kinsey, and then by Edwin Virgo. But, of course, Albert Sammons’s departure was the chief change. It had been foreseen for some time. He was winning such a great name as a solo violinist that it was clear he would not always have enough time free for quartet practices—and practices, hard, long, and above all regular, are the prime secret of quartet playing. If rehearsals are dropped only for a week the ensemble suffers. Even when the L.S.Q. has been touring in America, travelling all day and giving a concert nearly every night, we find occasion to rehearse a little daily. Albert Sammons was also, in the war, a good deal engaged in playing in the Grenadiers’ Band, and could not always be free when he wanted.

‘In the first year of the war (May, 1915) we began our chamber music “Pops,” which were meant to be a revival in a modern spirit of the old St. James’s Hall chamber concerts. There was something in the air of war-time London favourable to chamber music. Many seemed to have found it necessary as a temporary escape from reality, and the same people came again and again. By May, 1917, we had reached the fiftieth of the series. They were carried on during the first summer after the war, but then there was a change.

The spirit of the time turned in favour of all the more showy gaieties. The last of our “Pops,” on July 17, 1919, was the hundred and seventeenth.

‘Half way through the series Albert Sammons had gone, naturally with the regrets of us all, and at the fifty-seventh “Pop.,” on July 14, 1917, James Levey, our present splendid leader, took his place for the first time. He is a Londoner, and was a pupil of Ferdinand Hill. At this first concert he played at only three days’ notice.’

THE L.S.Q. ABROAD

Early in the L.S.Q.’s career, visits were paid to Amsterdam and Paris. The Quartet has now given six concerts at Paris, and has been three times to Spain and three times to Scandinavia. Mr. Waldo Warner was asked for his views on his foreign audiences:

‘The Parisians [he said] make delightful audiences, so keen and so cordial, only there is this little peculiarity—it never seems to occur to anyone to pay for concert tickets. It is taken for granted that (at least for chamber concerts) free tickets will be liberally scattered. English friends to whom I have spoken of Spanish audiences have nearly always been surprised at the musical enthusiasm and connoisseurship that have so struck me there. Spaniards go to concerts in extraordinary numbers. At one Barcelona concert we had an audience of four thousand five hundred—five hundred of them standing. And the Spanish audience is singularly “on the spot”—and makes you feel it. For instance, I remember we were playing Schubert’s *Death and the Maiden* Quartet, and there is a passage in the *Finale* where the first violin has a descending, unaccompanied solo—*decrescendo*, *decrescendo*—like this [and Mr. Waldo Warner whistles]:



and when at the bottom of the descent the other strings come in with the principal D minor subject, we make a point of playing it *pppp*! This seems to have been something new at Barcelona, and there was such a general gasp and murmur that I for one thought there must be a mishap of some sort in the hall, perhaps a threat of fire!’

Mrs. Elizabeth Coolidge, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, celebrated for her encouragement of music, introduced the L.S.Q. to America. She invited the party to her annual Festival at the ‘Temple of Music,’ near Pittsfield, in September, 1920, and they played Frank Bridge’s E minor (*Bologna*) Quartet, Beethoven in E minor, and Mr. Waldo Warner’s

Folk-song Fantasy. This was followed by a New York concert, instantaneous success, and engagements all over the country, as well as in Hawaii.

In the summer of last year Mr. Waldo Warner won Mrs. Coolidge's annual chamber music prize of a thousand dollars with a Pianoforte Trio; a prize which in previous years had been won by Malipiero with his *Rispetti* Quartet, and by Ernest Bloch. Mrs. Coolidge, by the way, is now opening her competition every second year, while in alternate years she is commissioning works of chamber music. She has requested compositions of Mr. Eugène Goossens and Miss Rebecca Clarke. Mr. Waldo Warner's Coolidge Trio is about to be published by Ricordi. Mr. Warner is the composer of some hundred songs and part-songs, an opera, *The Royal Vagrants*, produced at the Guildhall School, two musical plays, two Orchestral Suites, three Fantasy Quartets, (published by Cary, Novello, and Ricordi), and a Quartet in C minor (Ricordi), *Pixy Ring*, a Suite for string quartet, and three Pianoforte Trios.

The American success of 1920 meant renewed engagements all over the United States, and also in Hawaii last winter, and a return there in the coming season.

'Before crossing the Atlantic, we are to go again to Spain, and after the American tour we go on to Australia, and so shall be away from home for eighteen months.'

HOMAGE TO BEETHOVEN

And what of the music they play? Mr. Waldo Warner can admire many masters, Mozart and Brahms, Schubert and Debussy, but, as befits a true 'quatuorvir,' his divinity is Beethoven.

'It was Mr. Simpson (of Methven & Simpson, Edinburgh) who first suggested that we should give a week of playing all the Beethoven Quartets. That was in 1920. After Edinburgh we gave the cycle in London, and then at Stockholm, Christiania, and in America—in all ten cycles, including three in London.

'I think I shall never get beyond my awe at the architecture and the wealth of the Beethoven Quartets. I am not a Beethoven idolater to the point of not seeing that he sometimes wrote poorish music. Possibly even some of the movements of the Symphonies are not so lastingly great as they might have been. But as for the Quartets, one never seems to come to the bottom of their wonders. They are inexhaustible. And so far from "familiarity breeding contempt," my feeling is that the more one works at them the more one may, and one can go back to a quartet one knows as well as anything on earth and still quake almost at the idea of pretending to rise to the immensity of the thought that is in this music. Beethoven, more than anyone, makes his

executants feel small! Even the Op. 18 Quartets ask for as much thinking about as anything written by earlier or later composers. As to the late Quartets, when I hear people decrying them I reflect that I, too, at one time thought the C sharp minor unattractive. Isn't it really a question of knowing them? I still am not quite clear about the Grand B flat Fugue, but I have never heard it apart from playing it. My wife—and she has heard nearly every performance the L.S.Q. has given, and is a great judge of quartet-playing—tells me that it grows on the listener, that it really does "come off."

The London String Quartet has played a great deal of English chamber music, and notably has made works by Mr. Frank Bridge and Mr. J. B. McEwen known far and wide.

'Bridge in E minor and G major [says Mr. Waldo Warner] and McEwen's *Biscay* and *Threnody* Quartets have really become favourites. We gave the first performance in London of Dame Ethel Smyth's Quartet.

The repertory of the London String Quartet has comprised the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms; one quartet of Boccherini; and, in modern music, works by Frank Bridge, three string quartets, pianoforte quartet, pianoforte quintet; Dyson, string quartet; J. D. Davis, two string quartets and *Variations on the Londonderry Air*; Walford Davies, *Peter Pan* Suite; Delius, string quartet; G. Dorlay, string quartet; Elgar, string quartet, pianoforte quintet; Percy Grainger, *Molly on the Shore*; Balfour Gardiner, string quartet; Goossens, string quartet and small pieces; Armstrong Gibbs, two string quartets; Holbrooke, two string quartets, quintet, sextet, pianoforte quartet and quintet; Julius Harrison, quintet for pianoforte, harp, and strings, clarinet quintet; Herbert Howells, pianoforte quartet; Arthur Hinton, pianoforte quintet; Ketèlbey, quartet; Levine, quartet; J. B. McEwen, four quartets; Norman O'Neill, quartet; Cyril Rootham, string quintet; Ethel Smyth, quartet; J. Speaight, quartet and small quartet pieces; H. Waldo Warner, four quartets and *Pixy Ring* Suite; R. Vaughan Williams, quintet and *On Wenlock Edge* song-cycle, and pieces by Donald F. Tovey, Wolstenholme, Haydn Wood, Sir Charles Stanford, Arensky, Debussy, Dvorák, Dohnányi, d'Erlanger, Fauré, Franck, Glazounov, Grieg, Ravel, Scontrino, R. Strauss, Schönberg, Smetana, Svendsen, Steinhammer, Schafer, Tchaikovsky, Turina, Hugo Wolf, Wolf-Ferrari, Guy Weitz, Saint-Saëns, and Stravinsky).

C.

Dr. G. J. Bennett, of Lincoln, has been elected to the Court of the Worshipful Company of Musicians (London). At present the only professional member of the Court is Sir Frederick Bridge. Dr. Bennett will be a valuable member of this ancient Company.

STUDIES ON THE HORN

BY W. F. H. BLANDFORD

NO. I.—THE FRENCH HORN IN ENGLAND

Why was the 'French horn' so called? The obvious answer—because it was invented in France—has, since 1870, when Rühlmann contested this view of its origin, been so far in doubt, that the 11th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* denies to the French any share in the development of the horn except that of devising an improved style of playing. Treating as a fable the story that Count F. A. von Sporck (1662-1738) met with the newly-invented horn at Paris, and introduced it in 1680 into Bohemia, the birthplace of artistic horn-playing, it alleges that he merely introduced the improved style, to be applied to an already familiar instrument. But a review of all the published and unpublished evidence cannot be undertaken within a small compass; and it must suffice to say that, whatever antecedent history the horn had, the large body-encircling hunting or 'compassed' horn, as it was sometimes called, which will be here termed the trompe, really did spread from France late in the 17th century. The story told of von Sporck is no 'fable'; for his *Life*, published in 1715, explicitly states that the 'so-called *Waldhörner*' were unknown in Bohemia before he introduced them.

It is proposed here to give some account of the horn in England.

Clearly we need not look for the trompe before 1680; but its immediate predecessors had some musical value, and might have found their way over. Yet neither Pepys (who let little of musical interest escape him), Evelyn, nor Roger North, so much as mentions them. Arrive the horn did, perhaps some years before the century closed. In his *London Spy* (part 6, April, 1699), Ned Ward refers to 'My Dame Butterfield's Invitation to her *Essex Calf and Bacon*, with her six *Brass Horns* to accommodate Sportsmen with the delightful *Harmony of Hunting*.' Here we have the trompe in its proper sphere—for use in the chase and for sportsmen to tootle on as a recreation. So were its forbears treated in Mersenne's time, and to such uses was it confined in France for another half-century—for their rare appearances in French music, such as Lulli's *La Princesse d'Elide* (1664) or Morin's *La Chasse du Cerf* (1708), were merely to give 'local colour' to hunting subjects. Hunting men of Ward's day were not literary, and the horn may have been an unheralded guest among us long before Dame Butterfield collected her half-dozen. A possible introducer was James de Gastigny, Master of the Harthounds and Buckhounds to William III. from 1689 to 1698.

To 1699 also belongs the fine horn by William Bull figured in F. W. Galpin's book. This has early features—a large bore and a very small bell (6½-in. diameter). Such a bore is not suited by a modern horn mouthpiece—it requires one that is constricted at the base of the cup, as in the trumpet. This type of mouthpiece, which is proper to all trompes, and the small bell give a 'brassy' tone; and the tone of Bull's horn, especially with its curious ivory mouthpiece, is very unlike that of a modern instrument. This horn stands in F; it is three-coiled, and therefore inconveniently small for a 'compassed horn.' It may have been intended for producing the delightful harmony of hunting rather than for the chase itself. A similar horn, drawn too small, is seen in use in Plate II. of Hogarth's *Rake's Progress* (1735).

Early English trompes are uncommon, although the instrument was popular in the field—at least for stag-hunting—during the first half of the 18th century. Besides Bull, John Harris, a famous trumpet maker, and probably Bull's successor, made them. In the accounts for payments for the Royal Buckhounds are entries for 1717:

To a person to teach several huntsmen to sound the French horn, £7 6s. John Harris for ten brass French horns and mending two others for H.M. huntsmen, £26 10s.

Taking the horns at £2 10s. each this was a good price, considering the value of money at that time, for it is actually more, as a nominal sum, than the cost of a good trompe some twenty years ago.

Though the Royal hunt was contented with brass horns, all sportsmen were not. When Sir William Morgan, of Tredegar (who adopted as his 'supporters' two huntsmen properly accoutred and wearing trompes) wanted silver horns he got them from Vienna. These horns, for particulars of which the writer is indebted to Lord Tredegar, were made by Johannes Leicham Schneider in 1725, and are decorated on the bell-rim with engravings of hunting scenes and Sir William's crest and arms. These horns are also in F (by estimation), but having a 9½-in. bell are of a more modern type than Bull's horn.

The trompe's elaborate code of fanfares and signals was better suited to the ceremonial of Fontainebleau and other princely hunts, and to the great forests of the Continent, than to the more straightforward methods of the English hunting-field. It died out in England about the end of the 18th century, being last heard with the Royal Buckhounds, and with the theatrical hunting establishment formed by the seventh Earl of Barrymore at Wargrave, about 1787, which included four mounted negroes dressed in scarlet and silver, and equipped with trompes.

The recreative use of the horn, especially for open-air duet playing, was prominent during the 18th century, and led to the manufacture of models intermediate between the trompe and the proper concert horn. The frontispiece of an English instruction book, referred to later, shows two performers standing on a terrace and playing a duet from a reading-desk in front of them. The horns used are small, without crooks, and are held horizontally over the arm, on the adjoining sides of the players, so that the bells nearly touch. Some of these horns were very closely coiled, and represented a type that went back to the beginning of the 17th century, and was the precursor of the trompe. Such is a horn in E flat in the writer's possession, which bears no mark to indicate the maker or country of origin, but which may safely be dated at about 1700-20. It is coiled in eleven complete circles, so as to measure only seven inches across the coils; its bell has the same width (6½-in.) as that of Bull's horn. Its tone, although small, has the true horn quality with a modern mouthpiece, and the instrument speaks freely over the entire compass.

The bell of this horn is detachable by a screw connection, an unusual feature, the object of which is linked up with another problem. The inventory made in 1768 (*Bach-Jahrbuch*, 1905) of the instruments of the Cöthen Capelle, which Bach directed from 1717 to 1723, comprises 'A pair of hats containing A horns.' Light is thrown on these mysterious instruments by Mattheson (*Critica Musica*, Hamburg, 1722), who states that one Gleichmann, of

Ilmenau, kept for sale 'English *Cors de Chasse*, concealed in hats which can be put on and worn.' It is not too far-fetched to recognise in this compact little horn, which, when unscrewed, can easily be carried in the pockets of an overcoat, the handiwork of the unknown English maker of Bach's pair.

★ The record for the earliest use of the horn in the orchestra proper is held by R. Keiser, who in *Octavia* (Hamburg, 1705), employed two *Cornes de chasse* thereby testifying to the French origin of the instrument. Handel, Keiser's associate, is credited with introducing the horn to English music in his *Water Music* (1715), but unrecorded instances of such open-air employment had assuredly preceded it. His players must have been skilful, and he is unlikely at that period of his career to have imported foreigners. He did not use the horn in the orchestra until *Radamisto* (1720), and here he had been anticipated. In 1717 J. E. Galliard used 'hunting horns' in his *Pan and Syrinx*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Theatre; the parts were an afterthought and not in the original score, but Galliard's autograph manuscript (Add. MS. 31588), in which the horns are written an octave above the actual sounds, renders it certain that they were actually employed.

These early parts are for horns in F, the key of Bull's instrument; probably no others were then available in England.

With the rise to dominance of Handel from 1720 we enter familiar regions. Notation was standardised, and the horn treated as a transposing instrument—a German practice that did not until late take root in Italy, where all sorts of queer devices were adopted. Thus in L. Leo's *Sta. Elena al Calvario*, we find in separate movements parts for :

Corni in F, written in the bass clef an octave too low ;

Corni in D, written in the alto clef in actual sounds ;

Trombe da caccia in D, similarly written ;

Corni in D, written in the treble clef an octave too high ;

all with key-signatures. Incidentally, this is not an isolated instance of *corni* and *trombe da caccia* being found in the same score. Both instruments are treated alike, and it is a puzzle to say what difference, if any, existed between them.

Handel's horn parts, being accessible, need not detain us long. He writes for horns in G, F, and D, rarely in other keys (in *Atalanta* in B flat alto ; in *Giulio Cesare* in A ; in *L'Allegro* in E flat). Sometimes he permits himself the luxury of four horns, as in his Concerto in F for strings and wind, and a *Sinfonia* in *Giulio Cesare*, where he is so modern as to use two horns in G and two in D, the parts for the former being very trying. ★ The difficulty that Handel's parts present to modern players arises from the fact that in his time methods taken over from the trumpet were applied to the horn, and the low register was neglected—its cultivation was due to the Bohemian school of players. Handel's compass for both horns rarely, perhaps never, exceeds two octaves (c' to c'''), a contrast to the solo part of Weber's Concertino for horn which, with *ad libitum* notes, covers four octaves less one tone (F sharp to c''').

Exactng horn parts were no prerogative of Handel or Bach. Thus, Maurice Greene produced in 1737 an operetta *Florinel*, in which he wrote for 'French horns' in F a *ritornello* of thirty-four bars, mostly unaccompanied, of great vivacity and quite up to the Handelian standard :

RITORNELLO TO BASS ARIA, 'BENEATH THAT SHADE'

Florinel (1737).

MAURICE GREENE

(Add. MSS. 5325 & 15080.)

French Horns.

(In the copy from which the transcript was made the horns in F are written as above in the actual sounds.)

At the first Norwich Festival, the same players undertook both horns and trumpets. For men so trained Handel's parts must have presented few terrors ; but nothing is known of these ancient heroes with the exception of a shadowy 'Mr. Charles,' and 'Cato, a Black,' in the service of Sir Robert Walpole, and afterwards of the Earl of Chesterfield, who gave him as a present in 1738 to the Prince and Princess of Wales. Cato, who was 'recon'd to blow the best French Horn and Trumpet in England,' found a good home, for he became head gamekeeper of Richmond Park, and his likeness, armed with a large trompe, is preserved in a portrait group that belonged to the late Sir Walter Gilbey.

The accounts of the Royal Buckhounds show that the term 'French horn' goes back to 1717, and several rather later instances exist in manuscript. The earliest recorded example in print is in an advertisement of a concert in 1724 quoted by Burney ; and it will probably be found to date from the arrival in England of the instrument.

The earliest parts were played on 'hunting horns,' but proper concert horns with crooks, enabling the key of the instrument to be changed, were soon introduced. Such horns appear to have originated at Vienna before 1718 ; and Bach had a set at his disposal at Cöthen, if the inventory of the Capelle can be trusted.

★ In France the concert horn was not introduced until 1750, when it was employed by the foreign players introduced by Stamitz to the concerts of La Pouplinière.

A pair of horns bought by Sir Samuel Hellier in 1735, which have more than once been exhibited, still exist. These, though marked 'Iohn Christopher Hofmaster, in Piccadilly, London, 17,' may be suspected to be Viennese, like Sir William Morgan's trompes, Hofmaster being an agent for sale, and the blanks in the date being left for him to fill up. If so, the horns were made shortly before 1730.

These horns are a right- and left-handed pair, as was customary until hand-stopping abolished left-handed horns. The double ring of body-tubing is small, to facilitate holding the bell upwards in the position then adopted in orchestras; this renders them inconvenient for hand-stopping, by cramping the position of the right arm.

Like Viennese instruments of 1718, each of these horns possesses six assorted crooks: four are cylindrical and two conical, which, used singly or in combination, give approximately all keys from C alto down to D; for keys below D three crooks are required, and as extra 'tuning pieces' may be needed, an ill-balanced and perilous assemblage of tubing is arrived at.

Strange to say this model, with its clumsy system of crooking, was still being made in the 19th century, to which period must be assigned a horn, one of a right- and left-handed pair, marked 'Clementi & Co., London' (1800-10). This horn, in the writer's possession, reproduces every feature of the Hellier horns, except that it is furnished with a tuning-slide. It bears the initials of the 'Whitby Pink Band,' and the date of purchase, 1832, when a provincial band was contentedly using horns of a century-old design.

Contemporary French instruments, by Raoux and others, were constructed on a greatly-improved model, and possessed a separate crook for each key in general use; but these were also based, with improvements, on German or Austrian instruments brought into France by the virtuosi who visited or settled in the country, and retain one curious trace of their origin, the crooks being marked with the German symbols, so that the E flat crook is always 'Dis.' The best French instruments, especially between 1815 and 1840, have never been excelled, and are still sought for and used, with the addition of valves, when obtainable in good condition. Their popularity defeated any attempt at competition by English makers; and it is only within the last thirty years or so that good horns, made on the French lines, have been produced in this country.

England has, however, been credited by the French with the valuable invention of the tuning-slide, for about 1780 horns so furnished were called *cors à l'anglaise*. No evidence has so far been found in support of this, however.

Hand-stopping, which gave the horn its period of glory as a solo instrument, was devised by Hampel about 1750-60, and known in France by 1765, if not sooner. Shortly afterwards it reached England, for it is mentioned in W. Tansur's *Elements of Musick* (1772), before Spandau's well-known performance at the Opera House in 1773 took place. Apparently its first exponent in England was Puncto (J. V. Stich), greatest of all horn-players, for Burney (*The present State of Music in Germany*, &c., London, 1773) relates that in 1772 the Electoral band at Coblenz included:

M. Ponta, the celebrated French horn from Bohemia, whose taste and astonishing execution were lately so much applauded in London.

Burney also observes:

Mr. Spandau, who has since been heard with such satisfaction in England, I found at The Hague. In his performance on the French horn he has contrived by his delicacy, taste, and expression, to render an instrument, which, from its coarseness, could formerly be supported only in the open air, or in a spacious building, equally soft and pleasing, with the sweetest human voice.

This comment sheds a vivid light on the greatness of the debt that music owes to the Bohemian players, to whom alone the credit for this transformation is due.

It cannot be said that England produced many first-rank artists on the hand-horn, possibly for want of efficient training. In the last century, not a few positions were filled by foreigners, headed by Puzzi, who was so eminent as to appear in the orchestra adorned with white kid gloves to play his one important passage, leaving the rest of the parts to be undertaken by humbler persons. The horn-player of to-day must feel acutely envious if he realises the position to which some of the soloists attained a century ago. To take a concert programme of 1836—and there are many such—the vocalists were Mesdames Malibran and Grisi, Messrs. Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, and others; the instrumentalists were Schulz and Herz on the pianoforte, de Beriot on the violin, and Puzzi on the horn, and there was a full orchestra. Puzzi played a work of his own for the first time. His compositions are mostly of the 'Air with Variations' type, of no musical value; and there is little doubt that, as taste developed, the poverty of the horn's repertoire contributed—equally with its limited means of expression—to its effacement as a solo instrument.

The chief English players were Edward Platt (1793-1861) and Charles A. Harper (1819-1893), who in succession played principal horn at the Opera and elsewhere after Puzzi's withdrawal. Platt was gifted with a tone that Costa is said to have regarded as unequalled, yet he was the victim of a scathing criticism from Fétis, who, in his *Curiosités Historiques de la Musique*, alleged against him uncertainty as a player and incapacity as a teacher. Against the former charge may be cited two lines from an early *Punch* which state that

Horn of Platt
Came in pat.

When valves came in the art of hand-stopping declined, and for forty years it has been abandoned more completely here than in any country except Italy. The hand-horn was an imperfect and very difficult instrument, and also suffered from the defect of not being readily transportable on account of the arsenal of crooks that accompanied it. Yet it had qualities that might have saved it, as on the Continent, for special occasions. Thirty years ago a great authority on instrumentation wrote in correspondence:

I know that our orchestral players set their faces like a flint against the hand-horn, and I think it is a great pity and a great loss to the orchestra for our older music.

So advanced a musician as Ravel has, in his *Pavane pour une Infante défunte*, written an important part for it, but whether his intention of thus obtaining a particular tone-colour has ever been realised in any English performance of the work is doubtful.

The history of the valve-horn is too large a field to enter on. But we must not omit the name of Charles Claget (or Clagget), who produced the first, albeit imperfect, valve-horn in 1788. His history has been fully told by Mr. Galpin and Dr. Grattan Flood (*Musical Opinion*, December, 1918), to whose writings the reader is referred. For years past composers have confined themselves to the horn in F, and the student is taught that this is the most effective key of the instrument. It is not generally known that the practice of pushing this over-worked instrument to the limit of its capacity is slowly displacing the horn in F for the performance of the more exacting modern parts in favour of the horn in B flat—or, abroad, C alto. Even horns in F alto have been designed and used. If this tendency is not checked the horn will degenerate in tone-quality, as the trumpet has degenerated, until it becomes a shadow of its old self.

The English musician has never shone in compiling 'Methods,' and our contributions to the teaching literature of the horn are inconsiderable. The earliest instructions, presumably by 'Mr. Charles,' are contained in *The Muses' Delight, or Apollo's Cabinet* (Liverpool, 1754, &c.), and consist of a page of text followed by three pages of hunting calls. Most issues also contain *Twelve Duettos for two French Horns or two German Flutes, composed by Mr. Charles*.

A separate work is *New Instructions for the French Horn* (published by Longman, Lukey & Co., London, between 1772 and 1779), to the frontispiece of which reference has been made, 'lifted' from its predecessor part of the instructions and all the hunting calls. It is remarkable for the pretentiousness of its preface and the skill with which all difficulties of exposition are shirked. One paragraph, beginning 'Should you want to make the Cromatic tones,' ends, after giving valueless advice:

Mr. Ponto and many others, famous on this instrument, constantly uses this method, by which means the half-tones are expressed, which is not to be done by any other method; but it is deemed by Judges of the Horn that the principle beauty, the Tone, is greatly impaired thereby.

In spite of the adverse opinion of the 'Judges of the Horn,' the practice has left one legacy of which all players, even though unable to stop a single note, can avail themselves—that of holding the hand in the correct position in the bell. This assuredly would never have been adopted otherwise, and if it is neglected, as is sometimes the case, the horn tone loses its veiled beauty, and is at once vulgarised into something approaching the Handelian blare, from which, in spite of certain modern tendencies, may music be for ever preserved.

This work was reprinted by Monro & May after 1820, but was then out of date. From that time translations of foreign methods have, with negligible exceptions, been our sole stand-by.

KORNGOLD, STRAUSS, AND OTHERS: 'SUBJECTIVE' CRITICISM

BY PAUL BECHERT

The Vienna daily papers have recently been the scene of a heated controversy between Dr. Richard Strauss, director of the Vienna State Opera, and Erich Wolfgang Korngold, composer of the opera *Die tote Stadt*, with Dr. Julius Korngold, musical critic of Vienna's most important daily, the *Neue*

Freie Presse, for the latter's assistant. What might otherwise be considered merely an unpleasant chapter of the city's voluminous musical *chronique scandaleuse*, assumes more than local importance from the prominence of the two composers concerned in this battle, and even more, perhaps, from its peculiar accompanying circumstances, which may warrant the interest of the English musical public.

Erich Wolfgang Korngold's sudden rise to musical prominence, some twelve years ago, is still fresh in the memory. Let it be stated from the outset that his early fame was due not only to his talent—which was, and still is, remarkable in one so young—but chiefly to a rigorously-conducted advertising campaign waged on his behalf by the larger portion of the German press in general and of Vienna in particular, a campaign made possible by the influential position occupied by the young composer's father. The over-zealous paternal love of Dr. Korngold allied him with the most enthusiastic proclaimers of his son's genius, and was the subject of many good-natured pleasantries among the musical profession from the very beginning of the young man's career. As time passed, however, these tended to become less tolerant than bitter and caustic. It was soon discovered, and, in fact, publicly proclaimed—in one of the very few Vienna journals that succeeded in preserving its independence from Dr. Korngold's all-pervading influence—that, in passing critical judgment on the work of conductors, composers, instrumentalists, or singers,

Dr. Korngold does not ask, 'How does this or that artist conduct, compose, play, or sing?' His question is, 'What attitude does he or she take towards Erich Wolfgang?' Composers and artists, even new books on musical subjects, are being viewed by Dr. Korngold solely from this angle.

The trend of public opinion then prevalent may best be judged from the following dialogue, which is supposed to have taken place between two well-known instrumentalists, and which was at that time widely circulated in Viennese musical circles:

A.—'What will you play at your next concert?'

B.—'Young Korngold's Sonata.'

A.—'Is it grateful?'

B.—'No, but his father is.'

Along with previous works by Erich Wolfgang Korngold, *Die tote Stadt*, which was produced at the Vienna State Opera in 1921, shared the fate of being heralded by Dr. Korngold's paper, in innumerable notices and criticisms, as an unprecedented triumph. The facts are that it was but mildly successful, and that there were many who found it to be a rather crude work replete with a more or less effective theatricalism. (The verdict of Vincent d'Indy, which was published recently in the *Musical Times*, expressed similar views in unmistakable terms. A Frankfort critic who dared to pass a frank judgment on this opera was placed on the 'black list' by Dr. Korngold, and publicly attacked in several newspaper articles by his son.) *Die tote Stadt* soon disappeared from the repertoire of the Vienna Opera, owing to waning interest on the part of the public. Whatever performances of the work were yet intended by the management of the theatre were endangered by young Korngold himself, who attempted to influence the casting of certain rôles of his opera—a procedure which was entirely beyond the privilege generally granted by the State Opera even to more successful composers. Moreover, those singers who did not succeed in fulfilling Erich

Korngold's ideas as to the interpretation of his rôles, came under the criticism of Dr. Korngold, conducted in so palpably personal a manner as finally to evoke a declaration on the part of several artists that henceforth they would not appear in the cast. The main difficulty, however, arose from young Korngold's insistence upon personally directing all performances of his opera—a proposal which was declined by the management, not only in view of the aspirant's limited gifts and insufficient experience as a conductor, but also in order to avoid further conflict with the regular conductors of the theatre. The breach between Strauss and Korngold became acute when, in the course of a rehearsal for his opera, the latter made a speech to the orchestra in which he violently attacked director Strauss in his own theatre. These efforts to alienate the members of the orchestra from their own chief—a step probably without precedent—were strongly resented by the players, and their rebuke completed the defeat of the Korngold family. From that day, Dr. Korngold's public attacks upon Strauss, in the *Neue Freie Presse* and elsewhere, became even more heated. The adherents of Strauss, for their part, in a series of widely-read newspaper articles have missed no opportunity of accusing Dr. Korngold of abusing his official position for the furtherance of his son's private interests, and the journalistic controversy which ensued is still proceeding.

This open rupture has precipitated a conflict which had been anticipated by the musical profession for some time past. It is the ultimate and inevitable outcome of what Vienna had for years become accustomed to calling the 'Korngold scandal'; but also, incidentally, it has revealed what but few courageous people had heretofore dared to term the 'Strauss scandal' of the Vienna State Opera. There can be no doubt that the advent of Richard Strauss, so far from ushering in the anticipated 'golden age' for that theatre, has been a severe disappointment and disillusionment. Strauss is principally a composer, and no one could justly expect him to forsake, in building the repertoire for his theatre, the *sacro egoismo* of the creative artist. It is but natural that his energy—yea, his very heart—should go out to his own operas, even to the detriment of other modern composers who should find, but have failed to find, a place in the repertoire. The difficult post now occupied by Strauss at the Opera requires a man of profound theatrical experience, of infinite enthusiasm, and of iron energy, which could not justly be expected in a composer whose chief interest must needs favour his own creations. All respect for Strauss's one-time genius as a composer cannot exempt him from the statement that, under his directorship, the once perfect ensemble of the State Opera has undergone a deplorable process of disintegration; that his preference for sensational guest-singers has had a demoralizing effect even on the more conscientious among the artists, besides necessitating exorbitant admission fees which bar our best citizens from attending the performances of a State theatre whose enormous deficit they are called upon to defray; that this, like all previous seasons, has resulted in very little productive work; that Strauss has been absent from his directoral post for the larger portion of the season, for the benefit of his extensive and lucrative foreign tours; and that, most painful of all, the one and only novelty produced this season (and produced on an unprecedentedly lavish scale) was

Strauss's own ballet *The Legend of Joseph*, which is of very doubtful value, while all other novelties were again and again postponed.

These facts being in substance the content of Dr. Korngold's attacks, his strictures should be worthy of endorsement. He weakens his cause, however, by discovering and publicly proclaiming Strauss's shortcomings only at the very moment when his son's rupture with Strauss had become manifest, and thus strengthens the impression, which had been prevalent for several years, that his criticisms are influenced by private grievances and idiosyncrasies, while creating mistrust of his critical frankness, which so often has revealed bias towards his son and towards the artists who belong to the clique surrounding Erich Wolfgang. Viennese musicians were but recently amused, or grieved—according to their individual temperament—by the abrupt change of Dr. Korngold's critical attitude towards a certain young conductor of the State Opera whom he had for years declared to be devoid of talent and experience, but whom he suddenly discovered to be 'conscientious' and other complimentary things—exactly two days after that same young conductor had saved from cancellation a performance of *Die tote Stadt*, by stepping in at short notice to replace another conductor who had refused to expose himself to Dr. Korngold's critical judgment in so 'dangerous' a task. Incredible as it may seem, Dr. Korngold does not shrink from occasionally writing reviews on performances of his son's operas, and his son is probably the only composer whose work he has never been known to disparage.

There is behind all these unpleasant things—which might otherwise be dismissed as mere gossip and ephemeral sensation—an aspect which lends a more than passing importance, and which touches the very problem of musical journalism in general. It is only human, perhaps, that Dr. Korngold's love for his son should be stronger than his sense of duty towards the public as a musical critic. Yet the lesson in his case is obvious. Every sort of criticism will, in a sense, be 'subjective,' and will necessarily be more or less consciously influenced by personal sentiments which, however noble in themselves, will prove pernicious when applied to the thrice dangerous and difficult vocation of a musical critic. The fact may be worthy of mention in this connection that Dr. Korngold's predecessor on the *Neue Freie Presse* was none other than Eduard Hanslick, who has gone down in history as the most violent, if unsuccessful, adversary of Richard Wagner, and as the enthusiastic apostle of Johannes Brahms. Hanslick's contrasting attitude towards these two masters was, in fact, more than a mere coincidence. Being a member of the circle centring around Brahms, he was bound to look askance at the growing fame of their 'Gegenpapst,' Wagner. Hence all his hatred, his venomous sneers at the Bayreuth master, which came nigh to destroying Wagner's life-work. Wagner, indeed, was a genius who would ultimately find his way to recognition, despite all adverse circumstances. But many composers, conductors, instrumentalists, or singers, break down on their path, arrested by a malicious, ill-willed, yet omnipotent critic whose word is gospel with the thoughtless mass, and in whose hand is placed the power to withhold, by one reckless word, the very livelihood of a struggling artist. Dr. Korngold's case is a symptom, and not an isolated instance, though perhaps a particularly typical one. Nor is its importance

confined to Vienna alone. His methods have been experienced by too many foreign artists—not excepting the company of English artists who visited Vienna recently—to warrant their being any longer ignored by the musical world at large. The Hanslicks never die out.

Since writing the above the Korngold case has taken another surprising development. The Vienna *Sonn- und Montagszeitung* has added a sensational document by publishing a sworn affidavit from Moritz Rosenthal, the pianist, which more than corroborates the substance of my remarks so far as Korngold's protean gifts as a critic are concerned. Rosenthal, who surely is above suspicion, by virtue of his supreme and truly international reputation, proves by quotations from Dr. Korngold's criticisms that he had enthusiastically praised his (Rosenthal's) work up to the day on which he refused to play Erich Wolfgang's then new Pianoforte Sonata (which was to have been called the *Rosenthal Sonata*). Rosenthal further states that Dr. Korngold had attempted to incite other critics against him, and quotes Leschetizky, Godowsky, and other prominent artists, as witnesses for his firm belief that Dr. Korngold's practices are such as to tend 'seriously to injure the reputation of both the musical public and critical fraternity of Vienna.' P. B.

Occasional Notes

In response to a memorial from an influential body of musicians and others, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York have appointed a Committee on Church Music, the terms of reference being :

'To consider and report upon the place of music in the worship of the Church, and in particular the training of Church musicians and the education of the clergy in the knowledge of music as a branch of liturgical study.'

The members of the committee are: Lord Beauchamp, the Bishop of Ripon, Bishop S. M. Taylor, Archdeacon Gardner, the Rev. Maurice Bell, the Rev. W. H. Frere, the Rev. A. S. Duncan-Jones, the Rev. E. H. Fellowes, Sir Hugh Allen, Dr. E. C. Bairstow, Prof. Walford Davies, Mr. Harvey Grace, Miss E. C. Gregory, Dr. Henry Ley, Mr. Sydney H. Nicholson, Mr. Geoffrey Shaw, Lady Mary Trefusis, Major Trevilian, and Mr. E. G. P. Wyatt. Lord Beauchamp will act as chairman, and Mr. Wyatt as hon. secretary. Correspondence for the committee should be addressed to Mr. Wyatt, at Rustington Hall, nr. Littlehampton.

The *Times* of July 14 contained a leading article on Church music, with special reference to the formation of this committee. Concerning the points in the committee's terms of reference, 'the training of Church musicians' and 'the education of the clergy in the knowledge of music as a branch of liturgical study,' *The Times* says that here

'... the Archbishops place a finger on the source of such evils as exist in the present state of Church music. Too few musicians have a clear conception of what is required to adapt their art to the purposes of popular worship, and too few clergy have the necessary knowledge of music itself or of its historic place in the services of the Church to be able to guide the efforts of

their musical colleagues. Hence comes that conflict of opinion between parson and organist which is apt to end in the defeat of the best aims of both, and produce a result the very reverse of edification in the minds of the congregation.'

The fact is, the responsible parties have made the fatal mistake of pretending that Church music and the Liturgy can be kept in watertight compartments. There will be no Church music problem when everything that is sung and played is made to justify itself, either by its liturgical necessity or by its fitness, on the score of beauty and dignity, to be associated with the Liturgy. Let no one hastily complain that this is to narrow the field of choice. On the contrary, the field will be wider, for a repertory built on such principles would contain all the best work of modern Church composers, as well as a larger proportion of old music than is usually the case at present.

As *The Times* points out, one of the greatest difficulties in the matter arises from the fact that practically all church people agree as to the necessity for some kind of music in corporate acts of worship. If none but musicians wished for music in church, there would be no bad Church music; the variety would be merely that of different kinds of good. But too often the less musical folk, and even those who admit themselves to be unmusical (the 'I-know-what-I-like' section), have the biggest say in such matters, backed up by those who frown on the introduction of anything unfamiliar. ('I-like-what-I-know.')

The committee has a difficult task, and its findings will no doubt cut across a good many susceptibilities. But those findings will at least have the merit of being arrived at by a body that is representative :

'The spirit of worship [says *The Times*] is a popular concern, and in the past the people's part has been too often forgotten by the dignified clergy and the Doctors of Music who serve in "quires and places where they sing." It is satisfactory, therefore, to notice that representatives of the parochial clergy, the parochial organ-loft, and the laity are included, and it is to be hoped that in the course of its deliberations the committee will not forget to call for the evidence of the men and women who occupy a pew in the nave.'

Among all that has been written round the Royal Academy of Music Centenary, we do not remember seeing a reference to a small but interesting and very human link with Charles Dickens. When Dickens was about ten years old, his sister Fanny, who was two years his senior, became a pupil at the Academy—evidently through the kind offices of a relative or friend, for the family was in dire poverty at the time. Forster, in his *Life of Dickens*, speaking of this, says :

'He [Dickens] has told me what a stab to the heart it was, thinking of his own disregarded condition, to see her go away to begin her education amid the tearful good wishes of everybody in the house.'

At that time the Dickens family was living at '... a small mean house, with a wretched little garden abutting on a squalid court [in Bayham Street, Camden Town], about the poorest part of the London suburbs then.'

While Fanny was thus in clover, Charles was earning a few shillings a week sticking labels on bottles at Warren's blacking factory. Evidently Fanny went to the Academy as a boarder, for later on when the family fortunes fell so low that Dickens senior—the original Micawber—became an inmate of the Marshalsea Prison for debt, young Charles, who was at large (in the blacking factory, and in a wretched room at Camden Town, with a penny loaf and a pennyworth of milk for breakfast, and with other meals—when there were any—to scale), used to adjourn to the prison on Sundays to spend the day with his parents, escorting Fanny to and from the Marshalsea.

'I was at the Academy [he told Forster] at nine o'clock in the morning, and we walked back together at night.'

Fanny was surely the only R.A.M. student who has spent her week-ends in prison.

The boy moved across to the south side of the river, as he wished to be nearer his parents:

'A back-attic was found for me at the house of an insolvent court agent, who lived in Lant Street in the Borough, where Bob Sawyer lived many years afterwards. A bed and bedding were sent over for me, and made up on the floor. The little window had a pleasant prospect of a timber yard, and when I took possession of my new abode I thought it was a Paradise.'

Forster gives only one more reference to Fanny at the Academy:

'When the family left the Marshalsea they all went to lodge with the lady in Little College Street, who has obtained unexpected immortality as Mrs. Pipchin, and they afterwards occupied a small house in Somers Town. But before this time, Charles was present with some of them in Tenterden Street to see his sister Fanny receive one of the prizes given to the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music. "I could not bear to think of myself [he said in after years] beyond the reach of all such honourable emulation and success. The tears ran down my face. I felt as if my heart were rent. I prayed, when I went to bed that night, to be lifted out of the humiliation and neglect in which I was. I never had suffered so much before. There was no envy in it."

Is there any record at the R.A.M. as to Fanny's prize? It would be interesting to know in what direction her talents lay. However, the thing that sticks in the mind is the picture of an uncared-for small boy, outside the Academy in Tenterden Street at nine on Sunday mornings, waiting to take his sister to rejoin the family circle in jail.

It has rained R.A.M. programmes during two weeks of July. By way of contrast let us glance back a hundred years and look at the programme of the first students' concert (or 'Exhibition,' as it was quaintly called), given at the Institution in 1822. Here it is:

AN EXHIBITION

by Students of the Royal Academy of Music

PART I.

- SYMPHONIA *Haydn*
Two Pianofortes, C. S. Packer and T. M. Mudie;
Oboe, H. A. M. Cooke; Violins, H. G. Blagrove,
C. A. Seymour, R. Fowler, and D. Smith; Viola,
W. H. Phipps; Violoncello and Double-bass,
Ch. Lucas and T. W. Cooke.
- PSALMO *Marcello*
Sung by the Female Pupils of Madame Regnaudin.
- GRAND DUET *Hummel and Cramer*
Two Pianofortes, Misses Chancellor and Price,
pupils of Mr. Beale.
- AIR (*Creation*) *Haydn*
Miss Porter, pupil of Madame Regnaudin.
- FANTASIA *Bochsa*
Harp, Miss Jay, pupil of Mr. Bochsa.
- QUARTETTO *Zingarelli*
Misses Chancellor, Porter, Watson, and Collier.
- FANTASIA—Oboe obbligato *Vogt and Bochsa*
Oboe, H. A. M. Cooke; Violins, C. A. Seymour
and H. G. Blagrove; Viola, W. H. Phipps;
Violoncello and Double-bass, C. Lucas and
T. W. Cooke.

PART II.

- INTRODUCTION AND POLACCA *Viotti*
With Orchestral Accompaniments
Violin, H. G. Blagrove, pupil of Mr. F. Cramer.
- DUET *Dussek*
Two Pianofortes, C. S. Packer and T. M. Mudie,
pupils of Mr. Potter.
- PSALMO *Marcello*
Sung by the Female Pupils.
- DUET *Bochsa*
Two Harps, Misses Jay and Morgan, pupils of
Mr. Bochsa.
- CHORUS *Ionelli*
'Ve sento, oh Dio' (*La Passione*)
Sung by the Male Pupils of Mr. Crivelli.
- INTRODUCTION *Bochsa*
To the Grand National Anthem, *God save the King!*
Two Pianofortes, Three Harps, Oboe, Violins,
Viola, Violoncello, and Double-bass. Composed
for this occasion. The solo part in *God save the King*
by Miss Smith. The Trio by Misses
Atkinson, Watson, and Porter.

One is not surprised to find no English music in the list, but it is astonishing that out of the ten composers represented only one is of the first rank. Bach, of course, had not then been dug up, but one would have thought it impossible to compile a programme of the kind without including something of Mozart and Beethoven. And where was the English idol, Handel?

The current number of *Music and Letters* more than maintains its high standard. There may come a time when folk will say that this quarterly, like *Punch*, is 'not so good as it was'; at present the verdict must be 'better than ever.' An astonishing field—Bach, Wilhemj, Moussorgsky, Pace in Music, the Harpsichord, Music in Public Schools, Song Translations, &c., &c.—is covered by a team that includes Ernest Newman, M.-D. Calvocoressi, Hubert J. Foss, Herbert Bedford, Arthur Somervell, Nellie Chaplin, Dr. Grattan Flood, and the Editor himself.

Every summer since 1914 the question goes round, 'Will there be "Proms."?' And every year somebody has it 'on good authority' that the shutters are

going up at last. But the 'Proms.' refuse to be killed, either by rumour or by economic difficulties, and August 11 will see the twenty-eighth season start, with Sir Henry Wood and Mr. Robert Newman once more in charge.

Poor old London has shown her 'apathy' to music by making possible for over a quarter of a century a series of concerts that has a parallel nowhere else, at home or abroad. At a moment like the present, with its frantic S.O.S. on behalf of orchestral concerts and such scare headlines as 'Are Orchestras to be disbanded?' a careful study of the whole 'Prom.' season would probably yield instructive information. Very useful would be an analysis of the average attendance at the different types of programme; a list of works falling fl— or, rather, let us say, works yielding the best returns at the refreshment bar; the number of listeners waiting for the second part of the programme, with a subdivision into those who leave after the first item and those who wait for the songs; and figures showing the attendance in promenade, balcony, and circle on given evenings, side by side with the music played. This last information would probably support the view that there should be a larger proportion of cheap seats at the average orchestral concert. The stalls are rarely full, but the cheap seats are often uncomfortably crowded. However, as the *Morning Post* neatly puts it, 'The marvel of the "Proms." is that they are both cheap and enduring. It may be paradox, or it may be cause and effect.'

The list of soloists for the forthcoming season is, as usual, a strong one. We have not space to quote from it. It must suffice to say that it includes practically everybody who is somebody, as well as the customary fringe of those who hope to be somebodies some day. There are fourteen first performances, eight being of native works. The list of additions to the repertory is perhaps more interesting than that of the novelties. Some of these additions will receive their second performance so far as London is concerned, and none have so far been heard sufficiently for their undoubted merits to make full impression. Among such works are Goossens's *Four Conceits*, Bax's *November Woods*, Ireland's *Symphonic Rhapsody*, the Ballet from Holst's *Perfect Fool*, Ernest Farrar's *Pastoral Impressions*, Frank Bridge's *Summer*, and Respighi's *Fountains of Rome*. We hope the season will be as successful as usual. May there be 'Proms.' so long as there is a Queen's Hall to hold them!

A contemporary (a musical one, too) reproduces a photograph of 'the famous pianoforte on which Wagner composed most of the *Ring* music, and also completed *Siegfried* and *Die Meistersinger*.' The old kist of whistles on which Handel 'composed *The Messiah*' thus suffers eclipse.

We have received No. 1 of the *P. R. Gazette*, the official organ of the Performing Rights Society. The new journal (which will be issued quarterly) sets forth the Society's aims, with the principle of which no one can quarrel, seeing that they are based on the sound precept that the labourer is worthy of his hire—even when he happens to be a mere composer. We note, however, one statement that is likely to lead to misapprehension. On page 5 of the *Gazette* appears a 'List of some members . . .

whose works are controlled by the Society.' The obvious inference is that *all* the works of the composers named are controlled by the P.R.S., whereas, of course, the only works on which the Society can charge a performing fee are those which happened to be the member's own property, present and prospective, when he joined the Society. As the statement is liable to affect adversely the very large number of works by these composers, the performing rights of which are held by publishers and others who do not belong to the P.R.S., we hope that a future issue of the *Gazette* will make the matter clear.

From *Punch*:

Immediately afterwards the Papal Bull of Appointment was read, after which the choir chanted the *Te Deum Laudanum*.—*Scots Paper*.

Which we trust had a soothing effect on the Bull.

As the bridal party entered the church the choir sang *Lead us, O Heavenly Father*, and to the strains of the same inspiring hymn the procession moved up the aisle to the knave of the church.—*American Paper*.

Isn't this a little unfair to the Bridegroom?

Mr. Tertius Noble is now on a visit to this country, and has been saying interesting things to a *Yorkshire Post* representative. Bearing in mind the recent successful tour of the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir in the United States, we were not surprised to read that

'Canada is doing marvellously in this respect [choral singing]. Some of the finest choirs I have ever heard are in Canada. They have had competitive festivals in Alberta for fifteen years, in Saskatchewan for nine years, and the latest in Manitoba, where the Winnipeg Festival is four years old. I have adjudicated at three of those festivals. At the first there were 1,500 competitors; at the second festival 3,000; this year over 6,000. The standard was as good as at Morecambe, Blackpool, Keighley, or Kendal.'

Mr. Noble finds America a long way behind this country in the appreciation of choral music. However, he prophesies that within twelve months there will be competition festivals in the States, after which things will improve.

We were glad to see Mr. Noble saying a good word for the choir boy, and especially for the London youngster. Mr. Noble said

' . . . he found the New York boy was splendid as a chorister if well trained. He found the New York boy was level with the London boy intellectually and musically, and in saying that he had said everything, for there was no one who could beat the London boy for singing. The Yorkshire boy was very fine indeed, but he had heard finer singing from London boys than anywhere else, except New York. They turned out splendid soloists. They were temperamental, and sang much more like women than boys. They had a big range, and every one of his choristers could go from low B flat to top C—two octaves and a note. He could do it with London boys, but with no others.

More news from over the way:

London, June 17.—A bust of the late Gervase Elwes, the composer, . . . has been placed in the foyer of Queen's Hall.—*Musical America*.

The Propaganda Committee of the Federation of British Music Industries has hit on yet another way of reaching the public ear. As the provincial papers that publish the Committee's weekly articles now cover the country pretty thoroughly, an assault is to be made in other quarters by means of short paragraphs and anecdotes. As the *Journal* points out, many good yarns can be got from the actual experiences of music-dealers and others in the trade. It gives the following story as a sample :

'A certain suburban dealer called at a house and told the mistress thereof that he had come to tune the piano. "Oh," said the lady, "I think there must be some mistake. I have never written to say that my piano wanted tuning." "No, you haven't," was the reply, "but your neighbours have."

The *Journal* says that this is a true story, and we are willing to believe it, because we live next door to that kind of piano.

A few months ago Mr. Ernest Newman wrote in the *Musical Times* complaining of the misleading way in which concert performers quoted critics' notices. Mr. Percy Scholes gave a bad case in the *Observer* a few weeks ago. He wrote of Mr. Alfred O'Shea, a new tenor :

'I do not think much of the new "Australian tenor," O'Shea, who took the Queen's Hall one afternoon this week. God has given him an almost perfect voice, but he has, as yet, no style in his use of it, and is thoughtless and sentimental.'

This appeared a few days later in Mr. O'Shea's announcement of a forthcoming recital as :

'God has given him an almost perfect voice . . .'

—to say nothing of an almost perfect nerve.

BRITISH MUSIC SOCIETY: ANNUAL CONGRESS

The Annual Congress of the British Music Society was this year a rather more modest event than in previous years. There were no great orchestral concerts at Queen's Hall, but merely on Friday and Saturday, June 30 and July 1; two debates (a public one and one for members only); on Friday evening a military band concert at the Albert Hall (with free admission); on Saturday evening a banquet; special music at several Churches on the Sunday; and a concert of the London Contemporary Music Centre on the Monday, for members who cared to stay for it. The debates were held at Æolian Hall, the banquet at the Waldorf Hotel, the concert (by invitation of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden) at Seaford House. The Churches which provided special music were Southwark Cathedral, Westminster Cathedral, and All Saints', Margaret Street. The general impression remaining in the mind of one who was present throughout, is one of genuineness. The poor attendance at certain orchestral concerts in the past had suggested that the Society had over-estimated the

support on which it could count; elaborate public functions have appeared to be showy beyond their solid value, and debates announced with lavish lists of eminent speakers have disappointed by the plentiful absences of the very people one had gone to hear. The change this year is a symptom of health. The Society after a few years of experiment on the grand scale, is getting down to fact. Not display but hard work at details of organization is what is called for during the next year or two, and great hopes of future expansion may reasonably be built on this realisation of things as they are.

At the first debate (an open one) the subject was 'A Musical Public and how to Encourage it.' Sir Ernest Palmer was in the chair. The speakers included Adrian C. Boulton, Eugène Goossens, jun., Harold Bauer, Vladimir Rosing, Francis Toye, Mrs. Ella May Smith (president of the Women's Music Clubs of America), Dr. Bates (of Norwich), and Percy Scholes. Each of these treated a special point. Has there been preserved a record of the suggestions made? Some of these would be worth further debate by the council of the Society. There is always a danger of a lack of any practical result from a carefully-organized debate, because its organization has not extended beyond the moment of its closing. As an example of a possibly fruitful field for effort, it is not at all certain that Mr. Edwin Evans's suggestions for the more systematic arrangement of concert announcements might not be carried out were the council of the Society to consider them further, and officially to urge the result of its consideration with the editors of the London Press. The second debate—upon the affairs of the Society itself—is hardly matter for report here; but it may be said that the active discussion carried on by members from all parts of the country showed a valuable practical interest. Lord Howard de Walden presided on this occasion.

The banquet was a particularly successful event. Lord Howard de Walden again presided. There were many distinguished guests, representing various branches of music and the sister arts. The toasts were proposed and replied to by Mrs. Balkwill, the secretary of the Society, Lord Howard de Walden, Lady Howard de Walden, Sir Hugh Allen, Lady Maud Warrender, and Roger Fry. The speaking was of an unusually high order, and the greatest good feeling pervaded the whole of the proceedings.

At the concert of the Contemporary Music Centre two new works were performed—Ravel's Sonata for violin and violoncello, played by Miss May Mukle and M. André Mangeot (a startlingly novel and very successful piece of work), and Rupert Erlebach's Folk-song Sonata for violoncello, played by Miss May Mukle and Mr. Maurice Jacobson (an unpretentious and attractive piece that served to introduce an as yet almost unknown composer). In addition there was sung by Mr. Norman Notley, Butterworth's song-cycle *Love blows as the wind blows* (second performance). The accompaniment for this last, for string quartet, was played by Messrs. André Mangeot and Kenneth Skeaping and Misses Rebecca Clarke and May Mukle.

A practical point in closing. Readers who see a prospect of developing centres of the British Music Society in their own districts during the coming season should note its address: 3, Berners Street, London, W.1.

(The military music concert is discussed at page 559 by another writer.) P. A. S.

indiscriminate employment of certain tricks of composition, or demur at some of his statements—as for instance, in regard to Berlioz's 'suffering' because 'he did not rely upon absolute music'—there is no doubting the extraordinary competence and point of Sir Charles's lecture. The historical worth of Mr. Jeffrey Pulver's paper on 'The Viols in England' is also considerable, and Mr. Van Den Borren's lecture on 'The Genius of Dunstable' is not only valuable in itself, but also for the remarks it called forth from Dr. Terry, who took a leading part in the discussion. Mr. Sydney H. Nicholson's study on 'The Relation of Church Music to the Musical Life of the Nation' reflects the wide experience, judgment, and observation of its author, and the brief papers 'A Corelli Forgery?' by Mr. F. T. Arnold, and 'Hand Development for the Performer,' by Mr. R. J. Pitcher, fully bear out the promise of their titles. The volume closes with an Appendix consisting of the report of the committee appointed in 1919 to consider the question of the preservation and cataloguing of small collections of printed and manuscript music. B. V.

FOR ASPIRING PIANISTS

When such an authority as Mark Hambourg sets out to give advice on the subject of pianoforte playing he may be assured of a wide hearing. We may safely predict, therefore, a big demand for his little book *How to become a Pianist* (C. Arthur Pearson, London, 3s. 6d.). Aspiring students who expect to be shown 'short cuts' and an easy path to fame will, however, be disappointed. The key-note of the book is 'hard work.' Says Mr. Hambourg:

'I am constantly seeing advertisements by teachers of "how to play the pianoforte in five minutes by correspondence!" But I know by my own experience that after thirty years of continuous study there are still many problems in pianoforte playing that I cannot solve.'

From the first steps of the child beginner the author will have no toying with the business. Systematic and concentrated practice is insisted on from the beginning, so that it may become a habit and continue naturally throughout life.

Contrary to the teaching of some modern authorities, Mr. Hambourg starts straight away with the training of the fingers by means of five-finger exercises. The first month of the average child beginner of from six to ten is taken up with simple finger exercises, with the object of acquiring and thoroughly establishing a correct position of the hand. The word 'rotation' does not occur anywhere in the book!

The correct playing of scales and apeggios is fully treated, and is illustrated by diagrams. The writer is very emphatic on the importance of scale playing. In the chapter with the significant title 'Can you play a scale?' he refers to students who

'... rely on so-called musical feeling, charming touch, and other elusive qualities, which have been "enthused" over by their supporters! Thus they fritter away valuable time in chase of shadows, instead of settling down under a severe and accomplished master to genuine hard study of scales and other exercises.'

And again,

'Learn to play scales carefully, tunefully, exactly, rhythmically, smoothly, and eventually quickly, and arpeggi evenly, clearly, and elegantly before

embarking upon the performance of the great works of pianoforte literature. Many cast up their eyes to heaven in an inspired way while playing, hoping, I suppose, thereby to make up for lack of practice on earth! But heaven cannot help them if they have not learned to play scales and arpeggi properly.'

Advanced students will find some useful practical hints in the chapter dealing with the playing of thirds, sixths, and octaves. The subject of fingering is briefly treated, and by means of musical examples the author illustrates some of the principles on which he bases his own fingering. On the subject of pedalling one or two sentences are perhaps misleading. Thus we are advised that when applying the pedal 'it should never be banged on, but pressed down gently and gradually.' Gently by all means, but surely not gradually! In the majority of cases it requires a swift, sharp movement, avoiding, of course, any violence or jerkiness. Again, we read that the pedal should never be taken directly on the first beat of the bar, but in syncopation with that beat. Although this is in the main true, there are occasions, as in the case of detached chords or notes, where it is usually advisable to depress the pedal simultaneously with the playing of the notes.

Some other points dealt with are 'Playing in public,' 'How to make the pianoforte sing,' 'How to choose and care for a pianoforte,' 'Some common mistakes and how to avoid them,' 'A specimen lesson on the first movement of the *Moonlight* Sonata of Beethoven,' while at the end of the book, under the title of 'The daily pianist,' is an abridged compendium of five-finger exercises, scales, thirds, arpeggi, and octaves as practised by the great pianist himself. G. G.

New Music

CHURCH MUSIC

Choirmasters who are finding a use for the Church music of the English polyphonic composers of the 16th and 17th centuries should note that William Byrd's setting of the Magnificat and Nunc dimittis in D minor has now been published (Novello), under the editorship of Dr. G. J. Bennett. Suggestions for Decani and Cantoris, and for varying degrees of loudness, &c., have been added, and the music has been transposed up a minor third, which, according to high authority, as Dr. Bennett reminds us, corresponds to the pitch of Byrd's period. The writing is mainly harmonic in style, and would present no difficulties to a choir containing the necessary voices for six-part work (S.A.A.T.T.B.).

A composer whose real worth we are only just beginning to realise is John Blow (1649-1708). He was no mere imitator, but was constantly experimenting. Modernists can appreciate some of his bold, rugged effects, which were formerly looked upon as crudities. A very fine example of his work is the anthem, *Lift up your heads*, for six voices and instruments. This has recently been published (Novello), under the editorship of Mr. Sydney H. Nicholson, for the Blow Commemoration Service held in Westminster Abbey on July 3, 1922. Blow was very fond of using the augmented triad, and examples both in root position and first inversion occur in this anthem. The work

opens with a symphony of sixteen bars, which is introduced again before the final section. Although in six parts, this is really only the case with regard to the solo voices (S.S.A.T.B.B.). Here, again, the writing for the voice parts is usually for three voices, the other three responding, and the two sections occasionally overlapping—or, more rarely, combining in five- or six-part harmony. The writing throughout is bold and straightforward in style, and the alternation of verse parts with vigorous outbursts from the choir (S.A.T.B.), which is a feature of the work, should be strikingly effective.

From the same publishers, and also edited by Mr. Nicholson, come two other works by Blow—a setting of the Magnificat and Nunc dimittis in F (transposed to G), for four voices (S.A.T.B.), and the anthem *Let Thy hand be strengthened*, composed for the coronation of James II. The latter is for four voices, is quite short, and of only moderate difficulty. The Evening setting is mainly contrapuntal in character, and, like all music of this kind, requires on the part of the singers a nice appreciation of the actual meaning of the suggested bar-lines. By means of occasional accents and dotted bar-lines, the editor has done his best to prevent faulty accentuation, and to secure an intelligent rendering. The service may be sung unaccompanied—indeed, it would gain largely in effect by such a method.

Another of Bach's cantatas—the beautiful *Bide with us*—has been published in Welsh (Novello). Of interest to organists is the fact that the third movement of this work—a choral for soprano, with obbligato for violoncello *piccolo* and *continuo*—was transcribed by Bach as an organ prelude.

A useful evening anthem for choirs of moderate attainments is H. A. Chambers's *O Lord, the Maker of all thing* (Novello). It is tastefully written, and the melodic interest is not confined to the soprano part.

Sterndale Bennett's familiar anthem *God is a Spirit*, from *The Woman of Samaria*, may now be obtained in a two-part arrangement for boys' voices, with organ accompaniment (Novello). In its new form it should be highly appreciated where boys' voices only are available.

The same publishers have issued also Bishop Wordsworth's hymn, *The day is gently sinking*, music by Henry Smart, and a setting of *Save us, O Lord, waking*, for use at close of Evening Service, by Florence Carey. The latter is a welcome improvement on the sickly effusions which generally do duty as Vesper hymns. G. G.

SONGS

Images à Crusoe were finished by Louis Durey in 1918, and were published for medium voice with accompaniment of string quartet, flute, clarinet, and celesta (or harp). J. & W. Chester have now brought out an edition arranged by the composer for voice and pianoforte. They are a setting of poems by Saint-Léger Léger. Both lyrics and music are singularly arresting and original. Throughout the seven numbers the words are sung in a kind of melodic-speech which is somewhat similar to, but more flexible and musical than, that of *Pelléas and Mélisande*. The voice is sustained by a rich and varied accompaniment. It is picturesque, humorous, and sombre as suits the occasion; full of crystal-clear, resonant sonorities, many of which,

however, will not please the ear of those who have not followed the trend of present-day music. In some of the numbers, more especially the first, the mingled timbres of the flute, clarinet, and other instruments are needed for more fully underlining the subtle distinctions of the various sounds that are depicted as haunting Crusoe's waking dreams. For in this song his thoughts are intent on his exile from his island. And he longs to hear

The sonorities of the wide spaces under the firmament, the strange music that makes itself audible within the hollow temple of the ears of solitary human beings, and which resembles the wave-like undulations of shells or the amplified clamour of tides in the depths of the sea.

These sonorous images cannot be so explicitly defined on a keyboard instrument. The attempt, however, is interesting. No. 3 (Association), No. 4 (Visitation) are picturesque evocations of Crusoe's island in the light of dawn and at close of day, and No. 5 (The Parrot) is full of humour.

Shells and *The Great Orme* (Augener), by D. M. Stewart, are more off the beaten track trodden by the average song-writer than the many vocal excerpts that issue from publishers' printing-presses with such amazing rapidity. They are both melodious without being hackneyed, and will give pleasure to ballad-concert audiences.

An anonymous 16th century lyric, No. 1 of Two Songs (Stainer & Bell), *Come, lovers, follow me*, has been set to music conformable to its period by Edward C. Bairstow. And Ben Jonson's delightful little poem *So sweet is she* (Stainer & Bell), with music anonymously composed in 1614, has been charmingly arranged by the same composer.

For singers and audiences requiring easy, simple, melodious airs and accompaniments the following can be recommended: *Music, when soft voices die*, by Henry Tiltman (Stainer & Bell); *A Chinese Night*, by R. O. Morgan (Enoch); *Our Lady's Children*, by Richard H. Walthew (Stainer & Bell); and *The Vow*, by F. W. Massl-Hardman (Augener). L. L.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC

Two pieces by Arnold Bax, *Country Tune* and *A Hill Tune* (Murdoch), are characteristic and original. The first has, here and there, a folk-song lilt, occasionally a hint of the lumbering gait of the old-time villager, and its atmosphere is one of repose and simplicity such as are still to be found in remote country places.

A Hill Tune is a graceful, lyrical composition. The poetic content is well sustained from start to finish, and intensified towards the close. It is an idyllic little tone-poem, resembling a sonnet in form and metrical counterpart.

Richard H. Walthew's *Miniature Sonata* (Stainer & Bell) has the charm of complete simplicity consistently maintained throughout its three movements. It is an excellent piece for children who are acquiring an intuition of the poetic faculty in the interpretation of music, and whose teachers can place grace of rendering on a higher plane than mere showy technique.

James Lyon's *The Water Mirror* (Winthrop Rogers), though less original than the *Miniature Sonata*, will serve a similar purpose, as will also Harry Farjeon's *Ballet of the Trees* (Winthrop Rogers). This Ballet has been published in two separate

editions: one complete with twelve numbers; another one with only four numbers—'Dance of the Trees,' 'Beech-Tree Dance,' 'Silver Birch Dance,' and 'Weeping-Willow Dance.'

Rhené Baton's *Au Pardon de Rumengol* (Durand) is a series of descriptive pieces reflecting 'Dawn on the Breton pilgrims' route,' a 'Procession emerging from a Church,' and other episodes of a Brittany 'Pardon' or 'Pilgrimage.' Its interest consists in the inclusion of Breton folk-songs which are quaint and interesting. The pieces are easy to execute and interpret, and present no harmonic difficulties.

Edward German's *Willow Song* (Novello) is a tone-poem treating the beautiful old air 'A poor soul sat sighing.' Written for orchestra for the recent Centenary of the Royal Academy of Music, it has now been arranged by the composer for pianoforte solo. The melody has been cleverly elaborated. The piece is effective and not difficult. L. L.

EASY PIANOFORTE MUSIC

Six *Divertissements* for pianoforte, by Eduard Poldini (Augener), provide capital teaching material for elementary pupils. They are mostly tuneful, light-hearted pieces, particularly Nos. 3, 4, and 5 (*Birds of Passage*, *The Lilliputians' March*, and *Barcarolle*). No. 1, *Little Mice at Play*, is a simple little waltz, which is chiefly concerned with the upper half of the keyboard. No. 2, *The Knight's Accolade*, is short and easy, with the indication *Solenne*. No. 6, *Rainy Weather*, will interest young players with nimble fingers. The pieces are published separately.

Among the best of Augener's recent publications for pianoforte must be placed three compositions by B. Burrows. *Two Pictures* (1. *Twilight*; 2. *By the Stream*) are tastefully-written works which would appeal to pupils of about the Higher Division or Intermediate standards. *On Shadowy Waters*—transcribed for pianoforte by Alex. Roloff—is more difficult, and is perhaps, in places, somewhat overloaded with notes. Under one cover appear a *Sarabande*, *Gavotte*, and *Musette*, of only moderate difficulty, by Isador Epstein (Augener).

From the same publishers come three new numbers of their Album series. Of these, the best is Ethel Boyce's *The Silver Thames*, containing three numbers—*Dragon Flies* (a sparkling little piece requiring a light touch), *The singer in the boat* (simple and expressive), and *Feathered Spray* (a gay, quick movement affording excellent *staccato* practice for both hands). *Three Miniatures*, by Horace Gilbert, comprise a *Minuet*, *Rêverie*, and *Scherzo*. They are tuneful and moderately easy. Leonard Butler's *Flower Sketches* are five in number, and are gracefully written and quite easy. The last of the set, *To a rambler rose*, is the most difficult, and will probably prove the most popular.

Under the title of *The Child Heart* (Ashdown) Alec Rowley has provided two books of pianoforte duets founded on British nursery rhymes. These may be warmly recommended. They are admirably varied in style and treatment, and give valuable practice in rhythm and phrasing. It should be pointed out that the pupil's part is by no means confined to the five-finger position. The hands also are frequently playing different notes and different rhythms. Youngsters will appreciate the humour

of some of the numbers, while teachers will be grateful to the composer for the very interesting 'secondo' part. G. G.

STRING MUSIC

Maurice Ravel is one of the composers who attract attention from the outset. His art can claim to be new: but it arose out of the ashes of a school which, at any rate, had reached greatness. Will the new art, with its unbridled freedom and curious limitations, ever attain an equally high goal? So far, it looks as if the present leaders' task should be that of the prophets, not of the liberators. Perhaps they point the way through which others will reach the promised land. Or, maybe, a still newer art will find a short cut of its own. There is certainly no finality in Maurice Ravel's 'Sonata for violin and violoncello, in four parts,' which has just been published by Messrs. Durand, Paris. It is full of many things that are good in themselves and intensely stimulating. But it does not rise very high. Some of it suggests the laborious struggle rather than the easy flight of fancy—toilsome avoidance of common terms instead of the delights of a new, characteristic idiom. We feel as if it were far less easy to move in this world without laws than it used to be under the old regime of tradition, for all its restrictions and conventions. Of course liberty is a good word, and an inspiring one. But words are not deeds. And perhaps an apt criticism of this music is to say that it protests too much. Every bar proclaims that it has no connection with 'next door'—and yet it is possible to be consistent in inconsistency. It has happened before that a new freedom has turned out to be only a new responsibility, and ease has become care.

Mr. Francis J. Morgan's Sonata for pianoforte and violin (Goodwin & Tabb) is of course infinitely more modest. It is so reticent as to be hardly clear and articulate at times. It lacks, above all things, unity of style and individuality. But allowance should be made for a composer who apparently knows his limitations. Unlike the majority of modern composers, Mr. Morgan is so considerate as to suggest a cut (*ad libitum*) in the first movement which reduces it to almost one-half its length. That is obviously the spirit that makes for staunch friendships between composers, performers, and audiences.

R. Vaughan Williams's *Phantasy Quintet* (Stainer & Bell) for two violins, two violas, and 'cello is an excellent specimen of this composer's art, an art which has some pretty obvious limitations yet is perfect of its kind. It finds in the string orchestra or the quartet its most perfect medium, for the coarser percussion instruments or the heavier wood and brass can never adapt themselves easily to the finer shades of Dr. Williams's musical ideas. In this Quintet the five instruments assume the pontifical aspect of an ideal organ, or outpace the wood instruments at their own game, or move in a solid harmonic phalanx in their own peculiarly easy and graceful fashion—all the resources of string music are exploited by one who understands its genius uncommonly well.

The Quintet consists of a *Prelude*, *Scherzo*, *Alla Sarabanda*, and *Burlesca*. Characteristic is the absence of the classical *Adagio* and first movement. Dr. Williams is not a partisan bent on reviving archaic or quasi-archaic forms. The cast of his talent is itself remote from that of the classics of the last century. There is no need to provide a specially

peaceful *Adagio* or a song of thanksgiving, because there is no restless, stormy first movement to contrast with it. His mood is always one of meditation. He is fond of dances and of movement, but he views these things from the standpoint of the poet and the scholar, not of the realist like Berlioz, for whom almost any dance ends in bacchanalian riot. The *Scherzo* of the Quintet is lively enough, but it never rises to irony or tragedy like the great Beethoven *scherzi*; the *Burlesca* is a jest, but a jest that never goes beyond the limits of courtly politeness. No other composer sets more definite boundaries to his art, but no one else has found within those boundaries equal distinction and refinement. That is the reason why the finest of all combinations—the string quartet or quintet—suits this music to perfection.

Of the new editions of old music we have received, mention must be made of Messrs. Augener's issue of Wieniawski's popular *Faust Fantasia*, revised by M. Emile Sauret. Vivaldi's *Sonata da Camera* in E minor has been adapted to string orchestra and pianoforte by Mr. James Brown for the Polychordia String Library of Messrs. Stainer & Bell.

B. V.

Gramophone Notes

BY 'DISCUS'

SOME H.M.V. RECORDS

The main interest in the *Rienzi* Overture to-day is historical. It is well worth an occasional hearing for the sake of the passages in which we hear Weber leaving off and Wagner beginning, so to speak. Here is a good record of a performance conducted by Albert Coates (12-in. d.s.). The pompous brass passages are particularly successful. An even better 12-in. d.s. gives us a couple of extracts from *Hänsel and Gretel*, the 'Dream Pantomime' and the 'Witches' Ride,' played by the British Symphony Orchestra under Adrian C. Boult. Scriabin's *Rêverie* and Rimsky-Korsakov's *Dubnuska* make an un-hackneyed pair. Incidentally, they show us the kind of scoring that best suits the gramophone in the present stage of its development. The Scriabin complexity is rather beyond it, and we do not get all the fever and fret that we know is there. The Rimsky-Korsakov, on the other hand, is remarkably clear. With its stirring rhythms and vivid orchestration, this is one of the best orchestral records I have so far heard. It is played by the Albert Hall Orchestra, with Goossens in charge. Liadov's *Kikimora* (Symphony Orchestra and Albert Coates) is vague in its opening, the music being low and quiet, but it becomes exciting later on. On the other side is Debussy's *Gollywog's Cake-Walk*. I suppose this jolly piece ought to be more effective on the orchestra than in its original pianoforte version, but I don't think it is. The performance seems to suffer from a dragging-out of the mock sentimental middle section. After all, the effect lies so much in the harmony and rhythm that no very marked slowing-up is needed. A good record, but those of us who have heard the piece well-played on the pianoforte will feel a little less than satisfied.

Chamber music is not a strong department this month, only one record coming up for judgment—the *Assai Agitato* from Schumann's Quartet in A, Op. 41, No. 3, played by the Flonzaley party (12-in.). The harmony of the opening detached chords is not

clearly defined, but there are excellent results later, when the instruments get busy with polyphony.

The violin records are poorish, chiefly because the repertory of good short pieces is small compared with that of the pianoforte. Here is Thibaud wasted on Vieuxtemps's *Strenité*, Op. 45, No. 5 (10-in.). Kreisler has something of greater musical value in Grieg's *To Spring*, Op. 43, No. 6, but that is an arrangement of a well-known pianoforte solo, and I fancy that most of us will prefer it in its original form. This record would be better if we heard the pianoforte part more clearly. The harmonic scheme is vague at times—a serious defect, because so much of Grieg's effect depends on his harmonic *sauce piquante*.

A transcription that is probably an improvement on the original is Rachmaninov's pianoforte solo version of Kreisler's *Liebesleid*, finely played and well recorded. The lack of originality in the music reminds us that Kreisler, the violinist, is streets ahead of the composer of the same name. However, Rachmaninov's laying out is so effective that the music sounds a good deal better than it is.

The only pianoforte record for review (a 12-in. d.s.) gives us a startling contrast. On one side is the popular *Rustle of Spring* by Sinding, played by Irene Scharrer. The many who will want this attractive example will not be put off by the fact that on the other side is a group of three pieces by Purcell from the Harpsichord Suites, transcribed very judiciously by A. M. Henderson. The first of these pieces—a jolly Prelude in C—will make friends at once. The second (a delicate Sarabande) and the third (the well-known Minuet in G, to which Mr. Henderson has added a Trio from another Suite) would be better with a little more tone. On my gramophone they are a trifle on the faint side. Miss Scharrer plays the Minuet at a slower pace than one would expect. By the by, in saying that this piece is well known I forgot that when Cortôt played it as an encore at Queen's Hall recently it proved to be anything but familiar. It was received with delight, but hardly anyone knew what it was, and I was astonished to hear well-known musicians making inquiries about it. Had it been by Couperin or Bach of course they would have known. Yet it has been published in this country for at least twenty years, in a Purcell volume edited by Ernst Pauer. We are so apt to blame publishers for the oblivion into which our old music has fallen that it is only fair to remember that musicians themselves have a good deal to answer for.

A capital addition to the madrigal records is a 10-in. d.s. of Bateson's *Cupid in a bed of roses* and Wilbye's *Stay, Corydon, thou swain*, well done by the English Singers. The balance is good, and even the most complicated and rapid passages come out clearly. The words have to be taken on trust, as indeed they have to be more or less in a concert performance of this type of music. The best way to enjoy such records is to regard them as a kind of vocalised chamber music. Dull must be the ear that fails to be caught by music so full of life and energy as this.

Here are a couple of Caruso records. A 10-in. shows him pouring out his voice (too lavishly at times) on Cottrau's *L'Addio a Napoli*, a terribly conventional affair. It is a pleasure to turn to the companion record—a 12-in. one of our old friend 'Ombra mai fù,' from *Xerxes*. Those who know this only in the form of the well-worn *Largo* should make a point of hearing what Handel really wrote—

a fine tenor air. Caruso puts immense fervour into its long-held notes, and the record should rank as one of his best and most popular. Incidentally it reminds us of the great store of good things in the neglected operas of Handel. Some day these works will be discovered as the Cantatas of Bach have been.

Other operatic records are of Emmy Destinn in the 'Air de Lisa,' from Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame* (12-in.) and Edna Thornton in a couple of solos from *Samson and Delilah*—'Fair Spring,' and 'O Love, from thy power' (12-in. d.s.).

Operatic duets are as a rule not attractive, but here are two exceptions—Frieda Hempel and Pasquale Amato in 'Figlio! mio padre!' from *Rigoletto*, and Lucrezia Bori and Giuseppe de Luca in 'Vado, corro,' from *Don Pasquale* (both 12-in.), two dashing affairs, especially the latter, in which both soprano and tenor do brilliant work in the florid line. These two records gain a good deal from the fact that the accompaniment is better defined than usual. The music of the Donizetti duet is about as shallow as can be, but we forget its poverty in the brilliance of the performance. We are apt to rail at this old operatic school, but the chances are that if we had enough tip-top coloratura singers to give them the performance the composers had in view they would draw the town. But there is no half-and-half; brilliantly sung they are champagne; otherwise, swipes.

Chaliapin is not at his best in Beethoven's *In questa tomba*. I suppose this is a fine song, since so many good judges say it is. Those who differ from the good judges will not be converted by this performance of Chaliapin's. He is better suited in Moussorgsky's *Still is the Forest*, but there is some want of clearness in the quieter passages. Both these records are 12-in.

Finally, here is a 10-in. d.s. of Rosina Buckman singing Stanford's *Cuttin' Rushes* and Quilter's *Fairy Lullaby*. The gramophone has done such fine work in popularising good instrumental music that we may reasonably look to it to do the same office for good songs. But it can never do this until there is a marked improvement in two respects—the words must be clearer and the accompaniment must be a real accompaniment, not a background so vague that the harmonic basis and the melodic figures come through only in snatches. Such shortcomings in records of royalty ballads matter little, because the royalty ballad is generally popular before it is recorded. Moreover, the words of such songs are generally futile and the accompaniment footling. Now, the words of the better class song are often unfamiliar, and, being poetry instead of mere rhymed commonplace do not always carry their meaning on the surface. And the accompaniment of such songs is usually not less important than the voice part. Therefore records of art songs (I dislike the term, but there is no other, and everybody understands it) must give us the words and a proper balance. At present they rarely give us both, and sometimes neither of these constituents. (This record of Miss Buckman, for example, leaves much to be desired in both respects.) So far as balance is concerned, we may expect the experts to solve the difficulty; as for the words, the singers and the recording angel must fight it out between them. I used to think the fault lay with the gramophone, but since I have observed that some English singers' words come out well when they are singing Italian, and that they give us songs without words when the text is English, I

begin to have my doubts. And when I recollect further the distinctness with which comic songs are recorded, the doubts disappear.

Mention above of what the gramophone has done for good music reminds me that the H.M.V. Company has sent for notice a copy of its 1922 catalogue. This differs from its predecessors in being one complete list in alphabetical order instead of a series of classified lists. Copious cross-references are given, and the result is a catalogue in which one may find what he wants in a few seconds, despite the enormous scope. (The book runs to about four hundred pages of small type!)

I am asked to state that informal demonstrations of the educational use of the gramophone will be held daily from 3 to 5 p.m., from July 31 to August 25 (except on Saturdays and Sundays), at the Education Department of the H.M.V., 363-367, Oxford Street, London, W.1. I understand that the records recently made by Prof. Walford Davies for school use will be a prominent feature, so teachers should seize the opportunity.

London Concerts

MADAME SUGGIA AT QUEEN'S HALL

Madame Suggia has seldom been in better form than she was on June 22, when she gave a memorable concert at Queen's Hall with the co-operation of Sir Henry Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra. Her playing was exceedingly beautiful. It proved, besides, that Madame Suggia, in spite of her southern origin, must be classed with the women players whose goal is purity of tone and purity of conception, and not with the termagants whose energy is more forceful and overbearing than that of any male performer. Even in the most passionate phrases of the Dvorák Concerto there was a certain restraint—almost shyness—which prevented the player, perhaps, from exploring all the emotional depths of the music, but at the same time kept the whole performance at a high level of dignity. The same quality was apparent in the Bach Sonata and in Elgar's Concerto. It is certain that this great work has never before made so deep an appeal to a London audience. The performance recalled the effect produced last autumn at Hereford, when Miss Harrison was the soloist and the composer conducted. It provided yet another instance of the gradual, inevitable growth of appreciation of Elgar's music. Had Elgar written nothing but this Concerto, its popularity would now equal probably that of the *Enigma* Variations. But it represents the last period of his art, and accordingly we must possess our souls in patience and wait until the time is ripe. The first manifestations of Elgar's genius—the Variations and *Gerontius*—are now accepted as beyond discussion. It will not be long before the second period—the period of the Symphonies and the Violin Concerto—secures an equal hold on the public's affections. Then will come the turn of the Cello Concerto and the chamber music. In the meantime it is important to recognise that only through such interpreters as Madame Suggia can the period of our apprenticeship be shortened. Certainly the Concerto played by her was a revelation to those who have not had the opportunity to study it as it must be studied, or had not heard the remarkable Hereford performance.

B. V.

MUSIC AND THE ARMY

It was a great idea on the part of the British Music Society, the Incorporated Society of Musicians, and the Federation of British Music Industries to organize a concert of military music at the Albert Hall, to further the three objects which may be called the leitmotifs of the evening. These were to demonstrate the possible influence of the Army on the musical life of the nation, to encourage composers to write seriously for the military band, and thirdly to secure a better appreciation of military music and musicians. The two essays in the programme-book on 'The Military Bandmaster and his Band' and 'The Standardisation of Pitch,' dealt with their subjects comprehensively, and should be studied by all who are interested in them.

The band of Kneller Hall on this occasion consisted of a hundred and sixty-five performers, and its playing reached a high level. It must, of course, be judged by the same standard as that which we apply to the students' orchestras of the Royal Academy and the Royal College.

The music specially written for military band—some of it composed for this quantity—was all of interest, as showing that there is no need for Army bands to depend entirely on 'arrangements.' Lieut. B. Walton O'Donnell, conductor of the band of the R.M.L.I., contributed three *Humoresques*, which were lively and amusing, and went to prove that military music can indulge in modernity. They would probably have been even more effective if played by a smaller band. Next came Holst's Suite in F, written in 1911, and using familiar folk-songs. How much better is such music than arrangements of the latest musical comedy banalities!—and it is quite as light and understandable by the man in the street, while having many touches which appeal to the musician. This was conducted by Lieut. H. E. Adkins, of Kneller Hall. Dame Ethel Smyth conducted her own Overture to *The Wreckers*, and had a great ovation. The playing of Bach's *St. Anne's* Fugue and Fugue in G minor had many excellent points, the part-playing being particularly good. A small choir also sang some folk-songs arranged by Holst. In listening to these we had to remember that the young singers were at an age when the male voice is not at its best, and that playing a wood-wind instrument is not a good preparation for singing.

The number of our young composers present showed what a lively interest is being taken in the subject of military music, which was no doubt largely stimulated by this concert.

For the purpose of record it may be added that the band was composed as follows:

Flutes and Piccolos ...	10	1st Horns ...	6
Oboes ...	6	2nd " ...	6
E flat Clarinets ...	7	3rd " ...	5
Solo B flat ...	13	4th " ...	4
Ripieno ...	7	1st B flat Cornets ...	14
2nd B flat ...	12	2nd " ...	10
3rd " ...	10	1st Trombones ...	7
E flat Alto Saxophone ...	4	2nd " ...	6
B flat Tenor " ...	4	Bass Trombone ...	1
1st Bassoons ...	7	Euphoniums ...	7
2nd " ...	5	Basses ...	12
Timpani ...	2		

A. K.

THE GARDE RÉPUBLICAINE

On Verdun Sunday, July 2—two days after the Kneller Hall concert—the band of the Garde Républicaine, under Capt. Guillaume Balay, M.V.O.,

gave a concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the Verdun Fund. It was an admirable opportunity for contrasting French and British styles of playing, and the constitution of the two kinds of bands. The tone of the French band is famous for clarity and sweetness, and the crispness and neatness of its performance is masterly.

This was specially notable in *Coronation of the Muse of the People*, by Charpentier—which is the groundwork of the pageant music in Act 3 of *Louise*. Technically, the playing of Dukas's *L'Apprenti Sorcier* was astonishing: one could hardly imagine wood-wind players reproducing rapid string passages so finely. Capt. Balay's own *Cette méprisable petite Armée* (This Contemptible Little Army) is very effective, and was most effectively performed. The *pianissimos* were extraordinary. The composer is an authoritative conductor with an exceptional sense of rhythm. The playing of Saint-Saëns's Ballet music from *Henry VIII.* had an irresistible lilt, and a musician on this side of the Channel will always find piquancy in Saint-Saëns's treatment of English tunes, and be amused by the idea that Scotch music was prevalent at a Tudor Court.

A. K.

THE ORIANA SOCIETY

The concert of the Oriana Society on June 27, at Æolian Hall, has become historic—not so much because of any of the performances, but because Mr. Kennedy Scott impatiently turned to the audience and apologised for the singing of the choir. Such incidents are rare in this country, except when Pachmann confides to the audience his opinions of his own playing, and this episode has led to much discussion. It has been compared to the occasion when, after the first performance in England of *Till Eulenspiegel*, at the Crystal Palace, Sir August Manns spoke to the audience, and had the work played over again; but the analogy does not hold. He did not criticise the orchestra, but said (I was present) that he thought it a pity so much rehearsal had been given for one performance. He had conducted it once for the audience, and now would have it played for himself. The Oriana programme was of the familiar kind, and some of the singing was admirable. The singing of Hebridean folk-songs by Miss Patuffa Kennedy Fraser, who accompanied herself on the Irish harp, was delightful. The beauty of these songs makes a stronger appeal every time they are heard.

A. K.

HAROLD SAMUEL

Mr. Harold Samuel's Bach playing is remarkable, as we all know, but perhaps even more remarkable is the fact that in the middle of a season when complaints of a slump in concerts rend the welkin, he should have been able to fill first Æolian Hall (on June 24) and then Wigmore Hall (on July 5) to overflowing with Bach programmes. The second concert was fixed only after the great success of the first. At this the principal feature was the fine performance of the Toccata in C minor, and his playing of the Goldberg Variations at the second was masterly with its combination of poetry and dignity. Mr. Samuel has now gone to South Africa—partly as an examiner for the Associated Board and partly to give some concerts. It will do South Africa good—as it has done London good—to learn about Bach from him.

A. K.

EUTERPE

The new band of Euterpe String Players, led by Miss D. Walenn, and conducted by Mr. C. Kennedy Scott, was launched at Æolian Hall, with some Oriana singers to help, and is clearly going to be a fresh source of delicious music in London. How well Mr. Kennedy Scott knows where to put his hand on a good thing, and also how to arrange his choice in telling order! At this first concert there were Bach and Arnold Bax, Vaughan Williams and Byrd, and the disposition of them was beautifully harmonious. The Euterpe concerts will be as little to be missed as the Oriana, and the freshness of their music is now better worth stressing than certain insecurities in the execution by these players (nearly all women) on this first night, when Mr. Kennedy Scott was no whit for tempering the keenness of his sense of right pace; first night or no, it was justness, not mercy. Chief offering to Euterpe this night was Vaughan Williams's *Fantasia on a Theme of Tallis*, not now for the first time admired, but now admired in the fuller light thrown by more Vaughan Williams music of similar rare truth and starry poetry. C.

A BATCH OF SINGERS

Mr. Alfred O'Shea, a tenorising youth from Australia, sang several times at Queen's Hall, and may congratulate himself on having been one of the 'catches' of the season. He sang airs from Italian and French operas, and also numbers of Irish ditties—naturally, with a name like that and with such an ingratiating McCormackian voice.

His singing at first go-off is singularly captivating. It is supple and sweet, and not often does a young singer manage so to convey the happy spirit of idle youth. He is at the beginning of the way towards becoming an artist; he is using his voice properly already. He knows how to 'spread' his voice in the best traditional style, and he obtained remarkable *messa di voce* effects—for instance, at the end of *Salut, demeure*; a difficult trick, of which Mr. O'Shea is master. A beautiful young voice, then; and a certain natural youthful charm. But after the third or fourth time of hearing, it was only too plain how such singing can cloy in the absence of a felt intellectual quality. The young man gives an impression of having been to Italy and of having, by a facile imitative faculty, there picked up an agreeable manner of singing certain pieces. Beyond that there is as yet no hint of original character in his singing.

His career as a successful tenor is pretty safely assured. I can picture him in a few years trollying with unction and grace such parts as the Duke in *Rigoletto*, much after the fashion of McCormack (but, I hope, with nothing of McCormack's tendency to nasal tone). At present, in spite of his name, he is far from any mastery even over the Irish folk-songs which his easy-going public so hotly applauded; characterisation, vividness, and even verbal accuracy were wanting. It is worth while being strictly critical with a singer of such gifts, for there is a possibility that he may become a really great singer.

Mr. John Charles Thomas, baritone, sang twice at Æolian Hall (June 26 and July 6), and was placed among the most successful of new-comers. He comes from America, and success must be an oft-told tale for him. He has the art and the artfulness of pleasing with facility. He twangs the sentimental chord with elegance; in possession of charming

gifts, he condescends to use them to appeal to simple, and even, we may say, to silly minds. Meanwhile other listeners can only vacillate between submission to the charm of this truly 'golden' voice and exasperation that silliness can make any claim on its services.

The voice is one of those rare, beautiful baritones which embrace both the lyric and the dramatic styles, and there is body enough in it to create most telling climaxes. Mr. Thomas makes quite good use of *parlando* effects, but in fact everything he does shows a practised actor's judgment. Still, was there not a trace of exaggeration in his posturing on the platform? It would not have seemed exaggeration if the music had been worthy the effort. Mr. Thomas can open and shut his tones cleverly, but sometimes his high notes are marred by the 'glottis stroke,' a trick he may have picked up from Caruso, who abused it. The secret, of course, of his technical excellence is his remarkable breath control. He keeps back a large store and draws on this reserve most sparingly. He phrased the *Pagliacci* Prologue at his second concert like a master 'cellist, and one has to admit a thrill at the flood of tone culminating in a high A flat which many tenors might have envied. How near the compass of a true dramatic baritone is a tenor! The singing of Reynaldo Hahn's *Le ciel si bleu, si calme* could hardly have been bettered. But at both concerts there was also music worse than any English singer would have the effrontery to produce at a West-end concert. Indeed a certain setting of Masefield's *Sea Fever* deserved to be heard as a curiosity of bold badness in music. It came from Boston, Mass.

Mr. Augustus Milner, baritone, began his recital at Steinway Hall on June 20, with some Schubert, and the choice of *The Erl-King* and *The Spectral Self* was wise, for he is a highly dramatic singer, and a most interesting interpreter of songs that admit of ruggedness. His voice is as yet not suited to songs of reflective beauty such as *Like art thou to a flower*. It would appear as though Mr. Milner strives excessively after frontal tone; an admirable quality, but one that incurs monotony when the deeper palatal resonances are excluded. Penetrating power and incisiveness are then gained at the expense of sonority; the singing becomes harsh and metallic, and this is precisely Mr. Milner's fault. Tone should not come like a bullet from a gun, directly from the vocal cords to the teeth. It must be amplified and 'warmed' in the mouth, and that is an absolute condition of really beautiful singing; but Mr. Milner's tone can set one's teeth on edge.

Miss Elsa Murray-Aynsley, who was heard at Wigmore Hall, may be expected to sing in a few years really well. Her upper tones are already admirably free, her voice is a naturally beautiful instrument, and she makes due use of her 'resonance chambers'; but she has not the physique to be able as yet to give an entirely successful vocal recital. Her voice often sagged, and the resulting breathiness spoiled much of her work, particularly in her open register. She sang in Russian as well as the more usual languages, and her diction was reasonably clear and fairly distinguished.

Miss Sue Harvard and Miss Barbara Maurel were new-comers from America, both singers of merit; both had fine moments, but were alike in inclining towards sentimentality, however different otherwise. Miss Harvard's sentimentality lay in the use to which she put her voice, Miss Maurel's rather in the actual

TO DR. HUGH BLAIR, AND THE CHOIR OF HOLY TRINITY, MARYLEBONE

The God of Abraham praise

ANTHEM FOR HARVEST OR GENERAL USE

Words by T. OLIVERS

Music by HAROLD E. WATTS

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Maestoso con moto $\text{♩} = 96$

ORGAN

SOPRANO
The God of A - braham praise Who

ALTO
The God of A - braham praise Who

TENOR
The God of A - braham praise Who

BASS
The God of A - braham praise Who

reigns en - throned a - bove, The God of A - braham praise . . Who

reigns en - throned a - bove, The God of A - braham praise . . Who

reigns en - throned a - bove, The God of A - braham praise . . Who

reigns en - throned a - bove, The God of A - braham praise . . Who

Tempo 1mo.

days, And God . . of . . Love, and God of Love: Je - ho - vah, Great I

God of Love, and God . . of Love: Je - ho - vah, Great I

days, And God of Love, and God of Love: Je - ho - vah, Great I

days, And God of Love, and God of Love: Je - ho - vah, Great I

Tempo 1mo.

Am, By earth and Heaven con - fest; We

Am, By earth and Heaven con - fest; We

Am, By earth and Heaven con - fest; We

Am, By earth and Heaven con - fest; We

bow be - fore the sa - cred Name For ev - er, . . ev - er

bow be - fore the sa - cred Name For ev - er, ev - er

bow be - fore the sa - cred Name For ev - er, ev - er

bow be - fore the sa - cred Name For ev - er, ev - er

rall. *Andante sostenuto*

blest. The God of Abraham praise.

blest. The God of Abraham praise.

blest. The God of Abraham praise.

blest. The God of Abraham praise.

rall. *Andante sostenuto* $\text{♩} = 72$

mp *Man.*

SOPRANO SOLO (OR FULL)

mp

The

good - ly land we see, With peace and plen - ty blest; A

p *Ped.*

land of sa - cred lib - er - ty And end - less rest; There

milk and hon - ey flow, And oil and wine a - bound, And

trees of life for . . . ev - er grow, . . . With mer - cy . . .

senza Ped. *Ped.*

CHORUS *espress.*

crown'd. The good - ly land we see, With peace and plen - ty blest; A

The good - ly land, With plen - ty blest; A . .

The good - ly land, With plen - ty blest; A

The good - ly land, With plen - ty blest; A

Voices only (ad Lib.)

land of sa-cred lib-er-ty And end-less rest; There milk and hon-ey

flow, And oil and wine a-bound, And trees of life for

ev-er grow, With mer-cy crown'd. The good-ly land we

see, With peace and plen-ty blest; A . . land of lib-er-ty And

see, With peace and plen-ty blest; A land of lib-er-ty And

see, With peace . . and plen-ty blest; A land . . of lib-er-ty And

land we see, with plen-ty blest; A land . . of lib-er-ty And

Org. (Man. & Ped.)

end-less rest. A-men.

end-less rest. A-men.

end-less rest. A-men.

end-less rest. A-men.

Solo *ppp* *Sr.*

(Continued from page 560.)

vocal quality. Miss Harvard's voice was rather hard at times of stress, Miss Maurel's was rather monotonously sensuous. The former has enough volume and quality for opera if only she would rely on its natural carrying power and depend less on sheer physical effort. Then she might get rid of a slightly stilted expression with which she marred two songs by Wolf, *The Gardener* and *Homesickness*. Miss Maurel sang some Debussy beautifully, including the *Nuit d'Etoiles* and the *Chevelure*. It was curious that she was best in songs that might have been expected to tax her most.

There were some original examples of the American ballad with which—presumably in the name of patriotism, since it cannot be a concern of art—our American visitors almost invariably mar their programmes and irritate the critic.

Miss Amy Evans, Mr. Fraser Gange, and Mr. Harold Samuel were heard, together with the band of the Grenadier Guards, under Lieut. G. F. Miller, at a charity concert at Queen's Hall, and it is an opportunity to praise Miss Evans as one of the best of our sopranos. She allies sonorous tone with a ringing delivery, and her voice is even throughout its range. Mr. Gange's mellow baritone was muted almost to extinction owing to a cold. The band played Gustav Holst's Suite in E flat (Chaconne, Intermezzo, March), which, together with the Suite on English Folk-songs in F, is surely the most generous and notable offering ever made to the military band.

Miss Lucy Nuttall, whose recital was at Æolian Hall, holds the affection of a large public by means of a rich contralto voice with just the rolling, cavernous kind of tone suitable for the *Lost Chord* and Hatton's *Enchantress*. Unfortunately she does not quite successfully dissociate herself from this popular style when she sings finer lyric music, and in the narrow intimacy of a London concert-room there were apparent certain faults which would be negligible enough in more happy-go-lucky conditions. This singer's audible indrawing of air after nearly every phrase spoiled the effect of much sound work. Much as the friction of a gramophone needle vitiates for many the gramophone's musical effect, so this laboured respiration took away our comfort in listening to Miss Nuttall's beautiful voice. Owing to too constricted attack there was dubious intonation in some upper notes. But nevertheless, Miss Nuttall is a singer well worth hearing. The interesting programme was almost wholly of English music, and included Dr. Arthur Somervell's cycle on Browning's *James-Lee's Wife*.

Miss Dorothy Robson at the same hall sang some Wolf and Debussy, as well as traditional songs of the North and Celtic folk-songs. The voice was bright and flexible, but its natural flow seemed to be checked by absorption in detail. No doubt a singer cannot be too conscientious, but conscientiousness should be concealed under an illusion of spontaneity, and it is precisely this illusion that Miss Robson has still to learn to create.

Miss Marcia van Dresser was heard at Wigmore Hall, and must be thanked for singing so much English music. But while she is an all-round reasonably accomplished singer, she is never stirring. Everything was well done up to a point, yet we were left too tepid to believe that she was ever at the heart of a song. Her singing struck us as impersonal; the lack was the greater pity, as the voice is of excellent quality, firmly controlled and

ductile enough to express any emotion if the impulse were there. Her serenity in the old English *Weary my lot* was likeable, and two other delightful old songs, *Go from my window* (Morley), and *Shepherd, thy demeanour vary* (Thomas Brown), were successfully sung.

Mr. Paul Reimers gave concerts at Æolian and Wigmore Halls. He has a voice of demi-character. Is he to be classed as tenor or baritone? Not that this particularly matters. But there is equally in his singing an ambiguous personality. At moments he is fully impressive; at others he is over-sentimental. There are moments of excessive confidence when he displays the singer to the exclusion of the artist. He ranges too freely, too abruptly, between emotional extremes, and this makes his singing jerky—but as this was far more tryingly noticeable at his first concert, nervousness may have had something to do with it. His second concert made one incline to modify such aspersions, though the same faults were apparent in the first group. In the old English *Have you seen but a white lily grow?* the serenity was disturbed by over-emphasised aspirates. But Wolf's *Elfin Song* and *Biterolf* and Schubert's *Lied in Grünen* were truly successfully sung, and showed that Mr. Reimers is at his best in the lighter German songs.

H. J. K.

PRESENTATION TO SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE

The Duke of Connaught, president of the Royal Choral Society, recently made a presentation to Sir Frederick Bridge at a meeting in the Royal Albert Hall, as an expression of gratitude for Sir Frederick's great services to the Society during the twenty-seven years of his conductorship. The address was inscribed in an album, and the gifts were an antique cabinet and a purse. The Duke of Connaught spoke of the continuity and high standard of the Society's work. The Earl of Shaftesbury conveyed to His Royal Highness the warm appreciation of the Society for his presence. Sir Frederick Bridge urged the Society to be as loyal to its new conductor, Mr. H. L. Balfour, as it had been to him. Sir Hugh Allen and Mr. Balfour also spoke, and the proceedings ended with *Auld Lang Syne*.

Opera in London

CLOSE OF THE BRITISH NATIONAL COMPANY'S SEASON

On June 24 an end was made to what we all like to regard as an historic season of opera in English at Covent Garden by the British National Company. It has made patent to all some things which were previously only apparent to a few. But before entering into that side of the matter I must first complete the record of the season by setting down what further operas were performed in addition to those already named in previous notices.

First there was Puccini's *La Tosca*, Englished to *Tosca*, which told us some things we knew and others we did not. Among the latter was that Mr. Percy Heming makes a very good Scarpia. He certainly gave the part with much distinction. The *Tosca* was Miss Beatrice Miranda, and the Cavaradossi, Mr. William Boland, both familiar impersonations. Next on the Puccini list—and let

me remark in passing how unreservedly popular his operas are—was *La Bohème*, with Miss Maggie Teyte as Mimi. It was a pleasing reading, and the acting was good, but it lacked the element of individuality found in her *Butterfly*. The next phase revealed a curious state of affairs, for it made it perfectly clear to everybody that the 'old' operas, the erstwhile mainstay of the English companies, *Faust* and *Tannhäuser*, are *terra incognita* to the members of the British National Opera Company.

This, in my humble opinion, is rather a drawback, for they are both good operas, highly popular and thoroughly representative of a definite stage of the development of the operatic form. I deplore their departure from the *répertoire*, for departure it is unless the Company can get hold of someone to tell them how they should be played. It is because the word has been lost that so many representative works have disappeared from the general bill of opera of both British and foreign interpretation in this country.

My own view of the matter is that a company of this description should make it its business to represent all forms of opera, just as a literature course should take in all authors of all periods, and not restrict itself to Rudyard Kipling and James Barrie. It is evident that the Company must earn the reputation it has gained. Its season has shown us that there is a large present-day public for opera in English (at cheap prices), that Royal patronage will be readily given, and that the Press is ready to extend its most cordial and considerate help. I know the difficulties in the way as well perhaps as anybody on the active list, but those difficulties have been overcome in the past, and can be overcome in the future. But they must be faced. F. E. B.

ORPHEUS AT WARWICK

After the last Warwick Pageant it was decided to organize a performance of opera in the open-air, but it was not possible to carry out the idea until this year.

Chiefly through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. H. Marsh, the tenants of Warwick Castle, and the energy of Mr. Blackall, the conductor of the Leamington and Warwick Choral Society, Gluck's *Orpheus* was duly given, and it was only natural that Mr. Louis N. Parker should be chosen to be the chief organizer of the whole. The principle he adopted was to elaborate the movements of the choruses and to write explanatory verses. The death of Eurydice was enacted in dumb show during the playing of the Overture, on which the funeral ceremonies followed naturally. At the end we had the wedding ceremonies, which offered Mr. Parker ample scope for his genius for devising masques and pageantry (he particularly asks us not to call this a pageant), the music for which was taken from other works of Gluck, chiefly from *Iphigenia*.

The final dress rehearsal, to which the Press was invited, took place on July 13. There was luckily only one shower during the afternoon, but the effect on the whole was very much interfered with by the absence of sun, which, however, burst forth in the first Act just at the moment when Eros brought the message of comfort to Orpheus. When they fell on Eros, as he, or she, was speaking, the sun's rays produced a dramatic effect which no human agency could have rivalled. The spot in the grounds

chosen for the performance was ideal, for the various processions emerged from behind groups of trees, or came up a sloping bank from the river itself, which faced the audience. Mr. Parker made the best use of these possibilities. In the background was a white temple, in front the altar, which was removed after the funeral; and to the spectator's right was a bench on which Orpheus and Eurydice sat during the Masque, much as Theseus and Hippolyta in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The whole effect of the processions with their many-coloured garments was delightful. Perhaps the most impressive was the funeral of Eurydice, and the episode of the stag hunt, which formed part of the Masque. The final tableau, when the marriage procession wound its way through arches of roses to the temple in the background was admirable. The passing of Orpheus into the nether-world, too, was beautifully done. The actors entered into the spirit of the scene with great gusto, especially some children in wigs of fearsome colours, who tried to torment Orpheus, and four handsome young ladies, who used their whips wherewith to coerce the spirits of the underworld, with uncommon zest. The shrieks of the spirits were, if anything, a little overdone. They had forgotten that the voices in the underworld were thin. Homer, who ought to know if anybody, remarked that they were 'like smoke.'

The question may be left for future discussion as to whether *Orpheus* is altogether the best possible choice, or whether an opera, in which the spectacle is more of an essential part of the whole, would not have been preferable.

Anyway, it was a delightful performance. The choral singing was uncommonly good, but on the occasion when I heard it, the orchestra wanted more rehearsal. There were two lambs in the Elysian fields, who attracted too much attention to themselves by their gambols—as is the way of prima donnas.

The soloists, Madame Winwood Russell as Orpheus, Miss Enid Finch as Eurydice, Miss Claire Davis as Eros, and Miss Netta Westcott, who recited Mr. Parker's verses sonorously, deserve great praise. The dancing was extremely good, and would certainly have been better if the grass had been drier.

A. K.

Church and Organ Music

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS

On Saturday, July 22, the President, Dr. Charles Macpherson, presented the diplomas to the recently-elected Fellows and Associates. The hon. secretary (Dr. H. A. Harding) commenced the proceedings by announcing that for the Fellowship examination there were 79 candidates, and 19 passed; for the Associateship examination there were 150 candidates, and 31 passed. The Fellowship Lafontaine Prize was awarded to Mr. B. J. Maslen (Bath); the Fellowship Turpin Prize to Mr. T. P. Dean (London); the Associate Lafontaine Prize to J. E. Allott (Norristhorpe), and the Associateship Sawyer Prize to L. Harding (London).

The President then proceeded to address the meeting as follows:

How often do we hear the remark, 'So-and-so has got into a regular groove'! The expression has ever been used—though of course, with palpable injustice—about some of our organists. When is this phrase applicable and when not? If we intend the word 'groove' to mean the same as 'stagnation,' then it is rightly applied; but the application of the phrase is not fair when it is in connection with the maintenance of some particular tradition which continues to flourish in the sun-light of common-sense. It is the lack

of common-sense that frequently induces stagnation and 'grooviness.' Anyone who observes nature will have grasped the obvious fact that there is no standing still; there is always growth or decay. When anything decays or stagnates, its proper functions cease. In our own art, too, there can never be any standing still. We cannot make a melody by hanging on to one note; there must eventually be movement to another note. And what is true of a melody is equally true of the whole history of music. It is only when our mental attitude towards this history becomes frozen and fixed that we are likely to get into a groove. Nearly all advance in music has resulted from experiment; there is nothing more provocative of 'grooviness' than the giving up of experiment. The organist who invariably starts his in-going voluntary by treading on a low pedal-note while his anxious fingers are feverishly engaged in pulling out a more or less suitable selection of manual stops, is certainly in a groove. If he would only couple a 4-ft. manual stop to the pedals and use it as a solo, he would find that the experiment would prove to be a good mental antidote; though prospective candidates for Fellowship must not imagine that their extempore test is safe for a pass if they use this particular combination. Enterprise is closely allied with enthusiasm. If we think our work uninteresting it is bound to fail; but if we approach it with mental interest we are certain to become enthusiastic, and be anxious to find out the causes of failure. Then will follow a desire for experiment. Let us take one practical example. Most of us who are choirmasters—perhaps 'choir-servants' is a better term—know that bad rhythm and pace are more often the cause of disaster than wrong notes. (It is often the case at our own examinations here.) There is no doubt that this sense of rhythm and pace can be acquired by practice. Many years ago I tried the following experiment with the boys at St. Paul's. They were told to shut their eyes; then, after counting out loud a bar of four beats, they had to go on beating quietly four bars at the same pace. At the end of two bars there were nearly as many variations as boys. Then the experiment was repeated with each half of the boys in turn, so that they could watch the result for themselves. After a few repetitions there was a marked improvement in the unanimity of time. The boys who hurried were classified and practised, as also were those who dragged the pace. It is a strange thing that this primitive instinct of rhythm is so often under-developed in those who profess and call themselves musicians, while the reverse is frequently the case in others who do not claim to be musical. A well-known scientific man told me that he had made experiments upon a number of his colleagues, chosen at random, to see whether they could count aloud thirty in thirty seconds. At first there were errors of as much as five or six seconds, but eventually these were reduced to such small fractions as a fifth of a second, duly certified by a stop-watch. Whether this result was due to the presence of a sense of rhythm or of pace does not concern us, but it is evidently possible to improve our sense of pulses recurring at equal intervals of time. Little simple experiments such as these ward off staleness and freshen the mental atmosphere. Of course it does not follow that all experiments are equally useful, or even desirable. When I was a youth I remember that in a certain house there was a remarkably fine orchestration upon which I once tried a fell experiment in sound. The pieces were performed by inserting two cylinders into the musical churn, one for the bass the other for the treble. The depth of degradation and cacophony was reached by using the treble of the *Tannhäuser* Overture and the bass of the *Hallelujah Chorus*. The experiment did not meet with the unqualified approval of the other inmates of the house. A more successful, and, at times, a not hopelessly unmusical effect, was obtained on a pianola by adjusting the roll of the *Hebrides* Overture so that the bass part was on the right and the treble on the left. It was instructive to find how the piece in its topsyturvydom retained many of the characteristics of the original. Indeed, we were all surprised at the unexpected musicality of some of the passages. So much, then, for these antics, the first of which was entirely a hideous joke, and the second almost suggestive of an unexplored side of musical thought not without an appeal to the imagination.

As real aids to imagination those mechanical contrivances of modern times, the pianola and the gramophone, are no longer to be treated with contempt. It is at least possible to listen to note-perfect performances; and this has a certain inspiration of its own, for some students have the greatest difficulty in learning a new piece before they have heard what it should sound like. One of our well-known composers and successful teachers, Mr. J. B. McEwen, is a firm believer in both the pianola and the gramophone, so much so that he has one of each in his teaching room at the Royal Academy. His own *Biscay* Quartet has been reproduced on the gramophone with considerable success. Then there is the possibility of hearing all kinds of instruments. I have never had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Gordon-Woodhouse perform on the harpsichord except through the medium of the gramophone; and the experience thus gained of hearing Purcell and Byrd was not to be despised, for the sympathy of the performer, the tone of the harpsichord, and the real beauty of the music were so evident and unmistakable that one felt prompted to take off his hat to the magical box of sounds. I think—with all due deference to the super-high-brows—that any organist who finds himself shut out from the chance of hearing the actual performance of good music may choose many much worse things than a gramophone in order to save himself from getting into a groove—provided that he choose the right kind of records. He will not do himself much good if he invests in nothing but fox-trots, though one or two of these will do him no harm. No one pretends that these reproductions are as good as the originals, but for those who would otherwise never hear the pieces performed they are certainly of great educational value. It has often been pointed out that many of our candidates here fail through deficient ear-training. A great deal of their paper-work is the result of rule-of-thumb principles, entirely without imagination and altogether mechanical. Perhaps in their studies they have never taken the trouble to test their head-work at the keyboard. The actual performance of music is its only safe test. Many candidates fail in their extempore playing because they have but the faintest notion what their next chord is going to sound like. The student who goes on mechanically spinning out certain badly-worn progressions on paper without having the least idea of their effect, is really treating music as only a second-rate science, and he is unlikely to get much farther than the front-door mat. It is appalling to find how many students there are who cannot string a few chords together musically on the pianoforte. They can write their exercises with few or no mistakes, but they become paralysed if they are set to do anything at the keyboard. I should like to see a small book of mental exercises for harmony students—provided the author did not ask me to correct the proofs—on practical lines, with mental exercises somewhat of the following description. Hum any note; then imagine it first as the root of a major common chord, then of a minor one. Next, imagine it as the major third of a common chord, then as the fifth of a minor one. Start with the note again, first regard it as the minor third of a common chord, then as the fifth of a major one. The next step should be to imagine these chords taken in any order, always provided that there is some degree of respectable movement between the outside parts. Experiment should be made at the keyboard in order to fix all the effects in the mind. Indeed this kind of experiment should begin at the keyboard, and be repeated mentally. If this exercise be properly carried out it will, for example, be a great help towards the practice of modulation—not 'muddle-ation,' as it often is—because it will soon be apparent that each note on the keyboard belongs to the common-chord of three major and three minor keys—six different keys; and if the exercise be extended to include dominant sevenths, then it will be seen that each keyboard note is a root, a third, a fifth, or a seventh of one of these chords, and as such belongs to four major keys and their attendant tonic minors. It would be possible to suggest further lines of experiment for sharpening the musical wits; but we have not sufficient time at our disposal for this purpose. A suggestion has been made to me by one of our distinguished members. Many organists are in a position to give small lectures of instruction to their congregations. Why not speak to them about

the construction of the organ? It would be a most interesting subject for those who know nothing about stops, or pedals, or any of the characteristics of the instrument. Anyhow, here is a subject that would help the organist to impart some useful knowledge even to so limited an audience as the choir only; and the effort would be worth the organist's while if there is the least chance of his getting into a groove. We have heard a great deal lately of a musical event of national importance, and one which marks a stage in the history of music in this country. I refer, of course, to the Centenary of the Royal Academy of Music. It is not possible to forget that the Principal of the Royal Academy, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, is one of our former and most distinguished Presidents, and were it for that reason alone we could not do less than offer to him our most sincere and affectionate greetings. Under his fostering care and guidance the Academy has become the prosperous institution it is. It has turned out many men who have been of great service to our own College, and the Royal College of Organists has a close connecting link in the Goss Scholarship which is held by an organ student at the Academy. Whatever may be the feelings of kindred institutions or of individuals, there remains the fact that the Royal Academy of Music has held the banner of music aloft—sometimes, it must be confessed, with faltering hope—for a hundred years. It has fought many a battle for those who now directly or indirectly reap the benefit; and that is no small achievement. It is good to think that any success attendant upon this Centenary Celebration is less of a personal character than of one which redounds to the credit of music all over the country. It concerns the nation more than the individual. There would not be much to boast of were a smaller view taken of the situation. To-day we have the pleasure of an innovation. Dr. Alcock is going to play the pieces set for next January's F.R.C.O. examinations. I am sure there are not many of us who envy him the job beforehand, though I am equally certain that after he has performed his task we shall all envy him. In conclusion, I should like to thank all my colleagues—who have made my term of office as President such a pleasant one—for all their kind help and warm friendship. When unexpected difficulties have arisen, the right persons have always appeared to solve them. Though I am preceded—and shall be followed—by my betters, I venture to hope that my tenure of the presidentship may not be noted for any grave neglect of duty.

The Distribution of Diplomas then took place :

ASSOCIATES

J. F. Allott, Norrithorpe (Lafontaine Prize).	W. W. Hewitt, Lincoln.
A. Barkus, Reading.	J. A. Horner,
C. V. Berry, Worksop.	Milngavie.
F. Bevers, Batley.	A. J. Hutton, London.
Miss L. A. Bransden, London.	P. W. Kimber, Brighton.
V. Brook, Pontefract.	R. MacCallum, Hillhead.
D. H. Brown, Hounslow.	W. E. Masser,
A. J. Bull, Newcastle-on-Tyne.	Caversham.
D. J. Chapman, Mus. B., Eccles.	A. J. Murray, London.
O. Le P. Franklin, Taunton.	S. T. M. Newman,
T. A. Fulton, London.	Clifton.
J. H. Fussell, Dursley.	C. E. W. Rabbetts,
L. Harding, London (Sawyer Prize).	Parkstone.
F. A. Herbert, Shrewsbury.	J. A. Saunders, London.
	W. E. Shepherd, Ripon.
	A. R. Thomsett, London.
	R. Tolson, Londonderry.
	G. G. Uren, Camborne.
	S. H. Way, Windsor.
	W. L. Wilson, London.
	J. K. Zorian, Romiley.

FELLOWS

W. Barlow, Droylesden.	W. Dunwell, Leeds.
A. R. Brittain, London.	D. J. S. Fdeson, London.
A. E. Danby, Atherton.	E. J. Fairclough,
T. P. Dean, London (Turpin Prize).	Peterborough.
E. Douglass, Alverstoke.	J. Fletcher, Wisbech.
	K. G. Harwood, Colchester.

FELLOWS—continued.

Miss V. Henry, Port Talbot.	W. E. Ogden, London.
J. T. Huggard, Dublin.	Miss M. J. Prier, London.
C. A. Marks, London.	S. Thorne, 1iverton.
B. J. Maslen, Bath	H. Uttley, London.
(Lafontaine Prize).	W. G. Webber, London.

After the President had presented the Diplomas, Dr. W. G. Alcock, M.V.O., played the Fellowship organ pieces selected for the next January examination, 1923, viz. :

1. Choral Prelude—'I give to thee farewell' J. S. Bach
2. Toccata and Fugue—'The Wanderer'
(Fugue only) ... C. Hubert H. Parry
3. 'Sposalizio' ... Liszt (arr. by E. H. Lemare)

After cordial votes of thanks to the President and to Dr. Alcock, the proceedings terminated.

We append the Reports of the Examining Boards :

FELLOWSHIP PAPER-WORK

The work on the whole has vastly improved, resulting in a much larger number of passes. The unsuccessful candidates will do well to note the following weaknesses :

There was a sad lack of style and variety in the 5th species of counterpoint; the use of syncopation in this species was often ignored altogether. The modern counterpoint was lacking in design, with an uncertainty of tonality.

The Fugue Subject was a straightforward one, and the Answer obvious, but many of the candidates not only answered it wrongly, but rambled into remote keys. The four-part writing where the fourth voice entered was as usual weak and erratic; it was the cause of several failures.

The Neapolitan 6th indicated by the melody was seldom treated properly, and the chain of harmony in this test was not always musically.

In the Composition test there were instances of poor settings of the words; the music was not suitable, and in some cases did not fit the words. There were evidences of very elementary ideas as to vocal part-writing.

The examiners again exhort the candidates to read the questions very carefully before attempting to answer them.

WALTER PARRATT (*Chairman*).

J. FREDK. BRIDGE.

F. J. READ.

THE FELLOWSHIP ORGAN-WORK

It is gratifying to report a better standard than usual in the playing of both pieces and tests, especially the extemporization. This is one of the best tests of a candidate's musicianship. The playing of it has improved in form, phrasing, and in keeping to the text. There are still many candidates who could be successful if only they would control themselves sufficiently to observe the most obvious things. Some of these things they overlook in preparing their pieces, as for instance the mark *Tranquillamente*, ♩ = 104 in Dvorák's *Légende*. This section was more often played as a flurried *Presto* than at the proper pace; thus its character was entirely altered. Other obvious points are those which they overlook in the examination-room. Nervousness is no excuse for these. For instance :

Note Values.—The fourth complete bar in the score-reading test, though the easiest, was the one most often played incorrectly, and numerous candidates failed to get pass marks for extemporization because they did not correctly read the note-values of the given theme.

Accidentals.—In the score-reading and sight-reading tests the inability of some candidates to carry an accidental in their mind through a short bar was past belief, even where the omission made the music hideous.

Key-Signatures and Time-Indications in the Tests.—The examiners have already commented on this at previous examinations, but improvement can still be made.

E. C. BAIRSTOW (*Chairman*).

ALAN GRAY.

CHARLES MACPHERSON.

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ASSOCIATE PAPER-WORK

Strict Counterpoint.—The four-part example, with the third species in the bass, was rarely worked in a satisfactory manner. The selection of chords was frequently bad, diminished triads in their root positions being introduced in several workings. The tonality was often quite vague until the final cadence was reached, and there were many awkward and unmusical leaps in the individual parts.

Melody.—In the harmonization of the melody the modulation which the melody more than suggested was not made. When the under parts were of a free character they were not always skilfully introduced and combined.

Figured Bass.—In many workings the melodic outline was angular and unmusical, and insufficient attention was paid to the natural progression of the parts of the opening chords, which should have been fairly obvious. The figuring was not always strictly followed, suspensions and unessential notes being occasionally incorrectly interpreted.

Modulation.—Some candidates worked this in four parts, instead of three as required. The progression to the new key was frequently crude and unmusical.

Fugue.—Many of the answers revealed a considerable amount of ignorance of the chief rules dealing with the nature of Fugal Answers.

Questions.—The answers were far from good. Sometimes a candidate wrote upon matters which had little relation to the question asked, and sometimes it was obvious that he had not taken the trouble to read the question with ordinary care before answering it.

FREDK. G. SHINN (*Chairman*).
STANLEY MARCHANT.
GEORGE J. BENNETT.

ASSOCIATE ORGAN-WORK

Pieces.—The noticeable faults were: Lack of rhythmic flow and poor interpretation generally. Attention seemed to be concentrated chiefly on accuracy of notes. The observance of *tempo*, even when indicated, left much to be desired.

Score-Reading.—There was little appreciation of the right pace. Readings were very halting as a rule. The key itself was in some instances wrong—E major instead of A major!

Transposition.—Frequently there was no realisation of the key required. Few candidates seemed to look ahead—the chords were spelt out as they came.

Accompanying.—As a rule the sight-reading was lamentably weak, especially with regard to time-values of the notes. There was little phrasing in the chromatic passages, and the feeling for harmony was inaccurate. No one could have sung to many of the renderings of this test.

H. L. BALFOUR (*Chairman*).
E. T. SWEETING.
EDGAR T. COOK.

[A full report of the annual general meeting will appear in the September issue of the *Musical Times*.]

HOMAGE TO DR. JOHN BLOW

The service, commemorative of Dr. John Blow, held at Westminster Abbey on the evening of July 3, was another sign of the willingness of this age to do homage to the old masters of music of our race. It was graceful of Mr. Sydney H. Nicholson, who now sits at the organ where John Blow was from 1668-1679, and 1695-1708, thus to revive public interest in his predecessor at the Abbey. A good deal of the music has been lately disinterred (three-fourths of Blow's work is still in manuscript), and it was heard with lively respect and a pleasure that was enhanced by all the suggestions of the scene, and the persistent thought that here were the same walls that in the swaggering Restoration days had known this music brand-new.

They were days of frivolity, revolution, and adventure, and such a spirit clearly does not make for sublime religious art. Blow perhaps caught now and then a reflection of the period's pompous showiness, and certainly was an adventurous harmonist, but he had a fund of solid character. His music tells us as much; and it is still some way off the 18th century's Laodiceanism.

Blow lived through two or three revolutions, and revolutions, unfortunately, never have done music any good. It would have been better for Blow's music and ours, if not for Blow and us, if there had been no sharp Cromwellian sundering of traditions, and if Charles II. had never gone to France. A Restoration musician like Blow had had the thread of the golden past cut, and snippets of new-fangled foreign fads were offered as the beginning of a new fabric. Blow was, we feel, a sturdy mind to have contrived any so substantial style amid such upheaval. Even so, we observe this style now looking backwards for support, now plunging into anticipations.

The *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis*, on July 3, were from a Service in F, just printed from a British Museum MS., and Mr. Nicholson points, in his *Short Account of John Blow* (Novello, 1s.), to a certain similarity to the well-known Service by Orlando Gibbons in the same key. The first anthem was the imposing and typical *I beheld and lo, a great multitude*. Other anthems were *Lift up your heads*, the singularly touching *Save me, O God*, and a Coronation Anthem (James II.), *Let Thy hand be strengthened* (just printed for the first time), which is of a most decisively assured style and fresh dignity. The motet, *Salvator Mundi*, Mr. Nicholson well calls 'a striking example of Blow's originality and daring harmonic experiments.' It has been edited by Dr. R. R. Terry from a MS. at Christ Church, Oxford.

The service was rendered by Mr. Nicholson's 'special' Westminster Choir and the British Symphony Orchestra.

C.

THE GREGORIAN ASSOCIATION

The fifty-second anniversary of the Association was kept on June 29. At the morning service, held at St. John's, Red Lion Square, a carefully trained choir of twenty voices provided a finished reading of the *Missa de Angelis*, according to the authentic version of the Vatican Gradual. In the evening a choir of seven hundred voices gathered under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral for the annual Festival service. A vast congregation filled the nave and transepts, and overflowed on to the screens at the east end of the building. The singing of the choir was marked by its flexibility and ready response to the indications of the conductor, Captain Burgess. The austerity of the Gregorian chant was relieved by the verses in *falso-bordoni* sung during the *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis*. These were the work of Soriano and Vittoria. A pleasing contrast was heard in the Motet *Sacerdotes Domini* of William Byrd. This simple, manly piece of Tudor Church music was sung in a measured and straightforward manner, and was all too short. The Archdeacon of London was the preacher, and the service concluded with a procession round the Cathedral. Before and after the service, Mr. B. Herrick Edwards, organist of the Association, played the following organ music: *Allegretto Grazioso* and *Allegro Marziale*, Frank Bridge; In-Voluntary in C, Postlude on *Martyrs*, and Postlude on *London New*, Harvey Grace; *Grand Chaur* on the fourth Gregorian Tone, Wolstenholme; Postlude on *Cum Jubilo*, Sewell.

Mr. S. Royle Shore gave a course of three lectures on 'Practical Plainchant' at University College, Reading, on May 30, June 6, and June 13, Mr. Gustav Holst being in the chair. The lecturer ended with a strong appeal to the authorities of the College on behalf of the study of ecclesiastical music in all its branches. He pointed out that plainchant had been ignored by practically all our great teaching institutions, despite the influence of its rhythm and tonality on modern composers.

THE ORGAN

As is usual with this admirable quarterly the current (July) issue is very strong in the matter of illustrations. There is a fine page plate of the North case of the St. Paul's Cathedral organ, a drawing of the East Front of the instrument as it was from 1697 to 1826, and a page plate of the present keyboard. There are also illustrations of the Schulze organ at Armley, the new instrument at King's Hall, Blackburn, and a portrait of Marcel Dupré. What an album of organs and organ-cases one will be able to

compile from this magazine in a year or two! The writers in the present number include the Rev. Andrew Freeman ('The Organs of St. Paul's Cathedral'), Dr. G. A. Audsley ('The Audsley System of Stop Control'), Dr. T. E. Pearson ('The Schulze organ at St. Bartholomew's, Armley'), John Matthews (a commonsensical article on the playing of Bach), J. Stuart Archer ('Marcel Dupré'), Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull ('Some English Organ Tutors'), C. F. Abdy Williams ('The Positive'), &c. Specifications, reviews, and correspondence, make up a journal that, being read, becomes a part of one's library.

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL ORGAN

The main part of the Great, Swell, and Pedal organs have been completed recently, and were opened on Sunday, July 2—the day known as 'Verdun Sunday'—by Marcel Dupré, who played at the High Mass, and gave a recital, being heard again at a second recital on the following day. Absence from London prevented us from being present. We hope to take an early opportunity for hearing the new instrument. Meanwhile we are glad to hear a good report of the part so far available. A complete specification and a description of the organ, written by Mr. J. Stuart Archer, appeared in the *Musical Times* for May, 1921.

WHITEHAVEN RURIDECANAL CHOIR FESTIVAL

The annual Festival was held at St. Bees' Priory Church on July 7, when choirs representing various parts of the Deanery combined forces. The *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis* were sung to Calkin in B flat, and the anthem was Elvey's *Praise the Lord*. Mr. F. J. Livesey, who has done much to enhance the standard of Church music at the Priory Church and also in the district, was at the organ. A large congregation attended, and the service was much appreciated.

NATIONAL UNION OF ORGANISTS

The *Quarterly Record* announces the arrangements for the Congress to be held at Glasgow on September 12, 13, and 14. There is an inviting list of fixtures, apart from the meetings and dinner—e.g., a recital by Mr. Herbert Walton in the Cathedral, a sail through the Kyles of Bute to Arran, a smoking concert, a motor drive round the city, and visits to places of interest. Inquiries concerning the Congress should be addressed to Mr. Councillor Brook, hon. secretary, N.U.O., 19, Berners Street, W.-1.

The Festival of the Three Choirs of Winchester, Chichester, and Salisbury Cathedrals took place at Winchester on July 13. The Evening Canticles were sung to Stanford in C, and the anthems were Prendergast's *Come unto Him* (sung in memoriam John Vaughan, Canon of Winchester, who died on July 11), Adrian Batten's *Lord, we beseech Thee*, Gibbons's *Hosanna to the Son of David*, Wesley's *Thou wilt keep him*, and Vaughan Williams's *Lord, Thou hast been our refuge*. Organ music was played by Dr. W. G. Alcock (Harwood's *Requiem Aeternam*, and Sonata in C sharp minor), Mr. Arnold Goldsbrough (Bach's Prelude in C, 9-8), Mr. Cuthbert Osmond (Parry's Prelude on *Christe, Redemptor omnium*, and Stanford's Prelude on Gibbons's *Song 22*), and Mr. P. Dore (Introduction and Fugue from Reubke's Sonata). Dr. William Prendergast conducted, and Miss Hilda Bird, assistant-organist at Winchester, accompanied.

Dr. Crotch, the first Principal of the Royal Academy of Music (we can't get away from the R.A.M. these days!) was buried at Bishop's Hull, Taunton, the spot being marked by a stone erected by the professors of the institution. Wherefore the Centenary was observed at Bishop's Hull Parish Church on July 16, when all the chants for the day were by Crotch, his anthem, *Be Peace on earth*, was sung, the organist, Mr. C. E. Juleff, played voluntaries on themes by Crotch, and the vicar made suitable references from the pulpit.

A War Memorial organ was dedicated at Leighton Buzzard Wesleyan Church on June 29, Mr. Fred Gostelow giving a recital. His programme included Faulkes's Overture in E flat, Bach's Fugue in D, Guilman's Funeral March and Hymn of Seraphs, Driffild's Toccata in F minor, and Chopin's Funeral March. The organ was built by the Sweetland Organ Co., Bath.

Dr. E. C. Bairstow gave a recital of English organ music, at York Minster, on June 27, playing Stanford's Fantasia and Toccata, Harwood's *Requiem Aeternam*, Frank Bridge's Andantino, Vaughan Williams's Prelude on *Rhosymedre*, Macpherson's Fantasy-Prelude, Samuel Wesley's Prelude and Air, and S. S. Wesley's Choral Song and Fugue.

Mr. Harry Wall, on leaving St. Paul's, Covent Garden, to take up another appointment, has been presented with a handsome bookcase and address from the congregation, and a mounted walking-stick and umbrella from the choir, as tokens of their appreciation of his seventeen years' work as organist and choirmaster.

Mendelssohn's Psalm 13, 'Lord, how long wilt Thou forget me?' was sung at High Pavement Chapel on June 25, under the direction of Mr. C. Blyton Dobson. Madame Dorothy Trueman was the soloist.

The Staffordshire *Sentinel* announces that the University of Edinburgh is about to confer the degree, of Mus. Doc., *honoris causa*, on Mr. Alfred Hollins.

ORGAN RECITALS

Dr. H. G. Ley, Exeter Cathedral—Overture to 'Orlando,' *Handel*; Toccata-Prelude on 'Pange Lingua,' *Bairstow*; Fantasia in F minor, *Mozart*; Fantasia on 'St. Anne's,' *Parry*.

Mr. John Pulein, St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow—Chaconne, *Purcell*; Variations on 'Gala Water,' *Stuart Archer*; Toccata, *Rheinberger*; Prelude and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*.

Mr. Richard B. Hamilton, All Saints', Hoole—Sonata No. 3, *Mendelssohn*; Barcarolle, *Sterndale Bennett*; Preludes on 'Rockingham' and 'Melcombe,' *Parry*.

Mr. Ambrose P. Porter, St. Matthias', Richmond—Choral No. 2 and Prelude, Fugue, and Variation, *Franck*; 'Resurgam,' *Harvey Grace*; 'Que la Lumière soit,' *Doyen*.

Mr. H. C. Warrilow, National Institute for the Blind—Introduction and Fugue (Sonata in G minor), *Merkel*; Festival Toccata, *Wolstenholme*; Overture, 'Ruy Blas,' *Mendelssohn*; Overture in C, *Hollins*.

Mr. Harold Helman, King's Hall, Stoke-on-Trent—Third and fourth movements of 'Scheherazade,' *Rimsky-Korsakov*; Méditation, *Hägg*; Rhapsody, *Harvey Grace*; Sarabande, Bourrée, and Prelude on 'Come now, Saviour of the Gentiles,' *Bach*.

Mr. B. D. Hylton Stewart, All Saints', Hertford—Sonata in F sharp, *Rheinberger*; Theme with Variations, *Noble*; Prelude and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*.

Mr. Louis H. Torr, St. Laurence, Southampton—Andantino, *Franck*; March in E flat, *Salomé*; Fugue in G minor, *Bach*.

Mr. C. F. Waters, St. Saviour's, Croydon—Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Preludio (Sonata in C), *Rheinberger*; Prelude in E flat, *Bach*; Choral Melody, *Waters*; Overture, 'Egmont.'

Mr. John Connell, Johannesburg Town Hall—Prelude to 'Gerontius'; Concert Overture in C, *Hollins*; Sonata in F sharp, *Rheinberger*; Toccata in F, *Widor*; The 'Schenley' Overture, *Lemarc*; Marche Pontificale, *Widor*.

Mr. H. S. Middleton, Truro Cathedral—Prelude and Fugue in A flat, *Macpherson*; Prelude in G minor, *Noble*; Rhapsody, *Harvey Grace*; Pæan, *Harwood*.

Miss Molly Sims, St. Vedast Foster, E.C.—Five-part Fantasia, Kyrie, *Bach*; Fantasia Toccata, *Stanford*; Postlude, *Gade*; Lamentation, *Guilmant*; 'Angel's Farewell' from 'Gerontius.'

The Rev. E. H. Melling, Llanidloes Parish Church—Prelude in B minor, *Bach*; Invocation and Grand Chœur, *Guilmant*; Nocturne, *Melling*.

- Mr. H. J. Timothy, St. Vedast Foster, E.C.—Prelude and Fugue in C minor, *Mendelssohn*; Two Romances, *Henselt*; Romance, *Elgar*.
- Mr. James M. Preston, St. George's, Newcastle-on-Tyne—Prelude Pastorale, *Liapounov*; Rhapsody No. 2, *Howells*; Postlude on the 'Old 100th,' *Harvey Grace*; Introduction to Act 2 of 'Dylan,' *Holbrooke*.
- Mr. H. Cyril Robinson, St. Mary's, Haverfordwest—Prelude and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*; Allegretto, *Wolstenholme*; Toccata, *d'Evry*.
- Mr. A. Yould, Wokingham Parish Church—Soliloquy (Sonata No. 2), *Lyon*; Fantasia and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*; March, 'Ariane,' *Guilmant*.
- Mr. Bertram Hollins, Crystal Palace—Fugue in D, *Bach*; Caprice, *Guilmant*; Con moto maestoso, *Bertram Hollins*; Finale (Symphony No. 1), *Vierne*.

APPOINTMENTS

- Mr. G. F. Austin, organist and choirmaster, St. Paul's, Petersburg, Virginia.
- Mr. Harry Wall, organist and choirmaster, St. Matthew's, West Kensington.

Chamber Music for Amateurs

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur chamber musicians who wish to get into touch with other players.

- Young violinist wishes to meet good accompanist (lady or gentleman) with view to mutual practice. Lewisham.—W. Y., c/o M. THOMPSON, 8/9, Talbot Court, E.C.3.
- Hammersmith Orchestral Society. Advanced amateurs (all instruments, strings and wind) desirous of gaining experience with a symphony orchestra playing the best classical and modern music are invited to apply for membership. Rehearsals begin September 14. HON. SEC., 20, Castelnau Gardens, Barnes, S.W. 13.
- Violist would like to join quartet, &c., in S.W. district.—Address, 'VIOLA,' 6, Hauberk Road, S.W. 11.
- Accompanist, experienced, moderate sight-reader, offers his services to an amateur or P.S.A. Orchestra.—'REX,' 4H, Halton Mansions, Canonbury, N.1.
- Young gentleman (pianist) is desirous of meeting 'cellist (lady or gentleman) for mutual practice at Bristol. Clifton district preferred. A love of classics a *sine qua non*.—Write, R. A., c/o *Musical Times*.
- Pianist (gentleman) desires to meet a violinist and 'cellist (either sex) for mutual practice.—H. C. LIGHTEN, 5, Churston Avenue, Upton Manor, E.
- Keen lovers of music are cordially invited to join the East London Orchestral and Choral Society. Patrons: Madame Elsa Stralia, the Mayor of Stepney, Isador Epstein, Esq., &c.—For full particulars please write SECRETARY, E. L. O. S., 98, Whitechapel Road, London, E.1.
- Wanted for trio, 'cellist for mutual practice, standard, Beethoven, Gade, Hurlstone trios.—Apply SEC., 17, Curzon Street, Wolverhampton. Also members wanted for new Y.M.C.A. amateur orchestra.—Apply, Y.M.C.A., Lichfield Street, Wolverhampton, or above address.
- Pianist (twenty) would like to meet instrumentalist (male) for mutual practice. Pendleton district, Manchester.—H. B., c/o *Musical Times*.
- Young soprano and bass-baritone anxious to meet contralto and tenor for studying four-part songs, &c. North London preferred.—W. E. WHITE, A.R.C.M., 2, York Terrace, Cedar Estate, Enfield.
- Gentlemen wanted to join mixed octet for unaccompanied music at mid-day recitals in City.—ERNEST W. PETTIT, St. Lawrence Jewry, Gresham Street, E.C.2.
- Amateur instrumentalists, strings and wind, required for West London Co-Operative Orchestra. Rehearsals resumed September 2. Apply to Hon. Sec., Mr. C. MATHIE, 32, Micklethwaite Road, Fulham, S.W.6.
- Lady pianist wishes to hear of good musical society for coming season (London or near Richmond).—E. L., c/o *Musical Times*.

Wanted, violinist and clarinettist, amateurs, with view to small dance orchestra. F. DONALDSON, 59, Arica Road, S.E.4.

Pianist (good) would like to meet two violinists, 'cello, and viola for mutual practice. Acton district.—C. W. C., 14, Milton Road, Acton, W.3.

Amateur instrumentalists, all parts, are cordially invited to join the Cross Gates (Leeds) Wesleyan P.S.A. Orchestra. Rehearsals at Cross Gates Wesleyan Church on Mondays, at 8 p.m.—Applications for membership to F. W. P., 15, Chestnut Avenue, Cross Gates, Leeds.

Young violinist (lady) wishes to meet good accompanist with view to mutual practice.—D. L., 37, Bagshot Road, Bush Hill Park, Enfield.

Young vocalist would like to meet pianist for mutual practice, also a vocalist (lady or gentleman). S.E. district preferred. And would like to join a musical society in London.—C. B., 34, Rockbourne Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23.

Violinist (gentleman) would like to meet pianist for mutual practice one or two evenings weekly (Wallington, Sutton, or Croydon districts). Must be enthusiastic; same sex. Large library of dance, musical comedy, and light music.—F. PRIDDEY, 54, Manor Road, Wallington, Surrey.

Violinist (lady), still studying, would like to meet pianist for mutual practice, with a view to playing at concerts, &c.; or would join amateur orchestra. Knowle, near Birmingham.—FAIRFAX, c/o *Musical Times*.

[Will C. M. M. kindly send her address? It has been mislaid, and letters await her.—ED., M.T.]

Letters to the Editor

TRINITY COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS IN INDIA

SIR,—I have spent some years in Calcutta as organist of the Cathedral, and therefore feel that I am justified in expressing an opinion on the letters from Mrs. Everett and Dr. Horner on the Trinity College examinations. The examinations themselves appear to me to be excellent; and they are admirably conducted by examiners of high reputation. But I am quite certain that the wholesale and indiscriminate examination by a College at home of pupils at centres abroad (or at any rate at Calcutta) is not only not of educational value, but is definitely detrimental to any real musical advance in the centre. When I was a teacher at Calcutta almost every pupil I had was simply obsessed with the idea of passing a Trinity College examination. The examinations became to me a sort of dreary hill of Parnassus up which I had to conduct young ladies with weariness and pain till I left them at the summit enveloped, as it were, in the full glory of the Licentiate halo. During this mountaineering feat one's eyes could scarcely ever stray from the path, one could never pause to look at the view, to envisage distant valleys, mountains, or plains, because there was not time. Besides, it was not business. Business was to get to the top of the hill in the shortest possible time. Once at the summit the pupil herself became a licensed guide to the mountain, and henceforth she could conduct others up the same path. In short, the examinations were an excellent stimulus to endeavour; but they took the very soul out of music. We can hardly blame Trinity College of Music for this state of things. If people clamour for examinations (and having once been bitten by the examination virus, they do) then it is only to be expected that the demand should be met, and I think that Trinity College meets it with a good brand.

But my sympathies do go out to Mrs. Everett and her little band of talented musicians at the Calcutta School of Music who, in the face of many difficulties, are fighting the battle for music in an unmusical city, and also, be it remembered, in a temperature which is somewhere about ninety degrees in the shade for a large part of the year. They are introducing a real atmosphere of music into the city by organizing chamber concerts, running an orchestra, giving lectures, and generally showing themselves to be a live body of musicians. Completely out of touch with them

are the numerous holders of the Trinity College diploma, who, teaching on the narrowest and most uninspired lines, are able to attract to themselves pupils, and often really musical pupils, by holding out the bait of a Trinity College diploma.

It cannot be too strongly stressed that there are in Calcutta and other large Indian cities hundreds of children domiciled in the country who ought to have the same opportunities for learning music as have English children, but who, through lack of proper teaching are really musically starved. Stereotyped examinations with diplomas attached to them only tend to increase the number of inferior teachers. Enthusiastic local efforts on the right lines should, in time, increase the number of good ones.—

Yours, &c.,

HEATHCOTE D. STATHAM.

St. Michael's College,
Tenbury.

July, 12, 1922.

'THE BALLAD IN AMERICA'

SIR,—Mr. Sorabji evades the point of my reply to his criticism of American ballads and song recitals. My contention was, and is, that he made a bad mistake in referring to Charles Wakefield Cadman, distinguished living American composer, as a ballad-monger. Mr. Sorabji should have noticed that I did not defend the songs of Carrie Jacobs-Bond or any other composer of cheap, sentimental music. I consider Mr. Sorabji to be a composer of serious intent, whether I agree with all of his music or not, and I could only surmise that his low estimation of Charles Wakefield Cadman was caused by either insufficient acquaintance with this composer's works or mere prejudice against American musical affairs. Cadman's three most popular songs, *I hear a Thrush at Eve*, *At Dawning*, and *From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water*, are pure, and free from the commonplace, and I can only ask *Musical Times* readers to test this for themselves. The songs are obtainable in London, and there are McCormack and Alma Gluck gramophone records of them.—Yours, &c.,

56, Mayall Road,
Herne Hill, S.E.24.
July 16, 1922.

JOHN FIELDER PORTE.

'LEIPSIC' OR 'LEIPZIG'?

SIR,—I note with satisfaction that in the account of the Handel Festival at Halle your correspondent makes use of the English spelling of the neighbouring city, celebrated through J. S. Bach. The spelling of this name in the German form of 'Leipzig' in English newspapers or books has always struck me as savouring of affectation. 'Leipsic' has been established for centuries as the English spelling. It is used by both Burney and Hawkins (1773-76): it is so spelled in the anonymous musical Dictionary of 1827; Flügel's *Wörterbuch*, 1879, gives it as the English form of Leipzig, and it is thus used in Baedeker's Guides. The last two books, by the way, are published in the town itself, and their editors 'ought to know'!

To be consistent we should nationalise all foreign names when writing of the places in English script. Thus we should use Koeln, Hannover, Braunschweig, for Cologne, Hanover, Brunswick; Genova, Livorno, Napoli, for Genoa, Leghorn, Naples. We should expect the French to give up their Douvres, Londres, the Italians their Parigi, Marsilia, Londra, Lipsia (Leipzig).

A small matter, perhaps; but I have a craze for preserving the English language so far as possible.—Yours, &c.,

C. F. ABDY WILLIAMS.

South Mead, Milford,
Lymington.

'OUR DECADENCE'

SIR,—I am a constant reader of your journal, and have perused with considerable interest, but some bewilderment, Mr. Rutland Boughton's article in your July issue on 'Our Decadence.' As a non-musician, but a sincere lover of the art, I must confess, with all respect, that I am unable to follow Mr. Boughton's reasoning in the ninth paragraph of his article, particularly the concluding sentences. He says:

'Now I firmly believe that the spirit informing the music of Beethoven is, work for work, a greater spirit than that which informs the music of Mozart. But it is the spirit of passion, egoism, rebellion, and severance; and it tends to dissolution even in its creativeness.'

How can music which exhibits the bad qualities just named be greater than music which is, admittedly, free from such blemishes? Mr. Boughton believes that music went astray after Mozart's death, and that the present cult of cacophony and the ultra-modern movement, headed by Stravinsky, owe their existence to the bad example set by that misdirected genius, Beethoven! Now, if I am not mistaken, it is just Stravinsky and his followers who utterly repudiate Beethoven's methods, asserting that he wrote no music; they would relegate all his works to the lumber-room, avowing themselves worshippers of Mozart! Possibly, like many professing Christians, their faith does not always appear to conform to their practice.

I possess a little book on Beethoven's works by a distinguished English professor of music, who doubtless knows what he is writing about and has studied his subject critically. In the final chapter, entitled 'Beethoven's Music as a Whole' he says:

'Like all great creators, Beethoven came not to destroy but to fulfil: in what one might call the legal sense of the words, he neither abandoned nor invented anything. . . . But with all this access of feeling Beethoven preserved throughout his life the sense of the supreme importance of form—not as meaning mere mechanism, but rather that balanced unity of design without which all artistic expression of emotion is but aimless and wasted hysteria.'

The same writer also alludes to the 'formal perfection' of this composer's works. In my opinion, this point of view is diametrically opposed to Mr. Rutland Boughton's conception of Beethoven's art, hence I am frankly puzzled. Speaking personally (and I do not think mine is an isolated case), I never come away after hearing a genuinely great work of Beethoven's finely performed without feeling mentally refreshed and invigorated, or without a deepened conviction that there is indeed a 'Divinity that doth shape our ends.' Mr. Boughton asserts that Beethoven's music is passionate from the outset. If it is admitted that Beethoven, like Shakespeare, held the mirror up to Nature and Man, then the reflection should be a true and faithful one. Passion exists side by side with other nobler and more spiritual qualities, in its due proportion. I am thus constrained to think that any decadence in modern music may be traceable not so much to a master of the past, but rather to the present influences of our materialistic and machine-ridden age.—Yours, &c.,

'PERPLEXED.'

Pall Mall, S.W.1.

July 17, 1922.

SIR,—It must have surprised other readers beside myself to read in Mr. Rutland Boughton's article on 'Our Decadence' in your last issue, the statement that Beethoven sought self-expression rather than the service of art; and this made, seemingly, an adverse criticism. We had thought that self-expression through the medium of art, and the service of art, were synonymous, and that a man might be a good craftsman and have excellent taste, but if his work did not express some part—if not the whole—of himself, it could hardly be called good art.

The question arises, 'What is the self?' It is difficult to answer, but as soon as we consider the matter we see that the self must be much more complex than is ordinarily assumed. There seem to be various levels of consciousness, some of which are exclusively individual, others not so, but ever-widening as we penetrate further, till at length is reached by some few that region where all limits seem to have been passed—the self is felt to be limitless, and universal consciousness is attained.

Now, apart from matters of form, a work of art is good if it is the genuine expression of even the most individual or the most superficial part of a human being; but it is not great unless it expresses something in him deeper, more comprehensive, than that. The supreme works of art, and they are but few, express the universal element in man.

Most musicians, I should think, would agree that Beethoven produced works that could be placed respectively in these three categories—the good, the great, and the supreme.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR PHILLIPS.

210, Harrow Road, W.2.

July 7, 1922.

THE THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL

SIR,—The pleasures of 'grangerising' have appealed to collectors in every walk of life, and though anathema to lovers of books there is no dispute that a work which lends itself to extra illustration is made remarkably interesting through the addition of prints, documents, autograph letters, and other matter which may relate to the subject concerned. Among such collectors was the late A. M. Broadley, who spared no pains in time or money in extra-illustrating books which interested him; and his library, when dispersed a few years since, bore witness to the energy with which this had been pursued. Among the books thus treated was *The Origin and Progress of the Meeting of the Three Choirs*, the edition by Mr. C. Lee Williams and Mr. H. Godwin Chance, published in 1895, being selected. As the result of some years of labour this single volume was extended to twelve by the addition of over eleven hundred portraits, engravings of musical and topographical interest, autograph letters, original music, programmes, and much other matter relating to the music meetings which it would be practically impossible to gather again.

A. M. Broadley had more than a passing interest in the Festivals, for he was a great-great-grandson of Dr. William Hayes, the musician, who was born at Gloucester and did so much for music in the city of Oxford. For thirty years Hayes was closely associated with the Gloucester meeting, conducting there on several occasions. In a specially printed introduction to these volumes Broadley sets out the chief facts of the career of Dr. Hayes and of his three sons—Thomas, Philip, and William—two of whom achieved fame in the musical world. It was the relationship to his distinguished ancestor that led Broadley to form the collection, which at the sale of his library in December, 1917, was acquired for the Gloucester Public Library through the generosity of a good friend, Alderman Edwin Lea.

It is impossible to do more than give a general idea of the great interest of these volumes. The aim of the collector was to insert a portrait or print of the singers, composers, and places referred to in the text, and he was singularly successful in adding autograph letters from a large number of distinguished musicians and others who are mentioned. There are engravings of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester, the homes of these meetings; of Oxford for the association with William Hayes, who became organist at Magdalen College and was in great measure responsible for the establishment of the Music Room there; and of Cheltenham, Exeter, Malvern, and of London theatres, with which some of those who took part in the Festivals were connected.

Portraits are naturally the more numerous. They include many good engravings, some in mezzo-tint, as well as photographs of performers and others long since passed away, and of others still living. Among names selected at hazard are those of Dr. Boyce, Dr. Burney, Charles Wesley, Handel, Gounod, Jenny Lind, Philip Bisse, John Braham, Madame Catalini, Mozart, Purcell, Rossini, Dr. Croft, Philip and William Hayes, Maria Linley, and François Cramer.

The autograph letters number nearly three hundred, and include those of Philip Hayes (to Dr. Arnold), Jenny Lind, Thomas Linley, the composer (to Sheridan), Mario, the vocalist; and others on various matters written by Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, John Braham, Charles Burney, Cherubini, William Crotch, Mrs. Delany, Grisi, Mary Linley (mother of Mrs. Sheridan), Sir George Smart, and Charles and Samuel Wesley. One written by George III. from Cheltenham, and referring to his attendance at the Worcester Festival of 1784, is appended:

'Cheltenham, August 4th, 1784.

'MY DEAREST SOPHIA,—The account this Day of Mary is so charming that it has quite put me into

Spirits and prepared me for going to-morrow after Dinner to Worcester, where I shall remain till Friday Evening that I may attend the three Mornings at the Cathedral the Musick of my Admiration Handel.

'Yesterday Evening Lady Reed with all her Curtsies left this place but not without inviting Your Gentleman to come as Connoisseur to visit her Mackaws, Parrots, and Parroquets. Tell Gooly that she is not forgot for Sestini's Songs are played in honour of her on the walks and Dear Mr. Hunt enquired very kindly of the Colonel after Her.

'I ever remain,

'My Dearest Sophia,

'Your most affectionate Father,

'GEORGE R.

'P.S.—It is not right to tell stories out of Schools or I could mention that the Gentleman is the admiration of all the Ladies and that on the walks He is ever talking to some Lady or other not known by those who have been here some time, indeed I believe the Knowledge of His coming has brought them from all parts of the Island.'

Among the original documents are some of early date. One is a bill in the autograph of Dr. Blow for expenses of the choristers of the Chapel Royal attending the funeral of Queen Mary II., in 1695:

'February, 1694-5. For ye Funerall of her late Matie., Dr. John Blow, Master of ye Children of his Maties. Chapple craves allowance (vizt.)—

For ye Tenn Children of his Maties.

Chapple.—For 60 pairs of waxt leather shoes att 3s. 6d. p. pair ... £10 10s.

For Ralph Allison, John Pennington, Alexr. Gerrard, 3 Chapple Boys gone of—For 6 pr. of shoes att 4s. 6d. p. pair ... £1 7s.

For John Webb, his Maties, Towle Keeper—For 2 pr. of wax leather shoes att 4s. 6d. p. pr. ... 0 9s.'

One of the volumes contains much material concerning William and Philip Hayes, with biographical notes, copies of compositions, views of places with which they were connected, and records of gatherings of their descendants, arranged by Broadley. The note now made presents only a very slight survey of the richness of this book, the possession of which is a matter for congratulation to all interested in the History of the Three Choirs.—Yours, &c.,

Gloucester.

ROLAND AUSTIN

July 10, 1922. (Librarian, Public Library, Gloucester).

PARRY MEMORIAL FUND

SIR,—It has been decided, with the consent of the Dean and Chapter, that the tablet to the memory of Sir Hubert Parry in Gloucester Cathedral shall be unveiled during the forthcoming musical Festival. It will take place on Wednesday, September 6, at 3.45 p.m., in the course of the Festival performance. Lord Gladstone has kindly undertaken to unveil the memorial, and Dr. Herbert Brewer informs me that he has revised the afternoon programme as follows:

2.30 p.m.: (1) Symphony in D ... Brahms
(2) New Work ... Bantock
(3) Motet ... Bach

Unveiling of the Tablet, with short address by Lord Gladstone

(4) 'Blest Pair of Sirens' ... Parry

Sir Hugh Allen, at the request of Dr. Brewer, has consented to conduct Sir Hubert Parry's work.

The erection and unveiling of this tablet completes the first part of the Memorial represented by this Fund. The committee has further undertaken the publication of the score of Parry's last Symphony, '1912,' which is to be performed at the Leeds Festival in October, and also proposes to found a Scholarship for a chorister in Gloucester Cathedral similar to that recently founded as a memorial to Dr. Charles Lloyd. The Parry Memorial Fund is not yet

closed, and I shall be grateful if those who intend subscribing but have not yet done so will send me their subscriptions before the end of August.—Yours, &c.,

NORAH DAWNAV

(Hon. Treasurer Parry Memorial Fund).

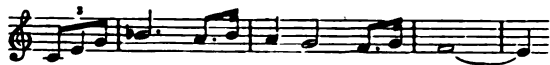
12, Cheltenham Terrace, S.W.3.

July 18, 1922.

'INSTRUMENTATION: SOME STRANGE SURVIVALS'

SIR,—Wagner's method of writing his horn parts is not to be admired, but the statement in the late Mr. Daubeny's interesting article in your July issue that 'Wagner's crook changes are impossible to accept seriously' calls for some qualification. As Richter said, Wagner never understood the valve horn; and, indeed, generally he displayed a lofty contempt for the mechanism of the individual instruments. But he was not quite a duffer at instrumentation. When he changed the key of his horns and trumpets he very seldom intended a change of *crook*. In a long note to *Tristan* he explains his ideas as regards the horns. He assumed that his players would use horns in E along with those in F, and would transpose into one or other of these keys passages written in other keys. Should the cornists, however, prefer other crooks, they were at liberty to use them, provided always that they arranged that notes marked with a + be taken as *closed* notes. Unfortunately, few appear to have digested Wagner's directions, because so often in performances of the opera we hear these notes with a + above given as both closed and brassy, which is the meaning attached to the + in *The Mastersingers* and *The Ring*. In *Tristan* the + means simply a closed note, and nothing more.

Wagner was always anxious to make his scores easy for the reader. To that end he varied the order of his instruments. For instance, the cor Anglais, when serving as a third or fourth oboe, is written immediately below the oboes and above the clarinets. At other times it is written below the latter instruments. In Act I of *Siegfried* the first violoncellos are placed above the violas—and so on. (In the miniature score of *Tristan* this varying order has been abolished completely, and in those of *The Ring* it has of necessity been slightly modified.) Wagner altered the keys of his tubas in the last three numbers of *The Ring* for the convenience of the score-reader, the keys remaining—as in *The Rhinegold*—in the separate parts, and there is no doubt that his peculiar method of noting his horns and trumpets was with the same object. Rightly or wrongly, he fancied that the part was easier to read, was more horn-like and more 'clean,' as Strauss says, when noted in D, thus:



than if noted in G, the key marked at the head of the Introduction:



but he certainly never imagined any change of *crook*.

The earliest orchestral example of this sudden change of key that I know is in Donizetti's *La Favorita*, where, on page 258, the valve trumpets are in C for bar 6, and, without any rest, in A for bar 7. It is not without interest to recall that Wagner arranged *La Favorita* for pianoforte.

Mr. Daubeny found an excuse for the distribution of the horns in *Tannhäuser*—two natural and two valve—in that it was nearly eighty years ago. But the same combination was used by many French composers till about the end of last century. Saint-Saëns has this disposition in *Samson* (1877) and in his C minor Symphony (1886), and doubtless in later works. It is not generally realised how long the French clung to the natural horn, with its greater powers of slurring and its more human appeal. Even the text-books seem ignorant of the fact that Gounod's *Faust* and Bizet's *Carmen* and *L'Arlésienne* were written for four natural horns.—Yours, &c.,

TOM S. WOTTON.

St. Leonards, July 1, 1922.

'PLAYER-PIANO PROJECTS'

SIR,—I was greatly encouraged by the long and soberly approving account of my invention in the *Musical Times* of May from the pen of Mr. Rorke (whose big little book is becoming known in America). 'Praise from Sir Hubert!' May I reply to the reviewer's doubts as to one or two aspects of a practical nature?

Mr. Rorke's point that the perforations of the roll might interfere with the printed musical notation is well taken. By examination of a large number of rolls I find, however, that the difficulty is avoided if the music texts are printed at the *extreme upper or lower edge of the roll*. They can thus stand clear of the cuttings in the sheet.

As to the placing of descriptive notes on the roll: Mr. Rorke thinks these should be limited to a brief analysis of structure—the rest to be got from books. The answer is that people will not stop to look up data in books, but if printed on the roll they will read it. The cost of printing words and texts in an edition of any size is negligible. Finally, as to reading the music texts, it is thought that few are able to do this. I have found that there are forty persons who can *follow* a music text which they are hearing for one who can read and play it. Mr. Rorke's remark that the perforated roll 'makes one a tourist and a sightseer of the musical world, but the musical notation makes him a citizen,' is a delightful simile and hits the nail on the head.—Yours, &c.,

St. Mark's Chapel, CARROLL BRENT CHILTON.

288, East 10th Street,

New York. June 9, 1922.

BEETHOVEN'S 'JARRING A FLAT'

SIR,—Writing in your July number, Mr. Rutland Boughton permits himself to make the following remark: 'Some of Beethoven's ineptitudes[!] were probably due to carelessness,' and mentions in support of his extraordinary contention 'the jarring A flat' in the *Eroica* Symphony. Mr. Rutland Boughton is, then, apparently quite ignorant of the historic fact that the famous 'jarring A flat' in the sublime first movement of the *Eroica* was no error on Beethoven's part, and that he purposely put it there in order to produce the most wondrously humorous and entrancing effect to be found in the entire range of music.—Yours, &c.,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

22a, Carlton Vale, Maida Vale, N.W.6.

July 10, 1922.

A LIVERPOOL SETTLEMENT

SIR,—May I be permitted to bring to the notice of your readers the musical activities which are at present carried on at the David Lewis Club and the Liverpool University Settlement at Liverpool?

The David Lewis Club is a working men's club functioning on somewhat similar lines to Toynbee Hall in London, and the University Settlement is a residential club of ex-University men (mostly from Oxford and Cambridge) interested in social work. In the hands of these associate members are the entertainments, the orchestras, the dramatic and choral societies. The orchestra has outgrown itself, and the formation of a new string band and a new choral society is projected, the idea in these two schemes being to take good music to the working-classes rather than to extract good music from them. Experience has shown conclusively that this type of audience appreciates good music done well, but prefers bad music done well to good music rendered badly. This scheme is an endeavour to put before a naturally appreciative audience orchestral and vocal music which, while not ultra-modern, is interesting and educational.

May I, Sir, ask those residents of Liverpool, Birkenhead, and the suburbs who are interested in choral and instrumental music to communicate with the Warden, the University Settlement, Liverpool?—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES P. D. CANNON

(B.A., A.R.C.O., L.R.A.M.).

The University Settlement, Nile Street, Liverpool.

July 6, 1922.

THE 'OLD VIC.'

SIR,—It is of course with great satisfaction that we have received the news of the generous donation which has been announced. It will, we hope, enable us to purchase the freehold of the southern end of the building which is now occupied by Morley College, and make the alterations required by the L.C.C.

But I hope our friends will not think us grasping, if I ask them not on this account to cease their efforts to obtain subscriptions for us. We are obliged by our foundation rules to charge our audience as low a price as possible for seats, and in consequence can draw a comparatively small income from our performances. If it were not for an allowance made us by the City Parochial Foundation we could not exist at all. With its help and by paying low salaries to our staff we have run at a small loss up to this season, when I believe we have practically balanced our accounts. This, however, has been effected partly by our having had one or two very successful performances and partly by our having raised the price of our seats, which we were very unwilling to do, and wish as soon as possible to discontinue. I am very anxious to put our affairs on a more satisfactory basis, and to obtain by means of subscription a small endowment fund. I think that the tributes that the press has paid us during the last six months justify me in making this claim. It seems to be universally allowed that under the remarkable management of Miss Baylis and the sound though bold production of Mr. Robert Atkins we have taken a peculiar position in the theatrical world. Miss Baylis, by the force of her personality has created an audience which cares for the play, cares for the paying, and cares for the players too. The West End will not support a Shakespeare theatre; our people will hear him the whole season through, and if anyone wishes to see what sympathy can exist between audience and actors let them come here and witness the welcome given to the actors on their return at the beginning of the season, or the farewell at its ending.

Many persons seem to desire to establish a continuous home for classical and especially Shakespeare drama. This we have practically become, and I am in hopes that the National Shakespeare Memorial Association, to which we have applied, will recognise our claim for assistance. I desire to obtain a small endowment fund in order that we may continue that work without scanting our staff of their just due on the one hand, or living in constant dread of running into debt on the other.—Yours, &c.,

W. P. HENINGHAM
(Chairman of the Governors).

DUPRÉ AND ENGLISH ORGAN MUSIC

SIR,—A statement on p. 401 of your June issue, complaining of 'M. Dupré's consistent neglect of English organ music when touring among us,' needs qualification. At a recital in Westminster Abbey, early this year, he not only played pieces by Purcell and Gibbons, but selected as the theme of his improvisation the notes sung by the sopranos in the first six bars of the final section of Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens* (p. 17 of Novello's Vocal Score). To those of us present who recognised the melody, the significance of this graceful compliment to English music was evident.—Yours, &c.,

CATECHU.

London, W.6.

[We fail to see that our comment needs qualification. Nor can we regard M. Dupré's inclusion of a couple of short pieces by Gibbons and Purcell as 'a compliment' to English organ music, seeing that these pieces were written at a period when organs in this country had no pedal department, and were intended as much for the virginal and harpsichord as for the organ. If an English player went touring in France, and paid no more handsome tribute to French organ music than the performance of a couple of pieces by d'Aquin and Couperin, our friends across the Channel would use an adjective other than 'graceful.' And they would be justified.—ED., M.T.]

THE ORIGIN OF THE BATON

SIR,—In 1896 you published an interesting article on the baton. I have found an early reference in *Amusemens Strieus et Comiques*, by Charles Dufresny (1648-1724),

reprinted in the *Collection des Chefs d'Œuvres Méconnus*, by Bossard (Paris, 1921). Speaking of the Opera, he says:

'Disons un mot des habitants naturels du pays de l'Opéra . . . ils relèvent tous du souverain de l'orchestre, prince si absolu, qu'en haussant et baissant un sceptre en forme de rouleau qu'il tient à la main, il règle tous les mouvements de ce peuple capricieux.'

The first edition of the *Amusemens* was printed in 1698, and published in 1699. It is extremely rare. *Rouleau* most likely was a roll of paper, and if so it anticipated by more than a hundred years its use in London, although it seems to have been displaced by a stick on the Continent early in the 18th century.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM WALLACE.

11, Ladbroke Road, N.W.11.

May 29, 1922.

THE RAFF CENTENARY

SIR,—Mr. Algernon Ashton's letter to you under the above heading comes as a useful reminder that much can still be learned from the works of the much-neglected Victorians. Taste, it must be admitted, has changed considerably since Raff wrote, and it cannot be expected that musicians to-day should look upon his compositions with the enthusiasm that some of them deserve. But as studies in certain branches of composition they could do much good to the young composers of the present day—not so much as models to be copied as musical remarks made in understandable language. With the exception of the Cavatina, the amateur probably does not even know the name of any other of Raff's works. But Raff finds himself neglected in good company—Spohr, for example. Writing as a teacher of the violin, I think students of that instrument could do much worse than work at Raff's compositions, even if only as exercises in bowing, phrasing, and rhythm.—Yours, &c.,

JEFFREY PULVER.

24A, Carlton Vale, N.W.6.

NEW FIDDLES FOR OLD

SIR,—In my opinion the above heading (which you use in your review of my book, *The True-Tone Violin*) spoils what would otherwise be a quite nice article. I have always treated 'fiddles' as a very serious subject, and one that was not open to flights of fantastic imagination.

I am neither a necromancer, romancer, nor an Aladdin—just a plain, matter-of-fact man who sometimes makes fiddles, and who has dived pretty deeply into the subject, and spent more time and money to get at the root of the matter than I ever hope to get back. To come to the point, your reviewer says:

'If Mr. Farrell's violins confirm his theories and establish his claim, fame will come to him in his lifetime as it came not only to Stradivari, but to Vuillaume and to James Tubbs.'

Now, while not caring one jot about fame—which, in my opinion, is something a man usually attains after he is dead—I cannot wholly ignore your comments under the above heading.

To begin with: If I had been a man engaged on reviewing books on musical or kindred matters (as, for instance, the writer of the above extract), and a volume like *The True-Tone Violin* had been handed to me for review, after reading and digesting the subject-matter I would have said: 'Hello! this fellow is issuing a direct challenge to the whole of the fiddle world. I'll have to see further into this.'

To end with: I only wish to state that I am prepared for anything which is likely to come along, for as your reviewer pithily remarks, 'The proof of the pudding is in the eating.' &c.; and so long as the issue is left in the hands of unbiassed people who are competent to judge I am confident enough as to the result.—Yours, &c.,

W. J. FARRELL.

Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times* of August 1, 1862:

MEMORIAL WINDOW TO THE LATE VINCENT NOVELLO.—The project to erect a suitable monument in England to commemorate the musical labours of this industrious composer and editor, is to be carried into effect by the erection of an appropriate stained-glass window in Westminster Abbey, which is now being prepared by Messrs. Lavers & Barraud, of Endel Street, Bloomsbury. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster have most handsomely granted a site in the North Transept front for the window.

ORGAN APPOINTMENT.—Mr. W. Lemare has been appointed organist to the Chapel of Ease, Stockwell.

THE MUSICAL STANDARD.—The new musical paper will appear on Saturday, August 2, price 2d. Order of Arpthorp, 22, Bishopsgate-Street-Without, or through the newsmen. Apply early.

Sharps and Flats

Who can say how much of the old tragic feeling that has given us so many beautiful reflections on the misery and the pathos of life was due simply to bad teeth, bad eyes, bad cooking, and bad sanitation . . . ? Very often, one suspects, an artist has thought his work was the cry of a broken and contrite heart when it was only the wheeze of a broken and contrite stomach.—*Ernest Newman*.

Mere rapidity of notes, so loved by Thalbergian composers, produces no sense of motion because the harmonic centres, chiefly controlled by the bass or the implied bass, are slow-moving and without purpose. . . . Mere verbal fluency does not make a man's speech vital; it simply increases his capacity to bore.—*Alexander Brent Smith*.

The attempt to test choral music by the pianoforte is useless and even dangerous. Vocal writing is not at its highest to-day, and it needs consideration as a wholly separate art. To introduce the pianoforte is to introduce confusion.—*Hubert J. Foss*.

If that cheap programme [of the Mountain Ash Male-Voice Choir], that sobbing sentimentality, and that frequent flattening fairly represent Welsh musical taste of to-day, then God help Wales!—*Percy A. Scholes*.

I fled in horror after their third piece.—*Ernest Newman*.

Who can believe the Welshman is any other than a rhapsodist at heart? It is the failing of the Englishman to discomfort himself in music by the aid of formalistic and puritanical dogma. Let not the Welsh genius be curbed in these chains.—*Samuel Langford*.

Wales is longing for music. There is a national genius for music in Wales.—*Prof. Walford Davies*.

I am half Welsh.—*Ernest Newman*.

I have Welsh blood in me.—*Percy A. Scholes*.

If I had money I would plaster London from Hyde Park to Billingsgate to advertise my concerts. We ought not to be ashamed of publicity. I would not mind, to attract the public, going out at two o'clock in the morning and sticking bills on all the dustbins!—*Eugène Goossens*.

I am at an age when I like a quiet Sunday and prefer listening to music to any game I know.—*Harry Gosling*.

Good-looking conductors go much farther in their audiences' favour than do those . . . of lesser pulchritude. Perhaps what I am saying has largely to do with America (I hope so), the country in which I was born and in which I live. Certainly it does hold good here.—*Walter A. Kramer*.

The cinematograph seems to be retrograding, not advancing, and I notice a general air of boredom now among cinema audiences. . . . Its chief attraction now is that you can sit in the dark with your arm around the waist of your young woman—and very right, too—but that has nothing to do with art.—*Hugh Walpole*.

The music in St. Paul's Cathedral is sung too well. You think of the singing too much, and not enough of syllables which are almost part of our English being, and the distances are so great that you lose some of the words. And when they sing you feel too small to join in.—*Hannen Swaffer*.

Parisians have recovered from the musical apathy into which they had fallen after the war, when they applauded Ambroise Thomas and Schönberg indiscriminately. At that time, I was near despair. Now that we have likes and dislikes, we are alive again. *Enfin, on commence à se battre*.—*Maurice Ravel*.

All symphony orchestras have a deficit in America.—*Walter A. Kramer*.

On one occasion I got the Philharmonic String Quartet to play at my house, and at the end one of my guests exclaimed, 'How well those Hungarians play!' This shows the battle is by no means won.—*Lord Howard de Walden*.

Perhaps one of our faults in England is that too much virtuosity of utterance leads our composers to want to do the striking things they hear others of the modernists do, and to 'go them one better.' Mr. Goossens might write better Stravinsky than Stravinsky himself, but it is much better for him to write Goossens.—*Ralph Vaughan Williams*.

Many of us must look back a little wistfully to the social life of the Edwardian era, but for the musician there has been no age like the present.—*Sir Landon Ronald*.

Writers of programme-notes and others whose business it is to be analytical are perpetually faced with the frying pan of flowery description and the fire of cold-blooded dissection in order to reveal a lifeless skeleton. God forbid I should solve their problems for them, but it is a pity that the intelligent listener should grow to imagine that a composer picks a form out of his drawer as one might pick a jelly mould off the kitchen mantelpiece.—*Hubert J. Foss*.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

THE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

The Centenary Celebrations of the Royal Academy of Music have been considered from every point of view but that of a small over-worked body, the musical critics. A long and bad season had thoroughly tired them out when the Academy suddenly thrust about twenty-five important musical events at them in one feverish fortnight. It was a strain on their sense of duty to keep on saying 'good old Royal Academy of Music' through it all; but on the whole they kept it up, because they couldn't help it. The quality of the stuff thrown at them would not be denied. The Academy could draw upon any amount of fine music, all of its own, and a host of British players and singers to air it. After the event, having surveyed programmes, performances, and audiences, the most grudging critic had to admit the necessity for giving twelve chamber concerts, three orchestral concerts, six performances of opera, and two of drama, a reception-plus-masque, and a service at St. Paul's, as well as a specially splendid prize distribution and a banquet.

THE CHAMBER CONCERTS

The term 'chamber concert' covered events that in the outer world pass as 'recitals.' They lasted, in unbroken series, from Monday afternoon, July 10, to the following Saturday evening. All were held at Aeolian Hall. The first displayed pianoforte music as written by Academy composers of all times. Nine pianists played, and Mr. Tobias Matthay lectured. That evening a whole programme did much-needed justice to Mr. John B. McEwen's compositions. Here was a stack of music of which—except perhaps the *Biscay* String Quartet—the public knows next to nothing. One could see why. His music does not shout from the hill-tops; nor could it have been written by a self-advertiser. It shows a man who loves the Art of composition with a big A, and for those who are ready to forego excitement and take measured delight in fine quality and the expression of a kindly nature and wise intellect—for all this is spelt out in Mr. McEwen's music—the evening was one of prolonged satisfaction. The Spencer Dyke Quartet were the chief performers.

The next ten events must be summarized. They mingled the new and the old, the good and the very good. As a matter of history the new works are here recorded in a breath:

- Pianoforte Solos *Morfydd Owen*
 Prelude in E minor; 'Glantaf';
 'Nant-y-frith'; 'Little Eric.'
 Songs (unaccompanied) *Harry Farjeon*
 'Five tunes of a Penny Piper.'
 Pianoforte Solos *Harry Farjeon*
 Three Preludes; Two Free Fugues.
 'Sing-Song Cycle' *Harry Isaacs*
 Two movements from Pianoforte Sonata
Thomas Marshall

The Friday evening concert was a pianoforte recital by Miss Winifred Christie, and the two Saturday concerts were given by students.

OPERA AND DRAMA

The operas were *The Yeomen of the Guard* (July 10 and 18), *The Cricket on the Hearth* (July 12 and 19), and *Nadeshda* (July 14 and 22). The directors were Mr. Cairns James and Mr. Henry Beauchamp, both Hon. R.A.M. *The Yeomen* we all know and love. Sullivan, the brightest star of the R.A.M., shone bravely. To know all about *The Cricket on the Hearth* read the *Musical Times* for July, 1914. *Nadeshda*, we found, contained a good deal that mattered besides 'O my heart is weary.' The first series of performances revealed talent of a high order in Miss Olive Groves (Elsie Maynard and *Nadeshda*), Miss Dorothy Pattinson (Phoebe), Mr. Edward Jones (Shadbolt and Caleb Plummer), and Miss Isobel McLaren (Tilly Slowboy).

The dramatic programme (directed by Mr. Acton Bond, and given twice) was Shakespearean—four excerpts. The present writer is not a dramatic critic, but he ventures the opinion that Miss Isobel McLaren, who was Juliet for a few minutes, is an actress of the first order.

THE SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S (JULY 17)

This function, which the Duke of Connaught attended, was very impressive, and, within the limits of propriety, highly picturesque. Of course it was a feast of fine music. With so much to record, the luxury of comment must be foregone. First came an hour of organ music, as follows:

- Introductory March *Paul Corder*
 Choral Prelude, 'Winchester New' *John E. West*
 Barcarolle from fourth Pianoforte Concerto
Sterndale Bennett
 Andante Cantabile from Sonata in D minor
Battison Haynes

Interspersed with this was orchestral music. Sir A. C. Mackenzie's *Benedictus* was conducted by Sir Henry Wood, and Mr. Frederick Corder's *Peace* (for harp and horns) was conducted by the composer.

This was the Service music:

- 'Arise, O Lord God' *H. W. Richards*
 'It is a good thing' *J. B. McEwen*
 'And I heard' *Reginald Steggall*
 'I will sing a new song' *Stewart Macpherson*
 Antiphon No. 1 *Hubert S. Middleton*
 Psalm cxlvii. (based upon the 8th tone)
Stanley Marchant
 Psalm cxlviii. *Leslie Regan*
 Psalm cl., set to chant in C *George Macfarren*
 Antiphon No. 2 *Hubert S. Middleton*
 'This is the day which the Lord hath made'
George J. Bennett

- Hymn, 'Praise, my soul' *John Goss*
 'Comfort, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant' *W. Crotch*
 Solemn Thanksgiving Te Deum *Charles Macpherson**

The Bishop of London, in an address, said that music had always been associated with religion. It was right that the Academy should celebrate its Centenary at St. Paul's, for there had been music ever since there had been religion. The Christian religion had been the spring of the most beautiful music in the world.

At the end, Sir A. C. Mackenzie's *Coronation March* was played by the band of H.M. Welsh Guards, under Lieut. Andrew Harris.

THE RECEPTION

This was an evening of great doings at Queen's Hall. The catalogue was varied; thus: *Item*, the R.E. String Band, playing in the guests, conducted by Lieut. Neville Flux; *item*, Motet in fifty parts, *Sing unto God*, by Frederick Corder, conducted by the same, sung by ladies' choir of two hundred; *item*, address of congratulation by Royal College of Music, delivered by Mr. George Macmillan and Sir Ernest Palmer; *item*, Sir Alexander Mackenzie's reply; *item*, a few words from the said A. C. M.; *item*, a Masque.

The Masque was portentous. Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker, a wit, wrote it. Music was put to it by W. H. Bell, F. Corder, Alan Bush, and Arthur Sandford. It had best be dealt with synoptically.

The music starts. Enter row of young men in evening dress. Immaculate, but no uniformity in the matter of white waistcoats. They form railing behind which girls assemble. Slowly enter two more young men and two more young women, eloquent with suppressed intentions, but nothing to do at present. Dancers follow—major, minor, and minima. Arrival of 1922 (Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry), dragging on 1822 (Miss Julia Neilson). 1822 wonders where she is and what it's all about. 1922 says she started it, and it's all her doing. Thus they talk:

1822.— In eighteen-twenty-two

My girls and boys were ten of each.

1922.— So few?

1822.—To quote old Crotch, I 'sought their moral good,
 And taught them how to earn a livelihood.'

Further highly-pointed dialogue, as thus:

1822.— You cannot mean

Plays acted on a stage—a public scene!

1922.—That's what I do mean.

1822.— Worthy Dr. Crotch

Against such things was ever on the watch.

Respectability was our chief factor.

How could a music teacher be an actor?

The two young women (*vide* above) now have their chance. Complimentary rhymes to Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, John Francis Barnett, Sullivan, and Goring Thomas, who enter one by one, in portrait form, to quotations from their music. Patriotic note. *Summer is i-cumen in*. Arrival of students from foreign parts. Song of same. Homage to A. C. Mackenzie. Much wild pageantry. *God save the King*.

THE ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

Concert No. 1—blank! One of the six hundred turned away, though urgent with flourished ticket, learns from one of the lucky ones that the King and Queen and the Duke of Connaught were there, and that everything proceeded as per schedule, excepting that Edward German, arriving to conduct his *Willow Song*, found the concert over. The said schedule ran thus: Overture *The Naiades*, by Sterndale Bennett; two Shakespeare songs by Eric Coates, sung by Miss Caroline Hatchard; *The Pierrot of the Minute*, by Granville Bantock; *Concert Piece* for pianoforte, by Tobias Matthay, also conducted by him; *O vision entrancing*, Goring Thomas, sung by Mr. Ben Davies; *Romance* for viola and orchestra by B. J. Dale, played by Mr. Lionel Tertis; recitations by Miss Lena Ashwell, to music by Stanley Hawley; two works by Edward German, not performed. Conductors: Sir A. C. Mackenzie and Sir Henry Wood.

Concert No. 2—Writer again on wrong side of door when the order is given 'no more to be admitted.' He hears that the new works were duly performed, and that Edward German's was tacked on. The new works were *A Song of Greeting*, for orchestra, by W. H. Bell; *Tintagel*, by Arnold Bax (new to London); *The Song of Rosamund*, by Montague Phillips (Miss Clara Butterworth); *Poem*, by York Bowen; and *Judas Iscariot's Paradise*, for chorus, baritone (Mr. Robert Radford, who can sing baritone), and orchestra, by Adam Carse.

Concert No. 3, by students—too late for present mention. It is regretted that the prize distribution (by the Duke of Connaught) and the banquet occur as this journal goes to Press.

* Composed for the Peace Day Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral, July 6, 1919.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The following is a short account of the College Jubilee celebrations recently held. A description (with illustrations) of the exterior alterations, and the new interior of the buildings, appeared in the June number of the *Musical Times*.

The celebrations began with a reception at the College on Wednesday, June 14, at which Lord Shaftesbury, the president, and Sir Frederick Bridge, received and welcomed the guests in the new entrance hall. Refreshments were served in the board room and library, while in the concert room, which has been so remarkably transformed, a small orchestra of College students played under the conductorship of Mr. Joseph Ivimey.

In the evening of the same day a very large and enthusiastic audience attended the concert given by the College Orchestra at Queen's Hall, when all concerned acquitted themselves admirably. The programme included works by Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir Frederic H. Cowen, Albert W. Ketelbey, and Edric Cundell, all of whom conducted their own compositions.

On the morning of June 15 a conference of the secretaries of examination centres took place for the purpose of discussing the College work. A very useful and successful meeting resulted, after which a presentation of honorary diplomas to representative secretaries was made by Prof. J. C. Bridge, in the absence of Sir Frederick Bridge. The afternoon was devoted to a very enjoyable performance of *Iolanthe*, produced by Mr. Cairns James, professor of elocution at the College.

In the evening a dinner was held in the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C., when the Earl of Shaftesbury again received the guests, included among whom were the Countess of Shaftesbury, the Lord Mayor of London and Lady Mayoress, the Rt. Hon. Lord Lamington, Sir William J. Collins, Sir Frederic H. Cowen and Lady Cowen, Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie, Sir Landon Ronald, Sir Hugh Allen, Major Boyd Carpenter, Sir S. Russell Wells (vice-chancellor of London University), Mr. Clifford B. Edgar, Sir Charles Sykes, Sir Ernest Palmer, Sir Francis Farmer, Sir Frederick Bridge and Lady Bridge, Prof. J. C. Bridge, Dr. Percy C. Buck, Mr. Lionel Tertis, Sir Francis H. Green, Dr. C. W. Pearce, Prof. C. H. Kitson, Dr. E. F. Horner, Dr. C. Vincent, Mr. A. E. Drinkwater, and Mr. John Drinkwater.

THE U. G. M. AT CAMBRIDGE

BY ARTHUR T. FROGGATT

For the second time those members of the Union of Graduates in Music who were able to absent themselves from 'the trivial round, the common task,' spent an enjoyable thirty hours or so within the precincts of a great University; and the new departure so successfully inaugurated by Sir Hugh Allen at Oxford, was admirably continued by Dr. C. B. Rootham at Cambridge.

The Conference extended over two days—Tuesday and Wednesday, June 21, 22. The lady members were accommodated at Newnham College, and those of the inferior sex at St. John's. But all were welcomed by the Master of St. John's (and also by the president, Dr. Living, who is ninety-four years of age) in the College Combination Room, where tea was served. From this an adjournment was made to the head-quarters of the University Club, where Dr. Rootham gave an interesting address on 'Universities and the Musical Profession.' Emphasising the fact that in former times residence was an essential preliminary to graduation in music as in all other faculties, Dr. Rootham mentioned that in 1658 Oliver Cromwell requested the University to dispense with residence in the case of Benjamin Rogers, who was admitted Mus. B. in that year. The question of residence is confessedly a difficult one. Most musicians begin their career, even if they do not end it, as poor men. Sir John Stainer once said to me, 'The man I like to see coming up for his degree is the young fellow who thinks that a hood would nicely adorn his surplice.' And there is a good deal to be said from that point of view. On the other hand, it is an anomaly that a residential university should dispense with residence in the

case of one faculty only. Such a course must inevitably tend to the depreciation of that faculty in the eyes of the university. It must also be remembered that, to meet the case of those who cannot afford residence, some universities exist for the purpose of examinations only; and in the case of one at least, residence for any degree is optional. At the same time, I venture to think that some of the colleges, both at Oxford and Cambridge, might do more to encourage musical scholarship than is at present the case.

With all that Dr. Rootham said respecting the advantage to the musician of a good general education, everyone must be in hearty accord. 'To know something of everything and everything of something' may be a counsel of perfection; but it should be the aim of the musician, as of every scholar, for so long as he draws breath.

It was a little difficult to follow Dr. Rootham when he enlarged upon the importance of scholarship to the graduate in music. As an illustration of his meaning, the lecturer stated that he possessed four editions of certain songs of Henry Purcell, and that not one of these editions was accurate. Now scholarship is defined as 'learning, knowledge'; and it is to be feared that most of us, for whatever learning or knowledge we may happen to possess, must be content to remain very dependent upon the labours of others. Only a comparative few can possibly have the opportunity of access to the manuscripts of the works they wish to study. Of course there are countless cases of misprint, or even of careless transcription, which an educated musician can rectify. But there are also countless instances in which a very extensive knowledge of the musical idiom of the composer or period would be quite insufficient to determine the probable accuracy of a given reading. For example, I happen to possess three editions of the *Missa Papae Marcelli*. No two of these three entirely agree; in many cases, I regret to have to confess, my 'scholarship' is unequal to the task of selecting the probably correct version; and up to the present time I have not had an opportunity to consult the original manuscript.

Another prominent feature of the president's address was a plea for the horizontal rather than the perpendicular method of teaching composition. (By the way, was it not the despised Macfarren who said, 'The modern student should master the laws of counterpoint, and so approach the fundamental or massive harmonic school by the path of history'?) Dr. Rootham said that the child should be encouraged to write a melody, and then add another melody above the first, and so on, instead of bothering about chords. This suggestion evoked considerable difference of opinion, although the lecturer declared that he had proved its success many times. There can, I think, be no doubt that far too much attention has been paid in the past to figured basses, and far too little to the harmonization of melodies; but one would have thought that such a book as Stainer's *Composition* primer had done much to remedy this error. The discussion was interesting. But do members of the U. G. M. need to be reminded, as they were by more than one speaker, that music must be taught by means of the ears as well as the eye?

Dinner in Hall was followed by a performance of music in St. John's College Chapel, which will undoubtedly rank as the outstanding feature of the Conference. The programme was as follows:

- Motet for six voices 'In Jejunio et fletu' ... Tallis
- Ground for strings 'The leaves bee greene' ... Byrd
- Kyrie from 'Missa Papae Marcelli' ... Palestrina
- Anthem for five voices and strings
- 'Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem' Purcell
- Motet for six voices 'Arise, O ye servants' Sweelinck
- Pastorale for string orchestra,
- Meditation on Psalm xxii. C. Armstrong Gibbs
- Motet for six voices,
- 'O Lord, look down from heaven' Battishill
- Motet for double choir 'Surrender of the soul' Cornelius

It is sufficient to say that the performance, under Dr. Rootham, was worthy of the music, the place, and the occasion.

At 8.30 on the following morning, the members of the U. G. M. were the guests of Dr. A. H. Mann, who had kindly invited them to breakfast in Hall at King's College.

At ten o'clock, in the room of the U. M. C., Mr. Arthur Bliss gave an address on 'The Musical Renaissance'—a title that was very misleading, the subject of the paper being something quite different—namely, the present condition of music in England. This condition the speaker evidently regarded as eminently satisfactory. He appeared to be under the impression that until quite recently executant musicians of English birth had very little chance of success. Coming to creative artists, he paid the customary homage to the memory of Henry Purcell—a homage which has been, perhaps, a trifle exaggerated. Purcell was undoubtedly a genius, but genius is a gift which has not been denied to some other English musicians, and if we say of Purcell that he was the greatest English composer of the second half of the 17th century, it may be that we have said enough.

Mr. Bliss attached great importance to the cultivation of folk-song, apparently regarding it as the principal means of musical salvation for this country. But here, again, some of us are inclined to think that folk-song has lately been worked a little bit too hard. It is true that a few composers seem to experience a trifling difficulty in the invention of melody, and in their case it is doubtless a convenience to be supplied with a melody ready-made. But we cannot help feeling, occasionally, that the peg is hardly strong enough to support all the clothes which are hung upon it. Mr. Bliss, who was obviously convinced of the absolute correctness of his views upon things in general, named the three men who, more than any others, had prepared the way for the present happy state of affairs—Parry, Stanford, and Elgar. The holder of the championship for the moment—until a greater than he should arise, was Dr. Vaughan Williams. The labours of these men had, fortunately, rendered it impossible that any self-respecting person could any longer listen to such a work as *The Golden Legend*. In the realm of extravaganzas, indeed, Sullivan having aimed low had succeeded in hitting the mark, but in all other respects was beneath contempt. By a quick transition (too abrupt to be termed a modulation) we were reminded how Rousseau had sought and found inspiration in the elevating and chaste lucubrations of Voltaire. After a few of the great masters, such as Haydn and Beethoven, had been called up for judgment and disposed of summarily, we were informed that music was still only a baby in the cradle, and that the more or less inarticulate noises with which she had hitherto regaled our ears were as nothing to the full tide of song which awaited us in the coming centuries. A peroration in praise of the steam engine followed, but I did not gather that the lecturer advocated its inclusion in the orchestra of the future.

This breezy paper naturally led to a long and very amusing discussion. Dr. Alan Gray, while expressing his agreement with most of Mr. Bliss's statements, put in a plea for Haydn, who, he thought, went deeper than Mozart. Another speaker wanted to know why music, which is as old as Genesis, is still only a baby. Others were desirous of learning the best method of inoculating their pupils with the latest virus. But, as is often the case on these occasions, while many addressed themselves to the subject of the paper itself, others were content with a comment on the remarks of the previous speaker whoever that might happen to be. A somewhat curious result of this was that we presently drifted back to one of Dr. Rootham's topics of the previous afternoon, namely, the best method of teaching composition. However, when Mr. Bliss, in closing the discussion, told us that Schönberg, at Vienna (where even the hotel-waiters love string quartets) always 'taught by line,' I think we all felt that the subject was closed.

An inspection of some of the musical treasures in the Fitzwilliam Museum filled up the interval before lunch, for which a return was made to St. John's College. A well-deserved vote of thanks to Dr. W. J. Phillips, the hon. secretary of the U. G. M., brought the formal proceedings to a close. Mention must be made, however, of a delightful organ recital, given by Dr. Alan Gray in Trinity College Chapel, and also of the doctor's exceeding

kindness in showing some mediæval musical manuscripts enshrined in the College Library.

For the benefit of those members of the U. G. M. who were unable to visit Cambridge, and who happen to possess back volumes of the *Musical Times*, it may not be amiss to call attention to an illustrated article on St. John's College which appeared in December, 1904.

MY SINGING LESSONS

For years my friends had assured me that I sang rather well, and moreover they invariably implied that with proper singing lessons I might sing even better. At the outset of what I may term my singing career I was satisfied with the simplicities of hearts bowed down with weights of woe, but advancing by painful stages I eventually hazarded the great sob song from *P. Pagliacci*. My friends were moved; I could see that quite easily. It was of course inevitable that Briggs would laugh; but Briggs would laugh if my voice were really worse than it was. Briggs is just that particular brand of ass, but no one takes any notice of Briggs—as a rule. I could not refrain however from asking him on this occasion why he laughed when everyone else was so obviously moved. 'But you said "Laugh, Punchinello,"' he protested, his great innocent eyes wide open.

'Yes, but "I' Pagliaccio" [I know a little Italian] sang it with a lump in his throat and bitterness in his soul.'

'Oh, that was it, was it?' said Briggs, thoughtfully.

My friends were now more than ever insistent that I should take lessons, and with this intent I made three appointments with assorted singing-masters.

The first was portly, both of face and frame. I entered the room nervously, but he at once put me at my ease. He simply radiated the kinæsthetic sense! He pumped both my hands up and down vigorously until, completely out of breath, we both sank to the sofa. 'Breath control,' he panted, 'is the root of all tone. Tonicity—co-ordinal poise—muscular innervation—[he waved his hands flabbily]—all under the direct—'

He jumped up suddenly. 'Let me hear you sing.'

I sang. He pumped my hands again, and again we sank to the sofa. 'A magnificent voice! How much more magnificent might it be did you but study, my friend, with me! [which was poetry, though he hadn't such intention]. Your voice has depth,' he went on, 'but not enough. It has quality, but not too much. Your organ is not controlled. Let me hear you sing "*Ah—so*"!'

I sang '*Ah—so*!' as directed, and then he asked me how I felt as I sang.

'Well,' I confessed, 'I feel as if I have a crick in the neck.'

'A perfectly natural feeling at the commencement, due to the probable juxtaposition of the Crico-Arytenoid and the Thyro-Arytenoid muscles. Anything else?'

'Yes; I felt a funny tickling sensation at the back of the throat.'

'Due to too much use of the Humerus muscles,' he countered readily. 'And now, try again. A word of warning first. Whatever you do, don't use the Sterno-Mastoid muscles or the Trapezius muscles!'

'I should never dream of doing so,' I replied.

'Depress the diaphragm, and send the tones over the Oral Pharynx so that they hit the hard palate,—So!' He sang with such suddenness and brassy vigour that I jumped. He smiled. 'Dynamic force, my friend. Now, are you ready?'

'What muscles did you say I was *not* to use?' I temporized, trying to collect myself.

He repeated the list, and I bellowed out a vigorous '*Ah!*' . . .

'Control your breath!' he shouted. 'Control is everything. On control depends all tonicity—co-ordinal poise—muscular innervation.'

Again he sought the sofa, breathless. He just had time ere I reached the door to articulate 'My terms—*are—*are . . .'

My second singing-master was not so enthusiastic. He was angular, and looked sad. By way of preface, I told him that I was a little hoarse. He seemed to know all about it. 'Yes! You have been singing with too much so-called controlled tone. There is but one true method of voice-

production. Nature's way! Consider the dog! How he breathes, how he barks. Consider the cow! How she breathes! How she intones! Consider the nightingale! How it breathes! How it sings! Do they know anything about control? They do not! There is no teaching in song. You just sing, as the cow barks, as the dog intones, as the nightingale warbles. Animals produce tone naturally. Why shouldn't we?' He glowered at me. I agreed hastily.

'Now, try and bark like a dog,' I barked!

'Now the cow.' I emitted a long and desolating cow-like sound. A fleeting smile lit up his mournful face. 'There! Did you notice how the tune was precipitated from your lungs into the fresh air?'

'But,' I protested, 'What would my friends say if I barked like a dog and moo'd like a cow when they asked me to sing?'

'Patience, patience! Having "placed" the voice on rational principles, we proceed to mould the voice! Yes! Mould the voice! Mould—' As I left, he murmured, 'My—terms—are . . .'

The third singing-master was a round little man with dramatic, black eyes and oily hair—obviously an Italian.

'Aha, Signor! You desire-a to sing, is it not?' He ran up and down a scale, and delivered himself of devious vocal pyrotechnics. 'So, eh? To sing is to live. Ah! Oh! Oo! Oh! Ah! Not to sing is no life, eh? La donna è Mob . . .' A few *acciaccaturas* and a further *cadenza* on his part, and I started my special sob solo. I had sung only a few phrases, however, before he took it up himself and sang my solo to its bitter end. He turned to me, 'There, what you thinka of that?' 'Fine,' I said, lamely; 'but I really wanted you to hear Mr.' 'But you must as I do, do. It is but the sole way. Ah . . . You heard people—they talk of natural methods, is it not so? A *Via dolorosa*! Others, they spik of breath control—another *via dolorosa*. There is but one way—that of imitation. Imitation first! Imitation second! Imitation *sempre*! When I trained Fagotti he hang on my very lips, and Signora Spinaccio, she hang too—no, she not hang, but say I have more *voce* in my new shoes than Signor — have in his whole head.'

'And yet Signor — has trained many famous singers,' I hazarded, humbly.

'Si! But how better much they have been had he *not* trained them?' he retorted, triumphantly.

I could not of course answer this, and so I suggested that I would nevertheless be contented if he would train me half as badly. I left him eventually with the familiar, 'My terms are . . . ' ringing in my ears.

When I reached home my wife said, 'You seem rather hoarse to-night.' 'Yes,' I said, 'I've almost had three singing lessons.'

KIM.

BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY THEATRE

A MOZART SEASON

The musical activities of Mr. Barry Jackson at the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham, arouse less attention in other parts of the country than they deserve. They may count for little in comparison with a season of grand opera at Covent Garden or the tour of a large organization from town to town. But their potentiality is great, nevertheless, for they represent the effort of a community to produce opera for itself. And the couple of years over which they are spread find Birmingham with the first opera establishment in the provinces—an establishment comprising orchestra, chorus, soloists, scenic artist, and scenic workshops, all of local derivation, while to these is now added a school for budding operatic singers. It seems certain, too, that Birmingham will not for long be allowed to stand alone; other cities, with possibly Liverpool leading the way in the matter of imitation, will doubtless follow suit.

The cessation of the dramatic season at the Repertory Theatre is now annually succeeded by a season of opera, but at intervals during the winter a week or two of opera allows the dramatic company a much-valued rest. What this means when summed up over a year will be gathered when it is stated that since June, 1921, thirty-five performances of Rutland Boughton's *The Immortal Hour* have

been given, with something like eight of Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, six of Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, and four of Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. A Ballet based on music drawn from Scarlatti has also had a dozen performances—for ballet, under the direction of Mr. Leighton Lucas, is now included among the theatre's activities. A bridge between the dramatic and the opera seasons, indeed, was made this summer by a series of performances of Wormser's *L'Enfant Prodigue*, with Mr. Appleby Matthews at the pianoforte. In this Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies was seen to special advantage, her musical sensitiveness enabling her to poise the rhythm of her gestures more successfully than her dramatic colleagues. Wormser's music, however, is to the modern ear worn-out; it was difficult to realise that a generation ago the work created something like a furore.

Mozart's *Don Giovanni* was the new production of the July season, and it had a revival of *Così fan tutte* for companion. It is Mr. Jackson's intention to add other Mozart operas to the repertory. In the tastefully designed little theatre—holding about five hundred—an orchestra of twenty or so players gave a finely-pointed and spirited reading of the *Don Giovanni* score. Mr. Appleby Matthews, like most of us when illusions ensnare us no more, has a special enthusiasm for Mozart's music, and is always found at his best in its handling. The staging of the work was on the model allowing of continuous performance employed in this theatre for Shakespeare productions. Mr. Paul Shelving (a designer of the primary-colour Lovat Fraser school) dressed the opera in the manner of 18th century Spain—with what authority as regards period I leave him to explain. Whether the costumes of that period were really so ugly in outline as he made them, or whether the singers did not know how to wear them, I cannot determine; they did not please my eye. As in other productions of the kind here, the dialogue was carried on in recitative supported by a dulcitone pianoforte in the wings, a method which makes stilted dialogue seem more stilted still.

With the singers at command, the features of the Repertory opera performances have been in the main perfection of articulation combined with an excellent ensemble. These were less evident on the first night of *Don Giovanni* than in previous productions, or than they will be when a cast including some new-comers to the stage settles down to its work. For one thing, circumstances combined to restrict the time for rehearsal; for another, *Don Giovanni* is the biggest proposition Mr. Jackson has yet tackled. Still, creditable work by Mr. Arthur Cranmer as the Don, Mr. Herbert Simmonds as Leporello, Mr. Charles Hedges as Don Ottavio, Mr. Samuel Saul as Masetto, Miss Doris Watkins as Donna Elvira, and Miss Eva Benson as Zerlina, promised well for future performances. The weakness of the Donna Anna robbed us of 'Non mi dir,' which is unforgivable.

Messrs. Cranmer and Simmonds, with Miss Watkins, were also mainstays in the *Così fan tutte* cast. To them should be added Mr. Geoffrey Dams, a reliable tenor whose voice is coming on well.

A. J. S.

Music in the Provinces

HARLECH.—The London Symphony Orchestra collaborated with the Festival Choir at the annual Harlech Festival on June 22. The selection included a proportion of Welsh items, and the centenary of Ieuan Gwyllt and Tanymarian was honoured, the latter being represented by the anthem *Disgwylied Israel*, scored by Mr. E. T. Davies, of Bangor College, and by *Dyna'r Gwynioedd*, with an orchestral accompaniment by the late Emlyn Evans. Other Welsh pieces were the vocal solos *Y Dymhesti*, Morfydd Owen's *Gweddî Pechadur*, Prof. Walford Davies's arrangement for orchestra of *Lledrod*, Bach's *Dona nobis pacem*, sung in Welsh as *Dyryrini Heddych*, and Prof. Walford Davies's arrangement of *Caerllyngod*. The Festival choir (consisting of nineteen choirs) sang Schubert's *Song of Miriam* in Welsh. The orchestra played, among other things, Elgar's *Wand of Youth Suite* and Brahms's Double Concerto for violin and 'cello, with Mr. Hubert Davies and Mr. Arthur Williams as soloists.

HARROGATE.—Conducted by Mr. Howard Carr, the Symphony Orchestra, on June 22, played Brahms's first Symphony, a symphonic poem, *Out of the Mist*, by Miss Lilian Elkington, and Tchaikovsky's *Francesca da Rimini* Overture.—At the symphony concert on July 13 Tchaikovsky's Overture on the Danish National Anthem, two tone-poems by Eric Fogg—*Sea-sheen* and *Past the lilac clover field*—Bach's *Brandenburg* Concerto in F, and Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony were played.

MANCHESTER.—On June 27 Miss Dorothy Crewe gave a pianoforte recital, playing Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, a group of pieces by Scarlatti, and *The Lament of the lover to the nightingale*, by Enrique Granados.—On July 4 Madame Bella Baillie sang modern songs, including two by Strauss—*Dream in the twilight* and *Devotion*, and Eric Fogg's song from Tagore, *One morning in the flower garden*.

MONTGOMERY.—At the Conference of the Welsh National Council of Music, which concluded on July 10, members formed themselves into a choir for the occasion, and with the assistance of a string orchestra made a study of the *St. Matthew* Passion, using, for the first time, a special issue of the chorals in a Welsh translation. Prof. Walford Davies reported that a hymn and tune book for schools and colleges would be ready for issue in September, and the Council strongly recommended the adoption of a uniform pitch throughout Wales of C with 522 vibrations per second. Sir Henry Hadow gave an address on the aims of the Council, and also one on the ideals and work of the late Sir Henry Jones, who had much influence in the formation of the Council.

NEWCASTLE.—The Festival Choir, conducted by Dr. W. G. Whittaker, on July 9 collaborated at an open-air concert with the Musical Union orchestra and performed Holst's *Turn back, O man*, some Handel choruses, Rutland Boughton's *Song of Liberty*, and a Fantasia by S. Burke, *St. Patrick's Prayer*, on Irish hymn-tunes.

OXFORD.—In aid of Magdalen College Mission, an orchestra of local players, conducted by Mr. G. D. H. Warrack, on June 21 played Ravel's *Ma Mère l'Oye* and a movement from the G minor Bassoon Concerto of Saint-Saëns, with Mr. E. C. Sackville-West as pianist. Songs by undergraduates were heard with orchestral accompaniment. These included Mr. Warrack's *The Shepherd* and *Tell me, my lute*, Mr. Strickland-Constable's *For Music*, Mr. D. E. Cox's *The passionate shepherd to his love*, and Mr. P. A. Browne's *Sturm mit seiner Donneschlagen*.

RHONDDA.—The Cymric Orpheus Choir, of which the conductor is Mr. Tom Morgan, has accepted an invitation to tour the United States, and will sail on October 4.

SELBY.—On June 24 the first annual Festival of the Selby and District Association of Church Choirs was held in the Abbey, over four hundred singers taking part. Mr. Walter Hartley, musical director, was the organist. The Canticles were sung to Tours in F, and *The heavens are telling* was the anthem. A band played the *Egmont* Overture, and also Dr. Naylor's Fanfare for trumpets and drums.

Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths:

EDWARD GEORGE CROAGER, at Vancouver (B.C.), on June 30, of pneumonia, whilst examining for the Associated Board. Born in London in 1861, he was chorister, and pupil-assistant to Mr. F. A. W. Docker, at St. Andrew's, Wells Street; organist and choirmaster at the Church of the Annunciation, Quebec Street; St. Mark's, North Audley Street; St. Paul's, Avenue Road, N.W.; and, finally, Christ Church, Brondesbury. Also organist to the Handel Society and music-master at Clapham Common College, and St. Paul's School, Kensington. He conducted the Amersham Choral Society for eight years, and the West Hampstead Choral and Orchestral Society for fourteen years. He was a musician of lofty ideals and untiring energy in the cause of good musical art.

WILLIAM EDWARD GREEN, on June 24, at the age of seventy-nine. He had conducted the Portsmouth Temperance Choral Union since its inauguration in 1880, and both he and his choir had for many years occupied a prominent position in Portsmouth music and in the Festivals of the National Temperance Choral Union at the Crystal Palace.

CHAMBER MUSIC AT CALCUTTA

People who go as far afield as Calcutta expect to hear a not very high standard of music or performance. Yet their expectation would be agreeably reversed. Excellent work is being done by the Calcutta School of Music both in teaching, and giving those who have come from England and elsewhere the opportunity for hearing, the best. Success is due to the work of the director, M. Ph. Sandré, and the untiring efforts of the hon. secretary, Mrs. S. M. Everett. Only those who have lived in the East are aware of the difficulties which attend musical performances by reason of the effects of the climate on the instruments, and, incidentally, the performers themselves. All the more credit is, therefore, due to those who take part in such performances. At a series of six chamber concerts (one each month, commencing November 22, 1921), the following music was performed: String Quintet, Op. 39, in A, Glazounov; Pianoforte Quintet, Op. 44, Schumann; String Quartets, Op. 12, in E flat, Mendelssohn; Novelletten, Frank Bridge; in A, Borodin; Op. 76, in D, Haydn; Op. 135, in F, Beethoven; Pianoforte Quartets, Op. 25, in G minor, Brahms; Op. 15, in C minor, G. Fauré; two Violins and Pianoforte, Partita in G, J. S. Bach; Concerto in D minor, J. S. Bach; Pianoforte Trios, Phantasy in A minor, John Ireland; Op. 99, Schubert; Trio in one movement, Arnold Bax; Op. 70, No. 1, in D, Beethoven; Violin and Pianoforte Sonatas, Op. 100, in A, Brahms; in D, Mozart; in G minor, Tartini; in A minor, John Ireland; Violoncello Solos, *Kol Nidrei*, Max Bruch; *Spinnerlied*, D. Popper; *Oriente*, Arensky; Sonata in D, Locatelli; Pianoforte Fantasia in F minor, Chopin.

On March 17, 1922, the following were again performed in St. Paul's Cathedral, before a large and appreciative congregation: String Quartet in F, Op. 135, Beethoven; String Quintet in A, Op. 39, Glazounov.

MUSIC IN IRELAND

On June 22, the forty-eighth annual meeting of the Belfast Philharmonic Society was held, under the presidency of Mr. Harry M'Keag, High Sheriff. The report showed an increased financial deficit of £54 9s. 5d.—mainly due to the unfortunate state of affairs in the city. Mr. Godfrey Brown's services as conductor were highly praised. Sir Charles Butt, the able hon. secretary, is one of the surviving foundation members of 1874.

On June 26, Mr. Joseph O'Mara's Opera Company, now in its tenth year, opened a two weeks' engagement at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, with Mr. W. J. C. Hekker as conductor. The battle of the Four Courts necessitated closing down on June 30, but the season was announced to be resumed on July 17.

The new Irish opera, *Truth, na maoile*, by Mr. Geoffrey Molyneux Palmer, which was to have been performed on July 11, during Oireachtas Week, under the direction of Mr. Vincent O'Brien, has had to be postponed owing to the disturbed state of Dublin.

On July 10, a new organ was unveiled in Hamilton Road Presbyterian Church, Bangor (near Belfast), as a memorial to those of the congregation who had fallen in the Great War. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Justice Wilson, after which an interesting organ recital was given by Mr. Thomas H. Crowe.

The pageant of *Alceste* was a great success when performed by the Norwich Handel Society on July 13, under the direction of Mr. Ernest Harcourt. The principal parts were played by Miss Cletheroe (Calliope), Miss Winter (Glauco), Mr. Sidney Broad (Apollo and Charon), and Mr. D. C. Cletheroe (Helicanus). About sixty young dancers, trained by Mrs. E. J. Moore and Miss Bowles, took a graceful part.

Musical Notes from Abroad

AMSTERDAM

Since the middle of June the fashionable concerts at the Scheveningen Kurhaus have again been in full swing. As in the two previous years, Prof. Schnéevoigt has taken charge of the Hague Residency Orchestra at this seaside resort. This time he is assisted by a young Austrian conductor, Herr Ignaz Neumark, to whose task the popular concerts are assigned. The first concert saw the introduction of two soloists hitherto unknown to our musical public, namely, the violinist Mlle. Hedwig Fassbänder, from Zurich, and Miss Harriet van Emden, an American young lady of Dutch descent.

The railway strike having debarred Fräulein Grete Hinterhofer (by the way, one of the most promising young Austrian pianists) from presenting herself in time for the next concert, M. Charles van Isterdael was found ready to fill the gap. Despite the short preparation, he gave an excellent reading of Lalo's fine Violoncello Concerto. The symphonic poem, *En Saga*, by Sibelius, was heard on the same evening. The best of these concerts was that at which Carl Flesch played Brahms's Violin Concerto. It is needless to enlarge upon the performance of that magnificent artist.

Not much need be said of the other concerts, inasmuch as the scheme did not move outside the wonted trail. Prof. Schnéevoigt obviously keeping his trumps until the height of the season, which is being delayed by unfavourable weather conditions. These, on the other hand, prove to be very beneficial to the summer symphony concerts in the Concertgebouw at Amsterdam, the concerts there continuing to draw big audiences. M. Dopfer has this time devoted a series of six concerts to the works of the Romantic school of the last century. The scheme embodied various Symphonies by Schumann and Mendelssohn, which have come to suffer undeserved neglect.

The engagement of guest-conductors has this year been on a very limited scale, only one extra concert having been conducted by Prof. Abendroth, of Cologne, who chose Strauss's bombastic *Alpen-Symphonie* as his *pièce de résistance*. Quite a novel departure from the customary line of events has been a concert conducted by Herr Johann Strauss, the grandson of the famous 'Waltz-king' and nephew of the composer of *Die Fledermaus*. Needless to say the programme was of the Strauss genre, and the concert was so popular that it had to be repeated. For his annual summer concert in the Church at Naarden, on July 1, M. Schoonderbeek had chosen the *Ode aan de schoonheid* by Bernard Zweers and Wolf-Ferrari's *La Vita Nuova*. Together with the Concertgebouw orchestra and a fine choice of soloists (Mesdames Dora Zweers de Louw and Hermine Scholten, and Messrs. Jacques van Kempen, J. Ph. Caro, and Herman Weir), M. Schoonderbeek and his well-disciplined choir earned an undoubted success.

W. HARMANS.

BERLIN

Politics is an evil tune. Berlin musical life is under the spell of politics and of the general crisis, and it is impossible to speak of it as the expression of a special artistic will. Thanks to the 'valuta' only foreigners are able to pay the excessive fees for orchestral concerts. German artists, with Richard Strauss and Cläre Dux at their head, undertake concert tours abroad, to pocket the crowns of Scandinavia or the dollars of America, and Russian refugees cultivate their national music with more or less success. Three new concert-halls, called after Schwechter, Brahms, and Feurich, had to be opened to satisfy the demands of the concert-givers.

Musical interest is concentrated in the technical construction of musical instruments. A limited liability company has been started to finance an invention of a chemist and spiritualist of Bremen by the name of Phehaber, who claims by means of spiritual guidance to have at last discovered the long lost secret of the old Italian violin makers. Already in November, Nikisch's players had been

provided with instruments improved upon by the new invention; leading artists are giving chamber concerts upon such instruments, and all agree that the quality of tone is quite as good as if the artists played upon their own valuable instruments! All this is done for the sake of art.

Berlin is at the present moment the city of the visiting conductor. Four of these Stabvirtuosen deserve special notice. Hugo Reichenberger, of Vienna, a man of strong personal impulses, introduced to Berlin a Symphony in D minor by Robert Heger, of Munich, a well-formed, honest composition with a leaning towards the classical. Franz von Hoesslin, of the Mannheim National Theatre, an exceedingly conscientious, nervous leader with a strongly personal note, conducted Beethoven's C minor Symphony and the *Emperor* Concerto, with Düscha Funke as pianist. Friedrich Quest, of Herford, made a very favourable impression. His reading of Bruckner's eighth Symphony showed him a master of the orchestral apparatus. Finally, Hermann Scherchen, now settled at Leipzig, and who is one of the supporters of the modern school, broke a lance in favour of Ernst Krenek, a pupil of Schreker. The Symphony, in one movement, is a boldly-conceived work of strongly creative impulses, and does not copy the futuristic stammering of the Schönberg school. There are elementary musical forces seeking after untrammelled development, yet this work, as well as Franz Petýrek's Variations for pianoforte on a Styrian melody—lasting half an hour—go to prove that the anarchism of our time has swallowed up two hopeful composers.

Altogether, the entire picture of Berlin musical life is one of haste and restlessness. With an excess of concerts, many of them superfluous, business is flourishing, and art, as has been pointed out before, is being cultivated in the smaller German towns only. The points of rest in all this hurry are the serial concerts of the various permanent orchestras, which live a real musical life. But even they are unable to settle down to systematic work and study. Conductors come and go. An exception is the orchestra of the State Opera, whose members have unanimously chosen as their head Wilhelm Furtwängler, a full-blooded musician, who looks upon music as an animate factor and not as a formula.

Considering the large number of first-class concert-halls of Berlin—among which the Philharmonic, the Oberlicht-Saal, Beethoven-Saal, the Nüntsterhaus, Bechstein-, Schwechter-, Brahms-, Blüthner-, Klindworth-Scharwenka-, Zeurich-, Sezessions-, and Hochschulsaal are all well-patronised—it seems superfluous to add any more. Yet new opera houses and concert-halls are constantly added to the old stock, the latest being the August Förster-Saal in the Keith-Strasse, i.e., Berlin W.W., built and owned by a firm of pianoforte makers of Löbau of Saxony. It was opened by Frederic Lamond, who played compositions by Reger, Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, and Liszt with his accustomed mastery.

The abundance of music showered upon Berlin year by year, regardless of principle, school, or style, is bewildering and inartistic. Yet in spite of all this wealth of output the city by no means stands at the head of German musical life. Compositions that, owing to the support given to music by princes and principalities, were formerly produced in comparatively small towns, often find their way to Berlin months and years later. Music is decentralised in Germany, and that is well for art.

BEETHOVEN'S OP. III

As a birthday gift to the first great Beethoven Music Festival at Bonn since the war, the Drei Masken Verlag (Munich) has issued a facsimile edition of Beethoven's last Pianoforte Sonata, Op. III. It always fills one with feelings of awe when the eye rests on the handwriting of the master, but especially in the case of this last work, which he himself never heard with the outer ear.

RUDOLSTADT AND DONAUESCHINGEN

He who will drink at the font must wend his way to Munich, Rudolstadt, Meiningen, Halle, Dresden, Herford, Donaueschingen, and other towns too numerous to mention. The various music festivals given at such places have ever been powerful declarations of spiritual activity in the domain of art, comprising five and more days with an abundance of choice compositions, performers, and singers of

intelligence and ability, gigantic orchestras with conductors of world fame—altogether a musico-cosmos of brilliant colour, which even a terrible war could not vanquish! It was a happy thought of the organizers of the Rudolstadt musical Festival to condense the matter as regards choice and order of compositions, and give an historical festival with the advantage of presenting the great masters in the midst of lesser lights. Bach and Handel did not occupy the centre, but formed glorious corner-stones for a group of Thuringian predecessors and contemporary composers. The first presentation comprised a 'Collegium musicum' at the court of Rudolstadt during the 18th century, giving an intimate picture of Rudolstadt court music with its eminent representative Th. Heinrich Erlebach in the foreground. In the second concert the Berlin Madrigal-chor under Prof. C. Thiel sang old and new madrigals and songs. The third concert was devoted to music by various members of the Bach family, and the final evening grasped as a ripe fruit of Saxon music Handel's powerful tragedy *Saul*, conducted by Ernst Wollong. Among the artists Natterer and the Natterer Quartet, Reinhard Lindenberg (solo violoncello), Volkman (organ), and Seiffert deserve special mention. While at Rudolstadt the programmes were mainly filled with treasures of the past, the Donaueschingen Musikfest was devoted to the younger generation.

When Rudolf Peters (pianoforte) together with Frau Möckelbosch (violin) submitted his Sonata, Op. 9 (Simrock, Berlin), he stepped at once into the midst of the musical life of Germany. Born in 1902, he played at the age of twelve at Bonn before the leading men of the first Mittelrheinische Musikfest some Sonatas of his own composition, and created no small sensation. Disdaining the applause of the world, his father gave him time for development, with the result that one of the first publishing firms of Germany, i.e., Simrock, has published five of his first seven opus numbers. The young composer follows consciously the lines laid down by Brahms and Reger. He speaks their language, and does not even hesitate to repeat their phrases in more or less modified form. At the same time a perusal of the above works convinces us that Peters has no need to borrow from others. With the skill of a master of counterpoint he leads a personal subject through the breadth and length of a sonata.

A NEW COMPOSER

At the fiftieth birthday of Paul Graener, Lotte Sauer (pianoforte) and Curt Liersch (violin), of the Dresden State Opera, played the composer's Sonata in C major (Bote & Bock, Berlin), with considerable success. Graener is the successor of Max Reger at the Conservatorium at Leipsic. He stands at the head of such who carry on the traditions of Richard Strauss, Puccini, and Debussy. His String Quartet, Op. 54, is forcing its way into the repertoire of the leading German quartets, and the *Variations on a Russian Volkslied*, Op. 55, achieved a great success at the tenth Gewandhauskonzert.

OLD TREASURES UNEARTHED

Amidst all that is new and beautiful or otherwise, old musical treasures are being steadily unearthed, proving what the world has lost through carelessness since music has become a fine art. At a recent concert of the Dresden Tonkünstlerverein three charming manuscript works were submitted. These were *Compositions for a mechanical instrument* by Mozart, arranged by the composer for flute, oboe, and viola, and discovered by Schwedler, a flute player, of Leipsic; a Sonata in G minor by Handel, for two violins and figured bass, arranged by Prof. Hans Sitt; and a *Concertante* by Haydn for oboe, violin, viola, violoncello, and pianoforte, discovered by Prof. E. Lewicky. It is hoped that these valuable finds may soon be published.

Dr. Erich H. Müller (Dresden A 20 Wasastrasse 14), who is preparing the publication of all the letters written and received by Gluck, requests those who are in possession of such documents, to either lend him the originals or to furnish him with faithful copies. F. ERCKMANN.

VIENNA

The past season, which has been the longest and the most strenuous in the city's history—from the view-point of the overworked critic—has at last come to an end. It has brought an innovation into the musical life of Vienna by giving prominence to foreign music and foreign musicians who, thanks to the 'valuta' misery of our State, were able to effect Vienna débuts at a cost which appears insignificant when calculated in foreign currency. In addition to the season of British music which was dealt with at length in the June issue of the *Musical Times*, hardly any of the nations failed to be represented in this season's Vienna concert repertoire. Critical consideration of such numerous events must therefore needs confine itself to a short and concentrated review.

INTERNATIONAL NOVELTIES

One of the most surprising experiences of the season has been the invasion of Darius Milhaud, of Paris, with a number of compositions originating from the circle of 'the Six.' All were novelties to Vienna, but those who had come to hear music of a 'revolutionary' sort, or manifestations of a strongly personal and novel style, were astonished to hear, for the most part, fluctuating harmonies—or disharmonies—recalling a mixture of absinthe and sugared water. Among the works by Milhaud, Poulenc, and Satie which formed the programme of this 'evening of contemporary French music,' the only really impressive numbers were the grotesquely humorous songs from *La Bestiaire sur Cortège d'Orphée*, by Poulenc. On the whole, the concert was an argument for the theory that the young Paris composers of to-day are still strongly under the influence of Debussy and his impressionist school—of the very Debussy whom the 'Six' had originally set out to conquer.

Debussy and his methods, after all, are not so dead as some of his 'conquerors' would like us to believe. We found strong traces of his style also in the work of Ernest Bloch, the Swiss-American composer whose *Deux Poèmes* for orchestra were conducted here by Oscar Fried, from Berlin, in a rather restless manner. As to Swiss composers in general, it appears that they have not as yet developed a musical school which is distinctly their own. Their music, or that portion of it which we had an opportunity for hearing this season, clearly reflects the international structure of that happy little country which permits the French national element to dwell peacefully side by side with the German population. Dr. Volkmar Andrae, who conducted his scholarly Symphony here with good success, also Friedrich Klose and Hans Huber (we heard the latter's *Böcklin* Symphony), in their compositions pay homage to the genius of a Brahms, Wagner, and Strauss, while Gustave Doret, who conducted a number of his orchestral and vocal compositions, adheres to the French impressionists, as also does Ch. Chaix in a spirited *Scherzo*, which both in rhythm and orchestral colour, and even more so by the character of its main theme, called up memories of Dukas's *L'Apprenti sorcier*.

Some of the young Italians, on the contrary, in their music show a growing tendency towards the intellectualism which had heretofore been considered a monopoly of the modern German composers. With most of the Italian symphonic composers, melody, once the very inheritance of their race, seems taboo, and their desire for original effects leads them into extremes which verge on the ludicrous. The *Two Tragic Preludes* by V. Rieti were indeed tragic in their utter lack of inspiration: they created an impression of the unspeakable monotony and, finally, of a joyous hilarity which was hardly intended by the composer. The same audible laughter accompanied the performance of a confused symphonic poem, *The Death of the Moon*, by Edoardo Granelli, who was personally present to conduct this second-hand conglomerate of Mascagni and Leoncavallo. Alfredo Casella's rhapsody *Italia*, a brilliant and effective, if not a deep composition, was the redeeming feature of that programme. Vividness of orchestral colour also distinguished the *Ballata delle Gnomidi* by Ottorino Respighi, an impressionistic piece which served as a grateful vehicle for Fritz Reiner's brilliant gifts as a conductor. An entirely novel effect was introduced by a composition by Paolo Litt

which Mayo Wadler, a splendid American violinist, presented at one of his Vienna recitals. This 'esoteric poem for dance, violin, pianoforte, and triangle,' entitled *La desse nue*, marks a departure by allotting, as it were, to the body of the woman dancer the rôle of an instrument in the chamber music ensemble. The experiment, though of a somewhat daring nature, is decidedly interesting, and the problem was admirably solved in the performance of this difficult piece.

Scandinavia also was strongly represented in this season's list of novelties. Besides the *Swedish Rhapsody* by Hugo Alfvén and *Hampstead Heath* by Paul von Klenau, both of which have been considered in my previous letters, a *Lapland Suite* by Monrad-Johansen, which Birger Hammer, a remarkable Scandinavian pianist, played here for the first time, was interesting music of an exotically descriptive kind. On the whole, however, the Scandinavian novelties which we heard did not reveal a distinctly 'national' style. The same holds true, in an even greater degree, of a new String Quartet entitled *October*, by Jens L. Emborg, and of a Symphony named *Frühlingserwachen* by Rud Langgaard, who, in this work, utilises whole passages from Brahms and Wagner. National colour is again conspicuously absent from the present-day musical output of Holland, if we are permitted to draw such conclusions from the pianoforte compositions and songs by Willem Pijper, Mortelmans, Alfons Diepenbroek, and Per van Gilsen, which Berthe Sroen, a Dutch vocalist, and Evert Cornelis, the fine Dutch pianist, presented in their joint recital. Yugo-Slavia, but recently liberated to political freedom, is seemingly just now engaged upon finding its own musical idiom. A String Quartet and some pianoforte pieces by Anton Dobronic, while reflecting the strife and struggle of his Yugo-Slav native country, were interesting and happy attempts at subjecting national, melodic elements to modern contrapuntal treatment.

The Philharmonic Orchestra has closed its season to depart on a much-heralded three months' tour of South America, under its regular conductor, Felix Weingartner. The Orchestra's last novelty for this season, a *Lytic Overture*, by Georg Széll, a young Viennese composer-conductor, was a melodious if none too original work. Originality in a striking degree, however, characterised a Suite from the opera *Das Nusch-Nuschi*, by Paul Hindemith, who is one of the most interesting and daring among the young German composers. It still remains to record the performances of two novelties whose authors belong to the fair and, in this case, weaker sex. The compositions referred to are *Three Dance Pieces* by a Dutch lady named Henriette van Lennep and a composition termed *Rural Mood Pictures from Java*, by an Austrian composer resident in Java, who modestly conceals her true name behind the pseudonym 'Linda Bandara.' Whatever interest fell to the latter piece was due to the fact that it employed, probably for the first time in a European concert-hall, two original Javanese instruments called Gambang and Gendher.

ANCIENT WORKS

Vienna recently witnessed what was virtually the first performance in our time of Beethoven's original version of *Fidelio*, presented in concert form. Comparison between the first reading of this opera and the form which has been generally adopted for purposes of performance, not only disclosed the truly fantastic demands which the original version put upon the singers, but also fully justified all changes which Beethoven ultimately adopted. Nor could we, on hearing Cherubini's rarely-performed *Requiem*, approve the judgment of Beethoven, who is known to have considered it a masterpiece. To our modern taste it is a dull and dreary work, and, at best, of purely historical interest. Rubinstein's biblical opera, *The Tower of Babel*, and the 137th Psalm, by Hermann Goetz, which were performed here in quick succession recently, are also, if anything, examples illustrative of a taste which is no longer ours, and the Peri's pilgrimage for paradise which is the subject of Schumann's oratorio, *Paradise and the Peri*, is almost as vain as is this work's quest for public favour. In spite of its many beautiful passages, this Schumann work lacks the strength and dramatic vigour whereby to hold the hearer's interest for an entire evening.

An ancient work which was yet, in a sense, a novelty, and whose performance has been a unique experience, is an Overture in C minor by Anton Bruckner which now, twenty-six years after its composer's death, received its belated première. This Overture, written by Bruckner more than fifty years ago, was recently discovered among his manuscripts; it is not to be counted with his greatest or most significant compositions.

SOLOISTS

The seventieth birthday of Alfred Grünfeld has been the occasion of a Festival concert which resulted in an unprecedented ovation for this most typically Viennese and most beloved among our pianists. Grünfeld's finished and indescribably graceful interpretations of Schubert, and particularly of Johann Strauss's sparkling Waltzes, are still unsurpassed, and enable him to hold his own even against a new generation of more 'brainy' pianists who are truly products of our time. Three of these new pianists have created veritable sensations at Vienna this season: Alexander Borowsky (who is a Russian), Eduard Erdman, and Walter Gieseking, radical modernists all three, and all three equally remarkable each in his own individual way. Borowsky is, perhaps, the most intellectual and Erdman the most temperamental among the three, and Gieseking the most polished. Carl Flesch's mastery as a violinist is still unsurpassed: he excelled in his wonderfully transparent reading of Beethoven's Concerto, and even succeeded in lending a seeming importance to a new Violin Concerto, Op. 27, by Ernst von Dohnányi, which is rather a harmless affair. Great success fell also to Alma Mödödie, the Australian violinist, while Willy Burmester's violin playing again confirmed the impression that his art is chiefly a matter of cold technique. An event of towering importance was the farewell appearance of Prof. Karl Straube who, at St. Thomas's Church at Leipsic, holds the position of 'Cantor' once occupied by Johann Sebastian Bach, and whose organ recital again rallied a large and enthusiastic assembly composed of Vienna's most cultured musical element.

GUSTAV MAHLER

One of the outstanding features of this season, as of several of its predecessors, has been the growing popularity of Gustav Mahler's Symphonies. Once the subject of wild animosity and heated controversy, both on musical and racial grounds, they gradually began to elicit the interest of a rather limited literary circle, and only in recent years have become standard pieces and drawing cards on the programmes of all Austrian and German orchestral organizations. Whatever may be said of a certain obviousness of Mahler's melodies, and even of an undoubted element of 'intermittent hysteria,' so to speak, inherent in his works and reacting in his passionate climaxes rapidly followed by deeply depressive passages, the sincerity of Mahler's music is just as unquestionable as his wizardry of orchestral craftsmanship. His first, second, and third Symphonies were heard here recently in rapid succession, conducted respectively by Nils Grevillius, from Stockholm; Bruno Walter, the unrivalled apostle of Mahler's compositions; and Anton von Webern, a disciple of Arnold Schönberg.

PAUL BECHERT.

Answers to Correspondents

H. N. C. E.—(1) The Choir organ is not always enclosed—in fact, boxed Choirs are still the exception rather than the rule in England. There is something to be said for the unenclosed Choir. A boxed Choir often sounds too much like the Swell, and so a means of variety is lost. On the other hand, the Choir organ is so often called on for accompanying a Swell solo stop that some means of obtaining nuance is necessary. On the whole, our view is that the Choir should be boxed, care being taken to give it individuality in the matter of tone-colour. (2) Certainly the tremulant should not affect the whole organ. If it does, it will soon affect the congregation! We know of no English organ afflicted with a tremulant so wholesale and devastating.

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MUSIC IN THE DOMINION:

A TALK WITH DR. VOGT

We have lately had the pleasure of spending a good deal of time in the company of Dr. A. S. Vogt, the principal of the Toronto Conservatoire of Music, and at one of our meetings we drew from him some particulars that will we think interest—and perhaps, surprise—readers, especially those who still think of the Dominion as a vast semi-civilised potentiality rather than as the great and progressive country it is.

Dr. Vogt was at first diffident about being interviewed, saying that he had occupied a considerable amount of space in the *Musical Times* of November and December, 1912. We pointed out, however, that a good deal has happened since 1912. Thousands of native-born Canadians saw England for the first time during the war, and thousands of English people have since made the Dominion their home. The domestic, social, and Imperial ties between the two countries are thus stronger than ever. Moreover, during the past few years musicians on this side have been constantly reminded of the great development of musical activities in Canada, and have been struck by the fact that these activities tend by their nature to become yet another powerful link between the two nations.

Dr. Vogt agreed, and was emphatic in his view that outside these shores there is no finer or more sympathetic field for British music and musicians than Canada. He went on to say that at present Canada's wide general interest in music showed itself chiefly in the development of large teaching centres: 'These big schools spring up in response to an unmistakable demand. Canadians are able and willing to pay for the best in this way, and the schools are staffed by teachers of the first rank. Many of these are native-born Canadians who have studied here in England or on the Continent. Of late years Canada has attracted many leading musicians from the British Isles, the United States, and—instrumentalists especially—from the Continent.'

We asked Dr. Vogt how Canada fared in the way of bogus colleges, with their caps and gowns and lavish diplomas?

'I should say we are less hampered than you are,' he replied. 'One or two concerns of the kind are making a bit of a push, but I fancy our public as a whole is less liable to be taken in than yours appears to be. But we have the advantage, having got a bit in front with good sound local examinations. The syllabuses and results are of a very high standard; the pianoforte playing is of special

excellence, as is the case in the United States, by the way. In fact, I have an impression that in the practical and technical departments of music Canada and the States are if anything a trifle ahead of England. This is not surprising, for the tendency in a new country is naturally towards efficiency in such directions rather than in creative work. The latter is the last thing to be developed, and in the matter of composition and the teaching of various branches of theory you have the pull, decidedly.'

We asked the Doctor for some particulars of the Toronto Conservatoire, saying we had read in the American supplement to *Grove* that it was the largest and best equipped in the Dominion, and one of the foremost in America.

'Well,' he replied, 'it isn't for me to contradict that! As to its being the largest, I don't want to lay too much stress on that point, because English folk are apt to think that size counts for too much on our side of the Atlantic. Still, the Toronto Conservatoire must plead guilty to a roll of about five thousand students. Three thousand of these are taught under our own roof, and the remainder are attached to branch establishments. But I hasten to explain that one reason for our large numbers is to be found in the fact that we have preparatory departments, and so are able to undertake the oversight of very young pupils. This is not the case with your teaching institutions, I believe. Our professors at Toronto number one hundred and twenty five. The importance of the Conservatoire was recognised by the Government of Ontario a couple of seasons ago, when in accordance with the terms of an Act of Parliament, the institution was acquired by the State University. It is now directed by the Faculty of Music of the University, which consists of Dr. Albert Ham, Dr. F. A. Mouré, Mr. H. A. Fricker, and Dr. Healey Willan (three of these being from the Old Country, as you know), with myself as Dean.'

'What other large teaching institutions have you?'

'Two important schools are the Canadian Academy of Music and the Hambourg Conservatoire. The former has for principal Mr. Frank A. Welsman, and the latter is directed by Boris and Jan Hambourg. Both institutions are very active and successful.'

Bearing in mind some recent remarks of Mr. Tertius Noble on the development of choral music in Canada, we asked Dr. Vogt for his views.

'Choral music,' he replied, 'is a branch of the art in which Canadians seem to excel. The interest is deep and general, and wherever there is a fine choir, one meets with what I may call North of England enthusiasm. This strong bent towards choralism is of course the result of British influence. The English are a race of choralists, and wherever they go they carry the tradition just as they carry their games. I have a very high opinion of Canadian voices. The sopranos are especially good, the normal tone being remarkable for clarity and brightness. The men's voices have

a quality and resonance that I have heard equalled nowhere but in England.'

He went on to speak of the Mendelssohn Choir, of which he was the founder and first conductor. It was pleasant to hear his generous praise of his successor: 'Fricker has done splendid work with it. The Choir's recent tour through the States was a brilliant success. Here is a brochure containing the opinions of leading critics. You had better extract a few. I am sure Fricker's old friends will be delighted to see them, and anyway your readers will be interested in the fact that so very English a form of music-making has made such an impression in America.'

Here are a few quotations from the record of the tour:

I may perhaps speak with authority, for I lived in the North of England for fifteen years, and during that period adjudicated at all the great festivals of the North. Under such conditions I know what 'standard' is in the finest choral singing. As far as I can see, there is no finer chorus than the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir anywhere.—T. TERTIUS NORLE.

If the extent to which choral music is practised in a community is an evidence of that community's musical culture (and that conviction has been uttered by great musicians and accepted as truth by many critical observers) then the metropolis of the United States ought to stand abashed in the presence of Toronto, Canada.—H. E. KREMBIEL.

Such singing has never been offered by any New York choir—not, at any rate, in forty years. . . . Palestrina's *Surge Illuminare* and Bach's *Sing ye to the Lord*. . . . thrilling music, thrillingly sung.—HENRY T. FINCK.

In Mr. Fricker the organization possesses a director quite able to preserve all that his predecessor developed and to add something of his own. . . . It is a delight to hear a chorus of such fresh, vigorous, unworn voices, singing with such a range of dynamics, such a finesse in nuance, such a keen appreciation of musical character, and such military precision.—W. J. HENDERSON.

Immense power without a suspicion of stridency. . . . a *pianissimo* that is nearly soundless, yet has the vibrancy and still immensity of an organ pedal.—DEEMS TAYLOR.

The listener sits in a maze of admiration.—FRANK H. WARREN.

Columns could be filled with such praise from American critics, mingled with their regrets that New York has no organization fit to compare with the Toronto Choir.

We questioned the Doctor as to the inception of the Choir.

'I founded it in 1894,' he replied. 'We mustered about a hundred and fifty voices to begin with, and we aimed almost entirely at a *cappella* singing.'

'Why Mendelssohn?' we asked.

'I may reply, like Alice, "Why not?" he said. 'At that time Mendelssohn was very much the fashion, and we used not only his name, but his music as well, during a good many years including one of his works in every programme. From the start the Choir has been splendidly supported in every direction. Apropos of choirs, I must mention that the men's chorus generally acknowledged by the leading American critics to be the finest in the Continent is the Winnipeg Male-Voice Choir.

This body is conducted by Mr. Hugh Ross, a Royal College of Music student who came here about a year ago on the recommendation of Sir Hugh Allen. He is more than maintaining the already high prestige of the choir. Last year they made a brilliantly successful tour in the States, and plans are in hand for a tour which will take place this winter, and will include New York, Boston, Toronto, Detroit, and Philadelphia.'

'What of the competition festival movement?'

'It is developing in a remarkable way, especially in the Western provinces. The festivals at Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta have been carried out on a scale almost equal to the largest of your Northern festivals. Winnipeg this year—its fourth season—had a programme of five full days—morning, afternoon, and evening sessions. Saskatchewan and Alberta, though older meetings, are not quite so large, but are very flourishing. The Regina (Saskatchewan) meeting filled four days and Lethbridge (Alberta) three.'

'Are the schemes comprehensive?'

'Very. We have all sorts of solos and ensemble classes, vocal and instrumental, including in some cases brass bands. Altogether this competitive movement is very much alive, and its possibilities are immense.'

The Doctor went on to speak with enthusiasm of the high repute in which present-day British composers are held in Canada. 'The Imperial spirit is very strong,' he said, 'and we are proud and delighted at the high status of British music to-day through the works of such men as Elgar, Bantock, Delius, Holst, Goossens, Bax, Ireland, Vaughan Williams, and others.'

Dr. Vogt had some interesting things to say in regard to choralism. Comparing our English choirs with those on the Continent, he said he could not avoid the conviction that even in our finest organizations there was apt to be some weakness on the interpretative side.

'So far as beauty of tone, ensemble, and discipline are concerned,' he said, 'English choirs need fear comparison with none. But isn't there a tendency to regard those virtues as the end, instead of the means? I remember how staggered many of you were at the International Festival held at Paris in 1912, when the prizes for the chief mixed-voice and male-voice contests were won by choirs which, owing to shortcomings in the matter of tone—and even of intonation—would have been out of the hunt at any big choral competitions in England. Yet the verdicts were arrived at by men of such standing in the musical world that, even when allowance is made for the widely different choral traditions of the two sides of the Channel, they could hardly be questioned. After this Paris Festival I spent some months in Europe, hearing the best choirs, and the conclusion that forced itself on me is one that I hope to be able to express without giving offence to any of my English friends. I felt, and still feel, that as a rule the conductors of the chief choral bodies on the Continent are better all-round musicians than the

conductors of English choirs of the same standing. Notice that I say "as a rule": I am not forgetting some brilliant exceptions in this country. But my experience has been that the prominent Continental choral conductor is almost invariably experienced in the direction of orchestral and operatic performances as well, whereas too many of your best choral conductors are choral conductors and little else. It seems to me that there can be no question as to the gain in a choir's musicianship and interpretation when it is conducted by a fine all-rounder rather than by a fine specialist. I believe this gain is felt largely, too, in the tackling of extremely difficult music. For example, during my wanderings on the Continent, I had the privilege of being present at a rehearsal of the Prague *Société des Instituteurs-Chanteurs*, a male-voice choir that made a great impression at Paris by its vivid singing and amazing variety of tone-colour. The personnel of this body is of a special nature, it is true. The members all belong to the teaching profession, and every one is a good musician. But none the less I felt both at Paris and at Prague that much of their success was due to the musicianship of their conductor. As to the musicianship of the singers, let this little bit of evidence be given: at the rehearsal which I attended, the choir sang together for the first time Reger's *To the Sea*. The copies had been distributed at the previous rehearsal, and the members had been expected to prepare it individually. They sailed through it together for the first time in a way that suggested a performance rather than a try-over! Now, this same piece proved too hard a nut for some of the best choirs at the Blackpool Festival that year, and I remember the smallness of the entry for this particular class was ascribed to the formidable nature of Reger's music. Yet on the score of mere beauty of tone the Prague singers could not approach the choirs I heard at Blackpool. I am sure the lack in England is reading ability and all-round musicianship. You have many men who are choir trainers by the grace of God, so to speak—men with an instinct for tonal beauty and a genius for leadership. But these qualities can never make up for deficiencies in the matter of wide musical training and experience. Tell your readers that these comments come not from a carping critic, but from a warm admirer of English choralism.

We asked Dr. Vogt as to his musical experiences in England during his present visit.

'I've had very few,' he replied, 'owing to my stay here being in the "off" season. But I had the good fortune to be present at the opening concert of the "Promenade" season, and I must say that I congratulate the old country on the fact that, despite tempting offers from our side of the water, she still retains the services of Sir Henry Wood. I am convinced that in the matter of beautiful tone his orchestra can hold its own with the intensively-rehearsed and generously-subsidized orchestras in the States. The fact that Sir Henry

has carried on through all the difficulties of the past eight years is a tribute to his personality no less than to his musicianship. I hope London is as proud of him as she ought to be.'

We are glad to be able to assure the Doctor that she is.

SIGNIFICANT CHORDS

BY ALEXANDER BRENT SMITH

Ernest Pontifex, the misfortunate hero of 'The Way of all Flesh,' once remarked that he did not care for Beethoven, whereupon he was put in his proper place by Miss Skinner, who confessed that, for herself, one simple chord of Beethoven was happiness.

Commenting upon this passage, Mr. Ernest Newman says:

'Miss Skinner was to be envied. The rest of us would give something to be able to find complete happiness in a simple chord of Beethoven—to say nothing of Scriabin or Schönberg.'

Of course Miss Skinner was absurd and gushingly sentimental, yet, in an entirely different sense, there are a few chords for which one lives. Generally these significant chords depend upon their surroundings, but sometimes they stand like the Sphinx—isolated, obvious, yet inscrutable. The most significant chord that has ever been struck has been heard only once, and then by a poet whose testimony to its power must stand for all time. She says that it sounded like a great Amen. I have studied a whole library of musical text-books, not excepting Prout's, and have failed to find any single chord which could be said to sound like an Amen, be it ever so great or ever so small.

But if this chord be lost there are fortunately others still left for us to listen to with wonder. There are two in particular which always excite me, though I know that they are coming. And the inexplicable thing about them is that though I know that they are coming, and what they will sound like when they do come, yet I am always a little surprised when they actually arrive. This unexpectedness is very similar to the experience of reading lamp-signals by night, when at each re-start of the distant lamp the light appears to come from a slightly different position, although you know that you have kept your gaze rigidly upon the same spot during that brief interval of darkness.

To return to these two chords. The first occurs in Wesley's *Wilderness*. It is the chord which ushers in 'the redeemed of the Lord':

Ex. 1. ALTO.

The un-clean shall not pass o-ver it,

SOPRANO.

But the re-deem-ed shall . . walk there.

Notice what has gone before: the tenors and basses have sung, 'And a highway shall be there; it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it.' Then, a chord of the dominant seventh of B major in an inversion. That is all, but it opens new worlds for the redeemed to walk in. The other isolated chord which of itself can lead us into a new world, occurs in the *St. Matthew Passion*. It is a world very different from that which Wesley's chord reveals. It precedes the words, 'And they were exceeding sorrowful':

(No. 15. Edition by ELGAR and ATKINS.)

Ex. 2.

be-tray . . Me. And they were ex-ceed-ing sor-row-ful.

Immediately before it is a slowly-resolving cadence in C minor. Then this shudderingly cold chord of B flat minor, unaided by the help of the natural horror of cor Anglais or bass-clarinets, takes us at one step into a musical antarctic emotion. These powerful isolated chords are very few, and do depend of course upon the context; but I firmly believe that if the first-mentioned chord were played in a room full of musical folk, ninety-nine per cent. would know whence it came.

There are many chords, simple in themselves, which mar or make the phrases in which they occur. Perhaps the ugliest chord ever penned is the chord which disfigures the word 'Saints' in the hymn, *There is a land of pure delight, where Saints immortal reign* (No. 536, A. & M.). This hymn labours under many disadvantages. In the first place it is called 'Beulah,' in the second the words are not exactly crystalline in their clarity, as the lines

O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,

so eloquently testify. And then, to crown all, this rakish chord is wedded to the word 'Saints'—oh, Dr. Garrett and Isaac Watts, D.D.!

Mendelssohn has left innumerable specimens of amiable harmonic atrocities. No one can really enjoy the so-called Funeral March from the *Songs without Words*, because he knows that some hideous chord like a tailor's waxen dummy with an imbecile smile will confront him before he reaches the longed-for end.

Of the chords that make the passages in which they occur there are many notable examples. There is one in the Introduction to Act 3 of *Die Meistersinger*, a few bars before the curtain rises:

Ex. 3.

There is another in Verdi's *Otello*; it is easily found at the very end of the opera at the word *bacio*:

Ex. 4.

un al-tro ba-cio

These two chords, by their position in the phrase, plumb the opposite extremes of human emotion, the one being the conquest of self, the other the climax of passion. And just as it seems impossible to make the first-mentioned chord too passionless, so it seems impossible to make the second too sweet and luxurious.

It was thus, then, that Wagner and Verdi used harmony—to reinforce by intellect what was there by inspiration. In doing so they proved that harmony so used never grows stale, because it is the complement of a deeply-felt emotion; and from this we may draw the conclusion that harmony which is born of a desire to astonish quickly fails in its purpose, and soon falls away into the featureless desert of the commonplace.

MEDTNER
BY ALFRED J. SWAN

It is by a roundabout process that Russia is coming to her classical tradition in music. She passed through the revolutionary period some fifty years ago, when her music was almost in its 'teens, and when Borodin and Moussorgsky, under the influence of Balakirev, went their rampant way independently, and in open disregard of established laws. As a set-back to the revolutionary spirit came Rimsky-Korsakov and Tchaikovsky, the one a nationalist, the other a pure-blooded romantic. And only the next generation has lavishly provided the classical tradition that was lacking. Is it not a wonderful phenomenon that the Russian-Netherlander, Tanéïev, should be a contemporary of ours? (He died in 1915.) Glazounov, the last of the nationalists,

who has all the massiveness and coherence of a classic, is alive even at this day. Scriabin himself, by nature so fitted to become an impressionist, has all through his stupendous harmonic evolution strictly adhered to the classical form. The impressionist movement of Western Europe coincided with the rise of classicism in Russia, and has therefore had little or no effect on the Russian school. Neoclassicism, on the contrary, found a rich and fruitful soil. This movement—which, though classic in form and character, is tinctured with all the richness and exuberance of modern harmony—has deeply affected the progress of Russian music, drawing in its trail a number of greater and lesser talents. One of the most impressive of these is Nicolai Medtner.

Few biographical facts are generally known about him. Born in 1879 of a family long settled at Moscow, he studied the pianoforte at the Moscow Conservatoire under Safonov, and obtained the gold medal. He then toured for some years, giving concerts in Russia and Germany; but composition so much attracted him that he relinquished his career as a pianist, appearing henceforth chiefly as an interpreter of his own music. Since about 1910 he has been professor of the pianoforte at his Alma Mater.

There are certain outstanding qualities in Medtner that combine to make him one of the most striking figures in modern music. His style is firm, rigid, somewhat uncouth; his thought concentrated (note his favourite epithet *concentrando*), severe, ascetic, graphical, rather than steeped in colour, yet of haunting beauty and transparent purity; his rhythm invariably striking and characteristic. He will not swerve an inch from his chosen path; he is possessed of the ardour of a musical fanatic who sees his goal and strives for it regardless of all side-issues. The influences that have been at play in the formation of this fine artist can be traced easily. Schumann is undoubtedly Medtner's spiritual ancestor, though his severity and austerity hail from Brahms. Yet Medtner's own personality is so powerful that we see few actual points of likeness.

Medtner is not an orchestrator, and the larger concerted forms of composition are not his field. His work is for the pianoforte, pianoforte and violin, and for the voice. In his style there has so far been a slow and steady progress towards a consummate individuality, still greater refinement, penetration, and depth in every advancing opus, although we have the typical Medtner so far back as the songs of Op. 3 and Op. 6. With Op. 8 begins the series of *Fairy Tales*—a favourite term with Medtner. What a world of passion, epic force, fantastic beauty, and ardour do these fairy-tales reveal! What endless rhythmical and contrapuntal combinations! Thus the restless Op. 8, No. 2, with its rhythmically independent right and left hands:

Ex. 1. Op. 8, No. 2.

&c.

B

the fiercely syncopated Op. 9, No. 1, or the doggedly determined Op. 14, No. 2:

Ex. 2. *Allegro marciale.* Op. 14, No. 2.

&c.

In Op. 11 Medtner has combined three one-movement Sonatas, of which the joyous C major is already full of original accented figures, so typical of the later Medtner:

Ex. 3. Op. 11, No. 3.

&c.

With Op. 12 starts the series of Medtner's mature songs—songs that have no parallel in modern music for sheer depth and beauty, directness of appeal, and yet a uniform high level of taste and feeling. Pianist and singer are here of like importance, and the songs are as miniature duos with the melody interwoven in the two instruments, human and tempered. Op. 12 comprises three songs from Heine, the third being the deeply pathetic *Bergstimme*. The next opus (13) consists of two songs from the Russian poets, Pushkin and Byély. The latter is the *Epitaph*, noble, powerful, full of subdued passion, bursting out at the end with a piercing cry of pain. Op. 15 is twelve songs from Goethe, every one a masterpiece, full of novel rhythmical effects and great melodic originality. It contains the two songs, *Meeresstille* and *Glückliche Fahrt*, so frequently set by famous masters, yet equally if not more beautiful in Medtner's treatment. Op. 18 is again a series of Goethe songs, and Op. 19 is a set from Nietzsche. These songs mark fresh developments in Medtner's style of writing. He is becoming more lucid, transparent, and harmonious. Thus the perfectly simple and touching melodies of *Mignon* and *Altes Mütterlein*:

Ex. 4. 'Mignon,' Op. 18, No. 4.

Nur wer die Sehn - sucht kennt Weiss was ich

lei - de! Al - lein und ab - ge -
trennt von al - le Freu - - de &c.

Ex. 5. 'Altes Mutterlein,' Op. 19, No. 2.

In Son - nen glut, in Mit - tags - ruh liegt
stumm das Hos - pi - tal . . &c.

The mood of despair is, however, not wanting, as in *Versweifung* or *Das Veilchen*, and it is not till the next series of songs, Op. 24, that Medtner has found his new self. He has now definitely turned to the Russian poets, and sets to music eight exquisite lyrics of Tutchew and Foeth. In these we hear for the first time distant echoes of Russian folk-song :

Ex. 6. Op. 24, No. 2.

Their garb is simple, yet of a depth and richness that are almost incredible in combination with such simplicity. Not less remarkable are the Pushkin songs, Op. 29. How beautifully and fittingly is the atmosphere of those 'Verses written at night during insomnia' reproduced in Medtner's music!

Medtner has already bestowed on us over sixty songs. Whether he writes more or not, his claim to be counted as one of the great song-writers is undeniable. He is the last of a great line—Schumann, Brahms, Wolf, Reger. He has frequently been called the Russian Brahms, and in regard to his work as a song writer the comparison is just. In many respects the two are wide apart, but there is about their songs the same distinction and rare nobility.

The meagre violin literature has been enriched by Medtner's Nocturnes (Op. 16) and Sonata (Op. 21). What a wealth of pure and sublime inspiration is poured forth in these works! The sweetly flowing first movement of the Sonata—a Canzona—the wild, exotic *danza* with its endless rhythmical ingenuity, and the broad epic dihyramb—again distinctly reminiscent of a folk-ballad sung by a blind minstrel—these three parts make the Violin Sonata a work of supreme value. Equally fine are the three Nocturnes, especially the grand No. 3.

Medtner himself is a unique pianist, so it is only natural that the bulk of his compositions should be for the pianoforte. After the earlier *Fairy-tales* mentioned above, come those of Op. 20 and the *Novelles*, Op. 17. There is all of Schumann's intense passion in the former, a series of superb climaxes and a fierce, almost unearthly, power; while the latter (especially No. 2) are remarkable chiefly for their rhythm. Then comes the Sonata, Op. 22, in G minor—a strange coincidence with Schumann, and by no means only outwardly. It is in one rapid movement, with a slower *intermezzo*. The lyrical fragments, Op. 23, are stern and grave, singularly colourless pieces, like etchings. The Sonatas of Op. 25 are rather too drawn out, and fail to speak a new word. The *Fairy-tales*, Op. 26, are, however, worthy preludes to the magnificent Sonata-Ballade, Op. 27, with its radiant first theme, one of Medtner's rare smiles :

Ex. 7. Op. 27.

Later pianoforte works of Medtner—another Sonata in A minor, Op. 30, and eight *Fairy-tales*, Opp. 34 and 35, were first heard at the time when the rapid progress of momentous events in Russia obscured the musical horizon. But as if to emphasise his aloofness from anything but his chosen path, Medtner intensified a hundredfold his concentrated interest in his own inward development. His creative powers have taken complete possession of his soul. The more

difficult life's outward conditions became, the nearer famine and privation approached, the firmer was Medtner's resolution to proceed as if nothing had happened in his Fatherland. Innumerable difficulties lay in his way. He was isolated from the progress of music and art in the world; the very necessity for writing beautiful music seemed doubtful. In the midst of all this gloom he fell dangerously ill on the eve of the first performance of his new Pianoforte Concerto. For months he lingered between life and death—his one thought being the delivery of his last message to the public. But he did not die. Weak and tottering, in a state of feverish excitement he appeared in the concert-hall, an extra concert having been announced especially for him. And he played what is considered his sublimest work. The impression on those present was profound.

Since this article was written, Medtner has left Moscow. He is now living and working at Berlin.

MUSIC AT THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY

The Passion Play of the villagers of Oberammergau in South Bavaria this summer again, after a lapse of twelve years, drew numbers of the devout of many nationalities to that agreeable spot on the fringe of the Alps. Such musical persons as may make this journey appear often to be unprepared for the large part that music takes in the Passion Play; and their surprise at this large part (for the music usually gets but the barest mention in travellers' eloquent tales of the spectacle) is only surpassed by their surprise at the sort of music it is.

The mediæval institution of the Passion Play owes its survival at Oberammergau first to the villagers' tenacious conservatism, and secondly to their judicious tempering of conservatism. In the course of centuries they have just so far modified their cherished institution as to enable it to live on successfully in a changed world. Thus, whereas in olden days the hardy peasant spectators witnessed the Play in the open churchyard, when Messrs. Thomas Cook & Sons started introducing myriads of pilgrims of the comfortable classes from England and New England a weatherproof auditorium was called for, and conservatism yielded to the point of allowing the construction of a roofed theatre wherein four thousand spectators can sit dry, though it rain all day on the players (the stage is open to the sky). But well before the advent of Messrs. Cook the conservative Ammergauers had had unwillingly to relinquish primitive elements of the Play. The pilgrim in 1922 may not count on a single shred of surviving mediævalism; the uncouth, simple-hearted grotesqueness of the sacred plays of the Middle Ages, as we to-day fondly imagine them, has been swept away. Quaint mediævalism lingered late in the mountain Passion Plays until, sometime towards the end of the 18th century, the quaintness was altogether out of tune with the Church authorities, and at one stroke all the Passion Plays were abolished. Tenacious Ammergau retained its Play only at the cost of radical reform. The text had to become unexceptionably evangelical; hence, after the restoration, the text of Weiss (1811). The present text (Daisenberger's) dates from 1860; but neither 1811 nor 1860 unfortunately represents at all a 'good' period in religious art.

Conservatism's rout, during the prohibition period (1770-1811), meant a chance for a wholly new music at the resumption. What the old music was no one to-day appears to conceive at all clearly. The Ammergau choirmaster and organist, amiable Herr Rochus Dedler (1779-1822), composed the new music, and this is, with trifling modifications, what we hear to-day. Whatever the praise that cannot be allowed to Dedler, at least he belonged to the place, and that, in the eyes of Ammergau, is three-fourths of virtue. He is not a Bach, not a Wagner, but that the Passion music should be by an Ammergauer is the main thing. Curious is this truculent exclusiveness, which does even in the 20th century allow the Passion Play to be a thing of that particular mountain valley and of nowhere else. Nothing at Ammergau was quite so touching as the scene of the village fathers fiercely rejecting the blandishments of a firm of American 'movies.' You may be unable to admire without reserve the Play itself, and still be won over to respect thoroughly the pretty little spirited local patriotism which preserves it all, in a vulgar age, from being a mere calculated lure for trippers. This is the excuse for the music. If the Passion Play were 'run' as an attractive international festival a dozen better substitutes could be found for Dedler's early 19th century music. But no doubt Ammergau will cling through thick and thin to this music, which after all harmonizes with a good deal of the other artistic elements of the representation—so German, so early 19th century.

At the Passion Play we see enacted the Entry into Jerusalem, Gethsemane, the Betrayal, the Trial, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Ascension. The sublime story is, in contrast with the conciseness of the evangelists, here spread over eight hours of performance. The large stage beguiles the eye with its background of Bavarian hills, pine strewn, and shifting in colour as the hours pass. The moments of actual drama are comparatively brief. The music holds the field for long stretches. As a prelude to each dramatic scene a chorus (men and women) of forty ceremoniously steps from the wings and ranges itself in a single rank facing the audience. Its duty is to instruct us, by speech and song, in the episode we are about to see, and in particular to draw Old Testament analogies. These analogies are further brought home by *tableaux vivants*, very elaborate and the source of local pride, which are displayed on the inset stage, the musical commentary proceeding the while. The music is for chorus and soli (S.A.T.B.). The principal soloist is the bass, a sort of *χορωγός*. There is an orchestra of about fifty.

This orchestra gives the unprepared listener his biggest and only musical surprise of the day, with its Overture opening:



From this premise the rest follows naturally—a complete collection of all the little commonplaces of late 18th century musical idiom! Haydn, Gluck, and Mozart were no doubt the composers most respected by the Ammergau organist of a hundred and ten years ago, and he humbly raised his molehill on the pattern of those mountains. His humility is almost disarming, and we do not forget that he was writing for unskilled executants and for

performance in the open air. In the ordinary way it is absurd to ask for any richness of content in open-air music, and if the performance were of, say, some classical subject, not intimately touching, we might feel plenty of toleration for pastoral music so mildly rococo and not offensive. But this Tragedy is not an *Orpheus*, an *Iphigenia*. It is not to be regarded with the detachment that might allow us to find in Dedler's poverty-stricken art a little historical interest, and the gap between the powerfully stirring effect of the stage-spectacle and this humble but persistently long-winded music is a drain on sympathy and patience. Above all the onlooker who is at all musical cannot get Bach out of his head, and indeed to the point of feeling that the best things in the Passion Play—the large sincerity, serenity, and pathos of the stage action—have been a million times more satisfyingly expressed by Bach in terms of music. Once come to know the *St. Matthew* Passion and Oberammergau is no place for you. This poor Dedler dared to attempt much what Bach did in interpolating meditative arias at crucial points of the sublime drama. How exquisitely the tension of pain is thus relieved in Bach's Passion Play no reader here needs telling. At Ammergau the musical platitude of these meditations (comparable to a very old-fashioned type of Three Choirs' Festival oratorio on some Old Testament subject) sets one saying, 'No more Ammergau for me—the Lent Passion Play at St. Paul's or St. Anne's, Soho, is good enough!' The close of it all is the most disconcerting. The infinite tenderness, the sweet, grave relaxation of Bach's chorus 'In tears of grief, dear Lord, we leave Thee,' must surely for all of us be the one conceivable right closing mood. Oberammergau ends on a chirpy little Hallelujah Chorus of the flattest inadequacy.

There was a competent orchestra this year at Oberammergau. The choir sustained all day an unflagging dignity. The tenor soloists were rather trying. There was an extremely fine young bass, Guido Diemer, on whom fell much of the work. C.

THE NURSERIES OF ENGLISH SONG—II.

BY FRANK KIDSON

By 1745 the fame of the London pleasure-gardens—Vauxhall, Marylebone, and Ranelagh—as musical centres, apart from their places in the fashionable world, had been firmly established. Vocal music became an item in the instrumental programmes, and, as stated in my previous article,* the best and most popular talent was engaged. This particular talent was quite ready to accept Vauxhall engagements, for there was very little opening for it elsewhere. Concerts, apart from the gardens, were not everyday functions as at present, and the theatre gave rather limited scope for professional guinea-earning.

In this matter we of to-day have to thank those bewigged proprietors of the garden leases for the encouragement they gave to English music. If we eliminate from the published music of the time all that had its first hearing at the public gardens, there would be very little left to show what English music was like in the 18th century.

Vauxhall and Marylebone had erected covered orchestras, supported by pillars at about 10-ft. from the ground, and singers and instrumentalists in all

the finery of the period—lace ruffles, powdered wigs, silk or velvet coats, satin waistcoats and breeches for the male artists, and even gayer attire for the women—did their level best to amuse the crowd that clustered around.

The vocalists could have had no easy task to make their voices heard amid the hubbub of the gardens; the rustle of the trees, the calls for waiters, the gay laughter at the tea-tables, or the hilarity that conceivably accompanied the rack punch for which Vauxhall was famous—all must have militated against the 'light and shade' that is so effective in an ordinary concert-room, and killed anything like delicate singing. At the three principal gardens organs had been erected, and the tinkle of the harpsichord could be heard in the numerous pieces and 'lessons' for that instrument that every composer felt called upon to produce. How 'thin' these sound to-day! But we must realise the limitations of the spinet and harpsichord in regard to sustained tone. On wet days—and a wet day at Vauxhall was not an unknown misery—the music was performed in an elaborate 'rotunda,' as at Ranelagh; but this was a poor substitute for the open-air concert on a fine evening.

In the early days of Vauxhall singing, a popular item was T. A. Arne's pastoral, *Colin and Phoebe*, sung as a dialogue by Mrs. Arne and Thomas Lowe. This can be seen in Arne's *Lyric Harmony*, Book I. In the 'fifties Miss Stevenson, Miss Burchell, and Lowe were the fixed singers. They not only sang the modest ditty telling of the loves and jealousies of impossible pastoral people, but tackled elaborate cantatas, accompanied by heavy instrumentation. The musical director and composer for Vauxhall during this period was Dr. John Worgan, and many of his Vauxhall compositions as performed by the singers named can be seen in his *Agreeable Musical Choice* and like collections.

Thomas Lowe deserted Vauxhall in 1763 to take the lease of Marylebone Gardens, which in a few years brought him to bankruptcy. He then sang at Finch's Grotto Gardens.

Miss Stevenson and Miss Burchell were the chief exponents of the particular type of lyric that was so characteristic of Vauxhall and Marylebone. It sang of the simple love-making of artless and yet artificial maidens and equally artless and artificial swains who were shepherds by occupation. These were eminently 'swains,' because 'swain' rhymes so neatly with 'plain,' and everything occurred on 'plains.' The following example shows the type:

No nymph that trips the verdant plains
With Sally can compare:
She wins the hearts of all the swains
And rivals all the fair.

Another popular type was the 'Scotch' song. This was written by versifiers without the slightest knowledge of the Scots vernacular, and perfectly ignorant of the meaning of any but the most obvious of Scotch words. The composers played up by introducing into every bar a galvanic snap which was then considered the essence of Scots music. The one Vauxhall Scotch song which has survived to our own day is James Hook's *Within a mile of Edinburgh town*. This was founded on an earlier pseudo-Scotch song written by Thomas D'Urfey. Hook's song was sung at Vauxhall in the season of 1780 by Mrs. Wright. Its printed title when published being *I won't buckle too*. In this occurs the line 'Sweet lav' rocks

* See June number, page 394.

bloomed.' Whoever penned the line was evidently under the impression that 'lav'rocks' were some kind of flower, and ignorant that they were really skylarks! In after years the word was altered to 'laylocks,' the early and correct form of 'lilacs.'

Then there were numberless lyrics singing the praises of particular beauties, with the name of the lady in the last line of each verse, thus :

While beaux to please the ladies write,
And bards to get a dinner by't,
Their well-feigned passion tell,
Let me in humble verse proclaim
My love for her who bears the name
Of charming Kitty Fell.

Other ladies celebrated in this kind of song are 'Nanny of the Hill,' 'Nan of the Vale,' 'Charming Bessy,' among many maidens equally inspiring to the Vauxhall poet. The authors of these effusions were writers who had got the trick of easy verse in conventional manner. Some were amateurs who doubtless were gratified if their verses got a hearing at the gardens, but it was necessary that a tame poet should be kept to supply goods to order. Samuel Boyce was an early representative, and John Cunningham wrote Vauxhall lyrics about 1760. The chief song of Cunningham's that survived a merely ephemeral existence was *May Eve, or Kate of Aberdeen*. This was set to music by Jonathan Battishill, and sung in 1761. It afterwards appeared in most collections of Scotch songs. Another occasional writer for Vauxhall was Robert Anderson, the Cumbrian poet. In the 'nineties of the 18th century, 'Mr. Upton' was the chief versifier, with, for coadjutors, a Mr. Richardson and a Dr. Houlton.

To revert to John Cunningham. At one time an actor and a playwright, he was poor enough to justify his existence as a poet even if his verses did not. He passed his last years—he died in 1773—at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he was seen by Thomas Bewick, the wood-engraver, who made a sketch of him unknown to the subject. The bundle in his hand contained a herring and some broken food. R. H. Cromek obtained this sketch from Bewick, and it is here reproduced.

Regarding the permanent directors and composers for Vauxhall, it is stated that James Worgan held that position from 1737 (when music was first introduced into the Gardens' programme) until 1757, when he resigned in favour of his brother, Dr. John Worgan. The latter held the position, with a break at about 1761, until 1774. James Hook composed songs for Vauxhall as early as 1769. He succeeded Worgan as permanent composer and director of the Gardens' music, and held the post until 1820. At a later date Sir Henry R. Bishop was composer and director to the Gardens. Sims Reeves's popular *My Pretty Jane*, the composition of Bishop, was first sung at the Gardens by Robinson. To trace all the musical events of Vauxhall down to the time when Kitty Stephens and Madame Vestris sang is a task beyond the limits of this paper. I can only say that as a nursery of popular English song it maintained its position until almost its closing time in 1859.

We have nothing to do with the Vauxhall accessories of firework displays, balloon ascents, acrobatic feats, and the like; my task is to show that Vauxhall and its fellow gardens did more for English music than is generally recognised.

Turning to Marylebone Gardens, I find equal evidence of musical progress, with William Defesch

as first violin and general director of the musical performances. Defesch wrote some rather pretty vocal compositions in the style of the day. These were sung at the Gardens.

As I have said, Thomas Lowe assumed the management in 1763. After he had failed, Dr. Samuel Arnold ventured into the same thorny path, and came to grief as Lowe had done. F. H. Barthélemon, composer and violinist, had much to do with the Gardens in 1770, and about this time sundry musical burlettas or small operas were performed. But fireworks—as in the case of Vauxhall—came, and musical art had to take a second place. Concerts ceased in 1775.



JOHN CUNNINGHAM

(Author of many Vauxhall Songs)

Marylebone in its best days made no stint in the provision of the best talent. Singers and performers of the first rank came, and alternated between Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and Marylebone, appearing also at the theatres.

Hook was not absolutely tied to Vauxhall. In the season of 1772 he had a Scotch song sung by Mrs. Cartwright at Marylebone. As it is an excellent example of the ultra-Scotch snap which the English musician of that period considered essential to impart a Scots character, I reproduce it. The words are from Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, vol. ii., circa 1726, and are by William Crawford. It will be noticed that Hook uses some of the same phrases that he afterwards employed in *Within a mile of Edinburgh Town*:

SUNG BY MRS. CARTWRIGHT AT MARYLEBONE GARDENS

MUSIC BY JAMES HOOK, 1772.



round the ewes and . . lamb - kins play And
mu - sic fills the groves, But my lov'd song is . .
then the broom So fair . on . . Cow - den .
knowes, For sure so sweet . . so soft a . .
bloom . . else . where there nev - er . grows. For
sure so sweet, so soft a bloom Else -
where there nev - er . grows. But . .
my . . lov'd song is . . then the . . broom So . .
fair on . . Cow - den . knowes, For
sure so sweet, so . . soft . . a . . bloom Else -
where there nev - er . . grows.

The composers for the gardens had the privilege of issuing their songs in book or sheet form, and the London music publishers made up books of Vauxhall and Marylebone songs by different composers. There was a series of songs composed by Dr. John Worgan published in the 'fifties of the 18th century.

The Thompson firm published yearly collections by James Hook in the 'seventies and 'eighties of the 18th century, and Bland & Weller issued Hook's Vauxhall songs—with a view of the Gardens—in the 'nineties. Dale did the same in the new century. These thin folio booklets of ten or a dozen songs are interesting as showing the taste of the town in vocal music.

As time passed, and fashions changed, the public gardens devoted themselves to more popular entertainments than were afforded by concerts of music. The excitement of balloon ascents, of seeing a lady dancing on a tight-rope amid blazing fireworks, public dancing, and a thousand-and-one similar features displaced the old order and pushed aside the simple ballads that Vauxhall and Marylebone had provided for the amusement of an earlier generation.

Then concerts under cover became frequent in more accessible parts of the town, and so the gardens lost their musical prestige.

But to revert to my thesis, the London pleasure-gardens were undoubtedly the nurseries of English music, especially of the vocal kind, and much as we moderns may despise the simple art that they put forth, we have really to be thankful that they existed to foster a national music culture.

STUDIES ON THE HORN

By W. F. H. BLANDFORD

II.—WAGNER AND THE HORN PARTS OF LOHENGRIN

(Continued from August Number, page 547.)

In the July number of the *Musical Times* an article by the late Ulric Daubeny, entitled 'Instrumentation: Some Strange Survivals,' drew attention, not for the first time, to the singular manner in which Wagner has written his horn parts in *Lohengrin*. In the Introduction to Act 3, as there stated, Wagner repeatedly alters the key of his horns, sometimes without allowing any rest whatever in the music during which the change of a crook could be effected. And the article went on to observe that the composer's 'written notation, of course, conforms to the so-called classic method,' which was hardly happily expressed, seeing that, when critically examined, it is found to be almost without a true parallel in any other composition whatever.

It is remarkable that any mystery should attach to the methods and intentions of a composer who died less than forty years ago, especially as Hans Richter, himself a horn-player, could probably have thrown light on them. Yet in 1897 Prout, citing a passage from *Lohengrin* in which the key of the horn is changed twice from C to D and back again on consecutive notes (*The Orchestra*, Ex. 156), observed:

We utterly fail to conceive why Wagner has adopted this impracticable notation, which is likely to confuse the player, and most certainly does not help the score-reader.

Now the commanding personality of Wagner in the domain of orchestration renders any departure of his from accepted practice worthy of study, and we shall therefore attempt to throw light on a problem which, so far as known, has never yet received adequate explanation.

Before considering the score of *Lohengrin*, it will be advisable to glance at Wagner's treatment of the horns in his earlier works. The introducer into the operatic orchestra of the valve-horn and inspirer of Wagner was Halévy, who wrote for two valve-horns and two natural horns in *La Juive*, produced in 1835. Wagner in his earliest operas (*Die Feen* being disregarded) employs the same combination; in the Overture to *Rienzi*—the rest of the score being unexamined by us—he uses valve-horns in G; in the *Flying Dutchman* in F, G, and A; and in *Tannhäuser* in E and F—all practicable keys—and he requires no changes of crook that cannot be effected during silent bars. The changes were, however, intended to be made, for the procrustean practice, which has bewitched composers and players alike, of fitting everything to the F-crook is of more modern origin. The parts themselves exhibit no special technical difficulties or eccentricities of notation, and prove that Wagner had from the start mastered the principles of writing for the valve-horn, which evidently he abandoned in *Lohengrin* of set purpose.

Tannhäuser was written at Dresden in 1843-44, and finally revised in 1846; its successor, *Lohengrin*, was written there in 1846-48. The first question to arise on the latter is as to the nature of the horns employed, for here the terminology of the score does not help us, as it indicates only *Hörner*, without stating *Ventil-* or *Waldhörner*. A perusal of the Prelude will, however, satisfy the reader that all four horns in the orchestra are valve-instruments. At the same time, we are inclined to think—it is impossible

to be positive—that the 3rd and 4th horn parts in Act 1 were written for the natural horn, on account both of their general character and the use of crooks such as C and B flat bass, which find no proper place in the valve-horn's equipment.* If this be so, the change to valve-horns synchronises with the change in notation, which did not make its appearance until Act 2, and affords ground for the belief that after Act 1 had been composed Wagner's ideas on the subject of the horns underwent modification.

The method of writing with which we are concerned makes no appearance in the Prelude, where no change of key was required. The earliest example of it is in Act 2, Scene 1, on p. 244 of the full score,† where the brief interval of seven crotchets precedes a change of key from E to F. This is followed on p. 251 by the reverse change without any break, and associated with an enharmonic modulation:

Ex. 1. In F. In E. 14 bars omitted.

During the fourteen bars not quoted the horns are silent for the first four bars, and then resume in E, the quotation being continued with the fifteenth bar.

After Scene 1 the Act teems with changes of this class, including the example given by Prout. We add another taken from pp. 383-4 of the score:

Ex. 2. In E♭. In D. In E♭. In D. In E♭.

It is unnecessary to quote further examples from this Act, in which practically all these abrupt changes of key are associated with harmonic progressions, and holding-notes or short detached chords, rather than melodic phrases or figures.

In the Introduction to Act 3, on the contrary, definite melodic figures are associated with the changes of key. These changes occur nine times (not ten, as stated by Daubeny), the sequence being as follows, and the length of the rest, if any, preceding each change being given: G; E; (three crotchets) G; E; (two crotchets) D; (one crotchet) G; (three crotchets) E; (three crotchets) A flat; E; (one crotchet) D. No change of crook can possibly be made during any of these intervals, and such longer rests as occur in the parts do not precede changes. We give for reference two extracts. The first is the whole of the great unison passage, which is repeated, ending the first time with the bars marked (a), and the second time with the bars marked (b), which lead into a repetition of the opening phrase of the movement, and involve the fifth and

sixth changes. The other example (No. 4) includes the seventh and eighth changes for the 3rd and 4th horns:

Ex. 3. In D.

Ex. 4. In E. In A♭.

Similar changes of key to those found in Act 2 also occur in the body of Act 3, but are less frequent. Examples will be found on pp. 688-9 and 803 of the score, and there are a few subsequent ones. In the Bridal March the third and fourth horns on the stage play in B flat (bass), a typical key of the natural horn; but their parts are adorned here and there with valve passages, possibly an addition to the first draft after the use of valve-horns had been decided upon.

The problem that Wagner's notation presents has now been sufficiently demonstrated, and we may proceed to consider such external evidence as may throw light upon it.

It is an obvious—but often unheeded—truth that the instrumentation of bygone composers must be judged in the perspective gained from a knowledge not merely of contemporary instruments, but (what is harder) of the technique, style, and aims of contemporary players.

To regard it solely from the viewpoint of modern taste and technique is to risk arriving at false conclusions. A closer regard for the historical method would have led to the omission from the article that prompted the present paper of the comment that

... in the score of *Tannhäuser* there appear side by side the vent (valved) and waldhorn (natural horn), frankly a sop arranged to stifle critics belonging to the older school.

A practice that Halévy and Wagner were the first to introduce cannot have been designed to stifle critics—not that Wagner was ever much of a sop-thrower—if only because, on the introduction of an innovation, two opposing schools of critics cannot yet have come into existence. And—paradoxical as it may seem—Wagner, the innovator, must to-day be ranged in principle, if not in practice, among the

* There is nothing to prevent a valve-horn from being used with a C or B flat bass crook, but in that case the mechanism must be disregarded and the instrument must function as a natural horn.

† The references are to the pagination of the miniature full score, which is more generally accessible than the original lithographed form. The horn parts, as far as collated, agree in both.

sympathisers with the older school, as his prefatory note to *Tristan and Isolde*, which will be set out in due course, sufficiently testifies.

When Blümel* and Stölzel brought out their system of pistons in 1816, they had at first no idea of endowing instruments with the power of playing rapid diatonic and chromatic passages in any key. Their more modest aim was to provide a means of instantly altering the pitch, as a substitute for the system of detachable crooks; and only after the pistons had come into practical use were the increased possibilities which they opened up realised.

The earliest piston instruments were defective in various ways, and, owing to abrupt turns in the wind-way, by no means equal in tone-quality to the natural instruments. These defects were gradually remedied by numerous inventions, and a perfectly satisfactory wind-way was given in 1828 by Blümel's invention of the rotary cylinder action, which has since remained the favourite mechanism in use in German-speaking countries.

(To be continued.)

Occasional Notes

At the centenary banquet of the Royal Academy of Music occurred two striking illustrations of the tendency of the exponents of the other arts to talk somewhat condescendingly of music. Although the remarks of Sir Owen Seaman, speaking with all the authority which *Punch* confers, were in perfect taste when he discussed the relations between song-writer and composer, and no one could possibly take umbrage at them, it was impossible not to notice that underlying his genial satire was a firm and reasoned conviction that the musician ought to be put firmly in his proper place. He made many jests at the expense of composers who distort poems to suit their music, but he omitted to say that many of the best contemporary musicians object to such distortion as strongly as he does, and that British music of to-day offers many examples of admirable adaptation of music to the text. He chose as an illustration one of the best-known passages of *Atalanta in Calydon*, and expressed the hope that no musician had set it to music. The musicians present were too polite to inform him that the lines have been set to music by Granville Bantock with most meticulous respect for Swinburne's text.

Another example of the patronising attitude was the speech of Sir Aston Webb, the president of the Royal Academy, who spoke of the quartet concert given in the National Gallery, and imagined, apparently, that he was paying the highest possible tribute to Beethoven when he said that some of his friends told him how greatly the music increased their appreciation of the pictures. It was, at best, a left-handed compliment, although obviously intended to be very flattering to his musical audience. He would probably have been both surprised and indignant if some of the musicians present had told him that they thought that pictures, however beautiful, distract attention from the music.

* Blümel is usually described as an oboe-player. *Hoboist* is the German term for a military bandsman, even if he confine his attentions to the bass-tuba, and is extended to any wind-bandsman whatever. Blümel was, in fact, a 'Berghoboist'—that is, a member of a mining company's band, and almost certainly a brass-player. Why should an oboe-player concern himself with the improvement of brass instruments? Bierey, also, who published the first account of this epoch-making invention, always figures as 'Captain Bierey' instead of 'Capellmeister.'

From time to time we receive reminders that there are still a good many musicians who regard the classical composers as having been infallible. A letter has reached us from a Welsh reader complaining that in the article on the London String Quartet in our August issue 'Mr. Waldo Warner permits himself to remark that Beethoven sometimes wrote poorish music.' We are sure that Mr. Warner does not pride himself on having made a discovery. He was merely giving the mildest expression to a view that has been held by every musician capable of judging—including Beethoven himself, of course. Our correspondent goes on, painedly: 'Perhaps Mr. Warner will kindly inform us on what grounds he introduced such a remark. I have not as yet come in contact with any of this so-called "poorish music."' If this is so, the writer can have but a very slight acquaintance with Beethoven's works. We advise him to refer to the *Musical Times* of February, March, April, May, and June, 1919, where he will find the subject pretty thoroughly discussed in articles and correspondence. In the June number he will be able to 'come in contact' with some examples of music so feeble as to deserve a much stronger adjective than 'poorish.' When he realises that these examples are taken from works written in Beethoven's prime he will perhaps do a bit of thinking. And if he will turn up also the *Musical Times* for March, 1920, he will find under the title, 'Beethoven, after a Hundred Years,' a very temperate discussion of the present standing of the composer's work. These articles are not anti-Beethoven; they are merely a plea for the exercise of a sane judgment. Does our correspondent hold that Shakespeare never wrote a poorish play or even a poorish passage? Yet Shakespeare is generally regarded as a greater genius than Beethoven. Homer was probably greater than either, yet what does the old tag tell us of his inability to be always as wide awake as he should have been?

Our correspondent is nothing if not thorough in his worship. Not only has he 'never come in contact with any poorish music' by Beethoven; he goes the whole hog and declares that he does not think Beethoven 'capable of writing anything that can be placed in such a category.' What! Not if he tried very hard? The amusing thing is that having thus burnt his boats the writer goes on to play for safety by saying 'Possibly we may trace some portions that may be termed *indifferent*, but to use Mr. Warner's remark is doing the greatest musical genius the world has seen a gross injustice.' We make the writer a present of the margin between 'indifferent' and 'poorish.' It is too small to argue about.

We recommend him to carry out the advice with which he ends his letter: 'Let us engage ourselves in studying Beethoven's works and cease these injudicious criticisms.' Let's, by all means. Nothing can be better for Beethoven's fame than a really discriminating study of his music; nothing worse than the blind acceptance of everything he wrote. No man so great as he was need ask to be saved from judicious critics, but he may well pray to be saved from his friends.

In our issue for January last we commented on a remarkable performance of *The Messiah* at Oundle School, in which every boy took part. We now learn that Mr. Clement Spurling, the indefatigable music-

master, is preparing for a performance of the B minor Mass on similar lines. The choir will number about two hundred and forty boys, the orchestra will include forty boys, and the rest of the school (about two hundred and fifty) will be formed into an additional chorus, joining in at intervals and bringing out certain themes as *canti fermi*. This extra chorus is largely made up of broken voices, but we are assured by musicians who have heard this striking experiment that the effect is astonishingly good—always provided that the listener hears the choir in bulk and at a fair distance: voices that individually and at short range have a devastating timbre lose their terrors in the ensemble. We hear that most encouraging progress has already been made with the *Kyrie* and *Credo*. If there is any better way of helping our young people to get at the very heart of a masterpiece than this Oundle method we should like to hear of it.

Music of all sorts plays a prominent part at Oundle. At the mid-summer concert the programme included treble unison songs by Ley, Balfour Gardiner, &c., the first movement of Schumann's Quartet in F, Op. 41, two movements from Bach's Sonata in G for flute, violin, and pianoforte, Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor, the Finale from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, and vocal solos by Martin Shaw, Eric Cundell, and Cowen. The orchestra played the first movement of Mozart's G minor Symphony, and two movements from Quilter's Suite, *Where the Rainbow ends*, and joined the choir in 'The Dance' from Elgar's *Bavarian Highlands*. The choral items were Morley's *Now is the month of maying* and Vaughan Williams's *Just as the tide was flowing*. The correspondent whose wail on the subject of music in boys' schools appears on page 650 will read the above with watering mouth.

Honorary degrees of Doctor of Music have been conferred by Edinburgh University on Prof. Sanford Terry and Mr. Alfred Hollins. Everybody knows of Dr. Terry's scholarly work, especially in the Bach field, but few south of the Tweed are aware that he has played a big part in the competitive festival movement in Scotland. The first meeting of the kind held in Scotland was the Aberdeen and North of Scotland Festival, which owed its inception nine years ago almost entirely to the initiative of Dr. Terry. He is still a hard worker in its behalf, and takes great interest in the festival movement generally. Dr. Hollins's brilliant playing and improvisations have made his name familiar wherever organ recitals are popular. He and his gifted friend, William Wolstenholme, are the pioneers of the group of contemporary blind organists whose remarkable gifts are now being realised by the public—thanks largely to the work of the National Institute for the Blind.

The Peckham postman who won the £500 prize at a recent whist drive intends to spend a part of the sum on violin lessons for his son. Rightly, he is 'very keen that his instruction should be the best,' so he is 'going to put him under an Italian master at once.' Naturally; what do the mere English know about fiddling?

Odd, how hard the fetish of Welsh singing dies! The *Daily Express*, in a leading article on the National Eisteddfod, tells its readers that choral singing is an art 'in which the English race is hardly

second to the Welsh themselves.' We advise our contemporary to send its leader-writer to Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the Midlands to see how very near the English are on the heels of the Welsh. He might also give a look in at (say) an Oriana concert, and make the discovery that there are even London choral bodies that can give good and often first-rate performances of music at which the best Welsh choirs would jib. Then, perhaps, when next he discusses choralism, he will think twice before he airily says, 'Of course the South [of England] cannot compete.'

There is room for such an organization as the International Society for New Music, a body which came into being at the Salzburg Festival. The preliminary steps, so far as England is concerned, are in the hands of Mr. Edwin Evans. Particulars of the aims and character of the Society will be found in Mr. Evans's account of the Festival, given on page 628.

The Gloucester Festival (September 3, 5, 6, 7, and 8) promises to be exceptionally successful, so far as public support is concerned. We hear that the stewards number three hundred and twenty-six (there were two hundred and eight at the 1913 Festival), and that the amount received for the sale of tickets so far (August 22) more than doubles that taken in the corresponding period of 1913.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD

The Eisteddfod at Ammanford, which was held on August 7 and the five following days, was an almost unprecedented success; indeed, its success almost killed it. The Pavilion, although it held about fourteen thousand people, was over-full almost the whole time, and on one day an enormous audience congregated outside the enclosure. What would have happened if that occasion had not been particularly fine, we hesitate to think. An audience of such a size is apt to get out of hand, and indeed once or twice this one did get beyond the control of even the most experienced of stentorian conductors or stage-managers. It got very impatient of speakers, shouted down even a Cabinet Minister, and would scarcely listen to an adjudicator. It was only when choirs were singing that it was really silent. Another difficulty was that, partly owing to the size of the audience, the intervals between the items had to be prolonged, with the result that almost all the afternoon sessions had only just finished at about the time the evening concerts ought to have begun, although some of the competitions were held in other places; as a result the evening concerts began very late, and had to be curtailed. The control of the in-coming and outgoing crowds imposed an almost superhuman strain on the police, whose success, however, was a matter for admiration.

SIR HUGH ALLEN'S PRAISE

This Eisteddfod will be remembered chiefly for two things—the extraordinarily keen competition of male-voice choirs and the advance in the quality of the orchestral playing, which amazed even those familiar with conditions in Wales. Sir Hugh Allen is not in the habit of speaking without a full sense of responsibility, and he said most emphatically that the idea that orchestral playing in Wales was inferior was 'all humbug.' 'He was indeed,' he said, 'jealous of some of the orchestras he had heard.' He prophesied for one of the conductors, Mr. D. B.

Griffiths, of Aberpennar, that, given proper opportunities, he would develop into an orchestral leader of high rank. When we remember the very mediocre playing of last year (although that was a great improvement on previous years), it is almost impossible to realise that the same country could have produced a band like that from Aberpennar, which won the prize.

The test-pieces were the slow movement from Beethoven's seventh Symphony and Percy E. Fletcher's *Rustic Suite*. As it was decided by the judges that the Beethoven movement was too delicate a piece to be played in so large a hall, at the final competition only the *Rustic Suite* was heard. Most people were surprised at the award, because there is no doubt that at the preliminary test this piece was best played by Mr. Herbert Ware's orchestra, which won the second prize. The mystery was explained when the marks were published, and it was found that the Aberpennar orchestra had gained ninety-five marks for the Beethoven, and that Mr. Ware's band had gained more marks than the winning orchestra for the playing of the Fletcher piece. The playing of both bands was not only relatively, but absolutely, excellent. Both of the conductors, it is to be noted, are comparatively young—a fact not without its moral. Another significant fact was that whereas an entry of three or four had been the rule in the past, there were thirteen orchestras competing, and we have the word of the adjudicators for it that among the eight which did not play in the final test, none deserved to be called bad. The mere fact that the prize offered was slightly larger than had been usual in the past cannot alone be held to account for such a state of things.

THE MALE-VOICE CHOIRS

This competition lasted for close upon five hours without a break as the thirteen choirs sang. The adjudicators rightly said that it was a 'contest of giants.' Four choirs stood out among the rest, with only three marks between them, and between the fourth and fifth there was a little gap. It was pleasant to see the choir of Barclay's Bank from London, the only English choir that competed, among the chosen four; it owes its existence to the initiative of the enthusiastic Welshman who is its conductor. The test-pieces were Cyril Jenkins's setting of *Sea-Fever*, and Dr. Joseph Parry's *Nazareth*. The juxtaposition was piquant, since Mr. Jenkins has recently got into very hot water by his unsparing condemnation of Parry's music, which most Welshmen are inclined to worship indiscriminately. Speaking for myself, I can only say that if the rest of Dr. Parry's music is like *Nazareth*, it deserves all that Mr. Jenkins has said about it. This feeble mixture of Mendelssohn and Taff water—sugary in its sentiment and flippant in its exultation—is an echo of a past happily almost forgotten on this side of the border.

The fact that the London choir received top marks, 94, in *Sea-Fever*, in which Dowlais, the winner, only scored 88, has a moral—a moral enforced over and over again by adjudicators in all the competitions—that Welsh musicians as a class are still slow to grasp the significance of what is generally called modern music. It is for his constant efforts to remedy this defect, and for putting his theories into practice in his music, that Mr. Cyril Jenkins deserves, and will perhaps one day receive, the thanks of true music-lovers in Wales.

THE CONTROVERSIES

Here we are tempted to a digression in order to speak of one of the most striking features of the week, the lively controversies between the ultra-Nationalists and the Internationalists, which went on all the time. They culminated in a meeting of the Cymrodorion Society, at which Dr. Vaughan Thomas, of Swansea, hit out very freely. His remarks, and the discussion they evoked, deserve an article to themselves, but I will just mention that he went so far as to say that no one could appreciate Welsh music who did not know the Welsh language. What would the learned Doctor say if he were told that his opinions, say, on Tchaikovsky were worthless because he did not know Russian, or that only an Italian scholar could really appreciate Verdi or Puccini? In benighted England we are taught to believe that music is an international language. He objected to Wales being preached at, lectured, and prescribed for from London, and then proceeded to deal some hard blows to English critics, using the word in its widest sense. Poor, dull, stupid, old England, is, however, used to these amenities at the hands of her more nimble-witted Celtic sisters. Some of the Welsh patriots profess to be alarmed at the possible results of an 'invasion of Teutonism' and the onslaughts of 'the formalists.' (How beautifully free—in contrast, say, to the later Beethoven—is the form of *Nazareth*!).

PERNICIOUS BACH

One particularly misguided writer, who will probably live to repent it, even objected to the inclusion in the programmes of Bach's B minor Mass and Brahms's *Requiem*. Hearing him speak, one would imagine that Wales had suffered from a surfeit of Bach and Brahms; but, as a fact, this was the first performance in Wales of the Mass and (I believe) the second of the *Requiem*. He objected to the Latin words of the Mass. I am glad to hear that it is being translated into Welsh, for it is always good that people should understand what they are singing. It is urged that Wales could learn more from Tchaikovsky, Debussy, and Ravel. She might learn a good deal, but how can any one even begin to understand their true significance without knowing their predecessors? And how many people in Wales are there who know their Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, or Wagner? It is not their fault, but if they think it is an advantage they are vastly mistaken. They speak glibly of the 'Russian Five,' quite forgetting that at Moscow and Petrograd people had opportunities for knowing the best of all music, which are (unfortunately) denied to Cardiff and Swansea. One writer proudly said that a country which could produce a Walford Davies and a Vaughan Williams should take a front place among the musical nations of the world. I heartily agree, but then patriots should stop and ask themselves *why* these two composers have become famous. Is it not because they have taken advantage of their opportunities for absorbing the widest cosmopolitan culture?

Prof. Walford Davies being asked his opinion, very wisely said that 'Welsh music for the world is a nobler ideal than Welsh music for Wales.' It is difficult to see how it can be contended that such an ideal can be achieved by shutting out the music of the world from Wales, and heaving bricks at those who are trying to open the frontiers.

THE OTHER COMPETITIONS

I must pass over the other competitions lightly. The chief choral competition was full of interest. The test-pieces were 'The Lord, our Redeemer,' from the *St. John Passion*, *Fleur de Lys* by T. Hopkin Evans, and Cyril Jenkins's *Ode to the West Wind*, the first and third being sung to the accompaniment of the London Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Jenkins's piece is spirited and picturesque, and even the winning choir from Cwmamman did not quite get inside it. There was some very fine singing in the competition, but it was in this piece that the choirs were weakest. In the Bach, the singing of the florid passages was inclined to be too rigid. They are not mere exercises. The three tenors who sang *Celeste Aida*, and the three contraltos who sang 'He hath filled the hungry' (from Bach's *Magnificat*), all have splendid voices, but the Bach singing had the same fault, and the Welsh limitations in respect of modern music were notable in the otherwise excellent singing by the chosen sopranos, of Rimsky-Korsakov's 'Hymn to the Sun' from *Le Coq d'Or*. I have only space to mention the violin playing of the boy F. Bilbe, a scholar of Trinity College, London, who won both the junior and senior prizes, as he did last year at Carnarvon. He has a Welsh mother, and an English father of Spanish descent, with a name, he told me, derived from Bilbao. The boy and his sister, and another, also won the Trio prize. In the junior competition a little girl was specially commended. She was surely the tiniest player who ever faced so large an audience, and she played an early Mozart Sonata very prettily indeed.

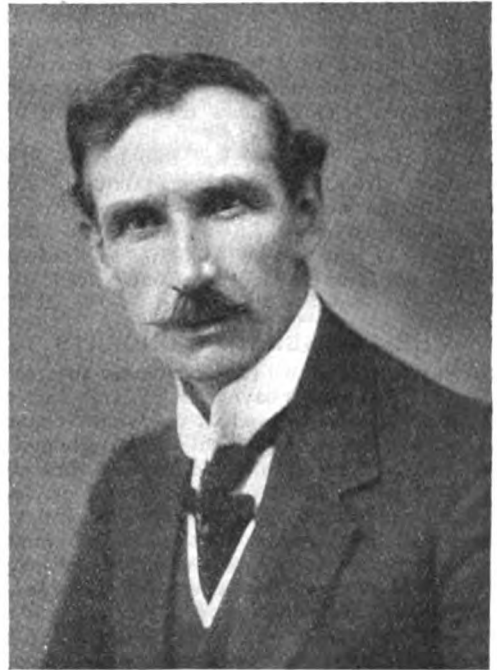
THE CONCERTS

I must now pass on to the concerts. The chief features were naturally the performance of the B minor Mass, the first in Wales as already mentioned, and of Brahms's *Requiem*, and the modernity of the programmes played by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Sokolov, of Cleveland, Ohio, who will certainly make his mark when he is heard in London. The Eisteddfod Choir was drawn from the surrounding districts, the nucleus being the Ammanford Choir which had won at recent Eisteddfodau. It is proof of the true zeal which inspires the people that a local orchestra was specially formed to accompany the rehearsals (we wonder whether any of them objected to the Teutonic invasion). Mr. R. Gwilym Jones, who received most of his musical training at Manchester, conducted, and may be congratulated on a great achievement, which (in spite of the ultra-nationalists) cannot fail to have a lasting effect on music in Wales, for an audience of fully ten thousand listened to the performance.

Owing to circumstances already mentioned the Mass had to be given without a break, in order to get finished in time for the last trains, and the way in which the singers withstood the physical strain was astonishing. This was, however, not the least of their merits. The singing was throughout of a very high quality, and for the most part free from the defects which the adjudicators had censured in the competitions. The sonority of the basses in the *Sanctus* was worthy of Yorkshire, the sopranos were beautifully clear, and the quality of the tenors was admirable. Mr. Gwilym Jones is certainly a choral conductor of high rank, and has a fine conception of Bach. He is slightly inclined to deliberate *tempi*, but he explained that in such a vast building he thought that this was a fault on the right side, and probably he

was right. There was a little weakness at the opening, the dramatic effect of the jubilant beginning of the *Gloria* being somehow missed, but the singing of the *Et Incarnatus*, of the *Crucifixus*, and the *Resurrexit* was in the highest degree thrilling.

In some ways the performance of Brahms's *Requiem* was even better, though here, too, there was a little weakness in the beginning, partly owing to the noise in the hall; but the singing of the second chorus was superb, though we rather missed the irresistible march of the basses in the orchestra. I hardly ever remember the great outcry, 'O Death, where is thy sting, O Grave, where is thy victory?' sung with more beauty of tone and more thrilling dramatic effect. The other important choral work sung was Cyril Jenkins's *Freedom*. Once again we have to record that the modern spirit of the work was not grasped. But, at



MR. R. GWILYM JONES

(Conductor of Ammanford Choir)

the end of it all, we asked ourselves whether a chorus of villagers and miners in any other country could equal these achievements.

There is no space for detailed criticism of the orchestral performances, but mention of some of the principal numbers will show how much more advanced these programmes were than any heard in Wales before.

On the first evening the programme included Cyril Jenkins's symphonic poem, *The Magic Cauldron*, which puzzled the majority of the audience, though it did not fail to make its mark.

On the second evening the programme began with Strauss's *Don Juan*, which was enthusiastically applauded; Cyril Jenkins's *Celtic Rhapsody* (in which three beautiful folk-tunes are treated with great skill, but never lost sight of, as so often happens to the melodies when they are treated by modern composers); the 'Jupiter' movement from Holst's *Planets*, which made a great impression; and Eugène Goossens's *Tam o' Shanter*.

It was a pity that some of the items were omitted, owing to lack of time.

One swallow does not make a summer, nor do three concerts of modern compositions make the musical education of a whole people. These three programmes have, however, done something to show the Welsh people what modern music means. Nearly ten thousand heard each of these three concerts, and will no doubt discuss them among themselves during the winter.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

I am glad to note that even the Welsh papers hint that the eloquence of the Eisteddfod should have been curtailed, and it is quite possible that without the conductor's humour the audience would have got even more restless than it did. This humour is of a character which no Englishman could properly imitate. For instance: one gentleman came on to the stage at the opening session, and began his remarks by saying (in Welsh), 'Good morning, Eisteddfod 1922!' This would not seem to a slow-witted English audience very humorous, but nearly ten thousand strong men and fair women were convulsed with laughter. This shows the advantage of a reputation for wit.

A good story, however, was told by one of the conductors. He said he had been talking to an old woman of the neighbourhood who regretted the enforced absence of Mr. Lloyd George, and added: 'I am sorry to hear that he is looking so tired since he came back from the Gehenna Conference!'

A. K.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

The season opened with the customary success on August 12. Audiences have been so large that one wonders if there is, after all, a desperate economic problem in connection with concert-giving. If crowds can be induced to attend Queen's Hall night after night (many of the audience paying 2s. for a two hours' stand) in summery weather, and with few special inducements in the way of famous soloists, how are we to account for the half-empty halls at so many orchestral concerts during the season proper? The answer to this question would be worth getting at, for it will probably solve the question that has been debated orally and on paper for some months past.

At the time of writing only two new works have been heard—Louis Aubert's *Habañera* for orchestra (August 15) and Monteverde's *Sonata sopra Santa Maria* for organ and orchestra (August 17). The *Habañera* proved to be a dull and turgid affair. The *Sonata* was a revival of considerable interest. To the average musician of to-day, Monteverde is now little more than a mere name in musical dictionaries, a milestone of the road of the art, a source of examination questions—anything but a composer. The *Sonata* is a lengthy treatment of a simple phrase, a setting of the words 'Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis.' Monteverde directs that the phrase should be sung, thus introducing a brief vocal passage into an instrumental work in a manner that seems to have fallen into disuse until the present day, when it has been resorted to by Vaughan Williams (*Pastoral Symphony*) and Holst (*The Planets*). Monteverde's harmony and the treatment generally proved to be so naive that one had to remind oneself that in his day he was a terrible fellow for innovations. The orchestra is in excellent form—probably it has never started a Promenade season so well. Its quality has

been especially shown in the matter of accompaniment, and its admirable work in Concertos has been especially enjoyed.

H. G.

THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL

By EDWIN EVANS

INTERNATIONAL CHAMBER CONCERTS

On looking back, it seems almost incredible that one can have heard so much music in four days, but the programmes are there to vouch for it: fifty-four composers of fifteen different nationalities! If we include Strauss, who arrived later to conduct the Mozart operas, there were more than twenty composers present, and the executants came from about a dozen countries. Beginning at seven o'clock, not any of the evening concerts were over before ten, and the *matinées*, at the unearthly hour of half-past ten, made it difficult to keep luncheon appointments at one. Twenty hours of music!

The choice of works was not always wise, but was influenced by circumstances. Many more recent, more rarely heard, or otherwise more interesting works might have been included had performers been available to play them. Those who did attend worked very hard, but most of them arrived only a day or so before the first concert, and had to squeeze in rehearsals as opportunity offered. It is remarkable in such conditions that of all the music announced in the last edition of the official programme, only two concerted works and three songs had eventually to be omitted. If one of the former—the Bax Trio—happened to be English, the disappointment is tempered by the fact that, whereas these concerts were intended to review the latest, or at least recent development of chamber music in each country, this example is an early work dating from 1906. However, it is hoped that next year we shall see our way to send over a group of executants with a representative repertoire. This year the responsibility fell entirely upon Dorothy Moulton, who sang Bliss's *Rout*, Ethel Smyth's *Odelette*, Holst's songs with violin, songs by Bax and Gerrard Williams with pianoforte, and by Armstrong Gibbs and Goossens with string quartet. In the earlier part of the series when she also sang Joseph Marx's *Pan trauert um Syrinx* she was a little nervous, though she did not fail the respective composers. But in the extensive song group which she sang at the last *matinée*, she gave an impassioned performance which met with much appreciation. Dame Ethel Smyth and Arthur Bliss came to conduct their works. This constitutes the English contribution, unless we include Grainger's *Molly on the Shore*; the composer being now an American citizen the programme indicated New York as its source. America was also awarded Ernest Bloch, who was represented by his *Schelomo*, with the orchestral accompaniment reduced to a pianoforte, which may perhaps be one reason why it aroused less interest than his Violin Sonata. But the latter is a more concise and vigorous work, and had the advantage of a striking performance by Joseph Szigeti, who was in London before the war, and Carl Friedberg. The only hundred per cent. American work performed was a Violin Sonata by Leo Sowerby, a well-written but not overwhelmingly original example, finely played by an Italian violinist, Mario Corti, and the composer.

Great interest was aroused by the visit of the Société moderne d'instruments à vent, their chief contributions being a somewhat academic but

attractive Quintet by Albéric Magnard, whose music seems a little out-of-date for such a scheme as this (I heard that its performance was made a condition by those who financed the journey of the French players, and was intended to commemorate the death of the composer in 1914); a melodious and somewhat rural-sounding Rhapsody by Honegger; and a militant Sonata by Milhaud which, coming as it did in the first programme, startled both the seasoned critics and the less sophisticated inhabitants of Salzburg, and gave them alarms which the later concerts proved to be, on the whole, unfounded.

Among other features must be mentioned the beautiful singing of Marya Freund, who sang the Italian examples, and those by Ravel and de Falla. It was she who sang Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* early this year at Paris. The Viennese interpreter of that work, Erika Wagner, was also here, but any comparison one might have been tempted to make was frustrated by the fact that she was given much less interesting music to sing. Then there was Elisabeth Schumann, a charming singer from the Viennese Opera, due to appear later in the Mozart cycle. There were other singers, such as Felicie Hüni-Mihacsek, who took the soprano part in Schönberg's second Quartet, Andula Pecirkova, who made a charming but brief appearance in some Czechoslovakian songs, and Poul Wiedemann, from Copenhagen.

Pianists were numerous. At their head must be placed Walter Giesecking, whose playing of Ravel's *Gaspard de la Nuit* was splendid, and Jean Wiener from Paris, who introduced us to Poulenc's new *Impromptus*—much the best pianoforte work he has published—and rathered staggered the Viennese with Stravinsky's Pianoforte Rag-Music. By the way, Poulenc gave us a surprise by revealing himself as an unusually fine accompanist when called upon to assist Marya Freund in that capacity. Paul Weingarten also made a very good impression, but the others were hampered by the music they had to play. We could see that Fritz Malata was a good pianist, but who wants nowadays to hear yet another set of variations and fugue upon a theme by some classic? That of Guido Bagier displays just the kind of skill that one would be glad to take on trust—or on a diploma. The evidence of it is too wearisome.

Not only is the Amar-Hindemith Quartet a very excellent body of players, who did the fullest justice to works as varied as the Schönberg group (Schönberg, Webern, Wellesz) and *Molly on the Shore*, but Paul Hindemith, the viola player, is a leader among the younger German composers. They regard him as a 'modern of the moderns,' yet that scarcely describes him. He certainly writes with much freedom, while retaining much more of tradition than is usually implied by those words. What is more important is that his Quartet is a fine work, rich in thought and in texture, and consistent in form. Of all the music included in these concerts, it had the most unanimous praise, conservatives and progressives being for once agreed.

There were not many compositions so generally acclaimed, but the Holst songs may be reckoned with them. After Miss Moulton had sung these, there was an excited buzz of comment, and that which I heard would have made Holst quite embarrassed. Arthur Bliss's *Rout* came near to being an all-round favourite, but there remained some who were unmoved by it. Bartók's fine Violin Sonata would probably have

gained the day had the performance been equal to that given by Jelly d'Aranyi in London. The two Quartets by Schönberg's pupils, Wellesz and Webern, met with a rather mixed reception. That of Webern had further the misfortune to follow Finke's *Marionettes*, a grotesque work provocative of much laughter which subsided reluctantly. In fact it overflowed into what followed, and nearly caused trouble. Webern's work is highly ingenious and concise, but rather spasmodic in its utterance. That of Wellesz is well-known in London.

But if the 'advanced' Viennese were not acclaimed by all, their more orthodox brethren, some of whom had a larger share of applause, were much less interesting. Their contributions actually included songs of the type that we would associate with a superior ballad-concert. For that matter, even the new Strauss songs which opened the series have a cloying sentimentality that impairs their merit. As for the special *matinée* of Viennese music, it proved the most tedious of all the concerts. The programme consisted almost entirely of songs, and although some were accompanied with strings, there was not enough resourcefulness to create variety. As if with intention, the more ambitious efforts of Rudolf Réti and an effective group by Paul A. Pisk were included in another programme, amid better surroundings.

Besides the major successes there were some works, not of a nature to cause excitement, but which were heard with quiet enjoyment. Of such were a Sonata for two flutes by Charles Kœchlin, which Louis Fleury, the chief of the French party, played with Pierre Camus; further, a pleasantly lyrical Sonata by the Dutchman, Willem Pijper. Among songs of all nations must be mentioned 'La Madre folla,' from Malipiero's *Sette Canzoni*, the Castelnuevo cycle, *Stelle Cadenti*, de Falla's new set of folk-songs, Arnold Bax's *The Piper*, and an unnamed Czech song, all of which found favour.

The International concerts began and ended in truly Austrian fashion amid convivial surroundings, and were productive of much cordiality. Such petty dissensions as there may have been concerned not the assembled nations, but Central European particularism, which measured with some jealousy the portions of programme-space allotted to each section. Things had not proceeded very far before it was decided that to separate without having made provision for the future would be lamentable. A small meeting was held at which the preliminaries of an organization were established. Then a much larger and more representative meeting took up the matter, devoting to it the greater part of a day. With general consent Mr. Edward J. Dent took the chair, and he displayed great tact in keeping the discussion on the international plane whenever there was a tendency to deviate into national channels. The initiative having been due in the first place to Vienna, there was at first an inclination to locate the headquarters of the new International in that city. Later, however, a suggestion gained ground that London was a more desirable centre, partly because the English are credited with an organizing faculty in which the Viennese do not excel, partly because the importance of London as a nexus of musical activities has come to be recognised, but most of all because London is more free than most other capitals from the tendency-squabbles to which Vienna is perhaps most of all addicted. There was a little disappointment, as is quite natural, among the original

Viennese promoters, which was expressed by one of them giving an adverse vote and another abstaining. With these two exceptions the decision in favour of London was unanimous.

The plan is that in each country either an existing body, or one to be created for the purpose, shall draw to itself all those interested in new music, that is to say contemporary music, regardless of tendency. In England we have such a body in the Contemporary Music Centre of the British Music Society. These national organizations pledge themselves to mutual aid by the transmission of information, of books and music, of programmes, and of anything further that appears likely to spread the knowledge of contemporary music, and to publish through the musical press and otherwise such information as reaches them concerning the movement in other countries. Each of them will elect a delegate to the committee of the International Society for New Music, as the new concern is to be called. There will be an annual Festival, provisionally at Salzburg, but the locale is subject to change. Wherever it takes place it will be under the control of the International, which will, however, delegate to the local section the duty of technical organization. Thus the Austrian section will again carry out the arrangements for next year's Festival at Salzburg, but in accordance with the wishes of the International committee as communicated through the London head-office. Provisional delegates were appointed to initiate the necessary preliminaries in each country, the present writer undertaking that duty for England. Mr. Dent and myself further undertook to approach the British Music Society with a view of domiciling the headquarters of the International at its premises in Berners Street.

DAS SALZBURGER GROSSE WELTTHEATER

There was a brief respite—no more than two days—between the conclusion of the chamber concerts and the mystery play which was the first event of the Festival itself. Perhaps it was intended to enable the pressmen to catch up their arrears, but in one case at least it was insufficient. Then, on Sunday evening, August 13, Max Reinhardt produced Hugo von Hofmannsthal's work in the College Church of Salzburg. It is a stately building, very characteristic of its period, the turning-point of the 17th and 18th centuries, and of the baroque style which is the dominant note wherever one goes in this part of the world. Fischer von Erlach planned it soon after his return from Rome, a circumstance that is also plainly visible, though its Italian character is easily taken for granted in a town where everything, from the older private houses to the complexion and costume of the inhabitants, betrays an Italianate influence. There is a story that in building it Johann Ernst, of the house of Thun, known as the hunting Archbishop, was animated less by piety than by a desire to obstruct the view from the University buildings erected by one of his predecessors, the Prince-Archbishop Max Gandolph of whose fame he was jealous. Certainly the clerical potentate had visions of himself as a lesser, but not much lesser Louis XIV.

The one feature of the production that can be admired without reservation is the manner in which Reinhardt has utilised the resources and spaces of the building, and adopted a style of presentation which is curiously befitting. It is at the same time pompous and naive, just as it might have been if staged when the Church was newly consecrated. In

other respects the heavy didactic 'morality' has little to recommend it. Hofmannsthal has taken a hint from Calderon, who in turn was indebted to medieval symbolism. The Deity commissions a play from the World. The characters of the King, the Rich Man, the Farmer, the Beggar, Beauty, and Wisdom, are allotted to six actors chosen from the unborn souls, and in the end the Beggar enters the Kingdom, whilst the Rich Man is refused admittance. The moral is that it is not the part that matters, but the way you play it. It should not take two and a half hours to drive that lesson home. Only one of the actors has a chance to distinguish himself, and of this Alexander Moissi, as the Beggar, availed himself up to the hilt. The music, by Einar Nilson, is not of any importance, and since this is a musical journal, that is all that need be said of the much-heralded mystery play.

THE MOZART CYCLE

There are festivals which go off with a bang, and finish up like a damp squib, and there are others which improve as they proceed. I much prefer the latter, to which the Mozart Festival belongs. That is not to say that the first of the four operas was badly done. It had many good points, but *Così fan tutte* was better, and the summit was reached in the *Marriage of Figaro*. In one sense this was a disadvantage, as several of the critics, including myself, sent luke-warm telegrams on the inauguration of the cycle, but since the pleasant little Salzburg Theatre was sold out night after night, it would not appear that we injured the prospects. Perhaps the presence of three singers from other theatres than the Vienna Opera was the source of weakness in *Don Juan*.

The two best performers, anyway, belonged to the Viennese Company. These were Frau Schöne, an exquisite Zerlina, and Richard Mayr, a burly Leporello and a fine character actor, who on this occasion sometimes allowed the histrionic demands of the part to impinge upon his intonation. It was, however, evidently a temporary lapse, for when he reappeared two days later as Figaro there was not a trace of the defect. The others all had good qualities, but did not combine them all in each individual. Herr Jerger was a more than presentable Don, but some of his notes were veiled; Fräulein Pauly, the Donna Anna, had a rich voice but a distressing vibrato. And so on down the list. The ensemble was good, as it must be with artists who sing Mozart, year in year out, in accordance with a fixed tradition, and Dr. Richard Strauss, who conducted, took a brisk tempo, which may have been somewhat trying to some of the singers, but in any case resulted in a spirited performance. German and Austrian critics even thought he was too merry with it. The stage setting was good: permanent wings with doors below and practicable loggias above, and a succession of very effective back-cloths, the whole designed by Alfred Roller. But the stage 'business' did not rise above the ordinary, and gave the impression that the stage-manager was a man of routine plus memory minus invention.

With *Così fan tutte* things took an upward leap. Six good voices, sure of every semi-quaver, balanced to a nicety, and again an exquisite soubrette in Frau Elisabeth Schumann, are the ingredients of a Mozartian feast. The voices were well matched in weight. In quality the ladies formed the richer trio of the two. But the difference in this respect was not such as to lessen one's enjoy-

ment of this very delightful opera. Frau Hüni-Mihacsek, who appeared at the chamber concerts, and Fräulein Anday, a piquant Hungarian, were the two innamoratas, Herren Wiedemann and Kraus their swains, and Herr Manowarda the wily philosopher. Dr. Strauss again conducted, and certainly did not allow any loitering.

Of *The Marriage of Figaro* I can scarcely write save in superlatives. That is not to say that it obliterated other impressions of the same opera. I do not think Roller's setting of the first Act is as good as the one Rumbold did for Beecham, and though Nigel Playfair is apt to show little confidence in the music, and to fill in 'business' for fear the audience should tire of it, I consider many of his scenes superior to those stage-managed by Strangenberg. That is not the point. This production was confined within a narrower convention; but it was exquisitely presented, acted, and sung. There was not a real fault to find from beginning to end—no room for criticism, but only for enjoyment. The principal singers were Fräulein Rethberg as the Countess, Frau Schumann as Susanna, Frau Schöne as Cherubino, Herren Duhan as the Count, and Richard Mayr as Figaro, but even the smallest parts were equally well filled. The conductor this time was Franz Schalk.

In comparison *The Abduction from the Seraglio* proved somewhat tame, not because of any shortcomings in the performance but because of a too faithful adherence to tradition. If the 'correct' way of producing this opera is to dwell upon the romantic story of the magnanimous Selim and his noble captives, there is much to be said for a departure from correctness. As presented by Sir Thomas Beecham, with a strain of broad, and even 'low' comedy, it provides better entertainment. But Fräulein Selma Kurz, the famous Viennese coloratura singer, found as Costanza occasion to display her virtuosity at its best, and Frau Schumann was again charming as Blonda. The men sang well, but when it came to expressing the comic spirit they jarred a little upon one's memories of Robert Radford and others, who could be funny and (as the Americans say) 'get away with it.'

The programmes of the chamber concerts are subjoined:

AUGUST 7 (7 P.M.)

Five Songs	Sträuss
Sonata for flute, oboe, clarinet, and pianoforte	Milhaud
'Pan trauert um Syrinx,' for voice, flute, and pianoforte	Joseph Marx
Passacaglia for pianoforte	Felix Petyrek
'Rout'	Arthur Bliss
Sonata for violin and pianoforte	Bella Bartók

AUGUST 8 (10.30 A.M.)

Quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and pianoforte	Albéric Magnard
'La Madre Folla,' from 'Sette Canzoni'	Malipiero
Two Songs	Prizzetti
'Stelle Cadenti,' cycle of twelve short songs	Castelnovo-Tedesco
Six Improptus for pianoforte	Poulenc
Pianoforte Rag-Music	Stravinsky
'La flute de Pan,' for flute alone	Debussy
Sonata for two flutes	C. Kachlin
Three Greek Folk-Songs	Ravel
Five Spanish Folk-Songs	de Falla
Rhapsody for two flutes, clarinet, and pianoforte	Honegger

AUGUST 8 (7 P.M.)

Sonata for violin and pianoforte	Carl Nielsen
Four Songs	Ture Rangström
'Gaspard de la Nuit'	Ravel
'Sonatina in diem nativitatis, 1917'	Busoni
'Tantris,' from 'Masks'	Szymanowski
String Quartet	Egon Wellesz
'Marionettes,' for pianoforte	Fidelio Finke
String Quartet	Anton Webern
Sonata for violin and pianoforte	Willem Pijper

AUGUST 9 (10.30 A.M.)

(Viennese Matinée)

Song, with string quartet	Walter Klein
Three Songs, with violin and pianoforte	Ernst Kanitz
'Nachts,' Trio for viola, violoncello, and pianoforte	Hugo Kauder
Three Songs, with violin, viola, violoncello, and pianoforte	Egon Lustgarten
Five Songs, with pianoforte	Karl Horwitz
Four Songs, with pianoforte	Karl Alwin
Five Songs, with pianoforte	Wilhelm Grosz
'Stelldichein,' voice with string sextet	Karl Weigl

AUGUST 9 (7 P.M.)

Prelude	Joseph Marx
Three Preludes	Adolfo Salazar
Andalouse	de Falla
Valse	Egon Kornauth
'Odelette,' for voice and several instruments	Ethel Smyth
'Schelomo,' for violoncello and pianoforte	Ernest Bloch
String Quartet	Paul Hindemith
Sonata for violin and pianoforte	Ernest Bloch

AUGUST 10 (10.30 A.M.)

Serenade for two violins and viola	Zoltán Kodály
Four Songs, with violin	Gustav Holst
Song, with pianoforte	Gerrard Williams
Three Songs, with pianoforte	Arnold Bax
Sonata for violin and pianoforte	Leo Sowerby
Two songs, with pianoforte	Paul Schierbeck
'Sommer,' with pianoforte	Ebbe Hammerik
'Nod,' with string quartet	Armstrong Gibbs
Two Songs, with string quartet	Eugène Goossens

AUGUST 10 (7 P.M.)

Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Schumann, pianoforte	Guido Bagier
'Molly on the Shore,' string quartet	Percy Grainger
Six Songs, with pianoforte	Rudolf Réti
Three Songs, with string quartet	Paul A. Pisk
Songs, with pianoforte	J. Kricka
Songs, with pianoforte	N. Vycpalek
Second String Quartet, with soprano	Schönberg

Music in the Foreign Press

A PROTEST AND A PROPHECY

In the *Revue Musicale* (August) Lazare Saminsky, referring to a recent statement by Ansermet as to the 'thoroughly practical character' of Rimsky-Korsakov's teaching, writes:

As a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov and of Liadov, his successor, I think I may, without wishing to appear ungrateful to the memory of my beloved masters, point out that if their teaching was at all practical, it was so only from the external, episodic point of view. They both were teachers of 'good taste,' *arbitri elegantiarum*, but their tuition was entirely founded on certain jejune and dangerous theoretical principles.

For instance, their method of teaching counterpoint originated in the current system of equi-balanced major and minor, which from the outset restricts the student's harmonic and polyphonic outlook, and

deprives him of the wealth of polyphonic combinations with which the old modes are pregnant.

I should not mention the point but for the reason that it is one of the main causes of the present infirmities of the Russian school—which infirmities, when all is said and done, are common to practically all schools of to-day. What is needful is a cure for three evils: *ex cathedra* harmony, whether founded on chromaticism or on natural over-tones, or on fourths, or on any such intellectual principle; forged polyphony, purely orchestral, and conceived in defiance of its parent, the human voice; and the blind thirst for more colours and new colours to which we owe the irksome monotony of opulence and the disappearance of the capacity to express.

Harmony vanishes soon, but organic polyphony such as we find in Bach lives for ever. Yet the great historic cycle which started with Bach is obviously drawing to its close. The new polyphony and its Bach will come to us from the East. Already signs of it appear in the works of a few composers such as Gniéssin, Miaskovsky, and Pizzetti.

A NEW THEORY

In the July issue of the same periodical Maurice Touzé proceeds to show that the bounds of diatonic tonality are too narrow for the music of to-day, and that both the evolution from the Greek modes to the diatonic system through the modes of the Latin Church, and the evolution of melody throughout the course of centuries, point towards the advent of what he calls 'chromatic tonality.' Having led us thus far, however, he stops somewhat abruptly.

NEW INFORMATION ON OLD COMPOSERS

In the *Revue Musicale* (August) Henry Prunières retraces the history of Paolo Lorenzani's sojourn at the Court of France (1678-94), and describes the score of this composer's opera *Nicandro e Fileno*, which he recently discovered among the manuscripts preserved at the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale. In this score he finds a good deal to praise. Lorenzani, he says, provides a link between the style of Lully and that of Campra and Rameau.

In the *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft* (April-May) Robert Sondheimer analyses in their various aspects Franz Beck's Symphonies.

In the *Revue Musicale* (August) G. de Saint-Foix gives many interesting particulars on Jean Schobert's career and compositions.

ON VARIOUS MODERN COMPOSERS

In connection with the second *Kammermusikfest* at Donaueschingen, the *Neue Musik-Zeitung* (July 20) provides a quantity of very useful information on the following composers and their works: Ernst Krenek, Richard Zoellner, Edmund Schröder, Rudolf Dinkel, Hermann Grabner, Bernard van Dieren, Reinhold Laquai, Hans Jürgen von der Wense, Felix Petyrek, Max Butting, Fidelio F. Finke, and Paul Hindemith.

The June issue of the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* is devoted to Russian musicians, and contains articles on the present tendencies by Dr. O. von Riesemann, Stravinsky by Ansermet, Kusnezsky by B. Schloezer, Moussorgsky and Prokofiev by M.-D. Calvocoressi, Music in Soviet Russia, the latest doings of Russian composers and performers who have emigrated from Russia, by Prof. Boris Zak, and other interesting contributions, among which an amusingly sarcastic little 'Guide-book on Russian Music,' by André Cœurvy, deserves special mention. It leaves unscathed practically none of the writers who have dealt with Russian music.

M.-D. CALVOCORESSI.

The Musician's Bookshelf

A REAL APPRECIATION COURSE

If at present there is a slight revulsion against the 'musical appreciation' movement, the reason is to be found in the tendency of some of its practitioners to put last things first. For example, far too much importance has been attached to the hearer's ability to distinguish the tones of various orchestral instruments—even to his knowledge of their appearance and methods of tone-production—to his 'spotting' of motives, and so on. These are pleasant pastimes and byways of knowledge for the man in the auditorium, and there are times when he may find them even useful, but they are a long way off being generally necessary to his musical salvation. Indeed, they may often be a hindrance in switching his attention from the spirit to the letter. The fact is, really appreciative listening demands a measure of musicianship of a quantity and quality that cannot be got by the reading of books of facts, however interesting and accurate such books may be. The student, like the student of harmony or any other branch of musical science, must check and clinch his progress by the working of exercises. At a well-managed course of appreciation classes this can be done, but books on the subject are apt to lead to little more than the acquirement of a dangerous smattering. As we can't all attend classes there is room for a correspondence course, and here is the very thing—*The Appreciation of Music, being one of the Special Courses of the Art of Life Movement*, by Ernest Newman (28, John Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1). There are six lessons, dealing respectively with Music and the Man—Musical Form—Instinct in Musical Evolution—From Simple to Complex Form—The Poetic Content—A Survey of Musical History. The lessons are issued in six booklets of about thirty pages. Each ends with a recapitulation, and on it is based a test-paper. Mr. Newman covers an extraordinarily wide field, and his expository knack is at its best throughout. Here is no mere collection of more or less important or picturesque facts. Instead we have closely reasoned discussions of principles that derive from them: Mr. Newman is a teacher, not a 'crammer.' Though the course is designed for the amateur, there are not many rank-and-file trained musicians who would not be the better for it. They probably know all that Mr. Newman has set down, and more, but it would do them a world of good to see the conclusions at which they have arrived piecemeal during a long stretch of time set forth in an orderly manner. Indeed, it is extremely likely that Mr. Newman would readily admit that he himself derived as much benefit from the writing of these booklets as most students will from the reading of them.

H. G.

MAC-DOWELL

J. F. Porte's *Edward MacDowell—a Great American Tone-Poet: His Life and Music* (Kegan Paul, 7s. 6d.) is a useful compilation, giving as it does a complete chronological list of the composer's works, with publishers' names, and an account of the MacDowell Colony. As in his previous books of this type, Mr. Porte comments on the various works, and succeeds in giving us an idea of the character of the music, though he fails to convince us where criticism is concerned. He hedges far too much, for

(Continued on page 639.)

PART-SONG FOR MIXED VOICES

Words by Sir WALTER SCOTT

Music by JOHN POINTER, Op. 21, No. 4

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Allegretto

SOPRANO
Proud Mai - sie is in the wood, Walk - ing so ear - ly; Sweet

ALTO
Proud Mai - sie is in the wood, Walk - ing so ear - ly; Sweet

TENOR
Proud Mai - sie is in the wood, Walk - ing so ear - ly; Sweet

BASS
Proud Mai - sie is in the wood, Walk - ing so ear - ly; Sweet

(For practice only)
Allegretto ♩ = 126
f

Rob - in sits on the bush, Sing - ing so rare - ly. "Tell . . me, thou

Rob - in sits on the bush, Sing - ing so rare - ly. "Tell . . me, thou

Rob - in sits on the bush, Sing - ing so rare - ly.

Ro - bin sits on the bush, Sing - ing so rare - ly.

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bon-nie bird, When shall I mar-ry me?"

bon-nie bird, When shall I mar-ry me?"

p *cres.* "When . . . six braw
p *cres.* "When . . . six braw

gen-tle-men Kirk-ward shall car-ry ye." (With closed lips)
f *pp*

gen-tle-men Kirk-ward shall car-ry ye." *f* *pp*

p sotto voce Proud Mai-sie is in the wood, Walk-ing so ear-ly; Sweet
p sotto voce Proud Mai-sie is in the wood, Walk-ing so ear-ly; Sweet
p sotto voce Proud Mai-sie is in the wood, Walk-ing so ear-ly; Sweet
p sotto voce Proud Mai-sie is in the wood, Walk-ing so ear-ly; Sweet

p

dim. *mp*

Rob - in sits on the bush, Sing - ing . . so rare - ly. . . "Who .

dim. *mp*

Rob - in sits on the bush, Sing - ing . . so rare - ly. . . "Who .

dim. *mp*

Rob - in sits on the bush, Sing - ing . . so rare - ly. . .

dim. *mp*

Rob - in sits on the bush, Sing - ing . . so rare - ly. . .

. . makes the bri - dal bed, Bir - die, say tru - ly!" . .

. . makes the bri - dal bed, Bir - die, say tru - ly!"

p

"The

p

"The

p

cres. *pp*

gray-head - ed sex - ton, That delves the grave du - ly. . . (With closed lips)

cres. *pp*

gray-head - ed sex - ton, That delves the grave du - ly. . . (With closed lips)

cres. *pp*

p *pp* *sotto voce*

(With closed lips) Proud Mai - sie is in the wood, Walk - ing so

p *pp* *sotto voce*

(With closed lips) Proud Mai - sie is in the wood, Walk - ing so

mf *pp*

"The glow - - worm o'er grave and

p

"The glow - - worm o'er grave and

pp *p*

mf *cres.*

ear - ly, so ear - - ly. "The glow - - worm o'er

mf *cres.*

ear - ly, "The glow - - worm o'er grave .. and stone .. shall .

cres.

stone .. Shall light thee, shall light .. thee stead - y, . . The

mf *cres.*

stone .. Shall light thee, shall light thee, shall light thee .. stead - -

mf *cres.*

grave .. and stone .. Shall light .. thee stead - y; The owl from the

f

light thee stead - y, shall light thee stead - y; The owl from the

f

glow - worm shall light .. thee stead - y; The owl from the

f

- y, o'er grave .. o'er grave .. and stone; The owl from the

f

[illegible]

The image shows a page from a musical score for the song "The Rose Tree." It includes vocal parts for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "wel - come, . . . proud la - dy, proud la - dy!" The music is in 3/4 time and features various dynamics such as *mp* (mezzo-piano), *p* (piano), and *pp* (pianissimo). The piano part includes a bass line and a treble line with chords and arpeggios. The score is written in a standard musical notation with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature of 3/4.



Sweet Rob - in sits on the bush,
 Sweet Rob - in sits on the bush,
 Sweet Rob - in sits on the bush,
 Sweet Rob - in sits on the bush,
 proud la - dy!" (Close lips)



rall.
 sing - ing so rare - ly. . .
 rall.
 sing - ing so rare - ly. . .
 rall.
 sing - ing so rare - ly. . .
 (Close lips)

(Continued from page 632.)

one thing. Thus, the reader would not expect the following dicta to apply to one and the same work :

'The first Pianoforte Concerto . . . hardly ranks as one of MacDowell's finest works, it having been written before he had attained, in any notable degree, to his mature impressionist style . . . brilliantly written, bold and original in harmonic treatment, and full of youthful fire and vigour . . . has a lasting white heat of inspiration . . . still remarkably brilliant and fresh . . . cannot now be considered as thoroughly representative of MacDowell . . . has a certain individuality . . . considerably more than a mere academic experiment . . .'

One would have thought that a combination of boldness, originality, fire, vigour, brilliance, freshness, and white heat of inspiration should be more than enough to save a work from being praised with such faint damns as 'something more than a mere academic experiment' and 'it has a certain individuality.' But Mr. Porte goes even farther, and ends by telling us that 'a two-page work from the *Sea Pieces* or *New England Idylls* is of greater artistic value than the whole of the Concerto in question.' If so, the Concerto is bad. On the other hand, if it possesses the qualities Mr. Porte says it does, it is one of the finest concertos in existence, and should be at once brought forward to take the place of the half dozen war-horses of which most of us are heartily tired.

Mr. Porte is similarly unhelpful when he delivers himself of such soft nothings as these :

Impromptu is interesting and musical.

Moto perpetuo is cleverly written and musical.

Burlesque is a musical number . . .

Traumerei has a certain beauty of its own, indicating the composer's capacity for deep expression.

Midsummer Lullaby has much charm and grace in its refined and sensitive verse inspiration.

Certain of these pieces are rather good and are full of suggestive effort.

The fifth piece is lovely and tender, but not particularly expressive.

And so on. The fact is, annotation of a long list of works, many of them alike in character, is one of the most difficult of tasks, and Mr. Porte has much to learn before he can tackle the job with success. Among the things of which he is apparently not yet aware is the simple rule that in the case of a work calling for no comment mere mention is all that is necessary. He will then spare himself and us such tritenesses as those quoted.

However, Mr. Porte deserves our thanks for a book which, despite its failings on the literary and critical sides, is of considerable value as a work of reference. We hope it will draw fruitful attention to the music of a delightful but neglected composer.

F.

BIRD MUSIC

Walter Garstang's *Songs of the Birds* (John Lane, 6s.) is a book whose message will be as welcome to the average reader as the gift of sight would be to anyone partially blind. It is true that most of us know the note of the cuckoo, and appreciate by proxy the song of the nightingale, but to say this is little more than saying that most of us know the smell of a rose, and appreciate the daffodil when Wordsworth prompts us. If, however, we could only

use our ears as easily as we use our eyes, we should find that the air is as full of beauties as a herbaceous border is full of colours. With Prof. Garstang's help, our listening should become more sensitive and the pleasures of solitude and silence correspondingly greater. The book is divided into two parts ; the first is devoted to the theoretical questions of bird-songs ; the second is a collection of these songs, which the author states are little more than impressionistic sketches, accompanied by verses suggested by the rhythm of the song. The first part is of great interest to all nature-lovers, but to musicians it is in the second part that the chief interest lies. These examples of the songs of several birds do accurately reproduce the wood-notes wild, though the pianoforte is not the instrument for testing them. Far better is a simple metal pipe or a piccolo stop on an organ. The least satisfactory reproductions—those of the garden-warbler, the white-throat—are the most successful musically. Their music, though obviously natural, is too closely shaped to a country dance pattern to give us the mood of the careless composer. On the other hand, the more fragmentary examples are wholly convincing, and help us to realise how near our great composers are in their inspiration to nature. I believe that if the redstart's song were played to musical people, every one would exclaim : 'I know that ; it is the opening of one of Bach's Cantatas.'

To all these musical examples Prof. Garstang has added imitative syllables, called vocables, to which he attaches more importance than the average reader will feel to be their due. He expressly states that the song rather than the music is his theme. Probably to those who already know the rhythmic pattern and melodic outline of the song, these vocables may be satisfying, but as they stand they certainly produce no music, and are meaningless as poetry.

The book, which is quaintly illustrated with sketches by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, is wholly delightful, and everyone who reads it will be a lifelong debtor to the author for having taught his ears to hear.

A. B. S.

New Music

CHORAL MUSIC

Elgar's five part-songs for male voices have been arranged by the composer for S.A.T.B. (Novello). In this new form they are no less effective than in the original—indeed, *Feasting I watch, After many a dusty mile*, and *Yea, cast me from heights of the mountains*, gain somewhat from the greater range and variety of vocal colour. With the delightful miniatures *It's oh ! to be a wild wind* and *Whether I find thee*, they make up a set that will give an average choral society little trouble so far as mere notes are concerned, though the best of singers will find abundant scope in the matter of interpretation. As test-pieces for competitive purposes they should be invaluable, giving as they do, in a few pages, so much opportunity for finished singing.

A set of four part-songs for T.B.B. by Ethel M. Boyce (Novello) is well above the average of works in this form. Miss Boyce has chosen good and unhackneyed words, and has provided them with fresh and attractive music. *The Bowl* and *The Bramble* are set to whimsical words by Thomas Love Peacock ; the expressive *Dirge* and stately *Choric Measure* have words by Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

Adam Carse's well-known part-song for mixed voices, *The Tide rises, the tide falls*, has been arranged by the composer for T.T.B.B. (Novello).

A beautiful little work is Gerrard Williams's setting of *Her Hair the net of Golden Wire*, for T. (or A.) T.B.B. (Novello). Mr. Williams's harmonic idiom is one that none but good singers will be able to attack with certainty, although they are helped in this case by the slow pace of the greater part of the song, and by the vocal character of the writing. Moreover, the harmony, original and unexpected though it be, is quite natural. The work gives abundant scope for sonorous and expressive singing.

Those who are best suited by music on more conventional lines will find Frederic N. Lohr's tuneful *A Slumber Song* meet their case. It is an arrangement for T.T.B.B. of a part-song originally written for mixed voices (Novello).

Two part-songs for S.A.T.B. by Ethel M. Boyce (Novello), *Sweet Echo* and *On May Morning*, show the same admirable qualities as the composer's male-voice songs reviewed above.

There is always room for one more good setting of familiar words; here is an expressive and not very exacting one by George Rathbone of *Weep you no more, sad fountains* (Novello). The source of the words is given as 'old English'—an unnecessarily vague ascription, seeing that the lyric is a well-known item in Dowland's *Third Book of Songs or Aires*.

Arnold Bax's *Now is the Time of Christymas* (Murdoch) is a carol for men's voices (T.T.B.B.), flute, and pianoforte, the words dating from the 15th century. The carol is shorter than the composer's *Of a rose I sing*, with which it has a good deal in common in its blend of the archaic and modern. The flute is mainly concerned with a sprightly jig. A good pianist is called for, if the more awkward and spiky conglomerations of notes are to be handled unflinchingly. The tonic roughness and vigour of this carol make it a stimulating affair. H. G.

SONGS

Of the *Three Songs* of Lord Berners, published under one cover by Chester, two are settings of sea shanty words, the odd one dealing with a Masfield six-lined quip, *Theodore, or the Pirate King*. All three are amusing, but much less so, we fancy, than they would have been with a more direct treatment. It may be argued that the joke lies in this disparity between the simple nonsensical text and the highly-spiced dissonances. If so the humour is of a type that soon wears thin. Despite the composer's reputation for wit, it is felt that here he jests (as will his singer and accompanist) wⁱ deeficulty.

There is no wit, but plenty of robust humour, in three songs by Peter Warlock, *Good Ale*, *Captain Stratton's Fancy*, and *Mr. Belloc's Fancy* (Augener). *Good Ale* is a setting of a famous old drinking-song of the 15th century by an anonymous toper whose enthusiasm for our national beverage is quite disarming. Mr. Warlock gives the words a folk-song-like air and an admirably direct accompaniment. An uproarious stroke occurs at the end, where the time is changed to 2-4 *prestissimo*, and the drinker's impatience becomes amusingly frantic. The composer seems to have felt some of these high spirits in the mere writing of the score, for he couldn't refrain from adding *Hey* to the *Prestissimo*! Sung with the right bibulous enthusiasm (and to the right sympathetic audience) this song would bring

down the house. But the singer must choose his occasion with care. In *Captain Stratton's Fancy* we have Mr. Masfield singing the praise of a less noble liquor—rum. *Mr. Belloc's Fancy* is a setting of a parody by J. C. Squire—a piece of nonsense glorifying in Bellocian style beer and Sussex. In both—especially the latter—Mr. Warlock has written rattling good tunes and appropriately full-blooded accompaniments.

Masfield provides the words for John Ireland's *Vagabond* (Augener), one of the simplest of the composer's songs, and one of the best. It can be read at sight by any average singer and player, but every touch tells.

Almost as simple is Alexander Brent-Smith's *The Cotswold Farmers* (Novello), in which the poem by John Drinkwater, telling of the ghostly visits of local worthies, is admirably set. The dragging syncopations, suspensions, and occasional harmonic pungencies, all play their part without a hint of being dragged in.

A bright setting of *When daisies pied* is that of Percy Judd (Augener). It is not easy to be so essentially simple, and at the same time fresh; but the composer has succeeded in this case. H. G.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC

One Tarantella is bound to be pretty much like another, but Alfred Wrigley manages to get an unusual amount of freshness into the main part of his *Rondo alla Tarantella*—far more of a Tarantella than a Rondo, by the way. A capital solo for a deft pair of hands, the work is one of a series by blind composers published for the National Institute for the Blind. It is issued also in Braille type (Ryalls & Jones, 224, Great Portland Street, W.1, and Grange Road, Birkenhead).

Kaikhosru Sorabji's two pianoforte pieces, *In the Hot-house* and *Toccata*, issued under one cover, are like the composer's Sonata reviewed in these columns recently, fiendishly difficult. Mr. Sorabji is surely giving us the last word in pianism. The present writer has had the pleasure of hearing him play these works, and so is able to testify that they really do 'come off.' It is impossible to give any idea of this extraordinary music without copious use of examples, which considerations of space forbid. It must suffice to draw attention to the pieces for the benefit of pianists who want something really craggy at which to throw themselves (London and Continental Music Publishing Co.).

Manuel de Falla's 'Recit du Pêcheur' is an extract from the ballet *El Amor Brujo*. It fills one page only, and is so charming that we wish it filled several more in the same vein (Chester).

From Augener's comes Tchaikovsky's Pianoforte Concerto in B flat minor, edited by Alex. Roloff, a version of the orchestral part, arranged for a second pianoforte, being placed below the solo part. H. G.

CHAMBER MUSIC

The directors of the Carnegie Collection of British Music have published W. G. Whittaker's *Among the Northumbrian Hills*—free variations on an original theme for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (Stainer & Bell). The work is a characteristic example of modern music. The title is homely enough, but although the theme itself may possibly be connected in some way with the Northumbrian hills, the variations are concerned with other subjects

than Northumberland, as the sub-titles tell: 'A fantastic garden in the Spring,' 'Children at play,' 'Swallows,' 'By the fireside,' &c. Moreover, Mr. Whittaker introduces a tune from Mr. Cecil Sharp's collection of 'English Folk-Songs for Schools' in the eighth ('Hay-making') variation and in the eleventh ('Farewell'). Hence it is useless to attempt to measure this quintet by the usual canons of criticism, no matter how broadly these may be conceived and interpreted. 'Free' variations have to-day the right to be above the law, and one hesitates, for instance, to ask even whether on page 12 in the first note of the first violin the accidental has been omitted by chance, or whether the second *c* of the bass on page 10 should not be strengthened by a sharp when it clashes with the *c* natural of the upper harmony? Your modern, free composer has made his own a line from the Free-booter Songs of the Wallace, 'The law of the lawless is the law I obey.' Well, we shall not envy him his freedom. The law of the lawless, even in music, is a fearful thing. Mr. Whittaker, for instance, appears haunted by the fear that his chords are not thick enough, or that there are not enough sevenths and ninths in the world to satisfy the modern craving for dissonance. Certainly his music has none of the light-heartedness of freedom. He is no new Mark Tapley going to the conquest of an unknown world with a tune on his lips. And it is a great pity that free composition should be such an anxious business, for Mr. Whittaker lacks neither the poetic imagination nor that sense of form and proportion that go such a long way towards making music worth having.

Mr. Arthur Bliss's *Conversations* for violin, viola, violoncello, flute, and oboe (Goodwin & Tabb) uphold worthily the composer's reputation for wit. The first conversation *locus* is a committee room; the scene of the second is a wood; of the third a ball-room; the fourth is a monologue for cor Anglais, and the fifth and longest is entitled 'In the Tube at Oxford Circus.' They are all, on the whole, as whimsical and pointed as the works which first made Mr. Bliss known here. Just one or two touches now and again will cause some alarm amongst the extremists of modernity. The whole of the 'committee meeting' conversation is in common time, and the whole of the 'ball-room' conversation in 3-8 time. Moreover, there is no rag-time riot in the latter, which will be to some the unkindest cut of all. Still more significant, some bars of the second conversation ('In the Wood') are almost charming. It is not for us to discover what this portends. But it is gratifying to see Mr. Bliss enlarging his province and, apparently, refining and retouching. Obviously in this way lies salvation. It is not a question of going back to the old rules, but of freeing ourselves from present slackness. Even the worth of wit and humour—which is what modern music could most readily give us—can be over-rated. After all there is nothing more boring than the professional wit. We have had in the past an overdose of sentimentality. Let us try not to burden our successors with an inheritance of clumsy humour. B. V.

ORCHESTRAL SCORES

There can be no doubt that, enjoyable as is the Elgarian version of Bach's C minor Fugue, it suffers from the lack of the Fantasia which so effectively serves as prelude. In most pairs of works of the kind the connection between the movements is of

the slenderest; both prelude and fugue are self-contained movements which may be separated with little or no loss—indeed, in the case of some of Bach's longest organ works (e.g., the *St. Anne* Prelude and Fugue, the Toccata and Fugue in F, the *Wedge* Prelude and Fugue, and the Dorian Toccata and Fugue) the movements are best played as separate works. The normal ear tires under the burden of two big pieces delivered by so weighty a medium as the organ. But the C minor Fantasia and Fugue are so obviously joined together that they should not lightly be put asunder. They are of modest length; they are strongly contrasted, the melancholy questioning of the Fantasia receiving the finest of answers in the swinging vigour of the Fugue; and, to make their connection even more obvious, Bach ends the Fantasia on a half-close in the dominant—that is to say, he doesn't end it at all, but signifies in the plainest of ways that the Fugue should follow at once. The full score of Elgar's transcription of the Fantasia is now published (Novello). So much will be said about it after it has been heard that there is no need to dwell on it now. Organists will be interested to know that Sir Edward marks the work *Poco allegretto*, with about seventy-six crotchets to the minute. His phrasing marks are worth careful study. Throughout he emphasises the string-like character of the music—a point too often overlooked by organists when playing the work. Few of Bach's movements yield a better return for careful phrasing, because of the pronounced suggestions of chamber music in its texture. Sir Edward adopts a quiet treatment, working up a big climax at about a dozen bars from the end. It is worth noting that although the bass-drum is employed, its use (save for one bang at the climax) is confined to the quiet opening and a similar passage later. Marked *pp* on both occasions, and with its scarcely audible thuds falling on alternate beats (and so producing syncopation), it should have an impressive effect. The score, like that of the Fugue, is a fascinating study in orchestration.

The full score of Edward German's tone-poem *The Willow Song*, written for the Centenary of the Royal Academy of Music, has just been published (Novello). It is an expressive little work, quiet save for one climax. Messrs. Novello have also recently issued full scores of two short compositions of Gustav Holst—*Country Song* and *Marching Song*. These comparatively early works—they bear the Opus number 22—have so far attracted less attention than is due to music so attractive and straightforward in style. Now that the scores are available it is to be hoped that conductors (especially of small and amateur orchestras) will make their acquaintance. They are written for two flutes, one oboe, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, one trombone, drums, one small drum, bass-drum, and strings. The repertory for such a modest force is not large, so these capital little pieces should be welcome. Another work with claims on the attention of amateur, school, and other small string orchestras is the *Chiddingfold Suite* of Thomas F. Dunhill (Novello). It consists of five movements—'March Prelude' (founded on an old Surrey folk-tune), 'Dryads and Fauns,' 'The Mummers Arrive' (in which the old song *The Faithful Plough* is a prominent feature), 'The Vision of Richard Peyto,' and 'Maypole Dance.' The music is tuneful and vigorous, and free from complications and subtleties.

Yet another work that should appeal to small orchestras is a Suite from Purcell's *The Gordian Knot Untied*, for strings, edited by Gustav Holst, who has supplied additional parts for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, one bassoon, and two drums. These extra parts, however, are *ad libitum*, and are also written in such a way that if the complete wind force is not available such of the instruments as are at hand will be effective. There are five movements—an Overture, consisting of a slow Introduction and a fine bustling *Allegro*, leading by way of a brief *Adagio* into an Air; Rondeau Minuet; Air; and a Jig. A second Suite drawn from the same source is in the press. It was a happy thought to rescue such delightful music from the play; now that the interest in Purcell is so keen it is to be hoped that this salvage work will be carried on with vigour.

Two full scores of works published under the auspices of the Carnegie Trust have been received. Learmont Drysdale's Overture *Tam o' Shanter* was written as long ago as 1891, and unfortunately shows its age only too plainly. Thematically the work is undistinguished, and the scoring is lacking in subtlety. There is so much modern and far more original work in need of a helping hand that it seems a pity to sink capital in the publication of music which, promising enough thirty years ago, is likely to receive few performances to-day. Far better in every way is Ina Boyle's Rhapsody, *The Magic Harp*. A mere glance at the score shows qualities that make us wish for an opportunity for hearing the work. It should be added that the engraving and binding of these scores is worthy of high praise.

Very characteristic of its composer is Frederick Delius's *Song before Sunrise* (Augener). A small orchestra is employed—two flutes, one oboe, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, and strings. The strings are, however, divided throughout. This very engaging little work—it takes no more than four or five minutes to play—is compounded of the snatches of melody, deft touches of orchestration, and the subtly-shifting harmonic scheme that we expect from the composer. It should be heard soon; although there is no lack of short and attractive orchestral works there should be plenty of room for this one.

H. G.

STRING MUSIC

Messrs. Augener's publications this month consist mainly of arrangements. Mendelssohn's second Violoncello Sonata has been arranged for viola, and we should think that the result will appeal especially to teachers and students. More interesting is the *Old English Violin Album*, arranged for pianoforte and violin by Adam Carse, which contains various specimens of old English music. This is a step in the right direction, for an addition to the various 'Albums for the Young' has long been overdue. The editor, moreover, has not attempted to peptonise portions of great classical works, which, even when technically easy, are invariably above players of limited experience and undeveloped taste. The original works are two, a Notturmo and Aria for violoncello and pianoforte, both by Mr. Ludwig Lebell. Neither the aria nor the nocturne rises to great heights, but neatness and modesty are commendable virtues.

B. V.

The Brisbane Musical Union (now in its fiftieth year) has appointed Mr. Henry John King conductor. Mr. King's predecessor was Mr. George Sampson, who had occupied the position for twenty-five years.

Gramophone Notes

BY 'DISCUS'

Though primarily intended for use in schools, the set of records prepared by Prof. Walford Davies for the Education Department of H.M.V., under the title, 'Melody Lectures,' should be brought to the notice of gramophonists in general. There are (we like to feel) many keen amateurs who are using the gramophone not only for recreative purposes, but also as a means of increasing their musical knowledge. The records are discussed in detail in the September number of the *School Music Review*. It must suffice in this place to mention the set, and to advise readers to obtain from the Company, or their local dealer, the four-page leaflet giving Prof. Walford Davies's Foreword and particulars. I understand that an analytical booklet dealing with the set is in the Press, and will be obtainable free of charge.

Evidently intended for schools and other places where folk-dancing is practised are some excellent records of country dances played by the Black Diamonds Band, under the direction of Mr. Cecil Sharp. These may be—in fact, should be—enjoyed also by those of us who, debarred by the weight of years from dancing, can still appreciate a jolly tune. A 10-in. d.-s. has 'Chelsea Reach,' 'Confess,' and 'The Lady in the Dark'; a 12-in. d.-s. gives us 'Haste to the Wedding' and 'The Mary and Dorothy.'

Only one orchestral record has been received for review this month—the Overture to *Der Freischütz*, on a 12-in. d.-s., conducted by Mr. Albert Coates. This is a capital reproduction of a work that still remains one of the best and most enjoyable of its type.

The best of the vocal records is a 12-in. single-sided of Lucrezia Bori singing 'O gioia, la nube leggiera' from Wolf-Ferrari's *Il Segreto di Susanna*. The orchestral accompaniment comes out unusually well.

I am not enthusiastic about the record of Martinelli singing 'O mio piccolo' from Leoncavallo's *Zaza* (12-in. single). Aren't we getting a bit over-fed with these throbbing, sobbing, catch-in-the-throat operatic tenor solos? It is high time the possessors of fine voices gave some attention to fine songs.

Miss Edna Thornton is handicapped by her choice of songs in a 12-in. d.-s. Hope Temple's *Rory Darlin'* has long since been a back number, and Moszkowski's *Cradle Song* (*Près du Berceau*) has a fatal defect—it doesn't sound a bit like a lullaby. A song that becomes quite strenuous at times never yet helped a babelet off to by-byes.

Chamber music is not well represented. A 12-in. d.-s. has a not very good Minuet from Mozart's Quartet in D minor, and a far more interesting movement from Ottokar Nováček's E minor Quartet.

It is to be hoped that the thousands of incompetent pianists who play Rachmaninov's Prelude in C sharp minor will obtain the 10-in. record which gives us the composer's own performance. They will then learn that the middle section must be worked up to a furious pace, and that the recapitulation of the main subject must be played far, far quicker than they have ever imagined. They will find both these feats beyond them, and may perhaps see the advisability of refraining from further travesties of a work that, properly played, is a fine piece of music. By the by, a curious fact about this performance of Rachmaninov's is that at two points in the closing section he repeats a chord in a way that is not in the copy. This fine record suffers only from too much *pianissimo* at the beginning and end.

Church and Organ Music

THE SILBERMANN ORGANS AT DRESDEN

By JOHN MATTHEWS

As Saxony is likely to remain a *terra incognita* to most English organists of this generation, some particulars of the old Silbermann organs as they existed in Merkel's time may be of interest.

In 1885 their most characteristic features were absolutely unaltered. One might hear and play Bach under the same conditions as when Bach himself visited the city and gave a recital in the Frauenkirche. Equal temperament had long since been adopted, and one little peculiarity of Silbermann's corrected: he invariably omitted the lowest C♯ in the pedals, deeming it a needless expense with the limited range of keys allowed in the old system of tuning—to which he adhered in spite of Bach's refusal to consider an organ for Leipzig built under these conditions. No doubt new and more convenient pedal-boards—though still very wide in scale—had long since been added, but the old key-boards mostly remained. They were, of course, but little suited to our modern organ music, yet one certainly realised Bach as is not always possible even on a fine and up-to-date English organ.

With each great advance in the art of organ-building a different type of instrument is created*, which in turn creates a style of its own in composition. One could not imagine a Widor Symphony or a Hollins Concert Overture on a Silbermann organ, and the Dresden organists had almost of necessity to keep to the well-known classics; I doubt if any of them were so much as even acquainted with César Franck.

The Silbermann organ I was best acquainted with personally was that in the Frauenkirche, where it stood in an elaborate case of white and gold in a commanding position behind the altar. The reader may imagine the dome of St. Paul's, reduced in size, and with four or five galleries encircling its interior. The tone floated away freely, though the echo was not so great as that in the Chapel of the Royal Court, and the twelfth-sounding ranks stood out rather prominently to modern ears. The touch was not unpleasant, and the mechanism quite reliable, as all these organs—in those days at any rate—were maintained in good condition, and mostly well in tune. This organ was a three-manual of forty-three speaking stops, as follows: Great, 14; Echo, 11; Choir, 10; Pedal, 8; yet, owing to the light wind-pressure, and the system of blowing by connecting six planks to stand on with separate feeders, students, by merely stepping from one plank to another whilst the others were slowly settling down could blow for each other's practice for a long time without fatigue. The draw-stops were huge china-faced knobs as large as door-knobs, set in a rim of brass inside rosewood. There were, of course, no composition pedals, but one or two knobs labelled 'Sperr ventil' cut off the wind from groups of stops such as the mixtures or reeds without withdrawing the stops themselves. The reeds would not find any admirers to-day, though they were not so crazy as those in Silbermann's organ in the Church of St. Sophia opposite the Opera House. The gambas and flutes

were good, the diapasons free and bold in tone, the twelfth-sounding ranks in the mixtures perhaps, as already noted, unduly prominent—but Silbermann, like our own Henry Willis, had certainly learnt the art of building up the tone into an artistic whole, expressing his own individuality. This feature with Silbermann was more noticeable than the excellence of any particular stop. I can fully endorse, from my own recollection, the following remarks of Dr. Albert Schweitzer:

'On going from a modern organ to one of Silbermann's a player feels at first only a lack of all the auxiliary devices which appeared indispensable for a delicately graduated interpretation of Bach's works. But in a short time there is a change. One begins to delight in the obligatory simplicity, and is surprised to see how little the refinement of the transitions is missed, and how characteristic, yet natural withal, are the effects now obtained, simply because one has control of but a few gradations of tone-power which cannot be shaded off into the other. There are works whose full beauty is manifested only under such conditions.'

The English organist who has never played a large organ without a Swell may be surprised to hear that one does not miss it so much as might be supposed when one has an ample number of foundation-stops in nice gradation as to power, and not differing very much in quality, with every stop blending in a free and open space. Under such conditions a fine *crescendo* can be built up with a friend to pull out the stops—each one a handful—in accordance with a carefully pre-arranged scheme. Although Merkel had no Swell pedal in any of the organs he played, he by no means despised it—in fact he praised the little Walker organ in the English church, and extemporized charmingly on it to my friend the former organist, Mr. B. S. Ward.

In the 'Church of the Three Kings' at Dresden Neustadt stands another Silbermann organ, where, in company with the late Mr. Franklin Peterson (formerly principal of Melbourne University), we met the organist Herr C. A. Fisher, who played to us. Here for the organist's use stood by the keys a large and ancient hour-glass, and the very organ-seat upon which Mozart once sat and played to the people of Dresden. What an opportunity for a novelist to describe how he enraptured the people—half a column of high-flown descriptive writing at least should follow. But, alas! the cold fact remains that Mozart, the 'divine Mozart,' left a record in the vestry stating that he 'could not warm the people by his playing.'

What the present condition of these Silbermann organs may be I do not know. Perhaps some reader will tell us if, during the war, in the great search for metal, any of them were stripped of their metal pipes. The bells in the English Church were broken up in the Church itself, but the organ was spared, as probably was the case with most organs in Saxony.

ALL HALLOWS', LOMBARD STREET

This interesting old City church—the last that Wren rebuilt after the Great Fire, on the site of which a church has stood since 1067, mentioned in Domesday Book as All Hallows Grasschurch—is now having its organ rebuilt. The first organ was built in 1703, at a cost of £350, subscribed for by a few generous supporters of the church. It stood in

* An organ was opened last December in Freiburg University (i/Br.) built in accordance with the directions in the *Synagoga Musicum* of M. Praetorius, in order to interpret the old organ music with historical correctness.

the west gallery (now demolished), and had one manual comprising nine stops (no pedal). The builder (or organ-maker as he was called in those days) was Renatus Harris, and the main condition of the contract was that if the congregation did not like it after six months' trial the organ was to be taken away and the gallery left in as good condition as it was previous to the erection of the instrument. The organ survived. The first organist was Renatus Harris, jun. He was paid £22 per annum, to play at the services and to keep the organ in maintenance. This organ did duty till 1870, when it was rebuilt and moved to the east end, south side. Seven of the old stops were retained, and formed the Great manual; a Swell manual of seven stops, a Choir manual of five stops, and a Pedal 16-ft. open diapason were added, with four couplers. This has existed to the present time, with tuning and minor repairs. The improvements now being carried out comprise cleaning throughout; existing manual action repaired; new standard R.C.O. pedal-board, with tubular pneumatic action—the 16-ft. Bourdon being borrowed from the Swell manual to make a second pedal stop; a new 8-ft. Oboe to tenor C on Swell manual; the existing Mixture on the Great taken out, and a Clarabella 8-ft. to tenor C in place thereof; the Choir organ to be enclosed in a Swell box; and the present Gemshorn 4-ft. on that manual to be replaced by a Voix Celeste to tenor C to undulate with the existing Dulciana. The cost of all this is being provided for by a worshipper at the church who wishes to be anonymous. Messrs. Gray & Davison are doing the work, and it is hoped shortly to complete the scheme by the addition of a mechanical blowing installation.

The original contract ('purchase deed') of the organ was found in the church-safe a few months ago. The verger at All Hallows' will be pleased to show it to any readers who are interested.

H.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS

Candidates for the Associateship Examination are requested to note that the reference to the Peters' edition of the Trio in C minor (Bach), given in the regulations as Vol. 9, No. 7, relates to the old edition, and that in the new edition it is Vol. 9, No. 9.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The fifty-eighth Annual General Meeting was held at the College, Kensington Gore, on Saturday, July 22, 1922, under the chairmanship of the President, Dr. Charles Macpherson. Among the members present were Dr. W. G. Alcock, Mr. H. J. Balfour, Dr. G. J. Bennett, Mr. E. T. Cook, Dr. Alan Gray, Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull, Dr. Stanley Marchant, Dr. H. W. Richards, Dr. F. G. Shinn, Dr. Davan Wetton, Mrs. M. A. Good, Messrs. S. H. Baker, H. Batt, F. W. Belchamber, Miss M. G. Blundin, Messrs. H. Cartner, G. R. Ceiley, J. Coxhead, J. W. Croft, G. D. Cunningham, A. E. Danby, Dr. H. Darke, Messrs. H. P. Dean, E. M. Dent, E. E. Douglas-Smith, D. Edeson, Miss F. J. Fitch, Messrs. R. Goss-Custard, W. Goynne, H. Hall, W. Hancock, L. Harding, P. C. Hayes, H. Hodge, W. G. Hopkins, A. P. Howe, E. G. Hurst, L. M. Jones, W. H. Kirby, Mrs. M. Layton, Messrs. D. C. Leeke-Roe, W. Mallinson, C. A. Marks, O. D. Marsh, D. McIntyre, G. J. Metzler, C. E. Miller, T. T. Noble, W. E. Ogden, B. J. Orsman, A. C. Osman, L. A. Pattison, Dr. W. J. Phillips, Mr. W. J. F. Pugh, Miss M. Renton, Messrs. W. R. Simmons, W. A. Sims, Miss K. Cholditch-Smith, Messrs. S. Smith, H. Stubington, H. W. Sumsion, H. D. F. Taylor, Miss L. R. Trott, Messrs.

T. L. C. Tull, H. Uttley, G. T. Warren, Miss S. G. Watkins, Messrs. S. H. Way, W. G. Webber, H. Wharton-Wells, H. F. Wilkinson, Miss E. M. Williams, Messrs. L. Wilson, C. W. Wright, R. Yarrow, and Dr. H. A. Harding (hon. secretary).

The minutes of the last Annual General Meeting were read and confirmed.

Voting papers for the election of two London members of the Council were distributed to those members who had not voted by post.

Mr. G. R. Ceiley and Mr. Wharton-Wells were appointed scrutineers.

The hon. secretary, Dr. H. A. Harding, read the Annual Report.

FIFTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT.

Your Council have the honour to report that the past Session has been in every way characterised by complete success. There are unmistakable evidences of the steadily maintained prosperity of the College and of the usefulness of its work and mission.

The candidates entering for examination numbered 448, of whom 87 passed.

Your Council are much gratified that the Worshipful Company of Musicians have decided to present their silver medal triennially to the most distinguished candidate at the Fellowship Examination. The first presentation will take place on October 22, 1922, and the recipient will be Mr. G. C. Gray, organist of St. Michael-le-Belfrey, York, the Lafontaine prize-winner, who gained the highest number of marks in organ-playing during the last three years.

Your Council wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to the Worshipful Company of Musicians, and especially to Mr. H. Cart de Lafontaine, who, as Master of the Musicians' Company, used his good offices to make it possible for the candidates of the College to be eligible for this valuable distinction, which will prove a great incentive to our members to excel in organ-playing.

A new departure will be made at the distribution of diplomas. Your Council have decided that at these functions eminent organists shall be invited to play upon the College organ the pieces chosen for the Fellowship or Associateship examinations. It is hoped that members will avail themselves of these opportunities for hearing the test-pieces played by acknowledged masters of the organ.

The examiners appointed for 1921-22 were Sir Frederick Bridge, Sir Walter Parratt, Dr. E. C. Bairstow, Mr. H. J. Balfour, Dr. G. J. Bennett, Dr. Charles Macpherson, Dr. Stanley Marchant, Dr. Alan Gray, Dr. F. J. Read, Dr. H. W. Richards, Dr. F. G. Shinn, and Dr. E. T. Sweeting.

Your Council wish to accord their heartiest thanks to the hon. treasurer, Dr. C. W. Pearce; to the hon. secretary, Dr. H. A. Harding; and to the registrar, Mr. Thomas Shindler, for their assistance, so readily and so generously rendered on all occasions. Your Council also wish to express their obligations to the hon. auditors, Mr. O. D. Belsham and Mr. G. R. Ceiley, and to the professional auditors, Messrs. Pannell & Co.

The work of the College Staff is always characterised by promptitude and accuracy, and their efforts are much appreciated by your Council.

On the proposition of Mr. DOUGLAS-SMITH, seconded by Mr. BELCHAMBER, the Report was adopted.

THE PRESIDENT, in presenting the Annual Financial Statement, said: I am very sorry the hon. treasurer, Dr. Pearce, has not been able to come this morning. We all miss him very much. He had intended to be present, but was prevented at the last moment. If you would like to ask the hon. secretary any questions about this Statement he will be pleased to answer them.

Mr. HERBERT HODGE: There is one question I should like to ask with reference to the item for organ practice, and it is whether in view of the prosperous condition of the College it would be possible to reduce the fees charged for the use of the organ for practice? It seems rather a high price to charge 3s. 6d. an hour at the present time.

THE HON. SECRETARY: I can only say that I will report Mr. Herbert Hodge's suggestion to the Council, who will, I am sure, give it their careful and sympathetic consideration.

Mr. WHARTON-WELLS proposed the adoption of the Financial Statement, and this was seconded by Mr. YARROW and carried.

Mr. E. T. COOK: I have great pleasure in proposing the re-election of Dr. C. W. Pearce as hon. treasurer. We have seen how excellent is the service which he has rendered during the past year, and I am sure we accord him our very heartiest thanks.

Dr. STANLEY MARCHANT: May I second that? We all admire and respect Dr. Pearce. We could not have a better man in his important position.

The Resolution was carried.

Dr. H. W. RICHARDS: I have before had the honour of proposing that Dr. H. A. Harding be re-elected hon. secretary, and I am not tired of doing it; in fact, I would like to do it every year, because it is a joy to all of us to know that Dr. Harding is willing to go on working for the College, and to continue to do all he does for our benefit. We all know Dr. Harding's great interest in and enthusiasm for this College. He lives for it. Instead of calling him Dr. H. A. Harding, we ought to call him Dr. R. C. O. Harding. He is a wonderful secretary. Not only does he deserve our implicit faith in him, which is of course an essential qualification in an hon. secretary, but we have the deepest respect for him both as a man and as a friend. If you want to see Dr. Harding in his best form just try and say something against the Royal College of Organists. I can only say heaven help that wretched man, whoever he may be. If you value the College keep our present hon. secretary, and never let him slip, for that would be the worst day's work the College had ever done. Having personal knowledge of the enthusiasm he puts into his work, and the delight it is to work with him, I think we cannot do better than grasp and retain him while he has health and strength to discharge the duties of the office.

Dr. F. G. SHINN: I have pleasure in seconding the appointment of Dr. Harding, and in thanking him for the time and trouble he gives to the College. He certainly lives for the R.C.O., and he gives his time unsparingly to looking after its interests in every way.

THE PRESIDENT: I have great pleasure in putting this Resolution to the meeting. I can only say that I owe a tremendous lot to Dr. Harding. It would be impossible to be president without such a partner to guide one on every occasion. I cannot imagine the Royal College of Organists without Dr. Harding. He does everything to advance its interests.

The Resolution was carried with acclamation.

Dr. HARDING: Some kind things have been said about me by Dr. Richards and Dr. Shinn, and you have endorsed them and re-elected me hon. secretary. I hope you have done the right thing! In any case I thank you very much. Personally I am deeply interested in the work of the College. I have the greatest respect for the Council, who are very considerate to me and who do their best to lighten my labour, and I owe a great deal to Mr. Thomas Shindler, our registrar, for his able assistance. I really try to look after the interests of the whole College. I think I am always on the side of the candidates when some monstrous new tests are proposed by some fierce obstructionist. As regards the members generally, I am rather vexed with them about one thing, and that is that they do not vote. There was a great fuss made about the right to vote for the Council, but now we have the postal vote, out of fifteen hundred members only about five hundred exercise their right in this respect. I hope the members will think about it; they ought to take an interest in the people who are elected on the Council. I suppose I am a kind of watchdog. I wish to be so as regards the interests of music and of organists especially, and organists generally have something to do with Church music! There has been a committee formed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York to inquire into the state of Church Music. I want to say a word about that, because it seems to me that the Archbishops have been somewhat ill-advised in not making that committee more representative. I have nothing to say against the gentlemen who belong to the committee—better men you could not get, but where does our president come in? He is the organist of the most important position in the world, and he is not on that committee. I protest against the omission

of Dr. Charles Macpherson from this committee on Church Music. Archbishops have not time to bother about music nor about musicians, and of course someone advised them; but I say seriously that he did not give them adequate advice. As hon. secretary of this College I feel that our present president—and such a president as he is—ought to be on that committee. This, however, has nothing to do with my re-election, but it is a matter to which I feel I ought to refer, and I repeat, in no 'hole and corner' way, that our president, who has always risen to his sense of duty, should certainly be asked to serve on this committee to inquire into the state of Church Music. I thank you all very much for re-electing me hon. secretary for one more year. I hope I shall carry out the duties to your satisfaction.

A MEMBER: Can we put on the minutes a resolution to be voted by the College affirming that we support the hon. secretary's view on this matter with regard to this Music Committee?

Dr. HARDING: As a matter of fact we cannot carry a resolution at this annual general meeting unless it appears on the agenda. But may I say in my report what seems to be the unanimous feeling of the meeting?

The meeting assented with much emphasis.

THE PRESIDENT: The scrutineers have delivered their report. The voting for the London members of the Council was as follows: Dr. R. R. Terry, 370; Dr. Darke, 297; Mr. d'Evry, 228; Mr. Cunningham, 133; Dr. Phillips, 78; Mr. Crawford, 63. I declare that Dr. Terry and Dr. Darke are elected. With regard to the two vacant country seats on the Council, Dr. P. C. Buck and Dr. Alan Gray were the only members nominated, and they are of course duly elected.

Mr. DOUGLAS-SMITH: I propose that Messrs. O. D. Belsham and George R. Ceiley be re-elected hon. auditors, and that Messrs. Pannell & Co. be re-elected professional auditors, with sincere thanks for their able services.

Mr. YARROW: I beg to second the re-election of the auditors.

This resolution was carried.

Dr. RICHARDS: I must trouble you with one more important matter, and that is to propose a hearty vote of thanks to our retiring President, Dr. Charles Macpherson. We on the Council know something about his work since he has been President of this College, because we are more or less behind the scenes, and everybody else knows about his other work. It is because of our warm affection and enormous admiration for him in every walk of life that we feel great sorrow that his period of office in the chair has come to an end. It has been a real delight and joy to have had him here as President, and it only remains for me to put it to the meeting and to ask you to give this vote of thanks to Dr. Charles Macpherson with the warmest acclamation.

Dr. MACPHERSON: I am extremely obliged to you. My term of office has been a very pleasant time to me, and I hope it has not been marred by any grave neglect of duty. Our new President is Dr. Alan Gray, for whom I have always had a very warm affection. He is one of the most able and high-minded men we have in our profession, and I feel quite humble to know I am to be succeeded by such a man. I would like to thank you for the very hearty way in which you received Dr. Richards's remarks.

MISS CHOLDITCH-SMITH: I should have liked to say a few words about organ construction, particularly about the slow progress of the improvement of the mechanism of the Swell organ, but as the meeting has been somewhat prolonged I will postpone my remarks to another occasion. I must, however, be allowed to congratulate the College on the enterprise which produced the splendid recital of organ music by Dr. W. G. Alcock at the distribution of diplomas this morning, which we all enjoyed so much.

The proceedings then terminated.

Dame Margaret Neilson Martin, widow of Sir George Martin, bequeathed to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's a sum sufficient to produce £50 per annum to assist the musical education of one of the choir boys after he has left the choir school.

BACH-WAGNER RECITALS

Mr. Frederick Chubb has recently given a series of recitals at Christ Church, Vancouver, the programmes being drawn entirely from Bach and Wagner—an unusual scheme, and one which appears to have yielded striking results. Mr. Chubb did not confine his Bach to organ music, but drew freely on the clavichord works. The Wagner extracts included the *Götterdämmerung* Funeral March, the *Siegfried Idyll*, the Prelude to *Tristan*, the Good Friday Music, the Fire Music from *Siegfried*, the *Huldigungs* March, the *Forest Murmurs*, the *Ride of the Valkyries*, the *Liebsted*, and the Overture to the *Mastersingers*. An exciting experience for all concerned! Such things as the Sarabandes, Bourrées, and Gavottes and Musettes of Bach must have provided delightful relief. Further contrast was given by Liszt's A major Concerto (pianoforte, Miss Elsie Alexander), Bach's D minor Concerto for three pianofortes and orchestra (Misses Ida Morris, Annette Speer, and Bessie Dunsmuir), and Saint-Saëns's G minor Concerto (Mrs. Douglas Johnston). Vancouver is fortunate in its enterprising organist.

BLIND ORGANISTS' SUCCESS

The following successes have been achieved by blind students at the Royal College of Organists during the past month:

Fellowship: Percival Dean (Turpin Prize), Harold Uttley.

Associateship: Leonard Harding (Sawyer Prize), James Saunders.

In addition to the above, Mr. W. L. Wilson, who studied at the Swiss Cottage School for the Blind, has obtained the Associateship Diploma. All these students have gained much from the opportunity provided them for practising on the organ at the National Institute for the Blind, which is a replica of that at the Royal College of Organists.

HYMN SERVICE AT YORK MINSTER

A special hymn service was held in the nave of York Minster on July 29, in connection with the scheme of the Dean for encouraging congregational hymn-singing. The six selected hymns were: 'Come, let us join our cheerful songs' ('Nativity'), 'God moves in a mysterious way' ('London New'), 'How bright these glorious spirits shine' ('Ballerma'), 'And now, O Father, mindful of the love' (Gibbons, Song No. 1), 'Blessed city, heavenly Salem' (Plainsong), and 'The sun is sinking fast' ('St. Columba').

ROCHESTER DIOCESAN CHOIR FESTIVAL

The annual Festival was held in the Cathedral on July 20, Mr. C. Hylton Stewart conducting and Mr. Percy Whitlock being at the organ. The choir numbered seven hundred and fifty voices. The *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis* were sung to Macpherson in G, and the anthem was Bach's 'Zion hears her watchmen's voices,' from *Sleepers, wake*. Organ pieces played included Franck's Choral in A minor and Bach's Prelude on 'All glory, laud, and honour.'

An excellent series of recitals was given at Boston Parish Church on June 21, July 5, and July 8 by Mr. Gordon A. Slater, with vocal items contributed by Mrs. Hutchinson, the Rev. R. O. Hutchinson, Mr. H. Thacker, and the boys of the choir. The chief items were Reubke's Fugue, Bach's Toccata in F and Prelude and Fugue in D, Mendelssohn's sixth Sonata, Macpherson's Fantasy-Prelude, Guilman's first Sonata, the slow movement from Tchaikovsky's Pianoforte Concerto, a Handel Concerto, and Chorale Preludes by Ernest Farrar, Parry, and Vaughan Williams. The programme book contained some well-written annotations.

The annual choral Festival at Exeter Cathedral on June 22 brought together five hundred and thirty-five singers from the North Devon Choral Union and Exeter churches. The conductor was Mr. T. Roylands-Smith, and Dr. Ernest Bullock was the organist. The Litany was sung in procession, and for the first time the Festival took the form of Choral Eucharist, sung to Merbecke.

A new organ was dedicated at St. John's, Bognor, on August 3, Mr. Frederick Kitchener giving the opening recital. His programme included Elgar's *Imperial March*, Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Finlandia*, a Karg-Elert Chorale Prelude, and the 'Prize Song' from the *Mastersingers*. The organ is a remodelling by Messrs. John Compton of the instrument built by Hope Jones. It comprises four manuals of about thirty-five stops (a few of which are as yet only prepared for) and a pedal of six stops (major bass prepared for).

Messrs. A. Hunter & Son have erected a new organ in St. James's Roman Catholic Church, Spanish Place, W. The instrument is a three-manual with forty-eight stops—twelve on the Great, fourteen on the Swell, twelve on the Choir, and ten on the Pedal. We regret we have no space for the specification. So far as can be judged therefrom it appears to be a fine, well-designed scheme.

We are glad to hear that Mr. E. H. Lemare is drawing crowded audiences at his municipal recitals at Portland, Maine. A correspondent sends us a booklet containing the repertoire—four hundred and eighty items. The organ is a fine one of five manuals and a hundred and thirty stops, twenty-two being on the pedal.

Mr. C. E. Juleff writes pointing out that the organist of Bishop's Hull, Taunton, is Mr. W. R. Dyer—not Mr. Juleff, as was implied in a paragraph in our last issue.

On June 29 *The Messiah* was performed in Exeter Cathedral by the choir, augmented, and band, Dr. Ernest Bullock conducting.

Mr. Isaac Buswell has just completed fifty years' service as organist at Hinckley Congregational Church.

ORGAN RECITALS

Mr. A. G. Colborn, St. Stephen's, Bristol—Offertoire, *Ambroise Thomas*; Meditation, *Padro*; Fantasia, *Parker*.

Mr. John Pullein, Dunblane Cathedral—Sonata No. 6, *Mendelssohn*; Fantasia and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*; Pastorale, *Franck*; March (Suite No. 2), *Boëllmann*.

Mr. R. Barrett-Watson, Giggleswick-in-Craven Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in B minor, *Bach*; Reverie on 'University,' *Grace*; Minuet, *Moszkowski*; Grand Chœur in B flat, *Dubois*.

Mr. Joseph Soar, St. David's Cathedral—Toccata in F, *Bach*; Allegro Vivace (Symphony No. 5), *Widor*; Sonata in C sharp minor, *Harwood*; Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Sonata No. 7, *Rheinberger*.

Mr. H. F. Ellingford, St. George's Hall, Liverpool—Fantasia and Fugue on 'The Prophet' Chorale, *Liszt*; First movement, 'Eroica' Symphony; 'Jubilee' Overture, *Weber*; Selection from 'The Mikado.'

Mr. R. Woodthorpe Browne, St. John's, Lowestoft—Suite, *Borowski*; Sonata da Camera, *Peace*; 'Le Carillon,' *Wolstenholme*.

Mr. C. H. Trevor, St. John's, Mortimer, Berks—Dirge, *Attwood*; Air, *Wesley*; Introduction and Allegro, *Stanley*; Gavotte, *Arne*; Adagio and Allegro from C minor Sonata, *Bach*; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*.

Dr. Louis A. Hamand, Malvern Priory—Theme, Variations, and Fugue, *Hollins*; Cantilène, *Pierri*; Elegiac Romance, *Ireland*; Kieff Processional, *Moussorgsky*.

Dr. Ernest Bullock, Bideford Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in C, *Bach*; Fantasia and Fugue, *Mozart*; Preludes on 'St. Anne,' *Parry*, 'St. Peter,' *Dark*, and 'Bryn Calfaría,' *Vaughan Williams*; Finale, Gothic Suite, *Boëllmann*.

Mr. Percy Whitlock, Christ Church, Luton—Prelude and Fugue in B minor, *Bach*; Sonata in E flat minor, *Rheinberger*; Legend, *Dukas*; 'Martyrs,' *Gravé*; Arabesque, *Vienne*.

Mr. H. C. Warrilow, National Institute for the Blind—Marche Nuptiale, *Guilmant*; Solemn March, *Noble*; Rondino, *Wolstenholme*; Impression, *Karg-Elert*.

- Mr. John Newton, Christchurch Priory—Prelude and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Scherzo (Sonata No. 5), *Guiltant*; Impromptu, *Nicholson*.
- Mr. J. Matthews, St. Stephen's, Guernsey—Concert Overture in F minor, *Hollins*; Tone-Poem, 'Urbs Beata,' *Matheus*; 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Part 4, *Austin*.
- Miss Doris Fenner, St. Dunstan-in-the-East—Sketch in C, *Schumann*; Sonata in E flat (first movement), *Bach*; Pastorale, *Frank*.
- Mr. W. Hedley Staniland, St. Nicholas, Sutton—Prelude and Fugue in C, *Bach*; Postlude in D minor, *Stanford*.
- Miss Christina Chalmers, St. Clement Danes—Sonatina, *Karg-Elert*; Choral Preludes by *Bach* and *Charles Wood*; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*.
- Mr. E. H. Smith, St. James's, New Brighton—Overture in E flat, *Faulkes*; Allegro con grazia, *Tchaikovsky*.
- Mr. C. H. Pearce, All Saints', Binfield—Fantasia and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Prelude on 'Hanover,' *Charlton Palmer*; Prelude on a Theme of Tallis, *Darke*; Toccata, *Widor*.
- Mr. H. C. J. Churchill, St. Lawrence Jewry—Overture to 'Athalia,' Preludio in C minor, *Rheinberger*; Prelude on 'Croft's 136th,' *Parry*; Prelude on 'St. Mary,' *Wood*; Prelude and Fugue in G, *Bach*.
- Miss A. L. Poole, St. Mary's, Woodbridge—'Great' G minor Fugue, *Bach*; Concert Overture, *Hollins*; Nuptial Postlude, *Guiltant*.

APPOINTMENTS

- Mr. S. F. Bates, organist and choirmaster, Holy Trinity, Leamington Spa.
- Mr. Sydney Harrington, organist and choirmaster, Christ Church, Wanstead.
- Miss A. L. Poole, organist and choirmaster, St. Mary's Parish Church, Woodbridge.
- Mr. W. Cawthorne Sunter, organist and choirmaster, Middle U.F. Church, Greenock.

Chamber Music for Amateurs

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur chamber musicians who wish to get into touch with other players.

- Gentlemen wanted to join mixed octet for unaccompanied music at mid-day recitals in City.—ERNEST W. PETTIT, St. Lawrence Jewry, Gresham Street, E.C.2.
- Lady pianist wishes to hear of good musical society for coming season (London or near Richmond).—E. L., *c/o Musical Times*.
- Wanted, violinist and clarinetist, amateurs, with view to small dance orchestra. F. DONALDSON, 59, Arica Road, S.E.4.
- Pianist (good) would like to meet two violinists, 'cello, and viola for mutual practice. Acton district.—C. W. C., 14, Milton Road, Acton, W.3.
- Amateur instrumentalists, all parts, are cordially invited to join the Cross Gates (Leeds) Wesleyan P.S.A. Orchestra. Rehearsals at Cross Gates Wesleyan Church on Mondays, at 8 p.m.—Applications for membership to F. W. P., 15, Chestnut Avenue, Cross Gates, Leeds.
- Young violinist (lady) wishes to meet good accompanist with view to mutual practice.—D. L., 6, Village Road, Bush Hill Park, Enfield.
- Young vocalist would like to meet pianist for mutual practice, also a vocalist (lady or gentleman). S.E. district preferred. And would like to join a musical society in London.—C. B., 34, Rockbourne Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23.
- Violinist (gentleman) would like to meet pianist for mutual practice one or two evenings weekly (Wallington, Sutton, or Croydon districts). Must be enthusiastic; same sex. Large library of dance, musical comedy, and light music.—F. PRIDDEY, 54, Manor Road, Wallington, Surrey.
- Violinist (lady), still studying, would like to meet pianist for mutual practice, with a view to playing at concerts, &c.; or would join amateur orchestra. Knowle, near Birmingham.—FAIRFAX, *c/o Musical Times*.

The Fulham Cecilian Orchestral Society has vacancies for 2nd violins, 'cellos, and violas; good amateurs only. Terms of membership, apply, HON. SEC., 209, Munster Road, S.W.6.

Flautist wishes to meet good accompanist (male) for mutual practice; sonatas, &c., for flute and pianoforte. Also desires to acquire orchestral experience in a small orchestra. N.W. London preferred.—CHADWICK, *c/o Musical Times*.

Wanted, soprano, alto, tenor, and bass to join small party for study and practice of motets and madrigals—no modern music. Enthusiasm and good sight-reading essential. Meetings on Saturday afternoons at Marylebone to commence.—REGINALD TANSLEY, 10, Colville Gardens, Talbot Road, W.2.

Violinist (lady) wishes to meet other instrumentalists with view to forming string trio or quartet for mutual practice. B., 64, Parkstone Avenue, Emerson Park, Hornchurch, Essex.

Vocalist would like to meet pianist for mutual practice. North London preferred.—L. G. S., *c/o Musical Times*. Enthusiastic 'cellist is invited to join pianist and violinist for study and practice of trios, quartets, &c. Large library of classical and modern works available.—Apply, 'CROMA,' *c/o Musical Times*.

Vacancy for few good amateurs (all instruments) in orchestra. Rehearsals, Thursdays. Concerts, Queen's Hall, &c.—Apply, D. WRIGHT, 46, Aldridge Road Villas, W.11.

Dorian Symphony Orchestra, Westminster.—A 'live' orchestra of keen amateurs and professionals has vacancies for one oboist, one bassoonist, French horn, one percussion, and few strings (especially viola players). Rehearsals (best of music) every Monday evening.—Write SECRETARY, 30, The Green, Twickenham.

Violinist (gentleman) would like to join amateur orchestra or string quartet, S.E. district.—F. D., 33, Matham Grove, East Dulwich, S.E.22.

A lady vocalist (amateur) desires to meet with lady pianist, who would accompany her one evening a week in exchange for help with singing.—H. S. C., 27, North End Road, Golders Green, N.W.11.

'Cello player wanted, to turn a trio into a quartet. Must play in tune, keep time, and read at sight, all competently. Good classical music, no cinema stuff. District, Dudley, Tipton, Oldbury, or West Bromwich.—C. E., *c/o Musical Times*.

Philharmonic Society (16th season) has vacancies in choir and orchestra (all instruments). Rehearsals (Western suburb): Orchestra, September 25; Choir, September 28.—Apply, Orchestral Secretary, Mr. E. LESLIE SIKES, 223A, Hammersmith Road, W.6.

Amateur instrumentalists, strings and wind, required for the West London Co-Operative Orchestra. Rehearsals resumed September 2.—Apply to Hon. Sec., Mr. C. J. MATHIE, 32, Micklethwaite Road, Fulham, S.W.6.

Conway Orchestra, Walthamstow. Male instrumentalists are invited to become members of the above orchestra. Wood-wind players particularly are desired.—Information may be obtained from the Secretary, J. E. PARISH, 14, Copeland Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

Pianist wishes to meet good vocalist or violinist to practise accompanying. Lady or gentleman. Birmingham neighbourhood.—A. V. K., *c/o Musical Times*.

North London Philharmonic Society. Vacancies for all voices and good instrumentalists. Rehearsals in Spensley Hall (opposite Fire Station), Brooke Road, Stoke Newington. Orchestra, Monday evenings, Choir, Tuesday evenings.—Secretary, Mr. J. H. CHISHAM, 30, Broke Road, Dalston, E.8.

Young lady pianist and vocalist, soprano, wishes to practise with accompanist, also to play with violinist and 'cellist. Beckenham district or London, S.W., preferred.—J. V., *c/o Musical Times*.

Two ladies, a pianist and a 'cellist, would be glad to meet a good violinist to join them in trio practice.—Write, Miss R. J. RITZ, L.R.A.M., 266, Elgin Avenue, W.9.

Gentleman vocalist desires to meet pianist-accompanist for mutual practice.—C. B., 34, Rockbourne Road, S.E.23.

Letters to the Editor

DID VIADANA USE FIGURES?

SIR,—In my letter of April 23, which appeared in your July number, on Viadana's use of \times and \flat to indicate a sharpened and a diatonic sixth respectively, there were some examples (Exx. 6-10, 12, 13) in which, for the reason given, I was unable to verify the significance of the \times and \flat in question.

I have now obtained from the National Library at Paris a transcript of as much of the tenor part-book of the 1626 reprint of Viadana's *Concerti* as serves to complete the examples in question with the exception of Ex. 8, which, however, does not really need further verification, since it already contains the sharpened sixth corresponding to one of the two sharps over the bass.

The result has been entirely satisfactory, as will be seen from the completed examples given below. (As before, the vocal bass in Exx. 7, 9, 10, being identical with the *Basso continuo*, is omitted):

Ave Sancta Maria (Tenor solus). B.c. xxxviii., bars 15 and 37.

Ex. 1 (= Ex. 6 in previous letter).

Bar 15. &c. Bar 37.

&c. &c.

N.B.—In this example the first sharp \sharp in bar 37 has proved to indicate a sharpened third, and not a sixth.

Salvum me fac (2 Basses) B.c. lxxvii.

Ex. 2 (= Ex. 7).

12th bar from end.

Lauda Sion (2 Tenors and Bass). B.c. xcvi. (5 bars before section in 3-2 time).

Ex. 3 (= Ex. 9).

Tria sunt munera (2 Tenors and Bass). B.c. cil., bars 3, 4.

Ex. 4 (= Ex. 10).

In this example the G sharp assumed to be indicated by the \sharp in the bass is not present in the voice parts, but there can be little doubt, in view of the other examples, that its inclusion in the accompaniment was intended.

Hunc praeclarum (Tenor solus). B.c. xxix. (5 bars from end),

Ex. 5 (= Ex. 12).

Ave hostia salutaris (Tenor solus). B.c. xxxvi.

Ex. 6 (= Ex. 13).



† Given as C in my transcript, either by a misprint in the original, or an error on the part of the copyist.

In addition to the above I am able to give an excellent which before I did not venture to put forward without example of \flat , as the indication of a diatonic major sixth, verification :

Congratulamini (Tenor solus). B.c. xxviii., bars 6, 7.

Ex. 7.



It will be noticed that in Exx. 2 and 3 (= Exx. 7 and 9 in my previous letter) the sharpened sixth is preceded by a suspended seventh.

In conclusion, I must withdraw my suggestion that Viadana purposely omitted \sharp as the indication of a sharpened

third (or tenth) when the latter was preceded by a suspended fourth (or eleventh), as I find it to be refuted by instances to the contrary.—Yours, &c.,

F. T. ARNOLD.

July 1, 1922.

'OUR DECADENCE.'

SIR,—I have read Mr. Rutland Boughton's article in the July issue of the *Musical Times* with keen interest. It is thoughtful and thought-provoking, but I feel that, able as it is, it is unconvincing and inconclusive. Mr. Boughton seems only to endeavour to solve one problem by creating another; and, indeed, his whole article bristles with a number of statements that are individually very debatable. He is surely unduly pessimistic about a condition of things that is far from new. His knowledge of musical history should teach him that what has happened before is happening now, and will happen again, and must do so if musical art is to be progressive. Time, and the verdict of sound common-sense, will blow away the chaff and store up the wheat into the musical granary for future use. History is repeating itself, and there is little cause either for alarm or pessimism.

The whole question seems to resolve itself into the time-worn struggle of the Classic *v.* the Romantic element in music, and it is quite evident on which side Mr. Boughton would cast his vote. We may or may not agree with him, but it is quite evident that musical evolution has definitely decided. Being very much interested on this point, I referred to a lecture given by Dr. E. W. Naylor before the Musical Association (December 1, 1908), on 'Jacob Handl' (Gallus). Mr. Boughton may have read this lecture and its consequent discussion; if not, I am sure he would find much to interest him there. One of Dr. Naylor's points was to show how that even in this 16th century work the romantic element had crept in, and how the composer was trying (very often in a crude way) to enlarge the bounds of expression. The musical examples quoted are very striking. Dr. Naylor quoted extensively (especially from the writings of Pater) to enforce the distinction between classic and romantic. For the sake of those who have not a copy of the lecture, I make bold to add some quotations:

'The romantic consists in that which is strange—the classic in that which is beautiful.'

'The romantic is concerned with the subject of the artistic work—the classic with the method of presenting it.'

'Romance without the setting of formal beauty may become bizarre. The classic, debarred from the inclusion of new, untried sources of inspiration, may become mere stupid pedantry.'

Dr. Naylor then showed how the two tendencies (romantic and classic) have ever existed more or less: that we have narrowed our idea of romanticism and 'cut our boundaries with very sharp edges.' One could not, and, indeed, should not definitely assert that, *e.g.*, the classic period ran to 1820, and the romantic from 1820 to 1870. It would be far better to take such central dates as 1600, 1700, 1800, and show that about these times a musical renaissance took place—a kind of struggle of birth and death, and it is interesting to note what happened:

1. Introduction of sentiment into mediæval polyphony (1600).

Result: Death of mediæval polyphony.

Cause: Too purely intellectual to bear sentiment.

2. Introduction of sentiment into elegant Italian music (1700).

Result: Death of elegant style.

Cause: Style too correct.

3. Introduction of further sentiment (1800).

Handel is not to be claimed as a romanticist; Bach is; Palestrina not. Byrd? Yes, a decided romanticist.

I have made somewhat long reference to this lecture as it seems to me relevant to the point at issue, and tends to prove the continued ascendancy through the ages of the romantic over the classic. To quote Pater again 'Curiosity and a desire of beauty have each their place in art.'

'The desire of the innovator is to express something new, if possible in forms of beauty already accepted, if not, *ruat calum*, it must be done in forms of ugliness.'

Mr. Boughton most wholly disagrees with this last quotation!

After carefully reading his article I gather that he is quite willing to admit the romantic element, but only on certain conditions—That formal beauty and euphony must always predominate; that music must be able to stand by itself as a discourse of sweet sounds in well-ordered design, able to give pleasure and meaning irrespective of its association with words or a dramatic setting. In short, Mr. Boughton says 'We may swear—but please swear like gentlemen!' We must call the trumpeter 'naughty,' not anything else—we must not use Mr. Shaw's vulgar stage words.

Mr. Boughton contends that prior to Beethoven 'under the most vehement stress the music was never allowed to

abrogate its own musical laws.' I do not think we can all agree with him here. A study even of the Elizabethan composers will reveal the fact that, in their desire for more characteristic expression, they were frequently finding themselves cramped by the conditions of their day. Their attempts to widen their limits may appear to us to be crude, but they were attempts none the less, and I cannot agree that their first thought was to secure a 'fair musical shape.' Their first thought was to express themselves in the best way they could, and time after time they found they wanted more elbow-room. Though many of their crudities may be explained by the exigencies of polyphony, these do not explain all. And the same may be said of much of Purcell's work, with (for the period) his daring harmonic innovations. Music must be both a beautiful and expressive art. Mr. Boughton would have it always beautiful, but he would limit its range of expression wherever this does not coincide with the beautiful. The question then to be asked is this: 'What are the limits of expression in music?' To answer it we must remember that all art is suggestive rather than realistic. Directly music tries to enter the field of realism it prostitutes itself as an art; but who shall put a boundary to the field of suggestive expression in music, and say, 'Thus far and no farther'? If a composer (according to the canons of accepted taste) can justify his procedure, no matter how novel it is, in the matter of characteristic expression, then who shall condemn him?

The terms 'euphony' and 'cacophony' are surely relative only.

Mr. Boughton also insists on the impersonality of a composer's work, and condemns Beethoven for seeking 'self-expression rather than the service of musical art.' One feels bound to say that if this is true, then musical art is profoundly grateful to Beethoven for his waywardness.

I agree entirely with one of our foremost dramatic critics who wrote the other day: 'There is no such thing as impersonal work . . . any intelligent person ought to be able to draw a fairly faithful portrait of Shakespeare or Molière from reading their plays.' Is it not a very great compliment to Mozart with regard to his *Requiem* to read this: 'I am unable to say which movements were left unwritten by the master himself'? We may also (especially after hearing Mozart's *Requiem* fairly recently) disagree with Mr. Boughton over its excellence as a work of art. If this is a 'self-standing piece of music,' it does not do much to strengthen his argument. As a piece of characteristic expression of most beautiful and solemn words, it is a travesty and nothing else. Again, says Mr. Boughton, ' . . . the music set to verse or to a dance must be a self-standing piece of work.' Does Mr. Boughton really mean us to take this seriously, or is he writing with his tongue in his cheek? Do the expression of the words and spirit of a song count for nothing? If this principle is adopted we shall have worse diction than ever. Are we to judge Wagner's music-dramas apart from scenery, action, and general theatrical setting? Is a sacred work to be equally impressive alike in the concert-hall and cathedral? Surely Mr. Boughton is here pressing his ideal a little too far!

And may we not dissent from his definition of originality and individuality? Mr. Boughton seems to think we ought to regard 'originality' more in the light of 'obvious parentage'; that the originality of a composer consists in our ability at once to detect the source of his influence—his musical parentage; which is surely originality on Mr. Boughton's part! I have not consulted the various dictionary readings, but I think we are most of us able to distinguish between 'originality' and 'eccentricity.' Only a rather stupid person would say that original, bizarre, and eccentric, conveyed the same meaning. Original work must of course owe its debt to the past, but it takes its step forward into the future on its own account, and that step a characteristic one. It has absorbed the experience of the past, has been influenced by it, but it re-creates and gives rise to something fresh; it is not a mere copy, saying nothing that has not been said before and probably a great deal better. Its great essence is vitality. Can we accept Mr. Boughton's definition of 'individuality' as the 'sign . . . that an art-work is not standing alone'? Again, I think the confusion of thought is Mr. Boughton's. What do we mean by 'individual'? Mr. Boughton says that

'individual work is not divided from other similar work of its time.' He means to imply that the 'group' is not divided, and that therefore the work of the group is similar. But the word 'individual' plainly refers to 'one person' or thing—it is the one that is 'not divided,' does not share with the others; it is a separate entity, standing alone, and therefore individual work is work a person does by himself, having its own personal character, and unlike the work of others, or even of others working as a group or school.

To sum up, therefore, we must not be pessimistic over our so-called 'decadence.' To any student of history and psychology, the state of musical composition at the present time is no surprise nor discouragement. The phase will pass, and time will settle the matter and adjust the gain and the loss. There are times when Art seems to take many steps backward, but, like a good bowler, this is only to get a better length on the ball. Music will never revert to classicism pure and simple: we must have the beautiful, but we must have the expressive as well, and the latter must be continually growing and expanding. Time will see to it that with this growth and expansion Art still remains.—Yours, &c.,

HAROLD E. WATTS.

LIBRETTI IN ENGLISH: AN APPEAL FOR SANE TRANSLATIONS

SIR,—I am very much interested in the question of the English libretti of operas, which is touched upon in the 'Robert Radford' article appearing in your May issue, because I believe it to be a factor of vital importance in any attempt made to establish opera in English on a firm foundation.

The primary reason for composing vocal music is to give audible expression to the words to which it is set, and unless it permits its exponents to sing with as much intelligent diction as would be exercised by a trained orator, it fails in its main object. Much interesting vocal music, particularly of an operatic nature, has failed to acquire lasting popularity because of an inferior libretto, for very few operas have been written which are musically so great as to be able to live in spite of their text.

Notwithstanding the views expressed by certain idealists in their letters to *The Times* and elsewhere, the fact must be faced that the number of operas by native composers, which the British public cares to hear, is so very small as to be incapable of supporting any opera company worthy of the name. Yet there appears to be a growing desire on the part of modern peoples to have opera performed in their native language—which, from their point of view, is not unreasonable—and that desire must be reckoned with, because the people pay the bill. That being so, at least for a time any attempt to establish opera in English here on a satisfactory basis must be made chiefly by the use of the works of foreign composers.

That fact raises the question of English translations, or adaptations, of the original libretti, and on that subject Mr. Radford has not expressed himself too strongly, although I do not agree with him that the fault lies entirely with the publishers. It is not difficult to imagine that in face of an urgent demand for an English translation of a new opera successfully produced abroad, they might be forced to accept the best within their reach. Further, it is possible to suppose that not all of them have had a staff capable of judging whether or not a given translation was a faithful rendering of the original text, being partially, if not totally, ignorant of the tongue in which it was written.

For some time I have been devoting considerable attention to this subject because I consider the present position to be acutely distressing. The most charitable criticism I can give, of a general nature, is that the English adaptations I have examined appear to me to be a conglomerate of an exceedingly free translation and the voluntary action of the translator's imagination. He has, as it were, taken a bird's-eye view of the original libretto, and then set to work to express the same ideas on broad lines, avoiding intricate passages, and filling up their places with sloppy padding. That in the process negatives are turned into positives, affirmations into negations, and interrogations into assertions, seems to count for nothing. Thus the libretto the music was

composed to express is not only lost sight of, but another is fitted in its stead which renders the whole effete. To the singer who really understands the original text the task of suitably interpreting the music by means of such a ghastly parody is more than discouraging: it is hopeless!

Here I venture to give two examples of what I mean—one from *Rigoletto*, showing how the plain meaning of the original has been perverted, and the other from *Un Ballo in Maschera*, showing how fine points of detail may be obscured by generalisation. Both phrases will show how very closely a translation may approach to the original without losing accent or rhythm:

Rigoletto, Act 2.

IL DUCA.




(a) E quan - do, o ciel? Ne' bre - vi -
(b) O heav - ns, but where? In that short
(c) But when, oh Heav'n? In the few

- stan - ti, pri ma che il mio pre - sa - gio in - ter - no sul - l'or - ma
mo - ment ere some pre - sen - ti - ment of e - vil im - pell'd me
moments e'er an in - ter - nal pre - mo - ni - tion to find the

cor - sa an - co - ra mi spin - ges - se!
sud - den - ly to re - trace my foot - steps.
tra - ces of her flight had im - pell'd me!

Un Ballo in Maschera, Act 1.

RENATO.



(a) Al - la vi - ta che t'ar - ri - de di spe -
(b) On the life thou now dost che - rish, fraught with
(c) With the life which smiles up - on thee, full of

ran - za e gau - dio pie - na, d'at - tre
plea - sure, with hope re - splen - dent, while thy
hope, bright with ev - 'ry plea - sure, ma - ny
(fill'd)

mil - le e mil - le vi - te il des -
star - is yet as - cend - ent, think what
thou - sand lives of o - thers des - ti -

ti - no s'in - ca - te - na!
thou - sands are de - pend - ent!
ny - doth in - ter - min - gle.

(a) Original; (b) Boosey's edition; (c) my rendering.

These two phrases ought conclusively to prove that our public has been kept in ignorance of the real gist of most foreign operas, and, as a consequence, is unable to appraise at its true value the composer's work.

My present conviction is that such translations cannot, and indeed need not, be made in verse. It is not sufficient for the person who undertakes them to be equally conversant with both languages concerned. No one who requires the aid of a dictionary ought to attempt the work, for various colloquialisms, peculiar forms of speech, innuendo, and play on words are often used which no dictionary help can elucidate. Further, the translator must be more than merely an efficient philologist; he must be sufficiently musical and have enough knowledge of singing to be able to catch the proper accent and rhythm, while adhering rigidly to the exact meaning of the original text.

Since I believe that the mere discussion of a subject, without action, leads nowhere, I have ventured to attempt to make a new translation of two or three of the libretti I have at hand, which, while faithfully conveying the exact import of the originals, would still be singable, and at the same time make the acutely high notes as comfortable as possible for the vocalist. I may mention that the task was considerably simplified for me in the case of *Faust*, my copy being an Italian edition of Ricordi's without an

English version; for, although he may try to ignore it, an English adaptation distracts the reader's mind and sometimes causes him to see red. Of the result I may say that I consider the translation to be adequate; as to how far it is practicable I do not feel sure. Although, as I read it, I believe it to be so, others may not see eye to eye with me in every detail. Reviewing my work after its completion, I feel the necessity for collaboration; the turn of a phrase—which would make all the difference—while it has escaped me, may suggest itself to other minds.

With this idea in view during April—hence before the appearance of your article referred to above—I communicated with a prominent member of our new National Opera Company, proposing what practically amounted to the round-table of which Mr. Radford speaks. I suggested that after a preliminary conference between us, he should assemble such of the principal singers of the Company as would take the solo work in the opera (*Rigoletto*) concerned, so that I might have the benefit of expert opinion on an all-important point. Owing to pressure of work on the one hand, and, on the other, to the fact that *Rigoletto* is not included in the Covent Garden programme, my proposal was not found acceptable at present.

Yet I do not feel inclined to take this first reverse lying down. I believe that this much-needed work can be done successfully, and hope that some of those who are equally interested, and are qualified to do so, will render me the assistance and counsel which my National Opera Company correspondent was unable to give. If such will be good enough to communicate with me soon, I shall be very grateful.—Yours, &c.,

A. KEAY.

2, Gledstones Road, W.14.

WANTED—COMPOSITIONS FOR WIND INSTRUMENTS

SIR,—A short time ago the esteemed Commander of Kneller Hall made through a well-known daily paper an appeal to British composers for original works for military bands, which I hope met with the success it deserved. As a wind-player of about twenty-six years' experience, I shall be glad if you will kindly allow me through your valuable medium also to appeal to our able composers to bear in mind the now not inconsiderable number of players on the flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, and to write and publish solos, duets, trios, quartets, and quintets for these instruments. There are several solos by well-known living composers already published for each of the popular first three, but only one or two for the last two lesser-known instruments. Josef Holbrooke and Percy Grainger have each written quintets for them, which have deservedly been performed in London and the provinces, but I know of only one quartet for that unique combination (without the horn as tenor instrument), and this is an admirable little march, written at my importunate request by my friend, the late Edmondstone Duncan, for a party—but I regret to say I have not yet been able to get a publisher to print it.

A German composer has written one, published at Leipzig. I am aware that the sale for these works will be less than in the case of strings, but if a series of graded quartets, easy to difficult, for one of each of these five instruments were published, and also adapted as string quartets, at popular prices, I think they would pay their way.

Hoping some abler pen than mine will follow up this suggestion.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN PARR.

7, Snig Hill, Sheffield.

August 5, 1922.

SIR,—It was with particular pleasure that I read in a weekly contemporary that one of the most gratifying features of the Royal Academy of Music Centenary celebrations was the brilliant promise shown by that 'rising young composer, J. B. McEwen,' and that his Quartet *Biscay* was one of the most notable of all the works heard during the fortnight. It is a pity that all our rising composers do not receive such encouragement at the proper time.—Yours, &c.,

A. K.

WOES OF A MUSIC-MASTER

SIR,—Is it not high time to help music out of the rut into which it has sunk in many (I hope not all) of our public schools?

In 1917 I accepted a position as music-master at a large boys' school in the North of England. Lessons of half-an-hour each (one per week) were to be given in school hours, practices (three separate half-hours for each boy) being allotted to recreation periods. Owing, however, to the fact that all sorts of interruptions and special occasions are allowed to interfere with the musical syllabus, I find that the average boy does not get more than one and a half practices per week. I find, too, that about as much time (lessons and practices combined) is devoted to music in a *whole term* as is given up to any other branch of study, such as languages or mathematics, in a *single week*! Is this fair to music? All such important matters as ear-training, musical appreciation, &c., have to be shelved, and there can be little doubt that, judged by their attitude towards music, head-masters regard it as a necessary nuisance. Why not, therefore, act up to this conviction and strike the subject off the syllabus altogether? As things are to-day in some of our public schools, it is sheer waste of time to take up music.

What is the hope for the future? And wherein lies the remedy for the above state of affairs? First of all, it seems of primary importance to incorporate music in the regular school curriculum. It may be asked, What is the value to the boy of music in the general scheme of education? Personally, I invariably find that the boys whose *time-sense*, *rhythmic-sense*, and *ear-sense* are the keenest are the very boys who, as a general rule, stand highest in other subjects. They are, in short, brighter, more alert intellectually, and always 'on the spot.' It is bad in principle to allow parents to decide for themselves whether a boy shall study music. Doubtless many parents are fully qualified to form an opinion, but the great bulk of them are not so qualified. All boys should be tested, and only those discarded who, after fair trial, convince the music-master that they are utterly destitute of any appreciation of, or feeling for, music.

What appears to me to be of paramount importance is that head-masters should receive a 'lead' in this vital matter, and this might perhaps be undertaken by the joint action of our leading musical institutions. I would suggest that all lessons and practices take place in school hours, and that time be found for classes in musical dictation, ear-training, sight-reading, and musical appreciation. It is to be hoped that head-masters and governing bodies may, in the near future, devote more consideration to this important matter.—Yours, &c.,

'SPES EST UNICA FIDES.'

AN EARLY GREEK HYMN

SIR,—A fragment of an early Greek Christian hymn has been recently discovered and published by the Egypt Exploration Fund. As the volume in which it occurs—*The Oxyrhynchus Papyri*,* part 15—is not likely to be seen by many of your readers, I think a short description may be of interest. The fragment is, roughly, 12-in. by 2-in.; the front contains an account dating from the first half of the 3rd century. The hymn is written on the back. Above each line of text the corresponding musical notes are added. The notation is that given in Grove's *Dictionary*, but symbols not mentioned in the article on Greek music are used to denote length of notes, &c. The style of the writing points to a date in the latter part of the 3rd century rather than the beginning of the 4th. Only the concluding Doxology has survived, and that is not quite perfect, but the general sense is clear. I give a rough translation of it:

'Ye courts of heaven be not silent, nor stay your song, ye light-giving stars and streams of flowing rivers, as we hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; All ye

* Ed. Grenfell & Hunt. Egypt Exploration Fund, *The Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, part 15, 1922. Offices of Society, 13, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

powers shout, Amen, Amen! Dominion and praise and glory do we give both now and for ever to the only Giver of all good things. Amen, Amen.'

The transcription into modern notation has been made by Prof. H. Stuart Jones. I enclose a copy, and hope it will be possible to print it. The slurs over certain notes represent a sign in the original, but their omission in some places where two notes are sung to one syllable and their curious position in the last bar but one, suggest that their use is not equivalent to a slur. Prof. Jones suggests that the notes are to be sung *legato*.

A lover of plainsong might object to the rigid barring, but, like the classical Greek metres, the verse is strictly metrical; and the Greek accents did not originally represent stresses, but changes in intonation. In this fragment, as a general rule, a long note, or a group of notes, is used for a syllable that is long, *i.e.*, has either a long vowel, or in which the vowel is followed by more than one consonant, so taking longer to pronounce, and the accented syllables are marked by the rising and falling of the melody.—Yours, &c.,

E. A. WHITE.

[πρ] υ ταν η ω σι - γά - τω μη'

άσ - τρα φα - ισ - φό - ρα λ[επ] - έ[σ]θων... πο - τα -

- μών 'ρο - θι - ων.. πά - σαι ύμ - νούν -

- των δ'ή - μών πα - τί - ρα χύι - όν χ'ά - γι -

- ον. πνεύ - μα , πā - σαι δν - νά - μεις

ε - πι - φω - νούν - των, ά - μήν.. ά - μήν

κρά - τος αϊ - νος

δω - τή - ρι μὸ - νψ πάν - των

ά - γα - θών ά - μήν, ά - μὴν.

[Music transcribed by Prof. H. Stuart Jones.]

WHICH LANGUAGE?

SIR,—I note that in my letter on 'Instrumentation' printed in your last issue, you conform to custom in giving the title of Donizetti's opera as *La Favorita* instead of *La Favorite*. The question of opera titles seems worth discussing. Donizetti wrote music to a French libretto by Scribe, and it was first produced at Paris. It is as much a French opera as *Robert le Diable*. As it would certainly savour of affectation (to quote Mr. Abdy Williams) to speak of the latter as *Robert der Teufel*, because

Meyerbeer was a German, it must be equally affected to call Donizetti's work by an Italian name merely because he was an Italian. More important is the fact that, while I am prepared to swear to what is on p. 258 of *La Favorita*, an opera published at Paris—I have the volume on my shelves—I have not the remotest idea of what may be on p. 258 of *La Favorita*, an Italian translation, engraved by Messrs. Ricordi, of Milan. Wagner arranged *La Favorita*, but Heaven knows who arranged *La Favorita* or *Die Favoritin*. The best rule appears to be—to give an opera its original title, or give it in English.—Yours, &c.,

St. Leonards-on-Sea.
July 30, 1922.

TOM S. WOTTON.

SIR HENRY BISHOP'S FIRST WIFE

SIR,—Can any reader of this journal give information as to the *Parentage* of Miss Lyon, who was the first wife of Sir Henry Bishop?—Yours, &c.,

23, Castellaine Road, ARTHUR M. FRIEDLANDER.
W. 9.

Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times* of September, 1862:

Musicus wishes to be informed of the name of the organist at the late Handel Festival, and asks why he was not mentioned in the different newspaper accounts of the Festival. The organist was Mr. Brownsmith, and we can only suppose that his not having been particularly mentioned arose purely from an oversight; we must certainly plead that excuse for ourselves. Mr. Brownsmith is always deserving of praise, and his performance at the late Festival was all that could be desired; he displayed excellent judgment and great steadiness, and there is no doubt he contributed very materially to the success of the undertaking.

BURNLEY.—The new organ at the West Gate Congregational Chapel was opened on July 30 by Mr. Best, organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool. Several excellent compositions were played by Mr. Best, in admirable style, including the *Andante* from Haydn's Quartet in F; an *Audantino* from Spohr's Symphony, 'The Power of Sound'; and the grand 'Hallelujah' chorus from Beethoven's *Engedi*.

ECCLESIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—A concert took place at the rooms of the Architectural Union on July 30, at which the motet choir of the Ecclesiological Society performed a selection of ancient Church music. The principal feature of the programme was Palestrina's Mass, which was sung in Latin, and was rendered much more effective by the versicles and prayers, always said by the priest, being chanted by the Rev. Mr. Helmore. The music of Palestrina is wonderfully elaborate, and though there are not three bars of melody throughout, it is a most interesting Mass, containing as it does so much learned contrapuntal writing. The programme also comprised a Latin psalm and a Latin hymn, which were given in a truly Catholic style; and there were also English hymns and psalms to Gregorian chants. The music had evidently been practised with assiduity, and it must have cost Mr. Helmore's boys considerable time and trouble to master the difficulties. If a few ladies with good voices had been introduced, the soprano part would have been more effective.

LLANSAMLET, NEAR NRATH.—An open-air Musical Contest was held at this place on Wednesday, July 28, when various prizes, from £5 downwards, were awarded for the best choral and part-singing. A detachment of the Swansea Valley Choral Association took the whole of the prizes. Four choirs competed. The Rev. J. Roberts (Lenan Gwyllt) adjudicated. President, Mr. Gwilym Williams, Ynyscynor, Aberdare.

'Why say ye, Flie as a bird unto the hills?'

A SOPRANO CANZONET, FOR MATINS, with Accompaniment for Organ or Pianoforte. Composed by J. SUMMERS, Organist of Holy Trinity Church, Weston-super-Mare. Published by R. Cocks & Co. Price 2s. 6d.

Sharps and Flats

I will not examine in detail M. Jean-Aubry's dictum that Elgar is to English music what Saint-Saëns is to French music: I will only say that if this dictum throws no light on Elgar, it throws considerable light on M. Jean-Aubry.—*Ernest Newman*.

There is more humbug talked about music than about anything else.—*Sir Hugh Allen*.

The passing years have not taken away as much from Pachmann's playing as they have added to his talking . . . One of Mendelssohn's little pieces should no longer be called a song without words when he plays it and talks through it.—*Clarence Lucas*.

Why is English opera a negligible thing to-day? I will tell you—because we are all milk-and-water Wagners, molly-coddling Mascagnis, or piffing Puccinis.—*James Glover*.

When I reached the Academy I first had a big dose of Dussek, Hummel, Cramer, and Clementi; but one day my old teacher, Dorrell, said he was going to give me something 'very modern' and 'revolutionary,' and, with a 'hush, hush' air, he said: 'The Concerto in D minor of Mendelssohn.'—*Tobias Matthay*.

It may be mere insanity, but I should greatly like to see what a world-congress of musicians and artists could make of international affairs at this troubled juncture. France . . . has Romain Rolland and Anatole France. England might send H. G. Wells and Ernest Newman.—'Plainsinger' in *Musical America*.

Art will unify all humanity. Art is one—indivisible. Art is the manifestation of the coming synthesis. Art is for all. Everyone will enjoy true Art. . . . We should have . . . even prisons decorated and beautified. Then we shall have no more prisons.—*Nicolas Roerich*.

I do not see why I or anyone else should be called on to endure long, dull stretches of Wagner or of any other composer for the sake of the 'rich oases.' There should not be any long, dull stretches. . . . I regard opera as an entertainment, and usually a poor one at that.—*A. Corbett-Smith*.

In spite of its momentary boom at Covent Garden, I fear there is no denying that opera is on its death-bed . . . perishing through sheer lack of nourishment . . . In practically all the stuff we see at Covent Garden the plot is too childish for words. . . . *John W. Klein*.

Musical examinations are a curse.—*Arthur Bliss*.

Well, I myself thoroughly believe in them, and my opinion is certainly worth more than that of Mr. Arthur Bliss.—*Algernon Ashton*.

The list of Mr. Algernon Ashton's works reaches to Op. 147 Can Mr. Ashton produce something out of this list to rival the undoubted genius shown in the few works yet accomplished by Arthur Bliss? Then perhaps his claim that his opinion is worth more than that of the younger composer can be investigated.—*Gordon Bryan*.

I intend to have my twelve-year-old boy trained as a violinist. I am very keen that his instruction should be the best, so I am going to put him under an Italian master at once.—*P. Edwards*.

Why should I please everyone? Another admirer of my work (who never performs any of it) Such a programme as this, not to be heard in England at any time: Overture, *Brownwen*; Poem, *Utalume*; Prelude, *The Bells*; Pianoforte Concerto (I had to play it myself again, as there are no British pianists who will play it yet) It is now nine years since any new work [of mine] has been heard.—*Josef Holbrooke*.

Go on, Josef! Centuries after you are dead they will recognise, no doubt, that you were, in 1922, the only unrecognised genius of your age.—*Hannen Swaffer*.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

During the summer term there were six chamber concerts, at which the following works by College composers were heard: Piece for violoncello by H. Stanley Taylor, four songs with accompaniment for flute, harp, and string quartet by H. Proctor-Gregg, Sonata for pianoforte and violin by Edmund Rubbra, and two songs by Margaret Crichton. At one of the three orchestral concerts, the College Orchestra was conducted by ten members of Dr. Adrian C. Boulton's conducting class, one of the items being a piece for violin and orchestra by Sidney Bett (Foli Scholar). There have also been four informal concerts.

A résumé of dress rehearsals of opera, with scenery and orchestra, given in the Parry Opera Theatre from time to time will be interesting: *Meistersinger*, Act 1; *Figaro*, Act 2 (three times); Gounod's *Faust*, Act 3 (twice); *Hänsel und Gretel*, Act 1 (twice), and complete (twice); *Carmen*, Act 3 (four times); *Madame Butterfly*, complete (three times); and *La Bohème*, Act 1; and last term, *Louise*, Act 1 and Work-room Scene; Charles Wood's *Scene from Pickwick* (five times); and R. Vaughan Williams's *Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains* (five times). Her Majesty the Queen was present at the rehearsal on July 11. J.M.

Music in the Provinces

ABERYSTWYTH.—The week-end Festival at University College on June 23-26, was the third of its kind since the institution of the National Council of Music in Wales under the direction of Prof. Walford Davies, and for the first time choral and orchestral works were included. Three formal concerts were given, in addition to two short students' concerts and two open rehearsals. The works performed included Brahms's Academic Festival Overture, Mozart's A major Pianoforte Concerto, Balfour Gardiner's *Shepherd Fennel's Dance*, Elgar's *Wand of Youth*, the Choral from Bach's *Sleepers, wake, From the New World Symphony*, Holst's *Beni Mora Suite* (conducted by the composer), Quilter's *Children's Overture*, a Suite of Rameau, orchestrated by Dukas, the Brahms Double Concerto for violin and violoncello, Beethoven's fifth Symphony, Mozart's G minor Symphony, Elgar's *Dream Children*, the Grieg Pianoforte Concerto, Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*, portions of the Bach Mass in B minor, the Bach Double Concerto, Vaughan Williams's *Pastoral Symphony*, and Debussy's *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*.

BRISTOL.—Miss Gertrude Winchester has organized, and will conduct, a ladies' choir, under the presidency of Mr. George Riseley.

HARROGATE.—At the symphony concert on June 29, Esser's orchestral arrangement of Bach's Organ Toccata in F was the chief item, Mr. Howard Carr conducting.

MANCHESTER.—At the Tuesday noon chamber concert on July 11, four students of the Royal College of Music played Brahms's G minor Pianoforte Quartet. On July 18 singing pupils at the same College, under Mr. Richard Evans, provided the programme.—At the Tuesday Mid-day concert on July 25, Mr. Maurice Cole played pianoforte music by Beethoven, Mozart, and Chopin.—A novelty was introduced on August 1, in the combination of music and the spoken word, by Miss Amy Buxton Nowell (reciter) and Mr. Eric Fogg (pianist). The ballads, *Fair Hedwig* and *The Heather Youth*, and Shelley's *The Fugitives*, were arranged to music by Schumann; *The Trumpeter's Betrothal* by François Thorne (in English), and Victor Hugo's *La fiancée du timbalier*, were also given. Miss Olive D. Murphy sang songs by Brahms and Hugo Wolf.

NEWCASTLE.—Open-air concerts were given on August 8 by the Musical Union, united military bands providing the programme in the afternoon, assisted by Newcastle Gleemen. In the evening the Festival Choirs, augmented by voices from the Roman Catholic choirs, sang Holst's *Turn back, O man*, Burke's *St. Patrick's Prayer*, and oratorio choruses. The Roman Catholic choirs sang the Kyrie and Gloria from Gounod's *Missa Paschalis*, and an orchestra played.

OXFORD.—The annual performance of unaccompanied singing by Christ Church Cathedral Choir, on June 25, included two settings of *Hosanna to the Son of David*, by Weelkes and Gibbons respectively, and two of *Sing joyfully*

unto God, by Byrd and Palestrina, *Tristis est anima mea* (di Lasso), *O Lord, the Maker of all thing* (attributed to Henry VIII., and also to William Mundy), Wesley's *Cast me not away*, and Purcell's *I did lay me down*.—The Summer School of Dalcroze Eurhythmics opened at Oxford on July 31. Sir Hugh Allen, at the opening ceremony, justified Oxford's reputation as a musical centre. He thought the Dalcroze Rhythmic method for children was one of the best things that had ever been devised, but there was a danger of its filling the horizon. Recently there had been a general levelling up of musical education.

PLYMOUTH.—A ladies' choir has been formed under the direction of Mr. David Parkes, conductor of the Orpheus Male Choir, and will combine with the male voices for the performance of big choral works, the united forces to be known as the Orpheus Association. The female voices already number a hundred and fifty, the male choir being of about the same strength. *The Dream of Gerontius* and *The Apostles* will be put in rehearsal when autumn work begins.

PORTSMOUTH.—On August 13, at the Clarence Pier concert, Mr. Ernest Vavin played a *Venetian love-song* for pianoforte by Burmeister, and Miss Gabrielle Ferrand played the same composer's arrangement for violin of a *Rigaudon* by Rameau. A first performance was given by the orchestra of an *Impromptu* in A minor composed by the conductor, Mr. Charles H. Peters.

ROCHESTER.—Dr. Hylton Stewart conducted the Choral Society's performance, on June 30, of Bach's *Jesu, Priceless Treasure*, and two Motets from Parry's *Songs of Farewell*. Mr. Percy Whitlock played Rheinberger's sixth Organ Sonata.—The Senior and Junior Co-operative Choirs, conducted by Prof. G. H. Sharp, numbering a hundred and twenty voices, sang out of doors, on July 29, a Choral Fantasia on English folk-songs by White, Glover's *Come away, elves*, and Coleridge-Taylor's *The Viking's Song*.

SHEFFIELD.—Dr. Henry Coward, on July 3, addressed the Rotary Club on 'Music in Commercial and Everyday Life,' dwelling on the influence of the art towards humanism and sociability.

Obituary

We regret to record the following death:

On July 30, at Denver, Colorado (U.S.A.), JOHN HENRY GOWER, Mus. Doc., a remarkable organist, composer, and exploiter of psychic research. Born at Rugby (England), on May 25, 1855, he was a maternal descendant of Sir Walter Scott. So proficient did he become in music, that at the age of twelve he was appointed assistant-organist at Windsor Castle. In 1876 he was appointed organist and music-master of Trent College, Notts, having graduated Mus. Bac. in the same year; he proceeded to Mus. Doc. in 1883, at Oxford. In 1887 he emigrated to Denver, where, after a short period in the practice of his profession, he interested himself in the mining business, becoming successful, yet retaining his interest in music. In 1908 Dr. Gower entered the field of psychical research, and worked with Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. On July 28 he had a paralytic stroke, from which he never rallied. His cantata, *The Good Shepherd*, had some vogue in pre-war days.

The West Middlesex Musical Society is a new organization that will open proceedings on September 18 (choral) at Haven Green (Large) Hall, and on September 20 (orchestral) at Haven Green (Small) Hall. The hon. secretary, Mr. J. H. Cuddington, 21, Selby Road, W.5, will be glad to answer any inquiries. The works for the season are Coleridge-Taylor's *A Tale of Old Japan*, German's *Tom Jones*, and Gounod's *Redemption*. Mr. C. Stanley Smallman is the hon. conductor.

The Ealing Philharmonic Society (conductor, Mr. Victor Williams) begins its twenty-sixth season on September 28 (choral) and 29 (orchestral), at Ealing Town Hall. The works to be rehearsed are *St. Paul*, Brahms's *Requiem*, and a programme of Edward German and Coleridge-Taylor for the hundredth concert on April 21.

MUSIC IN IRELAND

Dr. E. Norman Hay of Coleraine, some of whose compositions have been recently published by the Carnegie Trust Fund, has been appointed Examiner for Musical Degrees in Dublin University, a post recently held by Dr. Eveleigh, of Cork.

The O'Mara Opera Company concluded a successful season at Dublin on July 29 with *Trovatore*.

Miss Mary A. Hoare has been awarded the degree of Mus. Bac., at the July meeting of the National University of Ireland.

A 'grand Italian opera concert' (in aid of the Belfast refugees) was given at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on July 30, the star being Signor A. Valente, from the Milan Conservatoire. The audience was small but enthusiastic.

Much satisfaction is felt in Dublin musical circles at the announcement that two Irish operas, *i.e.*, two operas set to librettos in the Irish language, will be produced next month at New York. One of these is *Muirgheis*, by the late O'Brien Butler (who was drowned on the 'Lusitania'), and the other is *Rithne*, composed by Prof. Robert O'Dwyer, of the National University of Ireland.

As the Provisional Government of Ireland has temporarily taken over the Theatre of the Royal Dublin Society, the committee is negotiating for a make-shift concert room in which to hold the autumn recitals. At present there is not a single concert-hall in the city of Dublin.

Some old time friends of Arabella Goddard (Mrs. J. W. Davison) who remember her magnificent pianoforte playing at Rotunda Concerts fifty years ago, will grieve to learn of her death, at St. Malo (France) some months ago. Although she had retired in 1890, her recent death has been comparatively unnoticed, probably owing to the fact that a report of her demise had obtained currency in 1899.

It is gratifying to chronicle that a brilliant Irish organist, Mr. William E. Hopkins, Master of the State Musick in Ireland, has had a most cordial reception at Vienna, where his organ recitals have attracted crowded and appreciative audiences.

The late President Griffith was a keen lover of Irish music, and his untimely end is keenly felt in Irish musical circles.

Three important organ appointments have recently been made: Dr. E. Norman Hay to Bangor Church (Co. Down), where he will take up duties on October 1; Herr Koss, a German, to St. Mary's Cathedral (R.C.), Kilkenny; and Herr Fleischmann, another German, to St. Mary's Cathedral (R.C.), Cork.

BERLIOZ IN ITALY

BY CLAUDE TREVOR

A sojourn in Italy for men of genius, artists, and philosophers, has ever been the realisation of a dream, the revelation of a new world, the fount of great inspiration. Many volumes have been written containing enthusiastic descriptions of the grandeur and beauty of the art and loveliness to be found in the peninsula, and the moral debt contracted by visitors to the classic land. Of course there have been exceptions, one of the most notable being the subject of these lines—notable for the personality and genius of the artist; for the violence and bitterness of his judgments. The most recent, and, we should imagine, the best informed in many ways, of the biographies which have appeared of the great French composer, is by his gifted countryman, Adolphe Boschot, whose valuable work will be laid under contribution for some interesting facts.

Prior to winning the Prix de Rome, the young composer for four consecutive years had been a candidate for admission to the Villa Medici, submitting for judgment a cantata, *Orpheus torn to pieces by Bacchantes*, in 1827 (which was declared by the examiners to be impossible of performance), followed the next year by *Herminie*, founded on Tasso's *Jerusalemme liberata*, and *La mort de Cleopâtre*. Neither composition procured for Berlioz the Prix. Only in 1830 did the tide of fortune change with his *Mort de Sardanapale*, completed during the July Revolution. Deeply smitten as he was by the charms of his Camille, the author of the *Symphonie Fantastique* was by no means inclined to leave his country, considering his journey at such a time a menace to his *affaire du cœur*.

The mad passion he felt for his love of the moment, and the separation his sojourn in Italy would necessitate, caused Berlioz the most acute anguish, although the lady was at that time already premeditating the transference of her affections. Before leaving Paris he had conceived the greatest antagonism for Italian music, as was clearly shown in his tirades against the frequenters of the Théâtre des Italiens which appeared in the journals for which he wrote. Even the great Rossini was not spared; one of his greatest sins being his remark that Weber's music 'me donne la colique,' and he was dubbed by Berlioz 'the puppet of Pesaro.' Berlioz made some concessions with regard to *William Tell*, but he detested and condemned the whole Italian school of opera (in which he included Mozart), branding the art of its adherents as *prostitute*. Such exaggerated judgment, and such contradictions as he showed in all things, revealed an unbalanced mind. Obligated to depart on this 'absurd' journey, he embarked at Marseilles for Leghorn, travelling thence to Florence, where he went to hear *Romeo and Juliet*

... by a charlatan called Bellini. Heavens! to think the shade of Shakespeare did not come and crush this ant. The opera is loud, ridiculous, inadequate. And what am I to say of the "Vestale" by a wretched eunuch called Pacini.'

After the first Act he left the theatre furious that the 'Academicians and fossils' of France did not think his musical education complete till he had passed through the 'musical sewer' of Italy. The country from Florence to Rome he found not at all picturesque. The chief pleasure he experienced at Rome was the meeting and friendship he formed with Mendelssohn, little thinking how the German would express himself concerning the Frenchman's intemperate condemnation of most of the great classic composers. Mendelssohn wrote:

'Berlioz is a caricature without the shadow of genius, always groping in the dark, and esteeming himself a creator of a new world of art. With this idea he writes the most detestable stuff, and can speak of no one else but Beethoven, Schiller, and Goethe. He is vain to an inconceivable degree, and treats with the utmost disdain Mozart and Haydn, so that his great enthusiasm for the others is not to me very convincing.'

Distrustful and agitated in mind, because his Camille doesn't write to him, Berlioz decides after only a month at Rome to quit the Accademie and return to his *innamorata*. On his way he again stops at Florence, where he reads with avidity *King Lear*, attracting to himself the attention of passers by, while wrapt in the tragedy along the banks of the Arno, by his wild gesticulations and loud exclamations of admiration. Sometimes he would throw himself on the ground, rolling about as in convulsions from his violent emotions. One evening he entered a church, and assisted at the preparations for the burial of a young mother and her child. The coffin was not yet closed, and for a *douceur* the sexton was induced to gratify the morbid desire of Berlioz to look within. With a heart beating with unnatural excitement he awaited the sexton's lifting of the shroud, and at the revelation of the dead form he rhapsodised unrestrainedly, but diverged into gruesome details, adding, 'I thought of Ophelia . . . ' Berlioz later assisted at another funeral, that of the brother of Napoleon III.

Meanwhile there was never absent from his mind the torturing wonder as to why Camille remained so long silent. He was, too, bitterly disappointed that during his short stay in Italy he had come across none of the bandits with which he firmly believed the country to be infested; indeed, had he met any of such, it can easily be imagined that he might have joined them for a time, writing as he does:

'I would assist willingly at magnificent crimes, rapine, deeds of incendiarism, murders; a volcano belching forth lava caused by violent earthquakes, rich spoils in immense heaps concealed in dark caverns, a concert consisting of shrieks of horror accompanied by an orchestra of the firing of innumerable pistols and guns. That is life. . . . '

Suddenly he received the news from a friend that Camille had taken unto herself a husband! In the first

moments of furious desperation her deceived lover vowed summary vengeance, deciding to kill her and then himself. Provided with dagger and poison, we find him once more on his way to Paris via Genoa and Nice. Were Paris not still so very far off, and had he encountered the fair deceiver on his way thither, he might possibly have achieved his murderous intention. The journey by road was so very long, even to Nice, that by the time he arrived there his bloodthirsty inclinations had cooled, and he concluded that he had better return to Rome, where he explained his absence to the Director at the Villa Medici by a story that he had attempted to drown himself, but had been saved in time. Such a cock and bull tale provokes a smile by its childish transparency, but it is quite in keeping with the character of the man, and his desire for the theatrical. The incident inspired him, however, to write his *Retour à la vie*. His longer stay at Rome did not in the least mitigate his first impression. Everything he saw and heard was in complete contradiction to what he expected, and, consequently, was detestable. His imagination had defined something quite different from what he experienced. The religious ceremonies of Corpus Domini he had pictured as 'comparable in richness and luxury to sacred functions of Ancient Egypt: to the musical pomp of the days of Solomon'; instead of which he saw 'a procession, dirty and mean looking, consisting of priests looking like delinquents, dressed in tawdry, grotesque vestments, in which they strutted about before a crowd of women.' He heard 'nasal-sounding clarinets and blaring trumpets worthy of a fair, causing a demoniacal cacophony,' while Rome itself is to him, as ever, a 'stupid place where one can do nothing because of the sirocco that blows, and the air as dense as smoke, the cafés being likewise dirty, dark, without newspapers, and where one is badly waited on.' In a city that is, in fact, one huge museum, he found not one work of art to satisfy him, no remains of its great past to interest him, or cause a thrill of admiration, a poetical vision, or a serious thought. His romanticism is of so very singular a character as to cause us to doubt its absolute sincerity. He is found morbidly frequenting cemeteries and remaining there for hours, and, when occasion offered, bringing away, secretly, some portion of bone or skull thrown up in the digging of a grave. The wonderful spectacle of a dead world, the glorious remnants of a civilization that has vanished, that have been the inspiration of artists and philosophers, are only tiresome, and tell him nothing. Hadrian's villa at Tivoli awoke, however, some antithesis to his mood, though, on his own showing, this was caused by the imbibing of strong drink, for he writes:

'I became intoxicated with aquavite. A *canto* from the *Æneid*, which had lain dormant in my mind since childhood, took possession of me, inspiring me with a strange recitative united to stranger harmonies. Thus under the influence of the inebriating liquor, memories, poetry, and music, was I caused an inconceivable excitement and exaltation. This four-fold inebriation culminated in a paroxysm of violent tears and convulsive sobs.'

During the period of his sojourn at Rome, which he tried by every means to abbreviate, he was entirely insensible to and uninterested in the social life there. This curious man was panting for the life of the Boulevards. Unlike most great artists and thinkers who have visited the Eternal City, he felt only a feverish desire for the glitter of his beloved Paris, justifying himself thus: 'I have within me so much that has been devastated, so many palaces—*châteaux en Espagne*—destroyed, so many ghastly ruins, that I seek for life outside my dead self.' Speaking of St. Peter's he says it is 'immense, sublime, overwhelming,' hence he avoids its contemplation, preferring to ensconce himself in a confessional elsewhere, devouring the passionate verse of his favourite author—Byron. Again, speaking of the mighty Basilica, he says: 'These paintings, these columns, this gigantic architecture, are but the body of the monument, music should be its soul. But where is it? There is no such thing . . . only a harmonium on wheels, to be moved from place to place as desired,' and the choristers whom he would have liked to count by the thousand consisted of eighteen on ordinary days and thirty-two on festivals. He does not in the least

regret his absence from Rome during the springs of 1831 and 1832, being then unable to assist at the church ceremonies of Holy Week. Even Palestrina he derides. 'Good gracious,' he exclaims, 'it's stuff to laugh at, simple acrobaticism, quite extraneous to art, and such as to make one think that the composer having lost both hands was constrained to write with his feet.' Referring to the state of music in Italy, he regrets that he looked in vain for such, either in theatre or church:

'In the former [he remarks], before the rising of the curtain a short noise is made by the orchestra, which passes for an overture, but is wretched commonplace stuff which a barrel organ-grinder would refuse to play. In the latter, airs from operas are sung, and such overtures as that to the *Barbiere* and *Cenerentola* are played.'

'To rot here listening to this shameful exhibition of Italian music' was to him intolerable. His trip to Naples was of short duration, but pleased him, as the bustle of that city was a reflection of his longed-for Paris. Strange to say, he waxes enthusiastic over the loneliness of wonderful Pompeii, which shows how entirely contradictory was the man's nature:

'Oh [he exclaims] to be alone in this skeleton of a city! To wander at night among its columns and their shadows, only by the light of the moon, and free to give myself up to my every caprice! To dream in the midst of this silence, to trample beneath my feet these huge, polished paving stones, and to tremble, seeing behind the dense cloud of the past, gladiators, tigers, lions. . . .'

His ultimate return to Paris was a liberation, a positive resurrection from a living tomb. As soon, however, as he was settled in the French capital, he began to regret the things he had missed in Italy, or had failed to understand. While in the south, his work, which from time to time he sent to Paris, consisted simply of rewritings of compositions made prior to his leaving France. Berlioz was no sooner back again in his own country than he composed some of his most important works, which, strangely enough, are on Italian subjects. For instance, the plains of Lombardy, theatre of the Napoleonic victories, inspired him with his *Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale*, while *Harold en Italie*, *Benvenuto Cellini*, *Carnaval Romain*, *Roméo et Juliette*, *Siciliana*, *Serenata d'un Montanaro*, *Abruzzese*, and part of *Les Troyens* were all composed after leaving Italy. The musical world of Paris was one day greatly astonished and excited to learn that Berlioz, who had written so many tirades against Italian music, had applied for the post of director at the Théâtre Italien! No doubt the desire of the then unappreciated composer to make money drove him to take this step and entertain the strange idea, but when we remember the violent abuse he hurled at the Italian School, declaring Donizetti's fecundity only to be inferior to that of a rabbit, and recall that airs by Bellini were included in some of Berlioz's concerts, the contrariness of his nature is again manifest. Many other instances might be quoted were space available, but for those interested in the general career and work of the composer we would commend to them the mine of information contained in Adolphe Boschot's book.

The Islington Choral Society begins its new session on September 25 at the Central Library Hall, Holloway Road. New members will be welcomed. The Society, formed in 1920, under the patronage of Sir Frederick Bridge, has a membership of over two hundred. Mr. Ronald Chamberlain is the conductor; all the Society's officers give their services. The works chosen for the coming season are *The Messiah*, *Hiawatha*, and *Merrie England*.

In celebration of his R. A. M. Jubilee, Mr. Tobias Matthay was given a reception by his pupils at his School at Wimpole Street on July 21. A beautiful triptych, the work of Stanley North, and containing the names of some eighty of his pupils, was unveiled by Miss Irene Scharrer and Miss Myra Hess. Mrs. Spencer Curwen made the presentation speech.

* I have myself, in years gone by, constantly heard such exhibitions. An air from *Traviata*, &c., was no unusual thing to hear during the elevation of the Host!—C. T.

Musical Notes from Abroad

GERMANY

There is no need for 'Russil', a Russian Society for the dissemination abroad of Russian music and literature. Good Russian music has always been appreciated in Germany, and when 'Russil' with the Philharmonic Society under Pomeranzeff organized a series of concerts it ought to have known that only the best of Russian music must be submitted, as there is already plenty of the mediocre variety in Germany. Moreover, the conductor is too fond of exaggeration, of *rubato*, of brass and drum. The sole attraction of these concerts was the reappearance of Kloti in Tchaikovsky's Concerto in B flat minor, whom some years ago rumour had declared a victim of the Russian revolution. Neither Kloti nor Tepito Arriola, who in the Beethovensaal gave a concert of classical and modern music, have retained their former excellence. Arriola, years ago a prodigy of marvellous ability, has become a good pianist with great technique—but the marvel has disappeared.

Alexander Borowsky, another foreign pianist, proved himself in compositions akin to his temperament—such as a Gigue by Loeilly, Preludes by Rachmaninov, Prokofiev, and Scriabin—a great and convincing artist, but like many foreigners, he seems to play Bach and Mozart with a lack of purpose.

It was a happy thought of Dr. E. L. Swerkoff to take his Balalaika Orchestra on tour through Germany. It is remarkable what a wealth of sound may be obtained from the primitive balalaika under an energetic conductor—a wealth of sound graduating down to the sweetest *ppp*. A storm of applause followed each number wherever the players appeared, although it is a strange world which is opened up before the listener. It is very appropriate that Swerkoff has just published a collection of fifty Russian folk-songs with a German text by August Scholz (Leipsic, Heinz, Zimmermann). The accompaniment for pianoforte is primitive, yet it suffices.

VOLKSMUSIK

The street concerts organized by the Volksbühne Gross-Hamburg with the help of the large choral societies, and held in the streets and squares of Hamburg, are gathering great and enthusiastic audiences. Press and public hail these performances as the realisation of demands made by music-pedagogues and eminent musicians. Folk-songs and other serious and joyful songs are felt to be the most efficacious means of raising the taste of the people spoiled by cinema and comic-opera. The enterprise is looked upon as an aid in the solution of important social questions, and many German towns are intending to take up the idea and organize similar open-air concerts.

A love of folk-music has set in that augurs well for the future. The male-voice societies are again in full swing, and, during the months of June and July, male-voice competitions were the order of the day. Conforming with this movement Eduard Kremser has just published a book of three hundred and fifty-six pages, *Wiener Lieder und Tänze* (Gerlach & Wiedling, Leipsic), which gathers together a hundred and twenty-three songs and sixty dances of a decidedly popular cast. Many of these pieces have not been published before, having been handed down orally from generation to generation. Their authors travelled from town to town, visiting public resorts and hostleries and singing their songs, many of which became at once public property.

Hamburg is the city of the colossal. After Mahler's eighth Symphony, which was boomed as the 'symphony of the thousand,' Schuricht conducted No. 6, called the *Tragic* Symphony, which however ought to bear the title the 'fantastic' because between the evolutions of the laughing philosopher and the serious searcher we observe the mad pranks of E. T. W. Hoffmann. The Symphony not only lacks symmetry of form; it suffers also from sharply pointed contrasts in melodic matter and exaggerated employment of orchestral means.

On the whole a study of the programmes of music at Hamburg reveals stagnation. Nowhere do we meet with a powerful personality. There are either the great, recognised names or unmitigated mediocrity.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT DUISBURG

The chief work at this Festival was Arnold Schönberg's *Gurrelieder*, composed between 1900 and 1901 and first performed on February 23, 1913, by the Philharmonic Choir of Vienna under Schreker. It is the composer's greatest and 'fairest' work of his earlier period, a powerful composition for voices and orchestra, in extent similar to Mahler's eighth Symphony, in form a secular cantata, in character a fantastic ballad.

Herr Scheinplüg proved himself as usual the master of a colossal apparatus, composed of various singing societies and orchestras of Duisburg and Bochum. Frau Merz-Tunner with her brilliant soprano voice sang Tove, Alfred Wilde (tenor) had the part of Waldemar, Frau Dröll-Pfaff's alto did full justice to the song of the Waldaube, Holger Börgesen's powerful bass voice sang the Bauer, A. Giltmann the part of the Klaus-Narr, and Wilhelm Klitsch spoke the melodrama.

RHEINHESISCHE MUSIKWOCHE

In order to prove that the inhabitants of the occupied districts are not forgotten by mother Germania, the Darmstadt Landesorchester under Generalmusikdirektor Michael Balling undertook a musical tour, visiting Mayence, Worms, Bingen, Alzey, Oppenheim, Nieder-Ingelheim, and Wörrstadt. Mayence was to have two concerts, the second of which (Beethoven's No. 6 and Strauss's *Alpen-Sinfonie*) had, owing to the excitement attendant upon the murder of Rathenau, to be abandoned. The programme of the first concert contained Bruckner's Symphony No. 3, Mozart's No. 41, and Strauss's *Don Juan*. The Wormer listened to Rudi Stephan's *Musik für Orchester*, and Bruckner's No. 3. At Bingen the orchestra played Strauss's *Don Juan* and Brahms's No. 1. At Oppenheim and Alzey, where the concerts took place in the church, the programme included the Prelude to *Lohengrin*, the Adagio from the ninth Symphony, Johanna Senzer's Sonata for two violins and small orchestra, and Strauss's *Tod und Verklärung*. Nieder-Ingelheim and Wörrstadt, with their rural populations, were supplied with popular music excerpts from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Johann Strauss's *Kaiser-Walzer*, and the Overture to *Rienzi*. In addition to the above, Frau Johanna Hesse (soprano) sang in the smaller towns appropriate songs, Frau Kuhn-Liebel sang Volkslieder with harp, by Friedrich Brückmann, and Konzertmeister Andreea played the Concertos for violoncello with orchestra, by d'Albert and Haydn. The tour was a great success, concert-halls and churches being filled to the doors.

MAX REGER-ARCHIV

In the presence of the widow of the master the Reger-Archiv at Weimar was opened on June 30, with speeches by Dr. A. Paulsen, minister of state, Nachbaur, chief manager of the Meissinger Theatre, and especially Dr. Adolf Speemann (Stuttgart) who furnished an exhaustive description of the nature of Reger's music. A programme—Klara von Conter (songs), Marie Nietzsche (pianoforte), and R. Reitz (violin)—gave the opening its consecration.

A NEW GERMAN OPERA

Humperdinck's students' opera *Gaudamus* (Berlin, A. Fürstner), coming from a man standing at the brink of the grave, caused a great surprise among the many admirers of the ailing composer. When Wagner wrote *Parisfal* he thought of death and salvation. His pupil Humperdinck, who seemed never to grow old in spirit, glorified youth and gave to his opera the motto: 'Hoch die Jugend! Tod der Philestern!' There is nothing but joy, happiness, and humour from start to finish. A flow of beautiful music, partly based on well-known students' songs, partly original, strains of a peculiarly Humperdinckian style, the whole cast in a gorgeous orchestral garb and worked out with great contrapuntal skill—these are elements ensuring the success of this new opera. The plot, dealing with students' lives at Bonn about the year 1820, is a worn-out affair infused with new life by Robert Misch the poet. The work is everywhere received with enthusiasm.

F. ERCKMANN.

NEW YORK

Let no one imagine that, because the Opera House and the concert-halls are closed during the hot summer months, New York is without music. We have two organizations which give outdoor concerts during the warm weather. They are not municipal, nor are they in any way connected with military bands. They are both private enterprises. The longest season (twelve weeks) is that of Mr. Edwin Franko Goldman's band. Mr. Goldman is the founder of these concerts, controlling them entirely, as he is the business manager as well as the musical director. He has no rent to pay. Columbia University gives him the use of the campus for the pleasant evenings, and the use of the gymnasium for the rainy ones. On fine evenings the audiences number about ten thousand, but they grow larger every year, so it is fortunate that the campus can accommodate twenty thousand people or more. The concerts are ostensibly free. That is, everyone can get a ticket of admission to the grounds by applying for it. Once inside, however, he must either stand or sit on the grass unless he is willing to pay for more privileges. The programmes are sold for ten cents, and holders of programmes can sit on benches without backs. For a more comfortable seat a season ticket is sold for five dollars. All money collected, except from these two sources, comes from the generosity of Mr. Goldman's friends and others who believe in his enterprise and wish to encourage it.

The band numbers sixty players. The same faces appear on the platform year after year. The devotion and loyalty of Mr. Goldman's forces are unbounded, and they are deaf to all offers for other Summer work, and equally deaf to all attempts to make them dissatisfied with any plans or conditions Mr. Goldman imposes. As a large proportion of the music played is written for full orchestra, naturally the clarinets predominate, the parts scored for first and second violins being given to them. Out of the sixty men, twenty-three play the clarinet. The parts written for the other strings are divided between wood-wind and brass in various ways. When possible, Mr. Goldman uses published transcriptions for band of orchestral compositions, and of these he says that the English examples are far the best. Many things that he wishes to play are not published, and these he has specially arranged. Music originally written for a band is also on every programme in a lesser degree, and is played for encores. Every year the classical excerpts are played more and more, and every year there is more demand for them, as Mr. Goldman continually calls for 'request' programmes, when the most conspicuous names are those of Beethoven, Wagner, and Tchaikovsky. It is Mr. Goldman's aim—as it was that of Theodore Thomas in his famous Central Park Garden Summer concerts inaugurated more than fifty years ago—to cultivate the taste of the people, and make them prefer the best and ask for it. The largest audience ever seen on Columbia Green was there one night early this season, when the prominent name on the programme was that of Beethoven. The Overture to *Egmont*, the Allegretto from the seventh Symphony, and *Leonore* No. 3 were played to attentive listeners, and were followed by deafening applause. If it is argued that justice cannot be done to these compositions without strings, the answer is that many who have not been habitués of the Winter Concert Halls become recruits, going there for the first time in their lives to hear the great orchestras play the compositions they have learned to love by being introduced to them by Mr. Goldman's band.

Our second series of summer outdoor concerts is being given by a full orchestra in the Stadium of the City College. These concerts originated four years ago at the instigation of Arnold Volpe, who conducted them for two seasons. But this was never a one-man affair. Orchestral concerts are very expensive, heavy guarantees have to be obtained each year, and changes have been made in conductors and in the personnel of the orchestra for pecuniary reasons. For the last two summers the concerts have been given for only six weeks, and there are seldom any soloists. This season the Philharmonic Society has supplied the players (eighty-five men), and the conductors have been Henry Hadley and

Willem van Hoogstraten, each being in charge for three weeks. Continual changes have been made in the sounding-board arrangements, and this year a large and elaborate one was constructed in the attempt to make the strings properly heard in the open air. But it seems to be futile. The sounding-board accentuates the brass, and when full orchestra is used, it is difficult to hear the strings. It might be worth while to try placing the violins at the back, where they would get the benefit of the sounding-board, but no one has attempted this revolutionary arrangement yet. The programmes are largely such as are offered in the concert-halls in the winter, though some lighter compositions are introduced, and some encores are given. Two or three full symphonies are played each week—well played and well conducted—yet it cannot be said that these concerts are what they claim to be—an artistic success—for the simple reason that the strings do not 'carry' in the open air when the forces of wood-wind and brass are let loose. Thus the experienced listener finds the combination of sound to which he is accustomed unequal and often distorted, while many fine effects are lost entirely. The audiences are large and enthusiastic. Seven or eight thousand people sit on the arena's stone steps (which are very uncomfortable) and about two thousand more sit in chairs, in what is called the 'field'—the ground in front of the orchestral stand. The prices are one dollar for the field, fifty and twenty-five cents for the stone steps. Many rich music-lovers give largely to the fund, Adolph Lewisohn (who built the Stadium and presented it to the City College) always heading the list. Faces seen in the winter concert-halls abound at the Stadium concerts, and it is a pleasant meeting place for musicians in the summer evenings. No music-lover can fail to get some enjoyment out of the efforts of the orchestra, even though his eye may stray to the fluttering of the flags, and to the rivalry of Jupiter and Venus in the evening sky.

M. H. FLINT.

PARIS

One of the chief events of the end of the season—the revival at the Opéra of Debussy's *Martyre de Saint-Sébastien*—proved extremely disappointing. In the current issue of the *Revue Musicale*, Mr. Emile Vuillermoz, that most acute and fearless among Parisian critics, explains that as sufficient time was not available for rehearsal, the work should not have been produced at all. In fact, the conductor, André Caplet, who had prepared the performances of 1911 under the direct supervision of Debussy, refused to conduct in the present circumstances, and another conductor was appointed at the eleventh hour to replace him.

Other disappointments occurred with the performances of Stravinsky's Ballet, *Renard*, and little opera, *Maïra*, which were given by the Diaghilev Company—but this time the disappointment had to do with the works themselves, and not with the conditions under which they were produced. With those who felt disappointed with Stravinsky, as revealed by these two futile little works, I heartily agree.

Among the new works by French composers recently produced, the first mention should certainly go to Witkowski's beautiful *Poème de la Maison*. The music is instinct throughout with deep feeling as genial as it is earnest, and with a most genuine sense of poetry. It is a work which should soon become popular among music-lovers in France and elsewhere.

On June 20, the 'Hommage National' paid at the Sorbonne to Gabriel Fauré assumed imposing proportions owing to the participation of conductors such as Vincent d'Indy, Messager, Gaubert, Rabaud, and Blüser; soloists such as Casals, Cortot, Lortat, Madame Jeanne Raunay, the tenor Panzéra (who sang the beautiful set of new songs, *L'Horizon Chimérique*, which belongs to the best of Fauré's output), and the orchestra and choir of the Conservatoire.

At the Concerts-Pasdeloup the last novelty of the season was Le Borne's *Mudarra*, a work of moderate importance.

The Société Musicale Indépendante ended its season with an incredibly long concert, rendered more tedious by the fact that it took place when the heat-wave from which

Paris suffered at its very worst. In the circumstances it was difficult to judge fairly works such as a String Quartet by Jean Cras, which was not devoid of poetic feeling, and a Quintet by Robert Casadesus, which, even when played at a time when the audience was collapsing from sheer heat and from the boredom of an endless Violin Sonata played before, seemed to possess vitality enough to arouse a measure of interest.

At a concert of the *Revue Musicale* a curious and not unattractive *Dilie*, by Roland Manuel, and two *Ballades* by Honegger, were given.

On June 10 Madame Labully sang in delightful manner old Italian Arias and modern French songs, and the pianist André Laumonier gave an attractive reading of Cyril Scott's *Impressions from the Jungle Book*. Another noteworthy item was the performance of Paul Marcilly's charming and unpretentious *Rayons Intérieurs*.

On June 16 Madame Thérèse Vié sang with great success Ravel's *Poèmes de Mallarmé*, Poulenc's *Bestiaire*, and Delage's *Poèmes Hindous*, at a concert organized in aid of the 'Œuvre des Aveugles de Guerre.' On June 24, the season ended with a splendid song recital given by Roland Hayes.

I have refrained from mentioning a few novelties—some of no small importance, such as Ravel's Sonata for violin and violoncello—for the sole reason that they were played in London soon after their first performance here.

A. BOLD.

ROME

I am indebted to the editor of the *Rivista Nazionale di Musica*, Signor Vito Raeli, for kindly giving me permission to reproduce the following interesting paper recently read by Carlo Giorgio Garofolo before the Roman Philharmonic Society, and published in the *Rivista Nazionale*:

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF UNEDITED AND UNKNOWN MUSIC OF GIROLAMO FRESCOBALDI

It would not be superfluous to speak of Girolamo Frescobaldi, even if this great musician, the chief composer of the 16th century, were honoured to-day as he deserves to be. On the contrary, however, his name figures in the works of the various musicologists only as a worthy organist and composer, and not as a great master, such as he really was and remains.

It is not my aim to make a biographical sketch: I will only say that Frescobaldi was born at Ferrara in 1583 and died at Rome in 1643. From 1604 onwards he lived at Rome almost without interruption, and in 1608, on his return from Flanders, he became organist of St. Peter's. His fame as organist and composer quickly spread throughout Europe, and his Toccate, Capricci, Canzoni, &c., were widely diffused and in a short time passed into various editions. He was contemporaneously 'virtuoso' clavicembalist at the Court of the Aldobrandini at Rome. He later passed a short time at Florence at the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and then returned to St. Peter's, where he remained until his death. Buried in the Basilica of the Holy Apostles, in the common grave, not a sign remains to mark the last resting place of one who added so great lustre to Italian art.

I have said that Frescobaldi was a great master; in fact, with regard to the technique of the keyboard—later fount of all other instrumental and symphonic forms—he is to be compared to Palestrina, to whom is due the development of vocal polyphony. Frescobaldi, almost his contemporary, gave life, direction, and definite form to the new class of music of purely vocal derivation, as no one before him had been able to do. To be more clear and precise I will say that Frescobaldi did for the instrumental art what Dante had done for literature, Raphael for drawing, Michelangelo for architecture, and Leonardo for engineering.

At the distance of four centuries, the intrinsic value of Frescobaldi's compositions remains unaltered. They are a class of music which has no need of transformation or of

realisation, as have the major part of the productions of composers posterior to him, in which the harmonies were indicated by figured basses alone, giving place frequently to equivocation or false interpretation: his music on the contrary remains integral in its real structure. Although the lugal style predominates, the contrapuntal power and the masterly movement of the parts cede the first place to the purity of the inspiration, and to the geniality and beauty of the motives, which instead of being sung are expressed by the keys. In order to obtain the perfect execution of this composer's works, it is to be noted that a not common capacity and mechanical ability are needed. It is this class of music which a century later found its greatest development in a descendant, indirect though he be, of Frescobaldi—Johann Sebastian Bach. It is well-known that amongst his other pupils, Frescobaldi numbered Fröberger, sent expressly by the Austrian Court to Rome to perfect himself with the Master, with whom he remained three years, and learned how to play and compose according to the mind and rules of Frescobaldi, and it is known also that after his definite return to Germany, he became master to the first generation of Bach. There is no doubt that J. S. Bach studied and loved Frescobaldi's works, and that the productions of the great Italian were for him a rich fountain of inspiration.

Not only did he cite him and esteem him, but he had a true and real veneration for his art. Schweitzer, in *Bach, le Musicien poète*, recounts how in 1721 Bach, already famous, acquired a copy of Frescobaldi's *Fiori Musicali*, which work, bearing Bach's signature, is still in existence. Without in the least minimising the greatness and importance of J. S. Bach, it is well to know that the originator of the lugal style, and of the fugue in particular, was Frescobaldi. It is deeply to be regretted, therefore, that this grand artist should be so little known, not only out of Italy, but even in his own land.

It is only too true that we possess but a small part of his compositions: many of them, along with the greater part of our musical patrimony, have been lost. Another illustrious scholar of Frescobaldi, Bartolomeo Grossi, confirms this when he says: 'Signor Girolamo has written infinite other volumes, and continually forms new ones, since he is so eminent in composition that he does marvels; but the fatigue and expense of printing does not permit them to see the light.'

It is to be deplored, however, that even of the existing works only a small part is known. Haberl prepared an accurate edition of some of these in modern notation (Breitkopf & Härtel, 1889), and in the preface deplored the neglect which musicians show to the memory of the great Ferrarese.

The greater part of the master's music, at the distance of four centuries, is probably irremediably lost—so much the more so, as, in 1688, his descendants ceased with the death of his son Domenic, a benefited priest of the Vatican Basilica.

I owe it to mere good fortune and chance that I am the possessor to-day of an old manuscript of the 18th century containing what I believe to be unpublished music of Girolamo Frescobaldi.

Many years ago I bought this MS. with some others from a wandering bookseller, and only at a later date did I become aware of its importance. This MS. of a hundred and fourteen pages, measuring 300 by 140 mm., without a frontispiece, unbound, but well preserved, dating from not later than the beginning of the 18th century, and as to the completeness of which one cannot be certain, includes twenty-seven Fugues for three and four voices, a Sonata col flautino in A major, an Elevation in G minor, and nineteen Canzoni, at the top of the first of which is written 'Canzone P.a Frescobaldi.'

The researches and studies I made regarding the style of these compositions completely reassured me of the genuineness of their authorship.

LEONARD PRYTON.

The North London Philharmonic Society is a new organization formed for the study and performance of the best choral and orchestral music, and for the development of appreciation of modern British music. The Society begins operations on September 18 and 19, at Spensley Hall, Brooke Road, Stoke Newington, the choir meeting on the former date and the orchestra on the latter. Mr. Henry Horwood (late of the Queen's Hall and Philharmonic Orchestras) is the conductor. The hon. secretary is Mr. John H. Chisholm, 30, Broke Road, Dalston, E.8.

Sir George and Lady Henschel gave a concert at Aviemore on August 9, in aid of the building fund of the local branch of the British Legion. Sir George sang an air from Cimarosa's *Don Calandrino*, Dvorák's *By the Waters of Babylon*, and Schubert's *To wander*. Lady Henschel sang Schubert's *The Almighty*, and three of her husband's settings of songs from Kingsley's *The Water-Babies*. Mr. Maurice Sons played solos by Bach, Wieniawski, Pugnani, and Fauré. The concert produced the handsome profit of £63, and was repeated at New Lonmore on August 15.

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BACH'S ORGAN MUSIC

By IVOR ATKINS

Though the organ works of Bach have occupied the attention of organists in England for about a hundred years, the survey made of them has been curiously slight on the whole. It would be safe to say that, until recent years, the Chorale Preludes, which in actual bulk occupy so large a place amongst the organ works, have remained practically unknown to all but the more adventurous of Bach's English followers.

No adequate explanation of this neglect has so far been made. It is curious to reflect that in this country the greatness of the Chorale Preludes should not have been as quickly recognised as in Germany; for, thanks to the enterprise of Robert Cocks, the first English edition of *The Little Organ Book*, the six Schübler Preludes, and the majority of the Eighteen Chorale Preludes was published about eighty years ago.* Though the edition was launched with all the authority which Mendelssohn's name carried as editor, it appears to have had little sale, and it is significant that the very fact of such an edition having appeared seems to have been quite unknown to such Bach students as Dr. Sanford Terry and Mr. Harvey Grace.

Even if we recognise the fact that until recent years the hymn-tunes upon which the Preludes are based were unfamiliar to English ears, and that the words of the hymns which Bach so faithfully illustrated were entirely unknown, it scarcely explains matters, for if these Preludes are judged from the point of view of absolute music their beauty is so great that it should have compelled instant recognition of their value.

It is true that, with our knowledge of both tune and text, we are now able to understand them fully; Pirro and Schweitzer, too, have helped greatly by their identification of Bach's use of particular figures as a means of illustration. Nevertheless, one would have thought that, even without this knowledge, it would have been as impossible to miss the greatness of the music itself as it would be to miss that of Wagner's, if listened to in temporary forgetfulness of his whole system of *leit-motiven*.

Surely, one would say, no musician worthy of the name, given a movement bearing such a title as *Das alte Jahr vergangen ist* or *In dir ist Freude*, could possibly mistake its mood and meaning. And yet the beauty of the music of *The Little Organ Book* (of which Parry said in a letter to the

writer 'the contents are amongst the most adorable things there are') appears to have passed practically unnoticed for almost fifty years. No knowledge of the text, no critical exegesis that can be offered can add much to the stature of such incomparable music as the *Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland* Prelude (Bk. XVII., 46),* and yet it, too, shared the same fate. By some accident this glorious music seems to have been simply passed over.

So little was the spirit of adventure abroad for anything but the Preludes and Fugues that the writer still remembers with amazement that the *Magnificat* (Bk. XVIII.) and the *Jesus Christus, unser Heiland* Preludes (Bk. XVII.), came as a complete surprise to one of the best-known organists of his day when played after Evensong at a Three Choirs Festival a very short time before the war. The challenge which such Preludes flung to musicianship—especially in the form in which they appeared in the Peters Edition, with its logical and satisfying use of the C clef—was only too seldom taken up.

Fortunately, Mr. Harvey Grace's recent book† will do much to remedy this one-sided view—a view which has hitherto emphasised the Toccatas, Fantasias, Preludes and Fugues, &c., at the expense of the Chorale Preludes. The book, which is the work of an enthusiast, will be of great value to students, for the author is a safe guide to all that is of permanent value in the organ works. Mr. Grace wisely discusses the works chronologically, and, as a result, we are able to follow Bach's development from his beginnings as a student to the last culminating days at Leipsic. So far as the present writer is aware, there has been no such work as this before, and it is a matter for pride that such a study should have proceeded from an Englishman. Although the book shows great learning, it is written in a style that is as clear and easy as its contents are illuminating. One is pleasantly surprised to find a book on this subject so thoroughly alive. It is refreshing, too, to see that with all his enthusiasm, the author manages to preserve his critical faculty; by the exercise of that faculty he is, for the most part, doing Bach's works great service. Mr. Grace discusses the works critically as he goes along, and with most of his judgments I find myself entirely in sympathy. It is good to have it pointed out that, if in the days of his maturity Bach developed a technique and an attitude of mind that at times seemed to pass earthly standards, there was a period in his early days when he was like ourselves, fallible and pleasantly liable to err.

Those who are intent upon the study of Bach's development will be interested in Mr. Grace's indications of the little touches of mastery in which the youthful Bach reveals points of departure from the workmanship of his predecessors. An interesting early example is the

* The references in this article are to the volumes and pages in the Novello Edition of Bach's Organ Works.

† *The Organ Works of Bach*, by Harvey Grace ('Handbooks for Musicians' (edited by Ernest Newman). London, Novello.

* That is, if the date of the English edition agrees with the date of Mendelssohn's Preface, to which I refer later.—I. A.

surprising pedal entry in bar 18 of the *Allegro* section of the *Fantasia in G* (Bk. XII., 81):



The author's suggestions for interpretation and registration are perhaps on the whole even more useful for English organists than those given by Schweitzer and Widor. Sometimes the advice given is questionable, as when, for example, in speaking of the five-voiced section of the *Fantasia in G* (Bk. IX.), Mr. Grace suggests what amounts to a curtailment of the magnificent upward pedal scale of two octaves by doubling a portion of it; but for the most part the recommendations are very sound and helpful. Particularly so are those for the interpretation of the *Chorale Preludes*. The suggested treatment (pp. 279, 280)—e.g., of the great *Jesus Christus, unser Heiland* (Bk. XVII., 74)—is admirable. The author could perhaps have amplified it by pointing out that the lines of the *Chorale* can be made much clearer if a slight break is introduced between bars 13 and 14 and again between bars 26 and 27, the breaks being led up to by a slight *allargando*. It is a good plan, too, in bar 38, to make the *Canto Fermo* D of the tenor part stand out by prolonging it slightly after the other notes in the chord have been released.

The book does splendid service by drawing attention to the less well-known works amongst the *Preludes* and *Fugues*. Perhaps most of us are too restricted in our choice. We are for ever grinding out the D major, the C major, the 'Little' E minor, the *Toccata and Fugue in D minor*, and a few others. How rarely do we stumble upon a hearing of the 'Great' E minor, the B minor, or the *Prelude in C minor*, not to mention others! These are long, it is true, but considerations of time do not appear to weigh with organists when it is a question of playing undistinguished organ sonatas. And even the question of length is not insuperable. It is all to the advantage of some of these works, as Mr. Grace points out, to separate prelude from fugue at times. Our neglect of these great works can be explained only by the fact that

we are far too much chained to our organ-stools. If we could get away from them more often, we should realise what magnificent effect these masterpieces make when adequately rendered. Who could forget the impression made by the little-known *Fugue in C major* (Bk. IX., 162), with the arresting effect of the E flat at the last pedal entry of the theme (inverted):



or of the pedal entry at the close of the 'Dorian' *Fugue* (Bk. X., 207):



I confess to a thrill of gratitude when I came across Mr. Grace's tribute to the greatness of the *Prelude Kyrie, Gott heiliger Geist* (Bk. XVI., 33). How little this work is known! And yet was there ever a grander peroration than this, with its magical sinking to G major, conditioned by the Plain-song of the bass? So far as I know, it has never failed to overwhelm layman and musician alike when played on an instrument of adequate power. Then again the *Magnificat*—a prelude on the *Tonus Peregrinus*—Bk. XVIII.) is still awaiting wider recognition. There are at least two passages in that work where the music, in spite of its being written in only five parts, soars with such overwhelming sweep as to appear to transcend the

majesty of any organ yet built. This is one of them :

Ex. 4.



Of course the passage can only be properly appreciated with the context.

In matters of textual criticism the author is always sound. One is perhaps a little surprised to find him expressing a preference for the reading :

Ex. 5.



rather than for the much more characteristic :

Ex. 6.



in the 'Short' G minor Fugue, but no doubt it may be a matter of old association. He deals at length with the famous pedal passage in the Toccata in F (Bk. IX.) :



Ex. 7.

Investigating the whole matter with great patience, and showing a singular power of suffering fools gladly, he arrives at conclusions which must be convincing to all.

He does not, however, notice a passage towards the end of the Toccata and Fugue in D minor (Bk. II., 1), which always seems unsatisfactory if played as it stands. I refer to the section which opens thus :

Ex. 8. *Adagio. Vivace.*

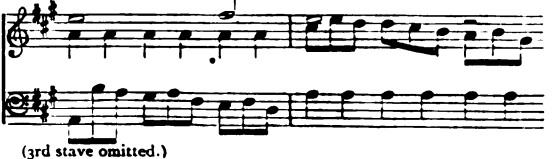
It seems impossible that Bach can have intended the *Vivace* to apply to all four bars. Played in this way the massive sequences become little more than a meaningless succession of rapid, thumping chords. In my view it seems probable that Bach intended an alternation of *Adagio* and *Vivace* throughout the whole passage. If we treat it in this way, and are careful to avoid violent contrasts of pace (remembering the difference between the *Vivace* and *Adagio* of Bach's day and our own), the passage at once becomes invested with the dignity which we should expect to find at this point, where the composer is leading up to the *Molto adagio* of the end. Discussing the matter some years ago with Sir Walter Parratt, I was more than delighted to find that he had arrived independently at the same solution of the problem.

I give below my suggestion for the interpretation of this passage :

Ex. 9. *Adagio. Vivace. Adagio. Vivace. Adagio.*

In discussing the treatment of two notes against three in the prelude *In dulci jubilo*, in the *Little Organ Book* (Bk. XV.), Mr. Grace makes it clear that he would have us play the second note of the group of two with the third of the group of three. This, of course, was the general practice in the 17th century, but if the Bachgesellschaft editor correctly reproduces the composer's MS. it would appear that Bach intended the two notes against three in this Prelude to be played as we should play them to-day, for we come across two methods of notation. The earlier part follows this form :

Ex. 10.



(3rd stave omitted.)

and later on we come across bars noted like this :

Ex. 11.



Any decision must be postponed until the original MS. has been examined, but in the meanwhile the opinion may be expressed that the use of the figure 3 in the opening bar of the Bachgesellschaft edition and in the example quoted above is so unusual in music of this period that one must suspect the hand of the editor, Rust.*

I close this slight review of a valuable book by referring once more to the *Little Organ Book*. It may perhaps be pointed out that the statement on page 112 that 'only two editions—the original Bachgesellschaft and the Novello—retain the original order' is not accurate.

In the first English edition (to which I have already referred) the printed order of the Preludes was presumably that in which they appeared in Mendelssohn's autograph—except in so far as that order was modified by the few pages which were wanting in that manuscript.

The following passage, taken from Mendelssohn's Preface (dated Frankfurt, February 17, 1845) to *John Sebastian Bach's Organ Compositions on Corales Psalm-Tunes, Edited from the Original Manuscripts by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy (London, Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co.),* will be of interest:

Of the forty-four short Preludes [*i.e.*, the *Little Organ Book*] I am fortunate enough to possess his manuscript with the exception of but a few pages; the pieces are numbered in his own handwriting (even twice in a different way), and there can be no doubt that he intended them to form a collection of their own.

The recollection of the beauty of the Chorale Preludes—a beauty yet unexplored for many—must be my excuse for what I am now going to say.

I suppose that few men are given greater opportunities for realising the evils of unprepared oratory than organists. Most of us have suffered much from the formless word-stringing which so often does duty for the sermon. Few are without a wide experience; while, for some, the ways in extemporaneous oratory of the popular preacher have long since been as a carefully charted sea. But an infinity of suffering need not dull the critical sense: we may keep ourselves alive to the evil of unprepared thought. For this reason I venture to ask whether we organists are without our own temptations? Those of us who at every opportunity indulge in extemporization (for which some have gifts and some have not) show singular

complacency towards a kindred type of suffering which we may be inflicting upon others. Frequent—and as unhappy as it is frequent—must be the experience of some worshipper who, having marched during the opening voluntary with the untrammelled thoughts of the organist, has yet to face the unbridled word-wanderings of the preacher.

It needs some courage to touch upon such a subject, but I do so to draw attention to the fact that there need be no excuse for too frequent extemporization while we have the Chorale Preludes of Bach to fall back upon.

If a short voluntary is needed, what can be better suited to produce the proper atmosphere for the opening of the service than the short Preludes of the *Little Organ Book*? To play such Preludes as *Mit Fried' und Freud*; *Ich ruf' zu dir*; *O Mensch, beweine*; *Da Jesus an dem Kreuze stund*, is to bring peace into one's own soul as well as to the listener's. By playing these Preludes frequently we are doing a service to ourselves and to others. Indeed, most of them are late in revealing their real magic. Few who have come to know *Das alte Jahr vergangen ist* would care to let the last day of the year pass by without lingering over such strangely moving harmonies as these:

Ex. 12.



Those who find delight in the most intimate moods of Bach will probably turn again and again to the Prelude *Mit Fried' und Freud*, with its perfect presentation of the resignation of the *Nunc dimittis*. Surely the following passage is one of the tenderest which even he ever penned:

Ex. 13.

(Lento e tranquillo.)



* Following the Bachgesellschaft edition when editing the *Little Organ Book*, I gave E as the last note of the alto part of *Wer nur den lieben Gott* (Bk. XV., 117), but this should probably be corrected to C♯—I. A.



It is music such as this which brings us so close to him that he becomes for us the 'old Bach' of our warmest affection.

For solemn use, what could equal the noble comfort of *Jesu meine Freude* or of *Alle Menschen müssen sterben*—a Prelude which comes to mean so much that it is almost impossible to think about it unmoved.*

If, on the other hand, we want something longer for the voluntary, we can turn to the Eighteen Preludes (Bk. XVII.), a collection which contains, amongst other masterpieces, the mystical *Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele*; *Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland*; *Jesus Christus, unser Heiland*, and other Preludes to which I have already alluded. But even then the treasures are nothing like exhausted. There still remain lovely things which we may find amongst the six Schübler Preludes and the *Clavierübung*, Part 3 (both the latter are in Bk. XVI.), and amongst the miscellaneous preludes which Bach left.

But such a study as Mr. Grace's *Organ Works of Bach*, useful as it is to organists, ought to be in the hands of every musician who desires to see Bach whole. To pianists, especially, it should be valuable. Under the discriminating guidance of the author there is a liberal education ahead for any who are enterprising enough to take the organ works to the pianoforte and transcribe them in a rough and ready way for themselves. Certainly such a task is most interesting, and one which yields an enormous amount of pleasure. And if, here and there, we come across music beyond the capacity of one pair of hands—though those who practise the game with the ardour which it is apt to induce are none too ready to recognise such limitations—it is always possible to call in the help of a second player, to whom some of the pedal part may be relegated (but the joy of the thing is so great that even the most unselfish of us will hardly surrender the part throughout!).

Nor need any think that it is impossible to get at the heart of these works in this way. I hope I shall shock none when I say that some of them give me almost as much pleasure when played on a fine pianoforte as when played on the organ.

I would go even further and suggest that there are times when the sympathy of the modern pianoforte appears to bring us nearer to the composer in those very intimate and human moods of his which we find so lovable. Something of the veil

which the organ, with its impersonal, selfless tone, is apt to interpose between us and the Master's personality seems drawn aside as we listen to certain of these works at the pianoforte.

But this is dangerous ground. We are all more likely to agree that it is a good and healthy thing to look at great works from different angles.

A NEW CHORAL WORK BY HOLST

Of the works to be produced at the Leeds Festival none is likely to arouse keener interest than Gustav Holst's setting for chorus and orchestra of Whitman's *Ode to Death*, just published by Novello. Holst—at all events in his present stage—is surely the most direct of composers, and we are reminded of the fact by a mere glance at this work. How the older choral writers (and some of the newer ones) would have spread themselves over this poem of Whitman's! Its seven stanzas would have provided them with material for a full-dress cantata, with prelude, solos, and highly developed choruses. This vocal score of Holst's is contained in a mere nineteen pages—about 150 bars, if a further gauge be of interest. The chorus enters at the second bar, there are no solos, and no full closes in the ordinary sense of the term. Moreover, we get an impression of a curious kind of suppressed eagerness from the fact that there is practically no modulation. We move from key to key (sometimes to a very remote one) by the simple process of stepping into it—the very antithesis of the Delius way, whereby we slide and squirm from point to point. As an instance of the Holstian short-cut method we cite pp. 5 and 6, where there is a remarkable series of chords, apparently unrelated yet quite coherent, followed by a silent pause, after which occurs a plunge into the following, in eight parts, for the voices over a pedal A flat:

Ex 1.

lento.

Praise! . . . For the sure-en-fold-ing

Allegro moderato.

arms of cool-en-fold-ing death.

dim. *pp molto stacc.*

2+3

No less striking harmonically are some passages where the music swings quietly between two remote keys, e.g.:

* I am bound to disagree very strongly with Mr. Grace when he writes that this Prelude 'is no less effective played with fair pace and power.'—I. A.

Ex. 2.

TENOR. In the day, in the night, . .

BASS.

Sometimes we have two keys used simultaneously. For example, in bar 3 of page 2 the trebles and tenors are as clearly in A (or E) as the altos and basses are in B flat. The parts themselves are simple, but their clear and logical presentation in condensed pianoforte-score form puts a severe strain on the resources of notation. It must not be imagined from the above remarks that the music is extravagant or complex. On the contrary, it is essentially simple. The texture is slender rather than otherwise (the eight-part passage quoted is almost the only one of its kind), and the proportion of plain common chords and diatonic progressions is large.

Those who argue that there are no such *tempi* as 7-4 and 5-4, on the ground that those schemes are merely alternations of 4-4 + 3-4, and 3-4 + 2-4 respectively, expressed in such a way as to avoid constant changes of signature, will find support here. The bulk of the work is in 7-4 and 5-4 time, but at one or two necessary points the composer shows where the secondary accent falls by such signs as 4 + 3, 2 + 3, &c., an improvement on the constant use of dotted lines. Rhythmically the work is full of interest, with a fluidity and a scrupulous care in regard to verbal accentuation that provides the best of answers to the literary big-wigs who regard composers as vandals in such matters. The chief thematic constituents are a series of gently-dropping fifths hung on a dominant pedal:

Ex. 3.

Adagio.

4 + 3

Adagio.

pp 4 + 3

Come.

and the little figure of five notes which emerges from the dissonance at the end of the passage quoted in Ex. 1. This figure is used with striking effect as a ground-bass during some thirty bars, which begin in a manner suggestive of soft foot-falls, and work up to a climax at 'I joyously sing the dead.' The end responds to the beginning, with pedal-point and dropping fifths, and a whispered 'Come' from the chorus, an effect of expectancy being induced by this final chord being a second inversion:

Ex. 4.

Come.

pppp

8va

8va

The work is scored for a large orchestra, with organ, but the second oboe, third and fourth horns, all three trombones, celesta, and organ are 'cued in,' and can be dispensed with—a practical arrangement that places the work within the range of choral societies of limited financial resources.

For the benefit of those who do not know the poem it may be well to add that there is nothing here of the morbid or depressing. In fact, this *Ode to Death* is far more bracing and heartening than a good many poems dealing with Life.

Ad Libitum

By 'FESTE'

I understand that the attendances at the 'Proms.' so far are round about the record, and the fact sets one thinking. Here we have Queen's Hall full, night after night, at a period of the year supposed to be an 'off' season so far as concert-giving is concerned. And yet at the beginning of the summer we were told, with a wealth of despairing head-lines, that orchestral concerts were all run at a loss, that our orchestras were in danger of disbandment, and that something would have to be done about it. No practical suggestions were made, though there was no lack of the other sort; the public remained grandly calm, as it always does when threatened with musical crises of the kind; the S.O.S. died away, and the signallers went off for their holidays. Then, while the rest of us are still shaking our heads over the bleak prospect, the Chappell-Wood-Newman combination gets to work and shows that good orchestral concerts, given nightly, and despite holidays, daylight-saving, tennis booms, and other distractions, can draw audiences so large that time after time the house has been sold out.

Now if these large audiences can be got together nightly, hundreds of them paying two shillings to be allowed to stand for a couple of hours, how are we to account for the large proportion of empty seats at concerts given by the various orchestras during the season proper?

The burning question recently asked on all sides as to where flies go in the winter is an easy one compared with a similar inquiry as to

Promenaders. Where do *they* go? Why are hundreds of Londoners avid for orchestral music during the 'Prom.' season and apparently indifferent about it at other times? Can this enthusiastic crowd be induced to tack itself on to the regular concert-going public? If so, how? And if not, why not?

Those who tell us that orchestral concerts must cease unless greater public support is forthcoming, and that even when the hall is full the balance is likely to be on the wrong side, must do a bit of hard thinking about the 'Proms.' There, staring us in the face, is the generous public support, and we may be pretty sure, too, that the concerts pay their way and a bit over. Messrs. Chappell's public-spirited saving of the situation some years ago, and their subsequent enterprise, must be gratefully acknowledged; but no firm is likely to strain its generosity so far as to run sixty concerts year after year at a loss.

Perhaps we shall get somewhere near an answer to the questions asked above if we begin by taking note of some details in which the 'Proms.' differ from other orchestral concerts. First, the prices of admission are lower, and, an even more important point, there is an unusually large proportion of space allotted to the 2s. and 3s. customers. Everybody agrees that at the average concert far too little consideration is given to the music-lover who has to look hard at a half-crown before he bangs it. Time after time we see him packed tightly into a small space under the circle at Queen's Hall while rows of stalls are empty. Presumably there must be a good reason for not increasing the number of cheap seats, but I have never yet heard one brought forward. (By the way, when will more commonsense be shown in the valuing of seats? At present, the cheapest at Queen's Hall are those under the circle. Assuming that one goes to hear the music to the best advantage, these area seats are far better than the front rows of the stalls, which cost about four or five times as much; and they are a good deal better than the stalls at the sides, which cost about double, and which, moreover, make the orchestra and chorus sound lopsided and sometimes far from unanimous. The occupants of these side stalls have an extra affliction in the perishing draught that braces them up every time a door is opened. Some day, when our concert-halls scrap all their conventions, the cheapest seats at orchestral and choral concerts will be those nearest the platform, whether in stalls, circle, or balcony, while the most expensive will be in the middle of the circle and balcony. The area and the remainder of the stalls will be priced at a trifle more than the front stalls. The ground floor of the hall will thus be entirely devoted to cheap seats. This seems startling until we remember that at the 'Proms.' all this is occupied by 2s. clients. It is absurd that on Friday night I may stand in the centre of the stall space for 2s., whereas before I can sit on the same spot at a symphony concert on the following afternoon I must pay about a half-guinea.)

Difference the second: We are allowed—even encouraged—to smoke, whereas at other orchestral concerts at Queen's Hall our use of tobacco must be confined to an occasional and surreptitious pinch of snuff. Nobody seems to see any incongruity in the simultaneous enjoyment of tobacco and fine music at the 'Proms.,' so why should we not smoke at Philharmonic and at Symphony concerts? Many a man, wavering between a concert hall and a variety theatre, finds the scale turned by his pipe. It is safe to assume that a large number of men, especially young men, go to the 'Proms.' chiefly because smoking is allowed, and that they stay away from other concerts because it isn't. Even people who don't smoke like the sociable and free-and-easy atmosphere of the 'Proms.'—an atmosphere due largely to the mollifying influence of the weed.

Side by side with this tobacco licence (so to speak) is the comparative ease with which one is able to obtain a variety of refreshments at the 'Proms.' The accommodation is better and the fare more varied and attractive, rising even to such festive and doggish things as ices.

Difference the third: The programmes have a triple pull over those of the average orchestral concert—they are shorter, they contain a larger proportion of the familiar, and they favour short works rather than long. The first part of the programme lasts as a rule about an hour and a half. One may enjoy a pleasant interval, hear the important work which usually opens the second half, and be well on the way home by ten o'clock. Symphony concerts rarely last less than two and a half hours (sometimes more), and they do not lend themselves so easily to an early departure.

As to the inclusion of a large number of familiar items, you and I may rail at the constant trotting out of these war horses, but we have to remind ourselves that there is a new generation of concert-goers always arriving, and that what is threadbare to us is thrilling to them. Do you remember how knocked over you were by your first hearing of the C minor, the *Pathetic*, *Leonora* No. 3, and, the rest of the standing dishes? You would have found it hard to realise that just behind was sitting a *blast* concert-goer who was as much bored as you were bucked. When an acknowledged masterpiece begins to wear a bit thin, you should dodge it for a season, and then come back to it fresh, and really listen to it. You will usually find that, like a razor that has been laid aside for a while, it has got back its old edge. A grouse at these works being retained in the repertory is as sensible as a complaint that a public library keeps Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens & Co., on its shelves. There is always somebody coming along to whom they will open the world of delight in which you yourself once walked enchanted, though to-day you may have time and inclination for no more than an occasional dip. This by the way. The point is that an enormous proportion of concert-goers are

attracted by the familiar, as is shown by the attendance at Queen's Hall on Friday and Monday nights, when never a note of new music is on tap. The number of people who will turn up at any concert merely because a new work is promised is small. The average amateur is no more eager to be introduced to a new piece of music than to a new acquaintance. You may get him to hear the novelty, but only by sandwiching it between slabs of the familiar. He will do his duty by the new work, especially if the composer can be induced to appear, when he will applaud with such warmth and staying power that the composer is deceived into thinking he has scored a popular success. But it is Beethoven's No. 5 that our friend has really come to hear, and if he is to be trained on into a regular concert-goer every programme must contain at least one of the works that we know he wants. Similarly of course every programme should contain at least one novelty or quasi-novelty, or one revived work of special interest. The Goossens concerts last year showed how small is the public that can be drawn by programmes almost entirely made up of the unfamiliar. A judicious blend calls for less rehearsal, and for less effort on the part of the audience: it attracts the general musical public instead of the small specialist class only; and last, but far from least, it yields better results, because a contrast of styles is ensured. Nobody could attend the Goossens concerts without feeling that a string of unfamiliar modern works induced not less monotony than a string of familiar classics—perhaps even more.

To sum up: The 'Proms.' have the advantage of making a special appeal to London as one of the few musical features of which it may be proud, and they undoubtedly owe much to the personality of Sir Henry Wood, with his twenty-eight consecutive years as conductor. But when allowance has been made for these factors, there still seem to be additional reasons for their being able to succeed where most other orchestral concerts fail. Are these reasons to be found in the slight differences between the 'Proms.' and other concerts that have been pointed out above? If so, the crisis in the concert world ought to be settled without much difficulty.

At the risk of making a short story long, I feel moved to raise the question as to whether our orchestral concerts in general cannot be made more attractive, and with gain rather than loss so far as the standard of music is concerned.

First, as to the vocal items: Are our songsters at this date unable to do anything more enterprising than ring the changes on a batch of operatic recits. and arias? Many of these are beneath contempt as music. All but a few of the coloratura airs which sopranos seem to think we are bursting to hear are of little more interest than a difficult effort of Concone. Look through a batch of programmes of any recent season and you will see that soloists as a body are giving us pretty much the same old snippets that their parents and grandparents

handed out. There was some excuse for the old generation of singers; most of them were operatic stars and little else. Moreover, the things they sang were drawn from operas actually in the repertory, and as a result concert audiences were familiar with the context, and thus were able to supply the dramatic significance without which such extracts are as meaningless as a page taken at random from a novel. To-day, many of the operas concerned are very rarely heard, or have long since dropped out of the repertory, but the extracts still linger on in the concert-room, usually sung in a foreign tongue and often with no English version in the programme book. As most of the audience know little or nothing of what they are about, they have to stand or fall on their purely musical merits. Most of them fall heavily, but nobody throws things, apparently because it seems to be an accepted tradition that singers at orchestral concerts should always be a century or so behind the fair. Yet what would be said of an orchestra that made up its programmes from the instrumental equivalents of threadbare extracts from *Lucia*, *La Favorita*, *Traviata*, *L'Africana*, *Mignon*, *I Vespri Siciliani*, and a dozen such works? We may be sure that a good deal would be said—and done—because we expect orchestras to keep us in touch with current orchestral music. Is it too much to ask singers to do the same for us in the matter of songs? As things are now, the only people who can hear a number of the best songs, from the classical *lieder* school down to contemporary examples, are the few who can attend vocal recitals—expensive affairs that usually take place in the afternoon. The great mass of the musical public hears little first-rate singing apart from that of the soloists at choral and orchestral concerts. Can we wonder that the royalty ballad is still the staple vocal solo of thousands who, in the matter of orchestral music, are capable of appreciating the best from Bach and Beethoven onwards?

It is sometimes said that operatic extracts are sung at orchestral concerts because it is a tradition that the vocal items on such occasions must be works with orchestral accompaniment, and that the number of songs fulfilling this demand is negligible. If this is the best reason that can be brought forward, the sooner tradition is knocked on the head the better. There can be no more grateful relief in the middle of an orchestral programme than a group of fine songs with accompaniment for pianoforte or string quartet, or some other small chamber combination. If the audiences of to-day were genuinely interested in such things as 'Bel raggio,' 'Ah! lo so,' and other done-to-death arias, something might be said in favour of their perpetuation. But if you will observe the demeanour of your neighbours at Queen's Hall while they are being sung, you will see, time after time, obvious signs of boredom, and rarely anything warmer than mere tolerance, though of course this indifference does not prevent a liberal amount of applause, especially if the singer happens to be above the average in

comeliness and garb, with some good top notes and a smile that puts the comethor on all but the flintiest of us. That soft heart of our public is a bar to progress here as in other things. It encourages singers to linger on the platform years after they should have taken the rags of their once fine voices into honourable retirement, and it will applaud all sorts of futilities because it cannot screw itself up to hurt a performer's feelings—if the performer happens to be on the concert-platform, that is. If it is merely Anna Maria making a hash of some domestic job, or a tradesman sending the wrong article, or a dress-maker who gores a sleeve with a box-pleat instead of a V-shaped insertion, feelings do not matter overmuch. Who are musicians, anyway—and, above all, singers—that they should be exempt from the common lot where praise and blame are concerned?

The other point in which orchestral concerts might be improved is in regard to the limited use we make of the instrumental soloist. Here again we are slaves to a tiresome tradition. Why must our Cortôts and Lamonds, Suggias and Harrisons, Mengeses and Sammonses, never be heard save in a concerto? The number of fine works in this form is notoriously small; almost all are far too long; and some of the most frequently played are generally admitted to be poor stuff. I believe the prospect of hearing (say) Moiseiwitsch play a twenty-minutes' group of solos, or Lamond in a Beethoven Sonata, or Cortôt in a Ravel-Debussy group, would attract more people than would the announcement of either of them in a concerto. As in the case of a group of songs with pianoforte accompaniment, the programmes would gain by the relief, and a host of people would have an opportunity of getting on terms with a good deal of fine instrumental music that at present is heard only by the comparatively small number able to attend solo recitals. Of course the best of the concertos would be heard from time to time, but we ought to be spared a few of the far too frequent repetitions of such poor and hackneyed specimens as the Tchaikovsky B flat minor.

Well (to make a *da capo*), the Promenade Concerts show that there is a large public for orchestral music—for we have to remember that their audiences are not made up of the same people night after night. Apparently they tap three or four sections of music-lovers, for you will see a different crowd on Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays, the gatherings on the other nights being less clearly defined. Clearly there are enough enthusiasts to furnish packed houses for the thirty or forty orchestral concerts given in London during the winter. It will need something like a surgical operation to persuade me that the general run of orchestral concerts cannot be so managed as to keep the bulk of these Promenaders

in constant touch with orchestral music until the time for their annual sixty nights' feast comes round again. It is futile to sit around howling jeremiads about crises and disbanding of orchestras on the ground that concerts either don't draw, or that they lose money when they *do* draw; the 'Proms.' both draw and pay, so it's up to the others to show that what can be done nightly in the summer and autumn can be done on carefully selected dates in the winter. If things can be put right by such simple, practical, and undignified means as tobacco, more cheap seats, shorter programmes, brighter ditto, bigger buffets, and ices during the interval, the parties concerned must get down off their high horse and see to it. Otherwise the cinema, with its ever-open door, cheap and comfortable seats, and (frequently) good music, will be able to answer the question 'Where do "Promenaders" go in the winter.'

STUDIES ON THE HORN

BY W. F. H. BLANDFORD

II.—WAGNER AND THE HORN PARTS OF *LOHENGRIIN**

(Continued from September Number, page 624.)

The valve-horn achieved no early general popularity among orchestral players, who, having had to master the delicate and difficult art of the hand-horn player, saw no advantages in an instrument that, defective in itself, threatened to supersede their laboriously-acquired skill, and lent itself, if improperly handled, to an inferiority of tone and style that they properly shunned. The first really effective step towards its introduction into the higher walks of music was taken by an able French artist, P. J. Meifred, who, when Spontini (between 1823 and 1831) sent from Berlin to Paris the first valve-instruments seen in that capital, energetically advocated the use of the valve-horn, which he improved. He was appointed professor of the valve-horn in the Paris Conservatoire in 1833, and undoubtedly paved the way for Halévy's adoption of it in *La Juive*.

Nevertheless the instrument was slower to make headway in France than in Germany, owing to the conservatism of French musicians. It was not even taught at the Conservatoire from the time of Meifred's retirement in 1863 until M. Brémond, the present professor of the horn, obtained leave in 1897 to have an informal valve-horn class, and in 1902 to have it taught as the principal instrument. French composers, such as Gounod and Bizet, continued to write for the natural horn until recent times; but it is interesting to note that one of Gounod's early works was a set of pieces for valve-horn and pianoforte dedicated to M. A. Raoux, second horn at the Théâtre des Italiens and the last of the famous house of horn-makers.

Although the walls of conservatism did not fall at the first blast of the valve-horn, it filled an obvious want and proved itself of value in wind-bands and minor musical organizations in which the natural horn had been of comparatively little use. Even

* Through an unfortunate misreading of the MS. notes from which this paper was written, the changes of key in the horn parts on page 244 of the full score of *Lohengrin* were incorrectly given in the second column of the September instalment (*M.T.*, page 623, col. 1). The key is changed from E to E flat after a rest of nine quavers, and two bars later to F after a rest of three quavers.—W. F. H. B.

here inertia had to be contended with, and not until 1830 was the valve-horn admitted to the Prussian military bands, or until 1837 to the Bavarian.

Things being as they were, the valve-horn in its early career fell mainly into the hands of players who had never made a proper study of the far more difficult *Waldhorn*, with the inevitable result that a different and inferior standard of playing came to be adopted for it.* So much indeed may be inferred from the prefatory note to the score of *Tristan* which, though not given to the world until 1860, represented ideas that must have been simmering in Wagner's mind when he wrote *Lohengrin*. Translated into English, it runs as follows:

The composer desires to draw special attention to the treatment of the horns. This instrument has undoubtedly gained so greatly by the introduction of valves as to render it difficult to disregard this extension of its scope, although the horn has thereby indisputably lost some of its beauty of tone and power of producing a smooth *legato*. On account of these grave defects, the composer (who attaches importance to the retention of the horn's true characteristics) would have felt himself compelled to renounce the use of the valve-horn, if experience had not taught him that capable artists can, by specially careful management, render them almost unnoticeable, so that little difference can be detected either in tone or smoothness.

Pending the inevitable improvement in the valve-horn that is to be desired, the horn-players are strongly recommended most carefully to study their respective parts in this score, in order to ascertain the crooks and valves appropriate to all the requirements of its execution. The composer relies implicitly on the use of the E (as well as the F) crook; whether the other changes which frequently occur in the score, for the easier notation of low notes, or obtaining the requisite tone of high notes, are effected by means of the appropriate crooks or not, is left to the decision of the players themselves; the composer accepts the principle that the low notes, at all events, will usually be obtained by transposition.

Single notes marked + indicate stopped sounds; if these have to be produced in a key in which they are naturally open, the pitch of the horn must be altered by the valves, so that the sound may be heard as a stopped note.

On this criticism H. Kling observes: 'Comme corniste, nous ne pouvons souscrire à cette appréciation de l'illustre maître' (*Bull. S.I.M.*, 1908). Here again the historical sense seems lacking, for unless Kling were old enough to remember the valve-horn playing before *Lohengrin* was written, his own views would be derived from a period when the improvements brought about by the artists of whom Wagner speaks had already minimised the defects.

When Wagner went as Hofkapellmeister to Dresden he found already installed as principal horn a notable player, J. R. Lewy,† of whom he makes laudatory mention in *Ueber das Dirigiren* (p. 42), where he praises the beautiful and restrained playing of the horns under the artistic leadership of Lewy in the opening of the Overture to *Der Freischütz*.

* See hereon the late H. L. Eichborn's *Die Dämpfung beim Horn*, p. 16 (Leipsic, 1897). Eichborn (1847-1917), a personal friend and correspondent of the writer's, was an excellent and cultivated essayist on the historical and æsthetic sides of trumpet- and horn-playing.

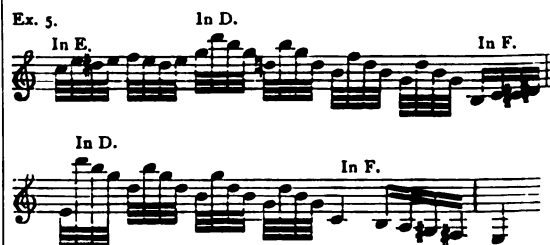
† Joseph Rodolphe Lewy, 1802-81, a younger brother and pupil of E. C. Lewy, in his turn a pupil of H. Domnich. The latter, of German birth, was one of the first professors of the horn at the Paris Conservatoire and intimately acquainted with the great Ponto, from whom he received lessons and whom he was said even to excel in fulness of tone and beauty of his trill. He published a Method which contains some curious and interesting information.

Now Lewy published, probably about 1850, *Douze Etudes pour le Cor chromatique et le Cor simple, avec accompagnement de Piano* (Leipsic, B. & H.), which are the last word in difficulty, and compel a profound respect for his abilities as a player. Three of these Studies, Nos. 5, 10, and 11, are marked, as in Wagner's score, with numerous changes of key, confined to F, E, E flat, and D. They are never preceded by more than a crotchet rest, and frequently occur without preparation in the midst of most florid passages; and they make the music extremely difficult reading, apart from its executive obstacles.

Lewy prefaces his studies with an explanatory note in which he says:

These Studies are to be played on the chromatic F horn, but the valves are to be employed only when the natural horn is inadequate for the bright and distinct emission of the sounds. Moreover, what is written for the simple horn is also to be played on the chromatic horn, the valves being used only for playing in other keys without changing the crook. When the part is marked 'In Es,' the first valve is to be used; when 'In E,' the second; and when 'In D,' the third. In this way alone will the beauty of tone of the natural horn be retained, and the instrument acquire increased capabilities.

The text of the last sentence may be usefully compared with Wagner's note to *Tristan*; and the following extract from Study No. 11 will suffice to enable a comparison of Lewy's manner of writing to be made with that of Wagner:



Two of the remaining Studies are stated to be entirely for the natural horn used as above. In the others no changes of key are marked, and it is left to the player's discretion to decide where he shall use the valves, though an occasional direction, such as 'La main,' or 'Cor chromatique' (where sonority is required) controls his choice. It requires no argument to show that Lewy's treatment of the valves was strictly a reversion to the original conception of Blühmel and Stölzel.

Another of Lewy's works exhibits an important detail which strengthens the evidence; this is a *Divertissement* on motives of Schubert for chromatic horn and pianoforte, Op. 13 (Leipsic, B. & H.), published after the Studies, as is shown by the index numbers of the plates. It is written for horn in F, and exhibits changes from F to G flat, and back again, and from F to E and back again. The upward change to G flat, an exact parallel to Wagner's previously inexplicable change of the horn crooked in G to A flat in Ex. 4 suggests, taken together with the Studies, that Lewy employed, or contemplated the use of, a horn with one *ascending* valve as well as three *descending* valves, the former raising the pitch one or two semitones (if the latter, the second descending valve would be employed concurrently to produce a semitone rise).

Ascending valves were first proposed by John Shaw (his 'spring staples,' 1824), and were made by Saurle, of Munich (1829), Halary, of Paris (1847 or 1849), Ad. Sax (1850), and Oswald Röhlich, of Vienna (date unknown), but little use seems to have been made of them. Recently, however, they have become popular on M. Brémont's re-introduction in France, where players of the higher parts commonly substitute for the descending third piston, which lowers the pitch three semitones, an ascending piston which raises it two semitones (Halary's arrangement). This facilitates high passages, and also scales and figures in difficult keys, such as C sharp, but it causes the loss of a few low notes, which must be obtained by other means known to horn-players. One artist, M. Reine, late of the Paris Opéra, uses a four-valved horn, having an ascending valve in addition to the usual three descending valves. This is an excellent combination, though it has the disadvantage of making the horn heavier, and of placing four valves under the control of the left hand, which has also to hold the horn and regulate the embouchure.

The objection to assuming the use of an ascending valve to explain the change to G flat in Lewy's *Divertissement* (and the analogous change to A flat in Ex. 4) is the absence of evidence that Lewy ever used such a system and the improbability of his introducing it into a piece meant for a drawing-room diversion. The alternative that suggests itself is that the portions in G flat are meant to be played *quasi con sordino*, the pitch being obtained by muting the F horn with the hand.*

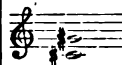
The key of G flat is used in a transcription of Schubert's *Serenade*, the first twenty-two bars (including silences) of the voice part being written in D minor for horn in 'Ges,' without indication such as *con sordino* or *gedämpft* or any dynamic marks. From the twenty-first bar inclusive the part proceeds as follows:

Ex. 6.

The musical notation for Ex. 6 consists of four staves. The first staff is labeled 'In Ges.' and the second 'In F.' with a forte (f) dynamic. The third staff is labeled 'In Ges.' and the fourth 'In F.' with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

The two short phrases in G flat can be appropriately played as an echo by muting with the hand; but it is unthinkable that Lewy should have intended playing the first twenty-two bars in a manner suggesting a ventriloquist imitating a cornet-player on the roof, and blurring into the full tone of the horn at the twenty-third bar, subsequently employing it again for the final cadence. This possibility has been unanimously rejected by experienced players both in England and France, to whom the passage

has been submitted, but without eliciting any alternative suggestion. It is certain that Wagner's change to A flat was not intended to be produced by raising the pitch with the hand, though he was familiar with the device, as shown by sundry chords in *Lohengrin* and the *Flying Dutchman*—e.g., in Scene 7 of the latter the chord marked *gestopft*

 for *Waldhorn* must be produced by

raising the pitch. Although Lewy's *Divertissement* may be thought only to solve one problem by raising another, it does afford evidence that Wagner was copying a practice of Lewy's, and our primary object is to explain Wagner and not Lewy.

A perusal, spread over nearly forty years, of a large quantity of horn-music, including much of the player-composer type so important in this connection, has not brought to light any parallel to this mode of writing employed by Wagner at Dresden, and Lewy, his principal horn there; nor in any later work of Wagner's is it repeated precisely. Can it be doubted that there is a true nexus between the two, and that we are not face to face with a coincidence? Which of the two, Wagner or Lewy, converted the other is an interesting but fruitless subject for speculation. A plausible hypothesis is that Wagner found in Lewy a pure hand-horn player, and, being dissatisfied with the valve-horn as then played, induced Lewy after some time (probably after the first performance of *Tannhäuser*, in which there is no sign of the new manner of writing) to co-operate in evolving a system for the use of the valve-horn that should combine the amenities of both instruments, so that in future the composer might be free to write entirely for the valve-horn without risking loss of quality.

Be this as it may, the evidence that has been adduced is sufficient to enable the following solution of the problem to be submitted, though it must already have become apparent to the reader:

Where in Acts 2 and 3 of *Lohengrin* a change of key in any horn part is not preceded by any rest sufficiently long to admit of the *crook* being changed, it was the composer's intention that such change should be effected by means of the *valves*, and the passage in the changed key played wholly or mainly with the technique of the natural horn.

How far a change which effects a reversion to the key of the horn obtained by the use of the *crook* alone is subject to the same principle must be decided by a consideration of the part in each case.

Certain difficulties in, and objections that may reasonably be taken to, this solution must now be stated and examined. First, Wagner makes no distinction whatever throughout the work between changes to be carried out by the *crooks*, or by the *valves* employed as stated, or even changes that may be regarded merely as theoretical, to assist the score-reader, or enable the player better to appreciate the relation of his part to the harmony, and intended to be carried out by transposition, as at the present day. No modern horn-player, however easily he could play his part in *Lohengrin* by his own methods, could hope to reproduce Wagner's presumed changes of *crooks* and *valves* without such preliminary study as is recommended for *Tristan*. One may be sure that the Prelude was meant to be played by the first and third horns on the E *crook*, and the Introduction to Act 3 by all four on the G; but in parts of the score there is nothing but guess-work, or very careful analysis, which may lead to fallacious

* The writer is aware of the fact that the possibility of raising the pitch by means of the hand has been denied 'in solemn form,' and contents himself here with emphatically reasserting it.

results, to help us to the composer's intentions. In Lewy's pieces, on the other hand, the use of the F crook is postulated throughout, and no doubt can arise as to how the changes are to be made.

Secondly, admitting the principle that in these passages change of key involves use of the valves, what explanation that preserves to Wagner's memory any reputation for common-sense can be given of such repeated and perplexing changes as are found in Ex. 2,* where it would have been so much simpler to write all for horn in F?

Thirdly, and this is more serious—the rule requiring passages in the changed key to be played with the technique of the simple horn is frequently broken, or leads to an unsatisfactory result. Though Ex. 3* can be played mostly with good sonority on the horn in G, with the 3rd piston held down, it contains in the notes marked + some very ineffective sounds. It is only fair to point out that it is doubled by the bassoons and later by the trombones as well, and that there is a close parallel to it in Mendelssohn's *Scotch Symphony*. But the second horn part of the passage in E is also very bad, and that in Ex. 4 is unthinkable in the orchestra. The meticulous score-reader will be able to pick out many other bad or impossible passages for himself; but a word of warning must here be given. A proper choice must be made of the key given by the crook, and it must not be assumed to be F. For instance, our Ex. 1* comes after the horn has been ringing the changes between E and F, and during the fourteen omitted bars the second horn has been showing marked symptoms of valvular disease which culminate in the remainder of the quotation, which it would be simply grotesque to suppose written for anything but the valve-horn. Hereon the sceptic will say, 'According to your hypothesis, the horn has been changed by the valve from F to E, and therefore all this passage and the preceding bars have to be played as on the natural horn, which is absurd.' To this the fitting reply is, 'O ye of little faith! Do ye not perceive that the basic crook of the whole section may be E, in which valve notes are freely written, and that an ascending valve may be employed to put it into F?' But this is mere speculation.

Viewed from any standpoint, even that of the solution here propounded, these horn parts cannot be regarded as logical or satisfactory. Let us bear in mind that Wagner was demonstrably, on the evidence of the parts themselves, trying his hand at an unfamiliar method of writing, and, unlike Berlioz, his orchestral conceptions were liable to be ahead of his knowledge of the mechanism required to realise them—as witness his parts for harp and bass trumpet, and, in places, even for strings.

Moreover, *Lohengrin* was composed in expectation of its being first performed at Dresden, where Lewy would have carefully studied each part 'in order to ascertain the crooks and valves appropriate to all the requirements of its execution.' The world knows how the composer's political tendencies defeated his expectations, and how the score, as the dedication to Liszt itself tells us, was given to it unheard and unrehearsed by Wagner. *Tannhäuser* underwent a final revision after its first performance in 1845, and we cannot avoid the supposition that *Lohengrin*, in happier circumstances, might have undergone the same treatment, by which, or by changes made during rehearsals, some of these obscurities and

blemishes in notation might have been removed. However much Lewy may have been responsible for influencing Wagner on the proper treatment of the valve-horn, we are not justified in supposing that the parts, as they stand, had ever been revised by him or received his *imprimatur*.

In connection with the events that brought Wagner's position at Dresden to an end, it is worthy of notice that Lewy (in the English translation of Wagner's autobiography quaintly described as a 'bugler') was instrumental in reporting to Lüttichau, the director of the Court Theatre, Wagner's association with the 'trade union' formed among the members of the orchestra.

If Lewy's system had been rigidly adhered to, one could better follow the principle even in such extracts as Ex. 2, with its confusing changes. If this had been written all for one crook, say the F, and played by players who by training and precept were impressed with the necessity for using the hand wherever possible, this and similar passages would have been played with a number of stopped notes that would have endangered the sonority that Wagner required. He therefore adopted the clumsy expedient of continually changing the horn key, thus indicating the valve to be used to render the passage in open notes. True, it could have been done much more easily by writing in one key, and superscribing the single word 'Ventil,' but this would not have had the fascination of playing with the new toy.

On the other side, what is to be said of the very definite breaches of the rule that passages in the changed key are to be played with the hand? Merely this, that no rule of writing would avail to fetter Wagner's musical conceptions, and when something else had to be put down the rule had to go. And if some player had complained to Wagner that he was expected to play by the technique of the natural horn passages that were manifestly ridiculous or impossible, might not the composer, without unduly sacrificing his reputation for consistency, have replied that the player had been deprived neither of valves nor brains, and (following Lewy's directions) that the valves were to be used when the natural horn was 'inadequate for the bright and clear emission of the sound'?

These considerations being duly weighed, should the sceptic, unmoved by the pleading of counsel for the defence, still maintain that the solution here tendered is unsatisfactory or insufficient, then we can but urge him to apply to himself the spirit of the immortal recommendation, 'If you knows a better 'ole, go to it!'

In his treatment of the horns, Wagner halted between two opinions, and, like that other great man, Tartarin of Tarascon, exhibited a dual personality. While Wagner-Quixote called out for valve-horns, tubas, and all sorts of new and formidable brass, Wagner-Sancho exclaimed, 'Oh, les bons cors simples à main! Oh, les douces notes liées, les beaux sons bouchés!' In the early operas each had his way and wrote for his favourite instrument. In *Lohengrin*, after a vain attempt to proceed on the old lines, the conflict became more acute and a compromise had to be arrived at whereby Wagner-Quixote provided the instruments and Wagner-Sancho controlled their employment, much hampered by the former's continual interference. By the time of the later operas the contest had ended, as such contests always do, in favour of the more forceful personality, and Wagner-Sancho was reduced to making an appeal

ad misericordiam in the foreword to *Tristan*, in the pious hope that the players would not forget the principles for which he stood, when performing Wagner-Quixote's parts.

The note to *Tristan* renders it needless to comment on the horn parts of Wagner's later operas, except on one point. Frequently, as in the *Siegfried Idyll*, insufficient time is allowed for exchange of the E and F crooks, both of which Wagner expected to be used. He was probably familiar with a mechanism that has been applied to the horn, and more often to the trumpet and cornet, whereby the pitch can be instantly lowered a semitone by rotating a movable cock, which adds the necessary tubing and is not governed by continuous finger-pressure. The errors of length thereby introduced into the valve-tubing are of little consequence to a player trained to correct faults of intonation with the hand.

That Wagner was not at his happiest in putting on paper his conceptions for brass instruments is shown, not merely by examples here discussed, his impracticable treatment of the bass trumpet, and his vacillation over the notation of the tuba parts in the *Ring*, but by two circumstances for which we are indebted to Mr. A. Borsdorf, who had them verbally from Richter himself.

At one time Wagner conceived the idea of reforming the horn notation altogether, and propounded a scheme for writing in one of the C clefs, presumably treating the horns as non-transposing instruments—not in itself altogether a novelty. From this he was only dissuaded by Richter's earnest representations of the confusion that it would cause.

Also, when in *Die Meistersinger* he gave to the first horn the subject of Beckmesser's serenade, he actually wrote it at its present pitch for the E crook, on which he expected it to be played. Again Richter, having procured his horn, demonstrated experimentally that it was utterly impracticable, and induced the composer to transfer it to the G crook, where it remains and on which it should obviously be performed.

THE FRENCH HORN IN ENGLAND.—In our article in the August *Musical Times*, at the end of p. 545, the date of the introduction by Stamitz of horn-players to the concerts of La Poupinière should have been 1754 and not 1750. But, as a matter of fact, the 'deux nouveaux cors de chasse allemands' were first heard at the Concerts Spirituels in December 1748, in a Symphony by Guignon, thus anticipating Stamitz by six years. (Lavignac, *Encyclo.* III., p. 1522.)

ADDENDUM.—We are indebted to Dr. H. Grattan Flood for supplying from Irish sources the following interesting particulars, which fill up gaps in our account: Handel's horn-player was named Winch. On October 22, 1741, at Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, between the Acts of *King Lear*, a Concerto was performed 'by the celebrated Mr. Winch, who has performed several years in Mr. Handel's operas and oratorios,' and the play was followed by a pantomime! On May 12, 1742, at Fishamble Street Music Hall, Dublin, 'Mr. Charles and his second gave a concert, including Handel's Dead March in *Saul*, and introducing for the first time in Ireland the clarinet, hautbois d'amour, and Shawm.' We wonder what was the Shawm—probably the 'Tener Hoboy,' or cor Anglais; but we should have expected an instrument that Purcell used, and that was common in England in the form of the Wait, to have reached Ireland

sooner. Mr. Charles is described in the notice as 'a Hungarian horn-player.' No doubt he was a Bohemian: the identification is close enough for those days, and Hungarian names rarely occur in lists of horn-players. He and his second remained at Dublin till the close of 1743, and he is met with at Edinburgh in 1755, and at Dublin again in 1756. Another newspaper entry of May 15, 1755, records the death of 'John Andrews, the famous French Horn, at Limerick. N.B.—Col. Croker will see him decently interred, as he was a stranger.' A. Mr. Skeggs also played the horn at Dublin in 1755. In 1748, Sheridan announced that his theatre orchestra contained two French horns, a trumpet, and a harpsichord; and between 1740 and 1760 there were several horn-makers at Dublin.

MUSIC BY WIRELESS

BY JEFFREY PULVER

It is a fortunate thing for the operators of wireless telegraphy and telephony that burning at the stake as a fitting reward for successful sorcery has gone out of fashion; for anything savouring of the supernatural so much as a concert out of the empty air could scarcely be imagined. A good deal has been written and said on the subject already, but a few words describing a musician's experiences during some interesting wireless experiments may be welcomed by scientific musicians and musical scientists.

The electrical losses sustained in the transmission of messages by wireless telephony are fairly well understood, and since music can assist the research worker in this science very much, it happens that concerts are frequently sent out so that record can be taken of the progress made. Mr. H. Lloyd, of the Sheffield University, who has fitted up the splendid experimental station known as '2.U.M.,' was desirous of discovering how music stood in transmission; what effect it had after its long journey; and in what way the pieces suffered musically. Now musical loss can be of two kinds—either loss in quality or loss in quantity. My experiences at Sheffield on August 19 bring me to the conclusion that not nearly so much is lost as most people imagine. After hearing a broadcasted concert the average layman is apt to say, 'How much like a gramophone is the quality,' and 'How weak it is.' Wireless telephony would not be the first science to suffer through the soaring anticipations of the ignorant. It is a baby science, and has a good deal of growing-up to do, but the results already achieved—if we look at them in the right way—are positively astounding.

What I have to say on the shortcomings and virtues of wireless music is quite likely to give rise to some controversy. This is unavoidable, for the simple reason that scarcely two listeners will hear the same concert in the same way. The powers of perception in different ears vary tremendously, and the quality and adjustment of different receiving 'sets' differ enormously, too. I can speak only from my own experiences, and must take for granted that station '2.U.M.' was a characteristic one, perhaps somewhat above the average—certainly it is perfectly controlled and managed by Mr. Lloyd and his father, Mr. Frederic Lloyd.

It must be obvious that so long as microphones have to be employed in transmitting and receiving, the music must acquire some little 'gramphonic' flavour, and though this is not so disturbing a factor

as in the gramophone itself, it will be a happy day when the researches of engineers are rewarded by the discovery of a piece of apparatus which will avoid this defect. The second drawback arises from circumstances that no one can control. These are the so-called 'atmospherics,' or outside disturbances, which cause unpleasant noises. Their causes cannot be removed, and the task of the electrician is to produce the means of eliminating them without causing loss to the desired sounds. These atmospherics are of course not of continuous duration, and interfere only at intervals. The use of thermionic valves and filter circuits has done a good deal towards amplifying the volume of tone received without magnifying the atmospherics. The third defect has already been alluded to—the loss in volume. This is the least important of the losses, as it can be so easily rectified. The valves already mentioned can be used in greater numbers until the tone has been increased to the desired volume.

Serious as these three defects may appear to be when thus described, they do not cause so much trouble in practice as might be expected. The third one enumerated can already be overcome, and it cannot be long—so rapid are the strides made in this science—before the other two are satisfactorily cured. The actual tone-character or quality of the voice or of the instruments is not changed in the slightest degree in the process of transmission, and therein, I think, lies the greatest promise for future developments in wireless music. If the original quality is retained it can only be a question of improvements in mechanism, and such improvements are being made every day.

On Saturday, August 19, I heard Mrs. Pulver sing a few songs through the 'loud-speaker' of a station at some distance from '2.U.M.,' but I had no difficulty in recognising her voice, so little was its quality or character changed. In like manner, Mr. Frederic Lloyd's Gagliano violin sounded in such a way that I was clearly able to recognise it by tone alone. The preservation of technical detail is also a remarkable feature of music sent out by wireless. In the case of violin music, for instance, it is possible to hear how a passage is being fingered or bowed, and to judge of the phrasing and interpretation. This being the case, the use of wireless in seeking advice of a distant teacher on various small points must be obvious. Indeed, in many ways wireless telephony will in the future be of great assistance to musicians.

On the day following the tests above-mentioned I heard the concert that is broadcasted from The Hague. Here, again, I was agreeably surprised at the clarity of the production. As heard without any change in the apparatus, the effect was wonderful. The tone-volume was of course very small indeed, and required close aural attention to be audible at all. I asked that the set might be left as it was for a little, so that I could judge of the musical effect under those conditions. Except for the loss in volume, the performance as heard at Sheffield must have been a replica in miniature of what was happening at the Dutch capital; but it was a miniature perfect in detail. I heard every note and nuance; I could distinguish between the various instruments of the orchestra—by no means an easy matter even with the best gramophones—and so perfect was the performance in detail that I could have described how the piece was being played at The Hague. Having satisfied myself on these points, I had more valves inserted to magnify the tone.

This done, the music became loud enough for anyone in the house to hear, and though the volume of sound was increased, the quality of the tone was not changed. This, as I said before, is proof that the confidence I am placing in the future of these valves is justified.

The uses to which these means of transmission can be put must be obvious, but there must necessarily be limits to their employment. It is easy in the first enthusiasm aroused by a discovery little short of miraculous to frighten the musical world into the belief that the days of the public concert are numbered, and that all future concerts will be given by wireless for anyone to hear by switching-in his receiving apparatus. Nothing could be more absurd. The existence of a wireless set at Sheffield will not prevent me paying personal visits to my friends there, any more than the presence of the ordinary, old-fashioned line telephone stopped all personal contact between friends. The personal element will always attract patrons to the concert-hall, and even if wireless music is developed so highly that the audible effect is equal to that in the concert-hall itself, I do not for one moment suppose that music-lovers will be content to hear and not see the artist. The gramophone and pianola have not killed music, as many people feared they would; they have rather stimulated it by encouraging amateurs in remote parts of the country, by giving them a chance of hearing music that they would otherwise never have heard, and affording them examples to follow and imitate on their own instruments. I know of more than one instrumentalist whose only guide to interpretation in the pieces he plays has been gramophone records played by eminent artists. In the same way, the wireless concert of the future will bring music to the listener who cannot go to the music. Isolated country districts will then not be so remote from the musical culture of the great cities, and instead of reducing the numbers in metropolitan audiences, wireless will increase them by those who have had a taste and want more and stronger fare straight from the cook's hands. Look at all the arts and sciences how we will, they are all interdependent, and the losses sustained by one through the existence of another are always amply compensated to the full.

SOME ASPECTS OF WILLIAM BYRD

BY SYDNEY GREW

On the eve of the three hundredth anniversary of his death Byrd's reputation is changing. The present revival of interest in 16th-century music has caused a new critical and general attitude to be adopted towards him. For a long time his music was not thoroughly understood, much as for some century and a half the poetry of Shakespeare was not thoroughly understood. Already the new enthusiasm is trying to establish a settled appraisal of his art, usually at the expense of one of the masters we are either dethroning or asking to take a lower seat. Thus it is already the thing to say that Byrd is greater than Handel. We ought to avoid a stereotyped judgment, and to keep a fresh and open mind, because otherwise we shall not easily enter into the particular domain that is Byrd's. Moreover the mention of Handel, for example, will set the mind working along a familiar groove, and it will institute a kind of remembrance that must inevitably distract the attention from the subject that awaits contemplation. Byrd is to be compared only with his

contemporaries, and the only touchstones to apply to his music are the universal principles of musical art.

He was great among 16th-century musicians by virtue of a quality he owned as completely as Palestrina, and more completely than any other English musician of his school. In one important respect he owned this quality in an even more complete degree than Palestrina. It is a quality of mind and art we can indicate in spoken language only by some such abstract term as the absolute, the synthetic vision, ultimate reality, the eternal verities, mystical perception of the Godhead, and so forth, according to our religion or philosophy. Probably the most practical term for this quality is the word sublimity, as defined by careful writers to convey the idea of total completeness.

So far as I have at present observed in my study of Elizabethan music, Orlando Gibbons alone of Byrd's contemporaries possessed the same mystic vision and exercised it as constantly. (Elgar has this vision; it is the quality that makes his music so peculiarly great.) But the spirituality of Gibbons is without the warm humanity I feel ever apparent in the spirituality of Byrd. It is this constant human warmth that, for me personally, makes the sublimity of Byrd's music slightly more precious than that of Palestrina. Gibbons has passion, serenity, depth of feeling, and intense love, but not the tenderness of the love I find in Byrd, nor the sweetness of the serenity, the swelling emotion, or profound pathos. I would distinguish between these two men as between Milton and Shakespeare. Milton's world did not contain, for example, so intensely human a moment as the close of the play-scene in *Hamlet*, where Hamlet, assured beyond further question that his mother and uncle are false, breaks into the mysterious cry of

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
Thus runs the world away.

and Gibbons, I feel, would not have expressed the same poignant pathos as Byrd in the wail, 'Sion deserta':

Ex. 1. *Cantiones Sacrae*, 1589. No. 21, 'Civitas Sancti Tui.'

fac - ta est de - ser - ta;
Si - on de - ser - ta, de - ser - ta
fac - ta est Si - on de -

Nor would he have given us the maternal tenderness we find in the close of Byrd's lullaby in the great Christmas piece, 'Be still, my blessed Babe':

Psalms, Sonnets, &c., 1588. No. 32, 'Lullaby.'

lul - la - by, lul - la - by, my
sweet lit - tle ba - by, ba - by.

But a student cannot speak dogmatically when making comparisons of this kind. There is something in the nature of 'absolute' art that will not let us form a fixed and final opinion. Elizabethan music in particular compels a fluid attitude of criticism and appreciation. It is not merely that the music seems good to us in one mood and less good in another, but that it seems constantly more and more good as we proceed in knowledge of the works, and as our nature develops in capacity to understand and respond to them.

The chief cause of our past misunderstanding of Byrd lay in his music. The sublime in art is not easy of approach. Very few of us are able to realise total completeness of idea and to perceive total fitness of expression. And where, as with Byrd, appreciation of the whole can alone make true understanding possible, while appreciation of detached parts of the whole but confuses the issue, the real thing is likely to remain quite fatally obscure. The matter is not rendered more accessible by the fact that only mystics like Coleridge, and powerful rhapsodists like Victor Hugo, can express for the help of other men a personal understanding of such art.

Perhaps the most erroneous label ever fastened to a composer is that which describes Byrd as 'austere.' I find it exceptionally hard to determine how this error could have started. There is in Byrd no more stern morality or harsh reserve than in the Whitman of *Sea Drift*, *Old Ireland*, and *President Lincoln*, or in the Wordsworth of the Lucy poems and in the Browning who wrote *Evelyn Hope*. There is scarcely ever even an intellectual severity. Austerity, indeed, is impossible in any music not deliberately scientific, as parts of Bach's *Art of Fugue*. Here and there among the many hundreds of pieces written by Byrd in the course of his eighty years of life is a work of scientific or conventional character, just as among the Sonnets of Shakespeare and Spenser comes once in a while a poem where the writer seems to be indulging only in the fine athletic joy of a magnificent intellect, setting problems for the pleasure of solving them with apparent ease. But the bulk of his work has genuine human warmth and true poetical character. Yet Byrd was himself aware, as was Browning in respect of his poems, that his compositions were not for a casual hour and a lazy pipe, and he expressly desires our finest attention in a verbal passage I

shall quote from later. Composers of the order of Byrd, Bach, Wagner, Franck, Elgar, and some later men, have, in their vocabulary of expressions, forms and figures which body forth certain definite ideas and shades of emotion. These idiomatic details are generally common to their time, and so may become 'abstract,' which is another word for austere. One of those much used by Byrd is the little figure shown in my next musical illustration. All composers of the age used this, and it expressed for them all kinds of feeling. In the final section of the *Fantasia of four parts* of Gibbons, for example, the motive seems to express a serene spiritual joy—though I have heard this passage of the *Fantasia* played in a manner that suggested a rugged energy. When Byrd uses the motive, he fills it with that pure pathos which is his chief beauty. Were he austere he would have failed with so simple a theme to be anything but dry and conventional. I make a quotation from the first work Byrd issued with English words :

Psalms, Sonnets, &c., 1588. No. 1, 'O God, give ear.'

Ex. 3.

me a gain: With plaints I pray, full
me a gain: with plaints With
sore op - pressed.
pray, full sore op pressed.
plaints I pray, full sore op.

Byrd is greatest when his subjects are most complete in themselves, or when they permit him to exercise his vast objective vision. In his mind was no surface animation, no flippancy or indeed even normal frolic, and no play of picturesque fancy. He had no use for the light fantastic toe of dance-movements (that is, in his choral music). What was conventional or partial, or a matter merely of pretence, could not move him. Only as he saw the whole of an idea was he inspired; and he could not fabricate an inspiration. Therefore the artificial amorous wailings of his time left him cold, for all that these helped other composers to some of their most delightful pieces. Religion, in the sense that religion is belief in the good of a fully realised thing, was his inspiration, as it was to different ends and in different ways the inspiration of Morley, Wilbye, Gibbons, and John Ward. Yet though these are supreme truths regarding Byrd, they do not justify that other long-held erroneous opinion of him—the opinion, that is, that he failed when touching a secular subject.

Before we could consider this question, we should have to divide the secular vocal music of the Elizabethans into three departments. These would

contain respectively the serious madrigal, the ballet or *fa la*, and the light madrigal. The light madrigal would range from the jolly

On a fair morning as I came by the way

Met I with a merry maid in the merry month of May;

of Morley, to Wilbye's four-part setting of *Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting*. The serious madrigals would range from Wilbye's *Draw on, sweet night* and *Happy, O happy he*, to the various memorial songs of different composers. We should at once find that in the serious madrigal Byrd was—in his own particular way—as fine a master as the rest. His setting of

Ambitious love hath forced me to aspire

The beauties rare which do adorn thy face,

is a magnificent passage of music (and a final proof, moreover, that he can deal with a nobly moral subject without becoming didactic or austere). As regards the *fa la*'s the question would be answered by the simple statement that he wrote none of these at all; but the effect of the answer would be modified by the comment that, of all his companions, only Weelkes and Morley were completely successful here. As a fact, the ballet was a restricted idea, easily conventionalised, and it was with this form that—shortly after Byrd's death—the madrigalian epoch expired ingloriously in the three-part *Ayres* of John Hilton. The serious madrigal of Byrd differs from the rest by being less delicately poetical and less inclined to incorporate picturesque touches, also by being a little more massive and as needing therefore in performance that rather slower tempo, and that more deliberate accentual touch, which are proper for all his music. His serious madrigal is never egoistic or subjective, and it rarely, if ever, explores the lanes and by-ways of thought and feeling. In place of the ballet, Byrd has a type of madrigal very nearly his own, and in place of the light madrigal he has a power of joy which no one else seems able to emulate. The latter comes into his great Easter pieces with English text. The former comes with pieces that are English in the way the patriotic passages of Shakespeare are English. Morley gives utterance to the happiness and energy of English life and character, Wilbye voices its quiet, brooding melancholy and sense of charm, but Byrd very proudly expresses its innate nobility and personal grandeur. Thus in place of such works as Morley's *Ho, who comes here?* and *You that wont my pipes to sound*, we have from Byrd such works as his *In fields abroad where trumpets shrill do sound*, *My mind to me a kingdom is*, and *I joy not in no earthly bliss*. Gibbons wrote some fine pieces of this class, in the set of four commencing with *I weigh not fortune's frown nor smile*, and Weelkes had some splendid vigour in his *Like two proud armies marching to the field*; but neither Gibbons nor Weelkes, nor any one else, arrived at the remarkable strength and courage of Byrd. I feel that with these magnificent alternatives we can consent to other composers, who were below Byrd in certain departments, being placed above him in others.

Yet here, as elsewhere, our remarks can be but tentative and provisional. We really know little of Byrd's more secular music, because so very few of the pieces are in our concert repertory. (Dr. Fellowes did not bring Byrd into his edition until recently.) It may be that we shall later on see further into the character of his lighter compositions. There is a

sweet purity and grace in *La Virginella*, and a happy buoyancy in the well-known *I thought that love had been a boy*. Yet the final judgment will probably be that though Byrd never took his pleasures sadly or laughed heavily, his versatility here was so far below that of Morley that Morley will always be his superior in respect of sweet delicacy and simple loveliness.

But Byrd none the less was foundation, supporting column, and roof to the superb architecture of the later Elizabethan music. First in time of his great group, by long life and extended achievement he was also last. Gibbons died two years after him, Weelkes in the same year, and Morley twenty years earlier. Wilbye lived on to 1638, but actually ceased work before his senior, the dates of their last volumes being respectively 1609 and 1611. (Both Wilbye and Byrd contributed to Leighton's *Tears or Lamentations of a Sorrowful Soul* in 1614.) All that came out in the way of madrigals after 1611 were the sets of Gibbons, Ward, Lichfield, Bateson, Tomkins, and a few others, the Tomkins set (1622) being the last of real value, and the Hilton set (1627) being the last of all. Thus Byrd, dying in 1623, lived a twelvemonth after the true close of the epoch, his life having enveloped that of Morley, his friend, disciple, and general equal, as completely as the life of Haydn was destined later to envelop the life of Mozart.

In the 19th century he was well admired by some musicians, but apparently with respect rather than love. A number of musicians, indeed, were scarcely respectful, Horsley applying words like 'monstrous' in his criticisms, and Rimbault transcribing the music with a full measure of his remarkable slovenliness and inaccuracy. Thus he was not truly admired at all, since admiration, in directions like this, must be based on love.

Few readers will have seen Horsley's remarks, and I therefore quote some leading sentences :

'W. H., Kensington Gravel Pits,
'July, 1842.

'A minute examination has led me to form a very different opinion of the *Cantiones Sacrae* to that which I formerly entertained. [Horsley had apparently known only Nos. 20, 21, which had been included in Boyce's collection.] Judging from a few favourable specimens, and trusting, as I am bound to confess, too much to the applause which has been lavished on them for more than two centuries, I had formed notions of their excellence which exist in my mind no longer.' [This applause had crystallised into the statements of Burney, who 'often wrote about things which he did not carefully examine,' and of Hawkins, who 'often wrote about things which he did not thoroughly understand.']

The Elizabethan composers were ignorant of the principles that had guided their greater Netherlandish and Italian predecessors. Horsley continues :

'Englishmen were working, as they now too often work, alone, and deprived of those advantages which arise from intercommunity of thought. . . . Can we wonder, then, at the superiority of the Italian School?' [Burney had said that 'long before the works of Palestrina had circulated throughout Europe we had choral music of our own which for gravity of style, purity of harmony, ingenuity of design, and

clear and masterly contexture, was equal to the best productions of that truly venerable master.']

Horsley proceeds to give the refutation direct to each of the ideas conveyed in the italicised words. Byrd has no rhythm, because he has no melody—though this, Horsley admits, is the common fault of the age. He has no modulation, because in his day tonality was not fixed—'the natural relations of the scales, which have since been discovered,' were unknown to him, whence it comes that his modulations are 'vague and timid'; he appears to have been 'almost alarmed' when leaving his original scale, and 'glad to return to it'—this also is common with the other composers of the time, but it makes his works 'often monotonous and tedious.' Tried by the principles of fine harmony (principles that 'have their foundation in Nature,' and that 'neither time, nor fashion, nor caprice can affect'), Byrd's compositions will appear very defective. There is, says Horsley :

' . . . the monstrous combination of the major and minor third on the same root . . . these false relations are so common in the works of early English composers, that we are almost led to believe they considered them as beauties.'

Again :

' . . . the counterpoint of these songs is not always clear or correct ; consecutive fifths and eighths are often found, more especially those that are hidden or which arise from an injudicious crossing of the parts, and the parts themselves often move in an awkward and unmelodious manner. . . . Boyce in making his selections displayed great judgment, and if the other portions of the *Cantiones Sacrae* had approached to them in excellence, the work would have been more deserving of the praises which have been too heedlessly lavished upon it. That the work is curious, and worthy of being reprinted by the Musical Antiquarian Society, may be readily admitted. We must, however, bear in mind that the examples it furnishes are of a school long since passed away, and that (like other music of the time) it contains principles of composition no longer received.'

As I have already implied, the extreme lofty idealism of Byrd's art was partly the cause of this lack of appreciation, but chiefly it was due to the average ignorance of the real character of his music. Byrd will not reveal himself through the kind of performance hitherto afforded Elizabethan music. There are passages in Morley, Weelkes, and Wilbye that appear tolerably well when forced into the regular beat of modern music, and when regarded by a mind occupied exclusively with a modern sensitiveness to music. One reason why the *Oriana* pieces were popular during the last hundred years is that they contain a good deal that lends itself to the typical Handelian style of singing. Byrd's music must be sung to its own laws exactly as Milton's verse must be declaimed to its own laws ; it requires for its proper understanding to-day a scientific exposition that shall serve the same splendid purpose as the book of Robert Bridges on Milton's prosody. Only by thoroughly understanding the letter of earlier art may we understand the spirit, because the letter or form embodies the spirit, and because it is the natural first approach. Byrd himself asked for very special care in the treatment

of his music. Writing in his sixty-ninth year, and commending his last volume to 'all true lovers of music'—to whom he wished 'all happiness both temporal and eternal'—he said :

'Only this I desire : that you will be but as careful to hear them well-expressed as I have been both in the composing and correcting of them. Otherwise the best song that ever was made will seem harsh and unpleasant, for that the well expressing of them, either by voices or instruments, is the life of our labours. . . .'

We did not, I believe, respond to this appeal during the 19th century. We did not learn his true accents, and so we misunderstood him. Even so direct a passage as the following will not reveal its secret to a regular four-beat bar, a conventional metrical stress, and an unimaginative 'expressing' of the individual parts :

Ex. 4. *Psalms, Sonnets, &c., 1568. 'Ambitious love.'*

Pro - ceed then in this des - per-ate

en - - ter - prise, With good ad -

vice, and fol - low love thy guide that leads (thee

Such a parallel to the Poet Laureate's study of the scientific character of Milton's verse ought to be provided against the coming tercentenary celebrations. It is a pleasant circumstance that this great anniversary should mark the first climax in our 20th-century revival of Elizabethan music. How different the position was twenty years ago is shown by the fact that—so far as I can discover—the three-hundredth anniversary of the death of Morley passed with very little comment. I have recently read newspaper reports of concerts given by several madrigal societies in 1903, and have actually found that no single piece of Morley's was included in the programmes! The tercentenary of Byrd's birth coincided with the Musical Antiquarian Society's editions of his works—the *Mass for five voices* (1840, Rimbault); the first book of the *Cantiones Sacrae* (1842, Horsley); and *Parthenia* (1847, Rimbault). But there was little real significance in the event; the transcriptions were not accurate, and Horsley's preface, as I have shown, was a monument of erroneous criticism. The fact that these editors worked without monetary remuneration should perhaps be borne in mind; yet after all, what counts in art is not how the work repays the artist, but how

it repays the art. The pieces for next year's celebration should be carefully selected, first to compel attention to the essential style of Byrd, and secondly to avoid strangeness. And singers should keep in the forefront of their mind the entire content of the composer's 1611 preface—and, indeed, listeners should do the same. The old man (Morley's 'loving master, never without reverence to be named of musicians'), after remarking that the 'well-expressing of songs is seldom or never well performed at the first singing or playing,' continues thus :

'Besides, a song that is well and artificially made cannot be well perceived nor understood at the first hearing, but the oftener you shall hear it, the better cause of liking you will discover [Byrd would have appreciated the principle of the competition festival], and commonly that song is best esteemed with which our ears are most acquainted. As I have done my best endeavour to give you content (in "every humour : either melancholy, merry, or mixt of both") so I beseech you satisfy my desire in hearing them well expressed, and then I doubt not, for art and air, both of skilful and ignorant they will deserve liking.'

In this little commendation of his works, the master uses the word 'well' six times; and he inscribes himself *Thine W. Byrd*.

The Musician's Bookshelf

English Organ-Cases. By the Rev. Andrew Freeman (George A. Mate & Son, 7s. 6d.).

Speaking of the organ-builders of the past, Mr. Freeman says :

They bestowed on the outside of the instrument the same loving care as was bestowed on font or pulpit, screen, lectern, or bench-end. They grudged neither time, thought, nor labour in their determination to make its outward appearance worthy of the prominent position it occupied. . . . No one ever dreamed of setting one up merely because it pleased the ear. It must please the eye too. An organ might be large, or it might be small; it must be beautiful.

To re-establish this creed is the purpose of this book, and the author gives the wise advice to those who are contemplating building an organ that they should set apart a proportionate and adequate amount of the total sum for the provision of a well-designed and well-wrought case. Unfortunately those responsible for the choice or the construction of an organ are very few, but it would be well for our churches if they laid to heart the counsel of the organ-builders of the past that the organ may be large or small, but it must be beautiful.

An organ in an uncouth case—or, worse still, an organ with no case at all—is a pitiful spectacle in a church, whereas an organ beautifully cased lends a mysterious charm to whatever building it inhabits, besides seeming to mellow the actual sound and making it more spiritual. Pipes painted a glaring green can sound only harsh and strident; but pipes richly gilded, even if they are but dummies, seem to suggest tones that are smooth and golden.

Mr. Freeman has evidently taken great pains to collect material from all sources, and he has produced

a comprehensive catalogue of organ-cases from the earliest times until the present day, devoting a chapter—illustrated by some good drawings by H. T. Lilley—to the Smith and Harris organs built during 1660-1790.

A book on such a subject might perhaps have been more lovingly written. It is impossible to imagine a writer on architecture or pictures meting out his praise or condemnation in such stereotyped phrases as Mr. Freeman too frequently uses. Also, the phrase 'box of whistles' suggests the cant of mere journalism rather than a meet description of what is designedly a lasting contribution to a noble Art.

The book is admirably illustrated with numerous drawings and photographs, and will be a useful addition to the library of anyone interested in ecclesiastical architecture, besides being a pleasant companion while making a tour of the famous churches in London or the countryside. A. B. S.

The Art of Transcribing for the Organ. By Herbert F. Ellingford (New York, H. W. Gray Co.; London, Novello, 18s.).

Recent years have seen a great development in the use by organists of music originally written for some medium other than the organ, and immense numbers of transcriptions have been published by organists of note in this country and elsewhere. But organists who wished to make their own arrangements have had to trust to their own good sense and taste, with no other guidance than that afforded by very occasional R.C.O. lectures, which could not deal with the subject in any great detail. This gap in organ literature has now been made good by Mr. Ellingford.

It need hardly be said that so experienced a recital-organist deals with his subject in a thoroughly practical manner. But in addition to this his writing is always admirably lucid, and the book is got up in attractive style, with a wealth of music-type illustration which adds much to its value.

Mr. Ellingford divides his work into three sections, the first of which deals with the arrangement of orchestral accompaniments to choral works. This, we venture to think, the average organist will find the most generally useful part of the book. Many do not aspire to give recitals, and if they do, play only an occasional transcription; but very few escape the duty of accompanying choral music, and all too few know how to adapt the accompaniment in the most suitable and effective way for the organ. Every point which the author makes is carefully illustrated, each extract appearing in three forms—the full score, the usual pianoforte reduction, and an organ version. With but few exceptions, the organ versions are splendid; in fact only two cause us any doubt—No. 13 ('How lovely,' from Brahms's *Requiem*) surely suffers by the sacrifice of the vigorous string figures; and in No. 14 (from Brahms's *Song of Destiny*) we feel that there is something wrong with the suggested registration.

The second section deals with the transcription of purely orchestral works, and here the author is on his own ground and speaks with authority. His versions are all drawn from his own repertory, and have had the test of actual performance at Liverpool. Naturally, in transcribing, alternative solutions are often possible, and it must be confessed that occasionally we have felt that an alternative was preferable; but the printed versions are always

organic and faithful renderings of the originals. It is, we think, a pity that Mr. Ellingford writes so often for a 32-note pedal-board; many of us, even in these days, are not blessed with those extra two notes, and could not possibly play excerpts 17, 33, and 35 as they stand.

The third section refers to works for small orchestra, chamber and pianoforte music, and songs. Here, as elsewhere, the essential points are well illustrated. It was presumably thought necessary for the sake of completeness to include the songs; but these do not lend themselves very happily to transcriptions, and are not in themselves very worthy specimens of the form.

Altogether this book is a very valuable addition to the organist's library, the more valuable because it breaks new ground, and we commend it warmly to the attention of all who have anything to do with transcription for the organ. Mr. Ellingford is to be doubly congratulated—first as a pioneer, and secondly for the production of an attractive and comprehensive volume. J. A. S.

Pedalling in Pianoforte Music. By Algernon H. Lindo (Kegan Paul, 4s. 6d.).

Considering the great importance of this subject it has received singularly inadequate treatment in most works on pianoforte playing. Mr. Lindo's little book, which runs to about two hundred pages, is a praiseworthy effort to treat a very subtle and difficult art in a systematic and thorough manner. A short introductory section concerns itself with the general principles of pedalling, various methods of indicating pedal depression and release, and a description of the mechanism and action of the hammers and dampers in a pianoforte. The second and main part of the book deals with the practical application of the principles of pedalling. The writer has some helpful comments on the pedalling of isolated chords, *staccato* passages, and passages containing rests—matters concerning which there is much confusion of thought. A question of the utmost importance, and one which frequently perplexes the conscientious student, *i.e.*, To what extent should pedalling be influenced by the presence of passing-notes? is discussed at considerable length and freely illustrated from Chopin's works. A chapter on half-pedalling and tremolo pedalling quotes an extract from the works of York Bowen. This composer would seem to be almost the only English musician who devotes the same care to his pedal marking that he does to the marking of light and shade, *tempo*, &c. Under the heading 'Some less-known pedal effects' the author describes various unorthodox devices frequently employed by professional pianists which are never indicated in the printed copy and are totally unknown to the average student. One of the most effective of these—silent pressure—is here described, probably for the first time in print. The third part of the work is a brief consideration of the special pedal treatment required for certain periods and certain composers. A helpful feature of the book is the large number of admirably-chosen music examples. Though it is highly improbable that all Mr. Lindo's suggestions will meet with universal approval, his excellent little volume should certainly stimulate students to think and experiment for themselves. G. G.

Outspoken Essays on Music by Camille Saint-Saëns.

Translated by Fred Rothwell (Kegan Paul, 4s. 6d.).

As the bulk of these essays made their first appearance in English in the columns of the *Musical Times*, it is necessary to do little more than draw the attention of readers to their issue in book form. Among papers that are new to us are one on Chopin's MS. of the F major *Ballade*, wherein the composer's second thoughts (which were not always the best) and other changes are shown by many music-type examples; a pleasant account of his impressions of America ('Yes, America pleased me well, and I would willingly revisit it, but as for living there . . . that is another matter . . . I belong to the past whether I like it or not . . . I shall always prefer our old cities before all the comforts of a young nation'); and some 'Observations of a Friend of Animals,' which show the composer in an intimate and kindly light. Mr. Rothwell's translation has the right ease and fluency for papers whose character is largely that of good table-talk.

H. G.

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina: His Life and Times. By Zoë Kendrick Pyne (John Lane, 7s. 6d.).

So much enthusiasm has gone to the making of this book, and it contains such a wealth of information, that we are reluctant to find fault. Our grumble is that the amount of space devoted to the 'life and times' side is disproportionate. The most important thing about Palestrina to-day is his music, and we should have been more helped and interested by an arrangement which would give us a brief biographical sketch, followed by a lengthy discussion of the composer's works. After all, is not the life of Palestrina written in the book of Grove? Miss Pyne has, of course, been able to add thereto, but the extra matter is no justification for relegating consideration of the works to about twenty pages of annotated index. For example, we want something more about the *Missa Papæ Marcelli* than this curt note:

Theme from Plainsong. In mixolydian mode. This Mass should be studied for the transparency and suavity of phrase; for the new and surprising harmonic effects achieved by passing-notes and without departing from the strict rule; for the frequent use of the ancient device of *nota cambiata* (changing note) in the melisma.

The average reader, who is like to have little of the music at hand, naturally wants to see one or two of these surprising harmonic effects; he may even be a bit hazy as to what changing-notes sound like. True, we have occasional allusions to the music during the biographical portion of the book, but even here the author makes no more than a hasty dab at the subject. Thus, when telling us of the production of the third book of Masses she alludes to the Hexachord Mass and says:

Without stopping to analyse it, the student's attention may be drawn to the interesting employment of the sixth (hexachord) continually progressing up and down, a mechanical device which in no way hinders the flow or the unusual simplicity of effect.

But surely the writer's job was to 'stop and analyse it,' with music-type illustrations, the more so (we repeat) because so few readers have all—or even any—of Palestrina's Masses at their elbow. Apart from this cursory treatment of the music, and an occasional lapse into too flowery a style, the book is to be warmly commended. There are some well-produced illustrations, and appendices on 'Sixteenth Century Art' and 'Characteristics of the Roman School,' though

here again it is felt that such matters ought to have been embodied in the general scheme of the book rather than poked away in small type at the end.

H. G.

Caruso and the Art of Singing. By Salvatore Fuciti and Barnet J. Beyer (T. Fisher-Unwin, 10s. 6d.).

Signor Fuciti acted as Caruso's coach and accompanist from 1915 to 1921; so far, therefore, as the discussion of the great tenor's methods is concerned, nobody could be better qualified to speak. The chapters dealing with Caruso's breathing power, tone-production, methods of practice, &c., are easily the best part of the book. Twenty-nine exercises are given, with notes as to Caruso's use of them. Some of the exercises suffer from being reproduced from photographs of MSS., and in one or two cases we should have been glad of approximate metronome marks. The striking feature about most of them is their extreme simplicity. There can be no more valuable lesson for the student—and for not a few teachers—than this further proof of the oft-forgotten fact that what matters most is not the exercise, but the way you go to work with it. Fuciti's note on humming touches a weak spot in choralists as a body. He tells us that, when learning a new rôle Caruso sometimes whistled or hummed his part, merely to rest his voice and also as a diversion. But Fuciti points out the value of humming as a means of developing resonance, and goes on to say that most people hum with the jaw, tongue, &c., rigid. This is so, but it is worth noting that the fault occurs, as a rule, only when singers are bidden to hum during a lesson. When they hum casually they adopt the right looseness. We read that when Caruso hummed he produced a

. . . wonderfully coloured tone-quality of ravishing beauty, a tone resembling the timbre of a fine violoncello. So sonorous and resonant, so round and velvety, were the tones Caruso poured out, that they could not have been surpassed in beauty and opulence by an expert violoncellist playing on an old Italian instrument.

The quotation reminds us of the long way most choral societies have to go before they make all that can be made of this simple and beautiful effect—an effect that was until lately regarded by severe musicians as an *ad captandum* trick!

One cocks an eyebrow on reading that Caruso never strained or forced his voice. What, never? Hardly ever, perhaps, but some of his gramophone records give an impression of effort on an occasional high note.

Dealing with Caruso's repertory Fuciti tells us that he 'never attempted to sing a rôle, an aria, or a song that, in his judgment, was beyond his vocal capacity, or that was unsuited to his vocal organism.' The obvious comment is that his vocal organism was unfortunate in restricting him, both in opera and song, to music that rarely rose above the third-rate. Was Wagner beyond his vocal capacity? Were the finest songs of Brahms, Wolf, Schumann? What could not such a singer have done towards the raising of popular taste in song! The mob would go to hear him whatever he chose to sing. He had but to give the best, and deal a blow at the shoddy. But too often he chose the shoddy, and so helped to perpetuate it. Sometimes the shoddy was his own work. We are told that one of his hobbies was composition,

. . . or perhaps—for Caruso made no pretensions to be a composer—it should be called melodic invention. . . . Sometimes he would invent a melody himself, and

he had a real gift for finding a tuneful air of a lyric character which lent itself easily and naturally to a good harmonic background. Various of these songs have been published, and have won favour.

Exactly; they won favour because Caruso sang them, when he ought to have been winning favour for something better.

It will have been grasped from the above that the book is nothing if not hero-worshipping. A good deal of this may be pardoned in the case of a subject of such attractive powers as Caruso, but none the less the authors would have been more convincing had they moderated some of their transports. However, it is good to have an authentic account of the tenor's early struggles—an account which shows some popular stories to have been apocryphal—and, even better, to be given so valuable an insight into his methods of work. There are some excellent illustrations, including a few of Caruso's caricatures, and a photograph of his bas-relief of himself as Eleazar in *La Juive*—a bit of work which shows that as an artist he had a strong second string to his bow.

H. G.

Extempore Playing. By Dr. A. Madeley Richardson (Schirmer).

There are very few manuals dealing with the art of improvising at the keyboard, so pianists and organists—particularly the latter—will be interested in the appearance of this work by Dr. Richardson. The book takes the form of forty lessons in the art of keyboard composing. The lessons are simply planned and carefully graduated, the object of the author being to emphasise the importance of simple, elementary foundation work. Each lesson concludes with a number of practical exercises. The book, which contains many illustrations from the works of the great composers, should certainly benefit those who work through it systematically, and, in particular, are prepared to put in plenty of patient, conscientious effort at the keyboard.

G. G.

[Reviews of new music are unavoidably held over.
—EDITOR.]



Photo by]

A GROUP AT GLOUCESTER

[H. E. Jones, Gloucester.

DR. A. H. BREWER, SIR HUGH ALLEN, PROF. GRANVILLE BANTOCK, SIR HENRY HADOW,
SIR EDWARD ELGAR, THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER, LORD GLADSTONE, THE DEAN OF GLOUCESTER, SIR CHARLES STANFORD.

THE GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL

BY HERBERT THOMPSON

Many people—I for one—have at times entertained serious doubts whether musical festivals had not had their day; but happily such pessimism has been put to shame by the cities of the 'Three Choirs.' Worcester led the way in 1920, Hereford followed suit in 1921, and now Gloucester has had its turn,

and may be said to have 'gone one better' by a Festival which in many features was a record. The choir was of remarkable excellence: in a fairly long experience I can recall no better, if any as good, at a Three Choirs Festival. The attendance, which is more easily gauged, was the greatest ever known,

and concerning this matter a few statistics may be acceptable. The number of tickets sold at the last Festival (in 1913) was 13,926; at this Festival 18,298. The collections in 1913 amounted to £415, in 1922 to £700. These figures speak for themselves. Another record was achieved by the weather, for though it is a tradition to have fine weather at the Three Choirs Festival, it was hardly short of a miracle to enjoy seven successive fine days after such a summer as we have endured.

The great event by which this Festival will be remembered was the unveiling of the Memorial Tablet to Hubert Parry in the Cathedral during the performance on Wednesday, September 6. Parry was one of Gloucester's most noteworthy citizens. Like his father before him—who decorated one of the chapels in the south transept with his own hands—he was intimately associated with the Cathedral and the Three Choirs Festivals. At this, the first Gloucester Festival since he passed away, so greatly beloved, in 1918, it was inevitable that there should be some marked recognition of the man and his art, nor was the opportunity neglected. A beautiful tablet, with an inscription by the Poet Laureate—being part of the memorial which is being organized—was unveiled by Viscount Gladstone, a friend from Eton days, and participators in the little ceremonial were the Professors of Music in Oxford, Cambridge, and Birmingham Universities, the Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University (Sir Henry Hadow), and Dr. Brewer, the organist of the Cathedral and conductor of the Festival. Lord Gladstone gave an address in which he did justice to Parry's fine character, his free and generous sympathies, his high ideals; and then Sir Hugh Allen, as Parry's successor in both London and Oxford, gave a most stirring and uplifting performance of *Blest Pair of Sirens*, the work by which Parry is perhaps better and more widely known than any other. Nor was this the only example of his art which was heard during the Festival; at the concert in the Shire Hall the *Symphonic Variations*, so interesting in structure, were heard, and on Thursday morning the *Ode to Music*, written for the opening of the R.C.M. Concert-hall in 1901, and afterwards heard at Norwich, Gloucester, and Leeds Festivals, was sung. It was a happy choice, for it is intensely characteristic, and served to reveal the composer's individuality in all its geniality, sanity, and high endeavour. Yet another of his works, the noble Motet, *There is an Old Belief*, brought us into very close communion with the composer. Apart from the fact that as music it represents him at his best, free from some mannerisms and replete with strength and ardour, there was the feeling that we were listening to the last message of one who was on the eve of departing from us, which lent an added poignancy to the expression. It was very finely sung, and gave the finishing touch to a worthy commemoration.

The novelties, on which the wider import of a musical festival so largely depends, were in several instances of distinctly stimulating character. This applies especially to the works of three of our younger composers. There was a time when any symphony was deemed unsuited to a Cathedral, but though we have conquered this prejudice, there may have been some who doubted whether so freakish a work as Arthur Bliss's *Colour Symphony* was sufficiently staid for its surroundings. I must say that I was not troubled by any sense of incongruity,

for the music is not frivolous or distinctively secular in character. What I did feel was its intense vitality: it is distinctly live music, and this makes one ready to accept, or at least condone, what seem to be its eccentricities. At a first hearing its structure is not easy to follow, but in a published analysis by Mr. Percy Scholes he makes out a plausibly logical sequence of ideas. It is styled a *Colour Symphony* because the composer is one of those not very rare individuals who associate music and colour, and who is therefore able, from a motive which is not merely capricious, to label the several movements by the colours purple, red, blue, or green, together with certain abstract ideas which they connote: pageantry, magic, loyalty, or youth, as the case may be. He offers these as no more than suggestions, arising from his own personal preconceptions, but it is enough that they have served to give him the cues for some strange music, which is sometimes attractive, sometimes repellant, but generally intrigues the hearer by its adventurous spirit. The composer conducted, and, as he has not had much experience in this rôle, it is doubtful whether the utmost possible was made of the music, so all we can say is that, considering its great and perhaps gratuitous difficulty, a performance which was at least effective was achieved. These young composers are rather too apt to tempt providence by putting undue difficulties upon their interpreters, and this was felt also with an interesting orchestral Phantasy, entitled, in non-committal fashion, *Sine Nomine*, by Herbert Howells, a Gloucestershire musician who has already won a more than local reputation. It is serious in character, complicated in phraseology, and requires more sympathetic and sensitive handling than a new and strange work can be expected to meet with at a festival. The composer makes use of the human voice: a soprano and tenor ejaculate sentences from the Vulgate, which, so far as could be judged, are chosen as in keeping with the general mood of a work designed for a church performance, and at the close the choir enters, but only as an addition to the orchestra, vocalising, but having no words to sing. This choral obbligato we could understand, but the fragmentary phrases for the soloists seemed simply futile. As an experiment the Phantasy was interesting, and it was well to give the composer the valuable experience of hearing it, but it was hardly discreet to put it before an *Elijah* audience, who could not be likely to give it a very patient or intelligent hearing. Mr. Goossens is another of our young lions, but he has already acquired a technique which enables him adequately to express his ideas, and this was manifested in a short choral work, *Silence*, a setting of two stanzas from a poem by Walter de la Mare, the mystical quality of which the composer has expressed with skill and insight. It is music which affords the choir some stumbling-blocks in the matter of intonation, and, considering that it had been placed before the singers only about a fortnight before the Festival, these were cleverly surmounted, though there were a few passages in which some hesitancy was still noticeable. The other two new works were less speculative in character. Prof. Granville Bantock is engaged setting passages from the *Song of Solomon* in a form which is evidently intended for the stage, and from this Biblical opera we had an extended Prelude, a scene in which the Shulamite laments her lost lover and disregards the advances of the King, and an interlude for a mystic choir, singing a Psalm behind



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IN THE CATHEDRAL

The photograph was taken immediately before the performance of *The Kingdom*

the scenes. The composer has treated his subject without imposing any sort of ecclesiastical gloss upon it, and has made it simply an idyl of faithful love, the Oriental imagery with which the poem abounds having evidently attracted him. As a fragment it is not very convincing, the absence of action having compelled him to rely upon decorative orchestral effects that do not materially assist the dramatic impression. The Psalm, sung in the choir, and accompanied by the organ, was the one feature which seemed perfectly suited to its environment, and the purposeful bald simplicity in the music made a striking and effective contrast to the sensuous character of what had preceded it. Miss Denne Parker put the right expression into the part of the Shulamite (though some of the higher passages seemed slightly to strain her resources) and the composer conducted. At the opening service Mr. T. F. Dunhill conducted some *Elegiac Variations* which he has dedicated to the memory of Sir Hubert Parry; they were musically and pleasant if not strikingly original or distinctively elegiac—save for some occasional episodes of a graver character. These were all absolute novelties, but in the same category may be placed the transcription of Bach's Fantasia in C minor, which Sir Edward Elgar has completed to accompany his brilliant arrangement of the Fugue and which was heard for the first time on this occasion. Whatever may be said of the Fugue-transcription—which certainly sounded magnificent—that of the Fantasia is most sympathetic, the inexpressible charm and restraint of the music being admirably reproduced. If these transcriptions do no more than bring this beautiful work into the ken of a wider circle—as they certainly will—they will be justified. One other quasi-novelty may be referred to here; Dr. Brewer's newly-revised version of his oratorio, *The Holy Innocents*, which was originally written for the Gloucester Festival of 1904. For the present occasion he has revised and condensed his score with much advantage, and, if it is felt that the composer has been handicapped by an extremely conventional libretto as well as by a task which cannot have appealed very strongly to a musician of his temperament and quality, it must be conceded that he has come out of the ordeal very cleverly, and written with a freedom and a facility that rarely fail him. But it will not be here that we shall look for the best fruits of his gentle muse. A minor novelty was a song by Sir Ivor Atkins, a setting of Alice Meynell's poem, *The Shepherdess*, very refined and in perfect harmony with the text. It was charmingly sung by Miss Olga Haley—who, by the way, made an excellent impression on this her first appearance at an English festival. A rather lighter touch in the handling of the orchestra is all that seems needed to make this song perfectly acceptable.

Coming to the more familiar features we had, of course, *Elijah* to open the Festival, and *The Messiah* to finish it off; Verdi's *Requiem* was given for the fifth time at Gloucester, and Sir Edward Elgar conducted his oratorios, *The Apostles* and *The Kingdom*, both of which received superb interpretations in all respects. His choral work, *For the Fallen*, was given as part of a programme evidently meant to be commemorative, since it also included the *Eroica* Symphony, some solos from *Judas Maccabæus*, and Stanford's *Last Post*, which was greatly aided by the acoustics of the Cathedral, the final bugle-call, sounded in a remote part of the building, having a wonderfully impressive effect. The preponderance

of Handel, Mendelssohn, and Elgar in the programme is easily understood, and though we may think that the two older composers have hardly full justice done to them by harping upon a single work of each, I always console myself by reflecting that this clears the way for rehearsal by eliminating two programmes out of seven from the crowded days of preparation. All the same, lovers of Handel cannot but wish that his greatest work should receive a little more consideration than when it is given, practically unrehearsed, at the fag-end of a four-days' festival.

Holst's setting of two Psalms, based on ancient melodies, was one of the happiest things in the Festival scheme. The composer's leaning towards the archaic, and his quiet reticence, made the music fit the Cathedral almost better than anything else we heard there, save perhaps Parry's Motet. The only choral work of Bach was the Motet for double choir, *Now shall the grace*, which was well sung, and though it may be doubted whether the music suits perfectly such large forces, the effect was impressive. An unpretentious but sincere and very effective Motet, a setting of the Lord's Prayer, by C. Lee Williams, must also be mentioned.

The orchestral works, other than those already referred to, included Brahms's second Symphony, and the *Finale* of the first Symphony, played at the opening service, two delightful pieces by Edward German, his tone-picture on the *Willow Song*, written for the R.A.M. Centenary, and the *Harvest Dance* from the *Seasons Suite* (played under the composer's direction with admirable point and spirit), and W. H. Reed's freakish fantasy *The Lincoln Imp*. An interesting innovation was the introduction into the Cathedral of Scriabin's *Poème de l'Extase*. If listened to on its merits, and without any prejudice, the music sounded well and not inappropriate for such an environment.

• It remains only to recall the names of the principals who have not been mentioned hitherto: sopranos, Miss Hilda Blake, Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Dorothy Silk, and Miss Carrie Tubb; contraltos, Miss Phyllis Lett, Miss Doris Lorton, and Madame Kirkby Lunn; tenors, Messrs. John Coates and Frank Mullings; basses, Messrs. Norman Allin, Herbert Heyner, George Parker, and Robert Radford. The London Symphony Orchestra, seventy-six strong, and led by Mr. W. H. Reed, and the organ, played alternately by Sir Ivor Atkins and Dr. Percy C. Hull, composed the instrumental forces. Dr. Brewer, as choir-master, conductor, and general master of the ceremonies, was indefatigable, and his twenty-five years' service at Gloucester has been worthily crowned by the success of the Festival.

By way of a postscript I must briefly mention the daily services in the Cathedral, sung by the Three Choirs, which presented an interesting survey of English Church music, including specially composed voluntaries by Stanford, W. H. Reed, Basil Harwood, and Brewer; these brought into notice the fine Cathedral organ, recently enlarged and reconstructed by Messrs. Harrison & Harrison, at the expense of Sir James and Lady Horlick. Advantage was taken at the same time to effect a much-needed improvement, and introduce the lower 'French' pitch, which ought to have been done long ago.

From a Midland journal:

'The Gloucester Festival happily finds Dr. Brewer where he was in 1911.'

Happily, indeed; but then Cathedral organists are notoriously a long-lived race.

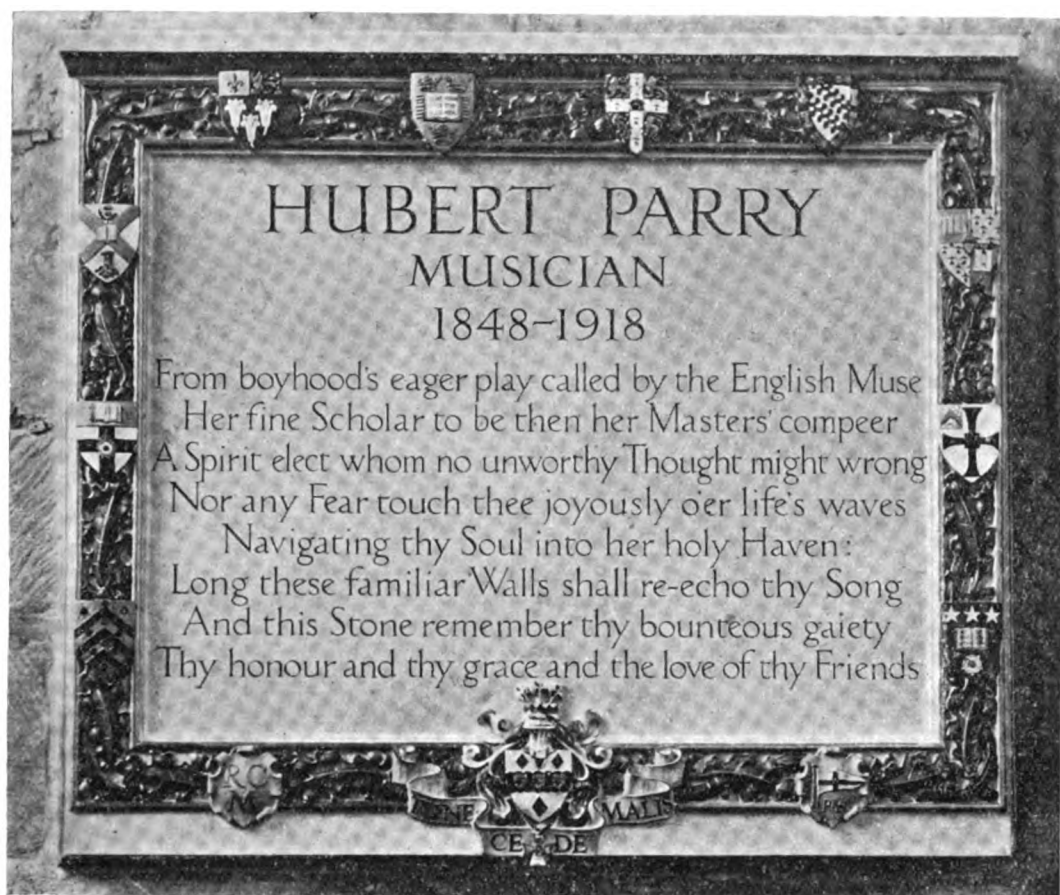


Photo by H. E. Jones

THE PARRY MEMORIAL TABLET IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL

[Gloucester]

Gramophone Notes

BY 'DISCUS'

The only orchestral record received from the H.M.V. Company this month is that of the *Emperor* Concerto, played by Lamond and the Albert Hall Orchestra, with Eugène Goossens conducting. This is one of the most formidable enterprises so far undertaken in the way of recording. It is on five 12-in. d.-s. discs, the first movement filling five sides and the *Andante* two. The reproduction is excellent, especially of the pianoforte part. The effect is here and there a bit too suggestive of a pianoforte solo with orchestral accompaniment, but that is a weakness of the form. Only in one or two modern examples (above all, in the 'Cello Concerto of Elgar) do we feel that the orchestra is a great deal more than an expensive background against which the soloist is disporting himself. There is still a huge public for the *Emperor*, if we may judge from the crowds that flock to Queen's Hall when it is announced, and we know that there is a no less large Lamond public where Beethoven is concerned. The success of these records is therefore assured. They should be particularly useful to students as an aid to memorising the work, seeing that there are no cuts.

From the Æolian Company come several orchestral records. The most important are a couple of 12-in.

d.-s. giving the *Unfinished* Symphony, played by the Æolian Orchestra under the direction of Cuthbert Whitmore. Save for an occasional faintness in the lower passages of the string basses these are first-rate. A few cuts are made, but in the case of a work in which length is the result of repetition rather than of development, judicious pruning is an advantage. The other orchestral record from this Company is a pleasant example of light music—a Ballet Suite, *Fireflies*, by Montague Ewing, played by the Regent Orchestra, conducted by Debroy Somers. There are four movements, on a 12-in. d.-s.

Chamber music receives some interesting additions from the Æolian Company. A 12-in. d.-s. contains a couple of delightful Mozart numbers—the first movements from the E flat and E major Trios, arranged for violin, viola, and pianoforte by Lionel Tertis, and played by Sammons and Tertis, with Ethel Hobday as pianist in one work and Frank St. Leger in the other. These are among the most enjoyable chamber music records I have so far met.

Equally successful is a 12-in. d.-s. of the London String Quartet playing two Mendelssohn movements, the *Allegro non tardante* and the *Canzonetta* from

Op. 12 (Æ.-Voc.). When my gramophone had finished this record I found myself wondering why we so rarely hear any of Mendelssohn's chamber music in our concert halls. I have sat under lots not nearly so fresh as these movements. Fashion in music is as powerful as fashion in dress, and often as absurd.

A 12-in. s.-s. of the Flonzaley Quartet playing Borodin's Nocturne fails, like practically all chamber music records, in the quieter passages. Why cannot the scale of power in such records be raised? The soft passages would not be a bit too loud if they were as powerful as the *forte* ones are at present. There seems to be no difficulty in reproducing power in the case of small dance music combinations of players; why cannot the same clearness and strength be obtainable from a string quartet, where it is really far more important, owing to the complex texture of the music. This said, it should be added that the Borodin movement is a delightful affair, specially enjoyable features being the use made of a rising *staccato* scale, and some effective canonic writing. The record is issued by H.M.V.

Albert Sammons is heard to great advantage in a 10-in. d.-s. of Kreisler's *La Gitana* and the Hindoo Chant from Rimsky-Korsakov's *Sadko*, arranged by Kreisler (Æ.-Voc.).

A thrilling vocal record is that of Rosing in Moussorgsky's *Field Marshal Death* (Æ.-Voc.). A big factor in its success is the accompaniment by the Æolian Orchestra, which is unusually clear. As Rosing sings in Russian, the explanatory note and literal translation of the text recorded on the other side are a boon. This aid should be supplied in all cases where the singer uses a foreign tongue. Indeed, gramophonists will soon demand it even when English is the language, unless some of our songsters take a leaf out of the book of the comedians and let us hear what it's all about.

Here for example is Sir Harry Lauder, on a 12-in. d.-s., singing *Bella, the Belle o' Dunoon* and *Saturday Night* with such point and distinctness that every word comes through. Unfortunately when the wor-r-r-ds have come thr-r-r-ough they are, like the music to which they are set, of no great moment. Sir Harry doesn't know his limitations. He is a great artist on the stage but a poor hand as writer and composer. To those of us who have heard him, the record serves to recall the rich voice and the succulent laugh, and incidentally it shows what a personality can do with feeble material (H.M.V.).

Seeing that all Lauder's words are clearly heard one cannot but ask why we should miss so many of Edna Thornton's in Alicia Needham's *Exile's Return* and Somerville's *Shepherd's Cradle Song* (H.M.V. 10-in. d.-s.).

A 12-in. d.-s. (Æ.-Voc.) of Carrie Tubb singing Oliver's *The Orchard by the Sea* and Grimshaw's *Song my Mother Sang* is better in the matter of words, but I wish Miss Tubb had chosen songs more worthy of her gifts.

The same must be said of Malcolm McEachern, who wastes his fine bass voice on W. H. Squire's *A Chip of the Old Block* and Lyall Phillips's *Cheerily Yeo-Ho*. But he lets us hear the words (Æ.-Voc.).

However, choice of songs is a ticklish question. Personally I would rather hear d'Alvarez in almost anything rather than the well-worn *Silent Night*, *Holy Night*, but *de gustibus*, &c., and here she is making the most of Grüber's old song on a 12-in. d.-s. with orchestral accompaniment (Æ.-Voc.).

A capital Peter Dawson record is a 10-in. d.-s. giving us Vaughan Williams's *The Roadside Fire* and Landon Ronald's *O Falmouth is a fine town*. The words of the first might be clearer, and the piano-forte accompaniment is not sufficiently defined. As a result, passages containing sudden changes of key suffer because we are apt to miss some vital chord on which the whole progression depends, and a note in the voice-part may even sound like a wrong 'un for lack of the explanatory harmony, so to speak. In both songs the voice and style are first-rate (H.M.V.).

A 12-in. s.-s. of Michele Fleta in 'Il fiore che avevi a me tu dato,' from *Carmen*, gives us some fine singing. Fleta's strong point is his management of nuance on long-held notes. I had to switch back and encore one particularly good example—a long high note with a gradual *diminuendo* followed by a most delicate skim down the scale. He overdoes the power now and then, and in his long swellings of high notes he is apt to force and sharpen. One might give a budding tenor a capital singing lesson from this record, showing him much to copy and something to avoid (H.M.V.).

A good operatic duet is 'Pronta io son,' from *Don Pasquale*, sung by Lucrezia Bori and Giuseppe de Luca (12-in. s.-s. H.M.V.). Without knowing what the lady and gentleman are discussing, one may yet enjoy the spirited singing, especially when it develops into a bright bit of back-chat towards the end. A delightful feature of the accompaniment is some mellow work on the flute.

But that excellent instrument for recording purposes gets an even better chance in Bishop's *Echo Song*, wherein it shares the honours with Galli-Curci (H.M.V. 12-in. s.-s.). This is a typical Galli-Curci record. It is practically a duet between her beautiful high notes and those of the flautist, and although on the platform the lady would get all the bouquets, the gramophone, with its appeal to the ear only, enables us to give the flautist also his due.

From the Æolian Company come a couple of dance records, both 10-in. d.-s., one bearing *Ma*, a one-step, and *And her Mother came, too*, a fox-trot, while on the other are two fox-trots, *Old-fashioned Girl* and *Somewhere in Naples*. I am glad to have an opportunity for mentioning an occasional specimen of this type of music, because it is fair to assume that there are a good many readers of the *Musical Times* who are not too old, heavy, or serious to dance occasionally.

Though I am out of the hunt on all three counts, I must confess to having found enjoyment and amusement in the first and fourth of these dances. What interests me most, however, is the clearness and power with which every detail of the scoring comes out. It raises the question asked above, as to why chamber music records should be so faint in their quieter passages. You reply that chamber music employs a big range of nuance, whereas dance music of the fox-trot breed is almost invariably on the strepitous side. True; but one of the most important duties of the artist is to adapt himself to the needs of the medium or occasion. This being so, surely chamber music parties when playing for recording purposes should raise the general scale of power, especially in the lower string passages. After all, the gramophonist wants to hear all the notes clearly, even if this clearness is at the cost of some subtleties of nuance. He will be ravished by *ppp* playing in the concert room, but if this same *ppp* on the gramophone is so faint as to be killed by the sound of the

(Continued on page 716.)

CHORUS FROM THE ADVENT CANTATA "BLESSED ARE THEY WHO WATCH"

Music by HUGH BLAIR

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Maestoso. ♩ = 66

f *p*

SOPRANO
ALTO
TENOR
BASS

Be - hold the hour cometh

Be - hold the hour . . cometh

Be - hold the hour . . cometh

Be - hold the hour . . cometh

f *p*

when the dead shall hear . . the voice of the Son of God,

p when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God,

p when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God,

p when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God,

and they that hear . . . shall live.

and they that hear . . . shall live.

and they that hear . . . shall live.

and they that hear . . . shall live.

Più mosso.

For the Lord Him - self shall de - scend from Heaven with a shout,

For the Lord Him - self shall de - scend from Heaven with a shout,

For the Lord Him - self shall de - scend from Heaven with a shout,

For the Lord Him - self shall de - scend from Heaven with a shout,

Più mosso. ♩ = 100.

with a shout, with the voice of the Arch - an - gel, and the trump of

with a shout, with the voice of the Arch - an - gel, and the trump of

with a shout, with the voice of the Arch - an - gel, and the trump of

with a shout, with the voice of the Arch - an - gel, and the trump of

God, for the Lord Him -

God, for the Lord Him -

God, for the Lord Him -

God, for the Lord Him -

poco accel.

poco accel.

poco accel.

poco accel.

ff

poco accel.

- self shall de - scend from Heaven with a shout, with a shout, with the

- self shall de - scend from Heaven with a shout, with a shout, with the

- self shall de - scend from Heaven with a shout, with a shout, with the

- self shall de - scend from Heaven with a shout, with a shout, with the

voice of the Arch - an - gel, and the trump of God.

voice of the Arch - an - gel, and the trump of God.

voice of the Arch - an - gel, and the trump of God.

voice of the Arch - an - gel, and the trump of God.

The musical score is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major/D minor) and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes various musical notations such as rests, notes, and dynamic markings.

Piano Introduction: The piano part begins with a series of chords and a melodic line. It includes markings for *rall.* (rallentando), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *rall. pp* (rallentando, pianissimo).

Vocal Entry: The vocal parts enter with the lyrics "A - wake and sing, ye . . . that sleep . . . in the dust,". The tempo is marked *Tempo lmo.* (Lento). The music features a mix of half notes and quarter notes, with some parts marked *ff* (fortissimo) and *p* (piano).

Second Verse: The vocal parts continue with the lyrics "a - wake and sing. Thy dead men shall live,". The tempo remains *Tempo lmo.* and the music includes markings for *ff* and *p*.

Piano Accompaniment: The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment, including markings for *p* and *ff sempre.* (fortissimo, sempre).

Page-Footer: The page is numbered (4) at the bottom center.

thy dead . . . men shall . . live, to -

thy dead . . . men shall . . live, to -

thy dead . . . men shall . . live, to

thy dead . . . men shall . . live, to -

ge - ther with my dead bo - dy shall they a - rise, shall they a

ge - ther with my dead bo - dy shall they a - rise, shall they a .

ge - ther with my dead bo - dy shall they a - rise, shall they a .

ge - ther with my dead bo - dy shall they a - rise, shall they a .

rall. molto.

- rise ; and the earth . . . shall cast out the dead.

rall. molto.

- rise ; and the earth . . . shall cast out the dead.

rall. molto.

- rise ; and the earth . . . shall cast out the dead.

rall. molto.

- rise ; and the earth . . . shall cast out the dead.

rall. molto.

(Continued from page 710.)

needle he will prefer a mere *p* or even *mf*. The gramophone will make a big step forward when it gives us fine songs with the words as clear as those in its comic records, and when its reproduction of chamber music drops the present shy, hope-I-don't-intrude delivery in favour of the bold clarity with which it hands out *Ma* and *Swanee*.

Occasional Notes

When, at the beginning of the present volume, we made a somewhat drastic change in our methods of collecting and presenting news from the provinces, we feared an outcry from readers in the country. Instead, many expressions of approval have been received, and only three complaints. As two of the latter were written under the mistaken impression that we were proposing to give no provincial news whatever, they do not count. The solitary remaining protest calls for discussion because it comes from a quarter entitled to consideration, and even more because it perhaps expresses what many of our country readers are thinking.

The protester's points are: (1) The musical happenings at (say) Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds are as important as those of London, and therefore should be as fully reported; (2) Readers are more interested in the news from these towns than in the news from Berlin or any other foreign centre.

As to (1), we do not deny that there are many provincial concerts (especially of the choral type) at least as good as, and sometimes better than, anything of the kind heard in London. But it should be obvious that if we gave critical reports of *all* the important concerts that take place in Great Britain there would be no space available for articles, reviews, correspondence, and the rest of the matter that makes up the magazine side of the journal. Our readers have a right to expect a good deal more than mere news, much of it inevitably some weeks old. They wish to be kept in touch with current developments of the art, abroad as well as at home. They look to the musical journals for information in regard to new music and musical literature—information which such journals are able to help out with music-type illustrations and an amount of space not often available in the lay press. Room must be found, too, for articles dealing with various branches of research; such articles, if they did not appear in the musical press, would almost certainly appear nowhere else. Contributions of this type make the bound volumes of a journal of permanent interest and value, and it is a desire to increase this interest and value that has led us to condense provincial news into a bare record of events.

A certain amount of critical and detailed concert news must, however, be included for the benefit of readers who wish for information about the new works produced and about the form and style of contemporary performers. The great majority of new works receive their first hearing in London, and London is also the first English centre visited by prominent performers from abroad. If these visiting artists go on a provincial tour their programmes are little more than repetitions of that given at their London débüt, so it is the London performance that calls for critical notice. Moreover, with all its

musical shortcomings, London happens to be the metropolis. The case is surely met, therefore, by giving a pretty full and critical account of musical occurrences in central London, plus a condensed record of suburban and provincial events.

There is another practical point that is apt to be overlooked. The critical opinions appearing in this journal are sometimes quoted by performers and concert agents—a procedure to which no exception can be taken so long as the quotations are not garbled or set out in a misleading way. Provided such opinions represent the first-hand impressions of members of the staff who are qualified to make critical pronouncements we are delighted to find them useful to artists. But more than once we have seen a glowing tribute given with the *Musical Times* as its source, and on looking up the quotation have found it to be in a provincial report.

Now, as it is obviously impossible for a local correspondent, responsible for a large area, to be present at more than a very small proportion of the events he chronicles, such tributes are apt to be drawn in all good faith from a local paper. Readers will understand our reluctance to see the *Musical Times* quoted as saying that 'Miss So-and-so sang superbly,' when as likely as not the glowing adjective came from the general-utility reporter of an obscure country paper—a reporter who no doubt went on to say that the lady 'literally brought down the house.' By limiting our critical reports to London concerts and to specially important events in the provinces, such as the various festivals, we are able to ensure that they are the work of writers whose opinions carry weight, such reports being invariably signed or initialled. (In this connection we are glad to find our readers warmly appreciative of our endeavours to give them a monthly review of London's chief musical events written by some of the best critics of the day.)

Here a word may be said as to our placing of the provincial towns in alphabetical order, instead of giving the big towns special prominence. The alphabetical system has been adopted, first, for convenience of reference, and, second, because we are convinced that mere size tends to count for less and less so far as musical activity is concerned. For example, there are certain choral strongholds the chronicle of whose activities would be little more than a dull list of performances of hackneyed works. On the other hand, we could name twenty smallish towns that, musically speaking, were not on the map a few years ago, but which to-day are showing an astonishing amount of enterprise, not only in choralism, but in chamber and orchestral music as well. They are making a tradition instead of merely maintaining one, and if any towns deserve both space and prominence in our columns surely these do. The most encouraging feature in the musical life of the country at present is this activity in the smaller centres, and we regard as illogical and undemocratic a news service that would give greater prominence to a performance of *The Messiah* in a Yorkshire town of 300,000 inhabitants than (say) to that of *The Apostles* given recently at Bedford, with its mere 40,000.

As to the amount of space allotted to news from Berlin and Vienna, it should be remembered that the correspondence covers practically all the principal musical events in Central Europe. It must indeed

be a parochial mind that fails to realise the interest and importance of news from those quarters. The gradual revival of musical activity in Austria and Germany since the war is an intensely interesting episode in musical history, and it should be recorded in a journal such as this, not only for the benefit of readers of to-day, but even more for the purpose of a record which will certainly not diminish in value as time goes on.

We have discussed this matter at some length because there are no doubt a good many readers who have not yet realised that a system that was convenient twenty years ago is very much the reverse to-day, owing to the great developments of music in local centres. Such changes as we have made have been the result of careful consideration. The time had come when we had to decide whether the *Musical Times* was to be a journal overloaded with news (necessarily printed in small type, and most of it a month old) or one in which the bulk would consist of articles and reviews of varied character, and, so far as possible, of a good literary quality. In deciding to aim at the latter we are convinced that we have practically all our readers with us, and we hope soon to convert the rest. It remains only to add that we are arranging for an improved news service from certain large towns, and that the journal will be specially represented at the chief festivals, and on other occasions in the provinces when important works are being heard for the first time.

While we were writing the above there arrived by a happy coincidence an account of a concert given in a small West of England village. It so completely bears out our contention as to the most vital musical happenings not being confined to the big towns that we cannot resist the temptation to give a few details. The account is the more interesting and reliable in that it is contained in a private letter to a well-known composer who lent some band parts to the conductor. The letter frankly says where the players failed, and—but let us give the main items of the programme first: Overture to *Figaro*; Gavotte, Minuet, Bourrée, and Passepied from Bach's Suite in C; Pavane, *Earle of Salisbury*, Byrd; Suite (five movements), Purcell; a Festival Chime on 'St. Denio,' Holst; and Fantasia on English Folk-tunes, by R. T. White—the last two works being for chorus and orchestra. The choral items included Gibbons's *Silver Swan*, Morley's *Now is the month of maying*, and *Early one morning*, arranged by Dunhill. The orchestra consisted of four first and two second violins, two violas, two violoncellos, one bass, one flute, one clarinet, one trumpet, one horn, drums, bells, and pianoforte:

Figaro [says the letter] was too much for us, but after a wobbling start we got going . . . the fiddles in the scale-passage near the end almost brought us to confusion, but they rallied. The *Grave*, *Allegro*, and *Courante* of the Bach proved too hard nuts, so we thought it best not to give them publicly, as we wished to do nothing that might injure whatever reputation Bach may have got as a composer. . . . But the four dances that we ventured on! Sir, I think I may say that here we at least did no harm. . . . The Bourrée gave our basses great sport, and was very jolly; in the Passepied the wood-wind had the time of their lives, and finished quite breathless, but happy. (How did the oboe keep himself going in Bach's time? I forget whether oxygen had been invented; I don't think it had.) However, the whole band thoroughly enjoyed themselves, which I take it is somewhat to the

purpose. . . . In the *Pavane* of Byrd I felt some anxiety as to whether the band would rise to the occasion, none of us being any too good; you know, of course, that the players belong entirely to what William Morris called the 'unhelped people.' However, as it happened, they never played better. Naturally, we cannot rise to any ecstasy over our own playing; but even so, the uplift of this music is tremendous. The spell of its gracious dignity was not lost on us. In this isolated place we never get any music save what we make ourselves, and we blessed — for bringing this piece to our notice.

The Purcell Suite suffered from the fact that the conductor had scored the movements himself—a task which he frankly admits was a bit above him. He feels strongly that a great deal of Purcell should be available in arrangements for small orchestra, and we agree.

Now this concert, given in an obscure village, is one more proof that there are few places so small and isolated that, given a lead, they cannot do music-making well worth while to themselves and to their fellows. The musical life of the country is affected far more by such enterprises as this than by concert tours by 'international celebrities.' The present-day fashionable talk of 'decentralisation of music' is generally used in the confined sense of extending the activities of our orchestras and other professional performers to the outer circles of big towns. The decentralisation that surely matters no less—perhaps even more—is that brought about by encouraging amateurs in remote country districts to get together, and (like these wood-wind players in the Bach suite) 'have the time of their lives.' After all, as the conductor of this village band says, '. . . it is somewhat to the purpose' that the players thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Bearing in mind the highly-skilled performers who manage to give us all the right notes without the slightest appearance of enjoyment, we think the 'somewhat' is too mild a term. We hope these West-country enthusiasts will go on finishing movements 'breathless but happy.'

It is a further happy coincidence that this very month we find ourselves bound to say something about our 'Chamber Music for Amateurs' column. This feature has grown to such an extent that we can now spare space for no more than one insertion of each advertisement. (We began by giving three.) The scope of the column has been extended somewhat. Our original object was to help amateur chamber music players to get in touch with one another, but the question soon arose as to whether the term 'chamber music' ought to be narrowed down to a purely instrumental significance, and we could hardly refuse to include announcements concerned with vocal quartets. (As Miss Townsend Warner says in an article on Byrd in the British Music Society's Bulletin for September, 'The madrigal and motet have as good a right to be classed as chamber music as the string quartet, and are to the full as exciting and delightful in performance.') Next came the question: If amateur chamber music players and singers, why not amateur orchestras? There seemed to be but one answer, and we made it. The original intention of the column having been so much extended, the title must be changed. In future, therefore, it will be headed 'The Amateurs' Page.' We must remind those who wish to make use of it that the department is for *bona-fide* amateurs. In one or two

instances we have had to refuse advertisements that smacked somewhat of the professional, or at least of the *quasi* type. (In one instance, by the by, the column was apparently regarded by a particularly lonesome advertiser as a kind of matrimonial agency!) Finally, we are glad to know that the *Musical Times* has been the means of bringing so many keen music-makers together, and we need hardly say that so long as there is a demand for 'The Amateurs' Page' we shall do our best to find space for it.

Elgar's Quintet had its first performance in South Africa on August 17, at one of the series of chamber music concerts given by Mrs. Selma Whitehouse (an old Guildhall student, and pupil of Wilhelmj), and Mr. Lorenzo Danza. The press reports speak with enthusiasm of the work and its performance. Notable music has been played at these concerts—the Beethoven Trios, Trios by Rachmaninov, Tchaikovsky, Schumann, and Saint-Saëns, Quartets by Beethoven and Dvorák, Quintets by Brahms, Saint-Saëns, and Schumann, the Brahms Sextet, &c. After five years of uphill work in the face of indifference, a keen chamber music public has been got together, and the concerts actually pay their way. We congratulate the plucky and enthusiastic players, and hope that they will go on getting their deserts.

In our correspondence columns appears a letter from the hon. secretary of Barclay's Bank Musical Society, pointing out that in our report of the National Eisteddfod, the conductor of the Society's Choir was described as an 'enthusiastic Welshman,' whereas Mr. Herbert W. Pierce, the conductor aforesaid, happens to be merely an enthusiastic Englishman—even worse, a Londoner born and bred. He was educated at the City of London School, and was for some years organist at Union Chapel, Islington, a post graced also by Gauntlett, Prout, and Julius Harrison. As to his work as choirmaster, it will be remembered that at the National Eisteddfod, after what the judges described as the 'keenest competition in history, a veritable struggle of giants,' this London business-house choir was placed third in a class of thirteen entries, with only one mark separating first from second, and second from third. At the semi-national Eisteddfod held in London last November, Barclay's Bank tied with the well-known Llanwrst Male-Voice Choir for first place. We have received a prospectus of the coming season's work, and note that the Choir will be busy with madrigals, part-songs, and carols by William Byrd and Arnold Bax.

A morning paper recently dished up the chestnut about Sullivan (or somebody else) and Grove (or another) trying to find a friend's house, and being helped by one of them recalling that the friend's door-scraper was in B flat. Our friend 'The Looker-on,' of the *Evening Standard*, who has a keen scent for revivals of the sort, was moved to devote a column to musical stories. He considers that musical circles are particularly rich in good yarns, and suggests that 'someone ought to make a small collection of the best of them. You would never think [he adds, only too truly] from seeing musicians on the concert-platform that they were such funny fellows.' We can imagine no more desolating kind of book than a collection of jokes, so we are not enthusiastic about a collection, but we agree that the best musical

stories ought to be printed in a more permanent and get-at-able form than that provided by the columns of the daily press. Obviously the musical journals should rescue them, the more so as the point of many such stories is apt to be lost on the layman. 'The Looker-on' quotes one or two from Sir Landon Ronald's recently published book of reminiscences, and then adds a few good ones on his own account. Some are too familiar to repeat here, but a couple of broken-English specimens will probably be new to most of our readers. Sir Landon Ronald tells us he was actually in the theatre when Arditì shouted his immortal crusher to a disputatious fiddler: 'Don't shpoke! If you no like, you went!'

Perhaps the following is a *ben trovato* development of the Arditì yarn: A foreign conductor at Covent Garden was much annoyed at the chattering of the orchestra. He stood it as long as possible, but at last broke out with, 'Don't shpoke! I can stand it then and now, but always, my God, never!'

Here is perhaps the neatest example of Bülow's wit. (In order to appreciate it one has to remember that when a German is about to address a person with whom he is not acquainted, he introduces himself by giving his name thus: 'Baumgartner,' 'Snitzelheimer,' or what not.) Coming out from a concert one night von Bülow accidentally stepped on a man's foot. The victim turned angrily to Bülow and cried 'Esel!' ('Ass!'). Whereupon the pianist raised his hat, bowed, and said 'Von Bülow.'

Finally—for we must beware of making anything like a collection; nobody should serve up more than four stories at one helping—here is a capital specimen which we imagine is new, seeing that it was told by Sousa recently, and has just appeared in the *Musical Courier*. It has to do with a charwoman in an English hotel:

Every morning as Sousa went down to breakfast he saw a woman continually scrubbing the floors, and it occurred to him what a horrible life she led. 'I asked my manager for a pass to one of my concerts,' said Sousa, 'and I may say that above all things he hates a man to whom he gives a pass, and there are few men he hates. But I succeeded in getting one eventually. So the following morning I said to the charwoman: "Would you care to go to a concert next Thursday afternoon?" The charlady, expressing great joy, exclaimed: "Is that your only day off."'

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION

So far as can be ascertained, the only mention of music during the meetings of the British Association last month at Hull was at a joint gathering of the Anthropologists and Psychologists, when Dr. Charles Myers, President of the Psychological Section, in discussing the permanence of mental characteristics among nations, mentioned the strange fact of England's loss of her position as the first musical nation in the world in the 17th century. He is presumably aware of the fact that this was largely due to political and religious reasons and to Cromwell, but he certainly did not say so, and he represented it as merely an interesting psychological problem, because of the rarity of such changes. Within limits this is, of course, true, because powerful as the external causes of the change were, it would not have been so markedly complete had there not been some subtle change in the national appreciation of music at that time, and it is not impossible that some reasons—neither political nor

musical—may account for the fact that it took nearly three hundred years before England could again boast of a national school of music. This certainly is a subject worth consideration and investigation.

In the course of the same discussion we heard another interesting thing, which is perhaps worth mentioning although it has nothing whatever to do with music. A speaker quoted a report on the characteristics of the English, by some Venetian observers in Tudor times, who said that the British working man was distinguished by his love of sport and fair play, exceedingly hospitable and generous; but when he saw a starving man he would not offer him food or money, but would say, 'Come along and have a drink.'

It has frequently been remarked that the difference between English functions of the kind afforded by the British Association and similar events in any foreign city, is that on any such occasion abroad there are always at least one or two orchestral concerts and several operatic or theatrical performances thrown in. In the course of the Hull meetings the only thing of the sort was that the management of one of the theatres invited certain members of the Association to performances of a musical comedy. On the other hand, the D'Oyly Carte Company was at Hull during the week, and people were turned away nightly—but among the audiences were large numbers of bearded and bespectacled gentlemen with dome-like foreheads, and wearing the Association badge.

The venue of the Association next year is Liverpool—which has famous musical institutions—and as it is the Association's watchword now to bring the scheme of its discussions into close touch with the daily life of the city in which it meets, would it be too much to suggest the possibility of arranging for a concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, or one or two organ recitals in St. George's Hall—both of which have done so much to make history in the North? The financial difficulties of an orchestral concert should not be impossible to overcome.

A. K.

GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL:

RUTLAND BOUGHTON'S *ALKESTIS*

Mr. Boughton spells the title of his new music-drama *Alkestis*, and Prof. Murray, whose translation of Euripides' drama is the basis of the work, does likewise. But as in the course of the Glastonbury performance last month the hard sound was used, it is pardonable to spell it phonetically; incidentally, it is truer to the original.

If appearances go for anything, Mr. Boughton has scored a popular success, for his audiences have been large and enthusiastic. He has written music which 'gets through,' as the saying is. Apparently the sacrifice of *Alkestis* for her husband has stirred his feeling. The music of the first Act, from the entrance of the handmaid to the chorus 'Daughter of Pelias, fare thee well,' which concludes it, is one long intensification of every harrowing element in the dying farewell of *Alkestis*. It is impossible to listen to it without being affected deeply, and it is in the main simple and direct in treatment. The composer has not a great many cards to play, perhaps; possibly, on the other hand, he has deliberately restricted himself in the matter of harmonic resource. Melodically, however, his simplicity in this work brings him dangerously near tameness, and when he wishes to press home the feeling of a situation the effect on a

sensitive listener is that of having his withers wrung, an effect nearer to melodrama than to tragedy, or the epic type of utterance by right belonging to music-drama. Sometimes, indeed, he presses us completely over the line, as when the little son of Admetus and *Alkestis* breaks in with 'Oh, what has happened? Mummy has gone away.' And when *Alkestis* enjoins the prospective widower to bring no stepmother into the home, for 'Better a serpent than a stepmother,' it is to music that enhances the atmosphere of the Surrey or the Adelphi already inherent in the situation.

The second Act, dealing with the recovery of *Alkestis* by Herakles from the clutches of Thanatos, the messenger of death, is stronger, not because it brings about a happy ending, for in doing that it shames us for the tears drawn from us during the first Act, but because it is free from the taint of sentimentality which is the weakness of its predecessor. There is a noble vein of sadness, with an incidental suggestion of Chopin, in the scene of the return from the funeral, and Mr. Boughton has written music for the drunken scene of Herakles which admits of a wide variety of interpretation. The first of these, in fact, is the only scene in the work in which we feel beyond doubt that the composer's imagination, as distinct from his feeling, has been captured. In this Act, too, his choral writing, which throughout is the strongest feature of the work, is at its very best. There is great charm in his handling of 'Oh, a house that loves a stranger,' with its dancing rhythm in the first three verses and a tune carried by soprano, contralto, and tenor in turn, and its gradual relapse into sadness in the fourth verse as a preparation for the appearance of the funeral procession. And when, in the later chorus beginning 'I have sojourned in the muses' land' there comes a kind of summing up of the composer's emotion on the theme of woman's sacrifice for man, we feel him to be stronger in his reflection on the theme than in his dramatic treatment of it.

Much may be said regarding the place of the chorus in a music-drama of this type—whether, for instance, unison treatment would not possibly be better in effect than part-writing, giving us the poet's words more articulately, or whether the orchestra unassisted might not express the poetic feeling of the choruses in Greek drama better than any setting of their words—but there can be no denying the skill and power with which Mr. Boughton has handled his problem along the lines of the solution of his choice. His treatment of the choral entrances, and of the phrases for single voices that often precede the entrance of the mass, is very happy. Much care for beauty of effect, also, was shown in his disposition of them on the stage, for Mr. Boughton, though he had splendid help from Miss Christina Walshe, was very much his own producer. There was, however, an element of sophistication as opposed to naturalness in some of the gestures employed. Circumstances compel the use of the auditorium at Glastonbury for the passage of the performers to the stage at certain points. The tiny Assembly Hall was built for other purposes than stage performances; but circumstances were no enemy to beauty of effect in the case of *Alkestis*, the passing and the return of the funeral procession through the hall contributing to an intimacy of feeling impossible on the proscenium stage. Of the work as a whole, one's

impression is of an interesting experiment bravely and sympathetically carried through. In seizing on the feeling of the *Alkestis* story to the exclusion of the atmosphere of Hellenic drama, Mr. Boughton has certainly brought the story down to date. But there is a sense of anomaly when staging approximating to Hellenic lines and costuming and grouping on Greek models find no reflection in the music, for classic breadth and dignity of treatment are overborne by a small and rather finicking handling of the emotion of the drama. Its feeling is carried along on a choppy sea rather than on a great overbearing current. Indeed, it is difficult to understand why *Alkestis* was chosen for the experiment, for there are many greater things in Greek drama, while in adhering so faithfully to Gilbert Murray's text Mr. Boughton has handicapped himself with a libretto which, poetic in expression as it undoubtedly is, suffers from a form which comports itself ill with the requirements of musical structure.

In Miss Astra Desmond Mr. Boughton had an *Alkestis* of queenly bearing who also sang his music without stint of emotional expressiveness. Admetus seemed to present a few problems for its interpreter which Mr. Steuart Wilson did not solve in a really convincing way, but in a difficult part he did very well in the main. As Herakles Mr. Clive Carey was vocally equal to the requirements of the music, and managed with skill the transition of mood in the scene with the cupbearer, Miss Greta Don. Though Apollo has little to do, Mr. Arthur Jordan did that little splendidly, and was an imposing figure. Miss Kathleen Davis as the handmaid, Mr. Frederick Woodhouse as Thanatos, and Mr. Joseph Eastman as Pheres were capable representatives of their parts, while in the important rôle of chorus-leader Mr. Arthur Clark did excellently. As always here, fine choral singing was a feature of the production, for the singers are enthusiasts.

Other performances of the Festival included a concert in which Miss Desmond sang most finely the complete cycle of Bantock's *Sappho* songs, with the composer at the pianoforte. For the Prelude Miss Penelope Spencer, principal dancer of the National Opera, arranged a dance which, given against a backcloth by Miss Christina Walshe, was at least exotic in feeling and graceful in its details. At the same concert Mr. Jordan sang Julius Harrison's *Four Songs of Chivalry*, the composer accompanying. A production of Blow's *Masque, Venus and Adonis*, had too great a proportion of immaturity of voice and style in its singing to justify its inclusion in a Festival making a wide appeal. Mr. Carey's *Adonis*, however, was an exception amid the prevailing amateurishness, and Mr. Harrison kept a firm rein on the music, while the chorus work was particularly good. A production of the drama of the *Trachine* by Sophocles was notable for the treatment of the choruses. Sung in unison, with only an occasional break into octaves, to melodies of a plain-song type adapted by Mr. Boughton from folk-tunes, they supplied an eloquent argument in favour of the unisonal method as against a harmonized treatment.

A. J. SHELDON.

We are glad to be able to announce that Gustav Holst's opera, *The Perfect Fool*, will be published by Messrs. Novello.

Church and Organ Music

REMAINS OF A FAMOUS OLD ORGAN

BY C. F. ABDY WILLIAMS

All strangers who go to Rome are bound at some time during their stay to visit the great basilica of St. John Lateran. And I doubt if many, whether musical or not, can fail to notice the remarkable organ which, at some sixty feet above the pavement, stretches its enormous length without a break across the Church above the south door.

I had long been fascinated with this organ, and knew that it was said to be unplayable. It was built in 1599 by Luca Blasi of Perugia, and was therefore in existence when Frescobaldi was organist of St. Peter's. As I found the choir of St. Peter's sometimes sang at the Lateran, I saw no reason why Frescobaldi of St. Peter's should not have occasionally played on this large instrument.

There are four other organs in the basilica, but there was nothing special about them to attract me; the great Frescobaldi-period instrument was the one I wished to examine. At last an opportunity came. Monsignor Stonor, Dean of the Church, invited me to attend a mass, and introduced me to Filippo Capocci, the famous organist there. Capocci asked me to call on him, which I did, and found him most charming. Moreover, he had been in England, and had played organs there, and we found several acquaintances in common.

He was interested in my keenness about the old organ, and readily made an appointment to meet me at the Lateran. This was in 1907; whether the instrument still stands I cannot say.

The approach to the organ was by a narrow staircase in the thickness of the wall of the great south door. Carrying candles, we had to climb its steep corkscrew steps, for, it seemed, an immense way up, but we eventually emerged in the gallery on which the organ stands. Here an amazing sight met us. Everything was in ruins. The front, which looks so imposing from below, was the only part remaining more or less intact; but even here the great centre pipe, a metal F of 26-ft. (as well as some others) was sunk with its own weight into its foot. This damage cannot be seen from below. The two keyboards seemed to have parted company. Their keys would certainly press down and return, but slowly and heavily as if they resented being woke from their long sleep. Their compass was F to F, five octaves, a large compass for the 16th century. That of the pedals was from F, twenty-one notes. The lowest two sharps were omitted, as was then frequently the case, to save space and expense. On the manuals the naturals were black, the sharps white, a fashion not unknown in Father Smith's English organs.

The coupling arrangement was curious. The upper keyboard overhung the lower, and carried square hooks, intended to engage with corresponding eyes in the top of the lower keys. To couple, the player must have either pulled the upper clavier bodily forward about an inch, or pushed in the lower to the same extent. I had, by the way, seen this system, or something like it, actually in use in Spain. How the Lateran organ worked its couplers we were unable to discover.

The action was tracker. There was a roller board, but evidently this was a late addition, for it looked much newer than the rest. Capocci told

me that in the last century (the 19th) Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, had 'restored and ruined' the organ, and that since then a Frate had been at work on it and had done a lot of mischief. At his house he afterwards showed and lent me a manuscript opinion drawn up by his father, Gaetano, in 1859, the then organist. I copied the document, and have it before me now. The writer says that many attempts had been made to restore the organ. The chief thing desired was to preserve the Prospect, 'which is perhaps one of the grandest in Italy.' But these ancient pipes gave only a feeble tone, not in keeping with modern requirements. There being no Italian builders competent to deal with such enormous pipes, it had been suggested that Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, should be called in. But Gaetano thought that this course would be simply 'throwing money to the winds.'

Apparently the Dean and Chapter did not listen to their organist's advice; Walcker was called in, and could do nothing to improve matters.

The pedals also were most curious. Set at an angle of forty-five degrees (like the blowing pedals of a harmonium), they were very short and could only be played with the toe. They were permanently coupled to the lower manual by wires, which were in no way concealed. So far as I could see, the seven or eight lowest pedals had their own pipes in addition to the coupling; the rest seemed to depend entirely on the manual.

There were eighteen stops on the left side and twelve on the right. The left-hand stops were levers shifting from right to left, as in many North Italian organs I have seen. When in action they were latched. By a slight touch on the part of the organist a spring brought them to the 'off' position. Most had names printed on the case above them. On the right-hand were round draw-stops, with names on their knobs, as in the modern organ. It looked as if the restorers had got tired of the job, and had left off after modernising these stops. The uppermost on each side was labelled 'Principale' (Open diapason). No dimensions were given. On the left they proceeded downwards by quinta, ottava, 15th, 22nd, 26th, with a flauto and ottavino. Two were unnamed. On the right, in addition to the flue-stops, a repetition of those on the left, there were a cornetto and another whose name I could not read. On both sides were remarkable accessories, some of which pulled out, others being levers. Two were labelled 'Rinforza di Principale.' The use of the others we could not ascertain. After examining the front we went behind into the bellows chamber, which consisted of a large and substantial shed built out of doors on the roof of the Loggia. Everything in the basilica being on a gigantic scale, there was plenty of room on this roof. The shed contained six bellows, which were merely feeders, three on each side of a spacious gangway. There was no wind reservoir, and pressure was obtained by heaps of broken statues piled up on the ends of the feeders. These were raised by long levers, and the blowers must have timed themselves carefully, for it is evident that if all six feeders happened to be raised simultaneously, the organ would suddenly cease to sound.* The bellows, like everything else, were on a gigantic scale, and on each side of the gangway was a substantial handrail to prevent the blowers

from accidentally adding their weight to that of the broken statues. The levers, projecting over the handrails, were easily manipulated.

Returning from the bellows chamber, we got inside the organ. If we were astonished at the ruin in front, it was nothing to the complete chaos within. I thought at once of the smash up in a railway collision. We lifted out two of the few small pipes that had escaped the general ruin, and blew into them. They gave a pleasant, soft, fluty tone. We took out a big reed pipe. It was of wood, conical and mitred, and about 6-ft. long. It fitted into the heaviest leaden boot I ever saw. The reed was very thin, and of great breadth compared to its length. It had not escaped damage, for its edge was bent and it would not sound. Capocci told me that in 1863, in his father's time, the organ was just playable, but that by 1873 it was entirely done for. It would never sound again as it stood.

I thanked Capocci for the interesting afternoon he had given me, and we parted hoping to meet again; but I left Rome a few days later, and never saw him afterwards.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS

Candidates for the Associateship Examination are requested to note that the reference to the Peters edition of the Trio in C minor (Bach), given in the regulations as Vol. 9, No. 7, relates to the old edition, and that in the new edition it is Vol. 9, No. 9.

A report of the Congress of the National Union of Organists' Associations appears on p. 727.

CHRIST CHURCH, GREYFRIARS (NEWGATE STREET)

REOPENING OF THE ORGAN

The organ at Christ Church is to be reopened on Tuesday, October 10, at 12.15, by the Lord Mayor, when a recital will be given by Dr. Stanley Marchant, sub-organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, formerly organist of Christ Church. The history of the organ is worth recording briefly. The original instrument was built in 1690 by Renatus Harris. Numerous additions and improvements were made by various 18th century builders, and fairly extensive alterations took place in 1827, when Samuel Wesley played at the reopening. A letter from him, stating his satisfaction with the work, is still in existence. Eight years later the compass was extended to CC. The organ was in this state when Mendelssohn played on it in 1837 and 1842. In 1867 considerable enlargements and alterations were again made, the most important being the adoption of equal temperament. Barker lever pneumatic action was applied to the Great organ, and about 1900 electric blowing was installed. The whole organ has been recently rebuilt by Mr. F. Tunks, of Clapham. Tubular pneumatic action has been applied throughout, twenty-one pistons have been added, and eight new stops added or substituted. The old and beautiful tonal characteristics of the instrument have not been disturbed in any way—indeed, they have been enhanced.

The specification now stands as follows:

GREAT ORGAN (14 stops)

FT.		FT.	
1. Double Diapason	... 16	8. Harmonic Flute	... 4
2. Open Diapason, No. 1	8	9. Twelfth	... 3
3. Open Diapason, No. 2	5	10. Fifteenth	... 2
4. Open Diapason, No. 3*	8	11. Mixture	... 5 ranks
5. Stopped Diapason	... 8	12. Double Trumpet	... 16
6. Clarabella	... 8	13. Posaune	... 8
7. Principal	... 4	14. Octave Posaune	... 4

* The old Pedal twelfth has been incorporated in this stop.

CHOIR ORGAN (10 stops)

FT.		FT.	
1. Open Diapason	... 8	6. Principal	... 4
2. Stopped Diapason	... 8	7. Lieblich Flute	... 4
3. Dulciana	... 8	8. Flute	... 2
4. Under Maris	... 8	9. Clarinet	... 8
5. Gamba	... 5	10. Orchestral Oboe	... 8

(The whole enclosed in a Swell box.)

* This difficulty was common to regals and early positives.

SWELL ORGAN (11 stops)

	FT.		FT.
1. Double Dulciana ...	16	7. Mixture ...	8
2. Open Diapason ...	8	8. Oboe ...	8
3. Stopped Diapason ...	8	9. Clarion ...	4
4. Gamba ...	8	10. Trumpet ...	8
5. Celeste ...	8	11. Contra Fagotto ...	16
6. Gemshorn ...	4		

PEDAL ORGAN (10 stops)

	FT.		FT.
1. Bass Bourdon ...	32	6. Open Diapason (wood) ...	8
2. Open Wood ...	16	7. Bass Flute ...	8
3. Montre ...	16	8. Fifteenth ...	4
4. Bourdon ...	16	9. Trombone ...	16
5. Principal ...	8	10. Octave Trombone ...	8

ACCESSORIES

Six Combination Pedals (operating on Great and Pedal).

Great to Pedal (on and off):

(a) By Pedal

(b) By Piston under Swell manual.

Swell to Choir (on and off) by Piston under Choir manual.

Six Pistons operating Swell stops.

Seven Pistons operating Great stops.

Six Pistons operating Choir stops.

Tremulant to Swell Organ.

Balance crescendo pedals to Swell and Choir.

On the day of the reopening a second recital will be given at 6 o'clock. On the three days following (October 11, 12, and 13) recitals will be given at 1.15 and 6 o'clock, and on October 14 a recital at 3 o'clock.

The following are the recitalists: Dr. Charles Macpherson, Dr. Stanley Marchant, Mr. E. S. Roper, Mr. F. G. Shuttleworth, Mr. D. E. Hopkins (organist at Christ Church), Mr. H. J. Timothy, Mr. S. H. Lovett, and Mr. Leslie Regan (former organists at Christ Church).

No tickets will be required for the reopening or for any of the subsequent recitals.

As we go to press we hear with great regret that James J. Walker, the builder of so many fine organs, died at Felixstowe on September 19, aged seventy-six. An obituary and portrait will appear in our next issue.

DR. HAROLD DARKE'S BACH RECITALS

Dr. Harold Darke will give a series of six Bach recitals at St. Michael's, Cornhill, weekly, on Thursdays at six o'clock, from October 5 to November 9. Each programme will include a group of Chorale Preludes, as well as one or more of the most popular of the Preludes, Toccatas, and Fugues. We are very glad to see that the six Trio Sonatas are to be played in their order, one per week. This should help toward a more general realisation of the possibilities of these delightful works for recital purposes, though perhaps the inclusion of an entire sonata is not advisable save in cases such as this, where the audience is of a special type. At ordinary recitals it will often be wiser to play one movement only. We hope Dr. Darke's fine scheme will be as successful as that of last year, when the church was packed throughout the series.

'BLIND ORGANISTS' SUCCESS'

Mr. Guy M. Campbell, Principal of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, writes pointing out that in our paragraph in last month's issue, under the above title, nothing was said as to the institution to which the blind students successful at the R.C.O. examinations owed their training—the Royal Normal College. He further informs us that the Associates and Fellows of the Royal College of Organists trained at the Royal Normal College number fifty-eight and twenty-four respectively—more than double the total prepared by any other institution of the kind in the Empire. We are glad to place the credit in the right quarter. The paragraph which drew this letter from Mr. Campbell came from a reliable source, and was inserted in all good faith.

THE WAR-LORD USEFUL, AFTER ALL

We hear from the Federation of British Music Industries that the Town Council of Neuhaudensleben has decided to pull down the local statue of the ex-Kaiser, and to use the metal in replacing the pipes of the Parish Church organ, which were converted into munitions during the war. So keen an amateur musician as Wilhelm will doubtless see the fittingness of this conversion.

A recital of organ and vocal music was given at Cromer Parish Church, on August 10, by Mr. A. E. L. Burr and the treble choristers of Jesus College, Cambridge. The boys' solos included Tchaikovsky's *Legend*, Mendelssohn's *O for the wings of a dove*, Martin Shaw's *Mine eyes have seen the glory*, &c. Mr. Burr played pieces by Stanford, Vaughan Williams, Vierne, Byrd, Purcell, Chambonnières, Handel, and Bach. We understand there was a record attendance—about seventeen hundred—and, even more important, a record collection for the organ fund.

A unique organ recital will be given at Chelsea Congregational Church, Markham Square, on October 3, at 7.30. The occasion is the opening of the organ after restoration, and a programme of eight items will be played by seven former organists of the Church (Mrs. Mary Layton, Mr. Wesley Hammet, Mr. Emmanuel Barson, Miss Margaret Layton, Mr. Alfred Stock, Mr. Alfred King, and Mr. Ernest Alden) and the present holder of the post, Miss Marjorie Renton.

Mr. Bertram Hollins announces his fifth series of recitals at Beckenham Congregational Church, to take place monthly from September 27 to May 2. Two recitals will be devoted to Bach, and the series will close with a plébiscite programme. The October recital is on the 24th.

Mr. Arthur Meale has resumed his Wednesday mid-day (1.5) recitals at the Central Hall, Westminster—his eleventh series. Mr. Meale plays also at the Central Hall Saturday evening popular concerts, which opened their season on September 23.

ORGAN RECITALS

Mr. Arthur R. Saunders, St. Stephen's Walbrook—Prelude in D minor, *Mendelssohn*; Allegretto (from Sonata), *Elgar*; *Pæan*, *Harwood*; Lied and Carillon, *Vierne*; Scherzo, *Baird*.

Mr. Joseph Soar, St. David's Cathedral—Fantasia in F minor, *Mozart*; Scherzo (fifth Symphony), *Widor*; Fugue, *Reubke*; 'Dithyramb', *Harwood*.

Mr. H. J. Timothy, St. Vedast Foster—Allegretto and Finale (Sonata No. 4), *Mendelssohn*; Postlude in D, *Smart*; 'O ruddier than the cherry'; Barcarolle, *Bennett*.

Mr. S. M. Popplestone, All Saints, Weston-super-Mare—Toccatina in F, *Bach*; 'Schiller' March, *Meyerbeer*.

Mr. William H. Speer, Christ Church, St. Leonards—Prelude and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Pastorale, from an Organ Sonata, *Speer*; March from 'St. Elizabeth', *Liszt*.

Mr. Arthur E. Davies, St. James's, Clacton-on-Sea—Sonata No. 9, *Merkel*; Allegretto, *Wolstenholme*; Minuet from 'Samson.'

Miss Emmie Bowman, Barkway Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in G, *Bach*; Overture 'Euryanthe'; Variations de Concert, *Bonnet*; Capriccio, *Faulkes*.

Mr. S. de B. Taylor, Temple of Humanity, Liverpool—Sonata in A minor, *Rheinberger*; March for a Church Festival, *Best*; Andantino, *Franck*; Overture, 'Faust', *Gounod*.

Mr. W. A. Roberts, St. Margaret's, Anfield—Prelude, *Dupuis*; Fugue, *Arne*; first three movements of Symphony No. 3, *Vierne*; Legend, *Grace*; Theme varied, *Faulkes*; Finale to Suite, *Lyon*; Choral No. 2, *Franck*.

Mr. F. J. Livesey, St. Bees Priory Church—Grande Pièce Symphonique, Andantino, and Choral No. 2, *Franck*; Prelude and Fugue in E flat, *Saint-Saëns*.

Mr. Ernest H. Smith, St. Margaret's, Anfield—Sonata No. 3, *Mendelssohn*; Berceuse et Hymne Seraphique, *Ernest H. Smith*; Toccata, *Callaerts*; Offertoire in G, *Faulkes*.

Mr. H. C. Warriolow, National Institute for the Blind—Prelude, Fugue, and Variation, *Franck*; Minuet and Trio, *Wolstenholme*; Villanelle, *Ireland*; Finale in B flat, *Guilmant*; Fantasia in E flat, *Saint-Saëns*.

Mr. J. H. Lilley, Wells Parish Church, Norfolk—'The Storm,' *Lemmens*; Prelude on 'Bowe Bells,' *J. F. Bridge*; Violin solos by Viscount Coke: Air on the G string; Arioso, *Handel*; Londonderry Air, arr. by *Tertis*.

APPOINTMENT

Dr. F. H. Wood, of Blackpool Parish Church, to be conductor, Preston Choral Society.

The Amateurs' Page

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur musicians who wish to co-operate with others.

Amateur instrumentalists, strings and wind, required for the West London Co-Operative Orchestra. Rehearsals resumed September 2.—Apply to Hon. Sec., Mr. C. J. MATHIE, 32, Micklethwaite Road, Fulham, S.W.6.

Conway Orchestra, Walthamstow. Male instrumentalists are invited to become members of the above orchestra. Wood-wind players particularly are desired.—Information may be obtained from the Secretary, J. E. PARISH, 14, Copeland Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

Pianist wishes to meet good vocalist or violinist to practise accompanying. Lady or gentleman. Birmingham neighbourhood.—A. V. K., *c/o Musical Times*.

North London Philharmonic Society. Vacancies for all voices and good instrumentalists. Rehearsals in Spensley Hall (opposite Fire Station), Brooke Road, Stoke Newington. Orchestra, Monday evenings, Choir, Tuesday evenings.—Secretary, Mr. J. H. CHISHAM, 30, Broke Road, Dalston, E.8.

Two ladies, a pianist and a 'cellist, would be glad to meet a good violinist to join them in trio practice.—Write, Miss R. J. RITZ, L.R.A.M., 266, Elgin Avenue, W.9.

Gentleman vocalist desires to meet pianist-accompanist for mutual practice.—C. B., 34, Rockbourne Road, S.E.23.

Amateur instrumentalists, strings and wind, required for Andrew Brotherhood orchestra. Rehearsals resumed September 5. Apply to Hon. Sec., Mr. R. HEATH, 138, Merton Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19.

Vacancies for string, wood, and brass players, in good orchestra; small subscription. Practice rooms near Oxford Circus. Write, CONDUCTOR, 15, Eleanor Road, London, E.15.

Pianist (male) desires to meet male 'cellist for mutual practice of classical and modern music. Must be good player and enthusiastic. Sunderland. Write, A. W. W., *c/o Musical Times*.

Violinist-flautist-pianist wishes to meet amateur 'cellist, fairly good sight-reader, for mutual practice. Birmingham district.—C. T., *c/o Musical Times*.

Lady viola player seeks practice in orchestral and chamber music. Streatham or neighbourhood preferred.—'OMEGA,' *c/o Musical Times*.

Young violinist (gentleman) wishes to join amateur orchestra in N.W. London or City. Dance music, or other. ERNEST E. MACER, 43, Milman Road, Brondesbury Park, N.W.6.

There are vacancies in the North London Orchestral Society (established, 1889) for string and wind players (low pitch). Rehearsals, Monday evenings at St. John's Church Hall, Gloucester Road, Finsbury Park. New season starts October 9.—Mrs. SEDGFIELD, 54, Bethune Road, N.16.

'Cellist and wife (violin or viola) wish to meet first-class amateur violinist experienced in chamber music, to lead quartet; also good second for weekly practice of classical quartets, at Wimbledon.—J. E. T. M., *c/o Musical Times*.

Violinist (experienced) would like to meet other instrumentalists for practice of quartets or trios.—G. S. M., 89, Park Road, Chiswick, W.4.

Amateur organist wishes to meet 'cellist for mutual practice, also to take part in Sunday performances of good chamber music, with violin and organ.—Mr. S. DE B. TAYLOR, 142, Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool.

Vacancies for oboist, bassoonist, violist, and 'cellist in orchestra rehearsing for production of Cherubini's *Requiem Mass* in C minor, at Islington.—Apply, W. F. S., 58, Berwick Street, W.1.

Young lady pianist and vocalist (soprano) wishes to practise with accompanist. Would also like to hear of 'cellist and violinist with a view to playing classical trios. Beckenham or South London preferred.—J. V., *c/o Musical Times*.

The P.S.A. Orchestra, Brockley Wesleyan Church, Brockley Road, S.E.4, commenced its second year in September and will welcome amateur instrumentalists, especially viola, 'cello, and wood-wind. Rehearsals Wednesday evenings in Church Hall, 8 to 9.45 p.m.—A. R. TITMAN, 1, Leathwell Road, Lewisham, S.E.8.

Capable violinist (gentleman) would be glad to meet others for regular quartet practice. London or halfway.—J. F., 'Rosemary,' The Grove, Woking.

Two violinists and 'cellist would like to meet viola player for mutual quartet practice. Hampstead district.—E. L. S., *c/o Musical Times*.

Pianist wishing to take a more general interest in music would like to meet vocalist or violinist to practise accompanying one or two evenings a week.—Mr. E. JOHNSON, 4, Moorgate, E.C.2.

South London Philharmonic Society has vacancies in the orchestral section for a few good violins, violas, flutes, bassoons, and all brass instruments. Works to be performed, *Faust*, Gounod, *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast*, *The Wake of O'Connor*, Bath, *Parsifal*, *Overture Egmont*, a Brandenburg Concerto, and a pianoforte concerto, &c. Rehearsals on Mondays at 8, at New Cross. Conductor, William H. Kerridge.—Hon. Orchestral Secretary, E. A. WHITE, 15, Ashurst Street, Battersea, S.W.11. Vacancies in choir for men's voices only—apply J. W. WATERER, 19, Adelaide Road, Brockley, S.E.4.

Lady pianist wishes to meet either vocalist or violinist for practice, or would join amateur orchestra. Within easy distance of Forest Gate.—F. V. D., *c/o Musical Times*.

Advertisers would like to meet good violinist of either sex to complete string quartet. North London district.—CROUCH, *c/o Musical Times*.

Young vocalist desires to meet contralto or tenor for mutual practice (duets, &c.)—C. B., 34, Rockbourne Road, S.E.23.

Cornet soloist, with good orchestral experience, wishes to get into touch with good amateur symphony orchestra.—R. LATIMER, 5, Ockenden Road, Southgate Road, Islington, N.1.

Viola player desires to meet accompanist for mutual practice, or would join orchestra. Ewell district.—A. D., 'Ranmore,' Ewell, Surrey.

Violist wishes to join quartet, orchestra, &c., in S.W. district. Evenings or Sunday.—Address, S. S., 6, Hauberk Road, Clapham Junction, S.W.11.

Orchestras. Violinist, sound player and musician, will give services as leader on Sundays in return for opportunity for conducting experience. Western London.—H. ELLIOTT, 3, Doneraile Street, S.W.6.

String quartet playing wanted by an experienced amateur violinist, as leader. Eastbourne.—FURNESS PETERS, 5, Spencer Road, Eastbourne.

Wanted for amateur orchestra, efficient players of 'cello (2), viola (2), and 2nd flute. Mission Hall, Surrey Square, Old Kent Road, S.E.17. Wednesday, at 7.50.—F. W., at above address.

Good violinist invited to join two ladies in trio practice.—Mrs. MATHEWS, 3, Ladbroke Court, W.11.

Violinist would like to meet young lady pianist (experienced) and good accompanist one evening a week for mutual practice.—F. W., *c/o Musical Times*.

Lady vocalist wishes to meet accompanist for mutual practice. Birmingham district.—L. G. C., *c/o Musical Times*.

Required immediately, amateur instrumentalists for select college orchestra in City. Commence October.—Apply, in writing, to G. ABBÉ, 59, Sloane Street, S.W.1.

Letters to the Editor



'AN EARLY GREEK HYMN'


SIR,—I am most grateful to your correspondent Mr. E. A. White. Living, as I am compelled to, in a backwater, I often fail to hear of 'things that matter.'

The 'symbols not mentioned in Grove' are the well-known time-signs given by Bellermann's *Anonymus*, published, with notes, in 1841. Its exact date is unknown, but it is supposed to be within the first three centuries A.D. The symbols are as follows:

The unit of time is the shortest note used in a given composition. It has no sign: a note without a time-sign is understood to be the 'primary time' (*chronos protos*). In translations from ancient to modern notation its value is the quaver.

The two-time note, our crotchet, has over it the sign —


The three-time note, our dotted crotchet, has over it  but in the Tralles hymn this is reversed, thus, 



The four-time, our minim, has the sign 

The five-time, minim tied to quaver, has 

The 'empty-time,' our rest, if of quaver value, has the sign A To this is added above it the appropriate sign if the rest is of more than quaver value.

The stigma is a dot placed over the note to indicate the ictus or accent.

The hyphen  joining two notes, is equivalent to our slur (see Bellermann's *Anonymus*, page 21, &c.).

On collating the translation of the new Greek hymn with the original I was startled to find the anapests translated  instead of  The notes bearing the stigma had been placed in arsis. Had I been wrong all these years? Was Monro wrong in his edition of the Tralles hymn? Are all the musicians wrong? And the resulting feminine ending on 'Amen'? Does the stigma indicate a weak syllable?

Now Bellermann's *Anonymus* distinctly states that the thesis is 'astikton,' i.e., 'without stigma,' and the arsis is 'estigmenon,' 'bearing the stigma.' Bellermann equally distinctly proves in his notes that the balance of ancient authority is against this assertion. He also remarks on the confusion into which the ancient grammarians fell in the matter of arsis and thesis. I thought it had for many decades been understood, by practical musicians at least, that the thesis is the down beat, the arsis the up beat: that in spite of *Anonymus* the stigma always indicates the down beat.

In this translation the notes bearing the stigma are placed on the up beat, in accordance with *Anonymus*, whom Bellermann shows to be mistaken.

Now, Sir, I venture to make a suggestion as to how this remarkable confusion arose amongst ancient grammarians, who perhaps were not 'musical.' To put it as shortly as possible, we are told that rhythm consists of arsis and thesis. Arsis is the 'elevatio,' or 'levatio' (raising) of the hand in conducting, the foot in dancing. Thesis is the 'positio' (putting down) of the hand or foot 'with sound.' (It is known that the ancients beat their time audibly.) To the musician this can only mean that arsis is the up beat, thesis the down beat. Some of the grammarians, knowing that arsis meant a 'raising,' thesis a 'falling,' applied these terms to poetry: looking upon the accented syllable as a 'raising' of the voice they called it arsis, and the weak syllable, a 'lowering' of the voice, they called thesis. They ignored the fact that thesis was accompanied by 'sound.' The confusion arose during a period of decadence, when the Greek and Latin languages were losing their 'quantity,' and poetry was beginning to take 'accent' as its rhythmic unit.

For my own satisfaction I have written out the new hymn and shifted the bar-lines so as to make them agree with the stigma in the papyrus, as is done by Bellermann in his explanation of the mistake of his *Anonymus*, and in some short rhythmic exercises given by *Anonymus* himself.

Again thanking Mr. White and the *Musical Times*.

—Yours, &c.,

C. F. ABDY WILLIAMS.

South Mead,

Milford, Lymington.

'THE RAFF CENTENARY'

SIR,—In the course of this correspondence it has been suggested that some of Raff's compositions might still be acceptable, despite changes of taste. May I call attention to the fact that the London County Council's Orchestra (which used to play twice weekly at the Victoria Embankment Gardens in the years immediately preceding the war) included the *Forest* and *Lenore* Symphonies in its repertory, and played them as frequently as the Symphonies of Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, &c.?

Familiarity with these works convinced several of us that the neglect of Raff was as unfortunate as inexplicable—that the *Lenore* Symphony (the music of which is of an almost unearthly beauty) did not suffer by comparison with the finest German masterpieces; and that the *Forest*, though not so undeniably great and original, lost nothing of its fresh and varied charm by repeated hearing. Both these compositions were always enthusiastically received by the audience and never failed to impress, and I remember one occasion when the *Andante* from the *Forest* was spontaneously encored, the only time I have ever known such an honour accorded to symphonic music.

These were not the only works of Raff which figured on the programmes. I was fortunate enough on one occasion to hear his beautiful *Spring* Symphony, and I believe others were occasionally played. From this it appears that Raff's music has stood the test of time; and if any of our conductors had the necessary courage and determination the more representative of his works might be not only successfully revived, but would even find their rightful place in the permanent repertory.

In conclusion might I add two suggestions? One is that if the 'Prom.' programmes were as well arranged as those of the L.C.C. Orchestra a symphony would be played every night, instead of twice a week. This would mean the sacrifice of a few worthless trifles and scrap operatic selections; but it would also allow for the revival not only of Raff, but of other great neglected symphonists—e.g., Schumann and Goetz.

My other suggestion is that a centenary celebration might give the necessary impetus to a Raff revival. It is the composers who have fallen into undeserved neglect whose centenaries should for that very reason be observed, though they seldom are. But what is the use of holding special celebrations for composers like Handel, Beethoven, Verdi, or Wagner, whose music is always with us?

It may interest some of your readers to know that a small choral and orchestral society in North London hopes in the near future to revive Raff's oratorio *The End of the World*.—Yours, &c.,

B. VINCY.

Highbury.

August, 1922.

'NURSERIES OF ENGLISH SONG'

SIR,—Apropos of the interesting article on 'The Nurseries of English Song' in your September issue, may I make a remark on Mr. Kidson's reference to John Cunningham, whom he describes as 'poor enough to justify his existence as a poet even if his verses did not.' The fact is that John Cunningham was an Irishman of great poetic and dramatic ability; and, as is well known, several complete editions of his poems have been published (as I write I have before me a charming edition published by Whittingham in 1805). Cunningham was the son of a Dublin wine-merchant, and at the age of seventeen wrote a successful play, *Love in a Mist*, produced at Capel Street Theatre, Dublin, on May 22, 1747. Many of his songs were enormously popular, e.g., *Kitty Fell*, *Kate of Aberdeen*, *Fanny of the Dale*, *A Man to my Mind*, *The Miller*, *In Holiday Gown*, &c. Cunningham died at Newcastle-on-Tyne on September 18, 1773, aged forty-three. It is only just to add that, through the zealous efforts of Mr. John Robinson, the monument erected at Newcastle-on-Tyne to the memory of Cunningham, and which had become ruinous, was restored in 1887, and unveiled by Dr. Thomas Hodgkin.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

'Rosemont,' Enniscorthy.

September 1, 1922.

A WORD ON THE ORGANIST

SIR,—I have been reading with great interest the series of articles which have recently appeared in the *Musical Times* on 'British Singers and Players,' and have wondered, as I read each one, whether any member of the organists' profession was to be honoured by inclusion therein. So far, the organ has not been represented, a fact which brings to mind the strangely isolated position of the solo organist among executive artists in this country, a position very detrimental to the art of organ playing.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred organists are choir-trainers as well, and of all instrumentalists it is perhaps more necessary for them than for any others to be thorough musicians. A number of our prominent organists have gained their prominence more through efficiency in choir-training or other branches of musicianship than through remarkable readings on the organ. I am now, however, considering the organist in his capacity as a servant of art as distinct from his capacity as a servant of the Church, and as a soloist worthy of classification with the artists whose lives and work have been reviewed in the above-mentioned articles.

The pianist, violinist, or other soloist hires a hall, gives his recital, and receives his meed of praise, criticism, or both, in the press. The public gauges his abilities by these reports; but unless he reach a high pitch of excellence and consistently improve, he cannot stand. Not so the organist: he can give a recital whenever he likes; he is subjected to no criticism, and the public, deprived of the chance of self-education by comparing its own judgment with the press reports, will probably think him a genius if he plays the *Andantino* in D flat rather more sloppily than usual, while it will remain comparatively unimpressed by a clean and delicately phrased reading of a Bach Trio-Sonata. The ignorance of the ordinary man concerning the organ and its technique has, of course, frequently earned comment, but I consider that this is largely due to the lack of any sort of detailed criticism of organ playing, from which he may learn what is good and what is bad, what to look for in artistic playing and what to attribute to the shortcomings of a particular instrument—for he knows how to discriminate between good and bad at, say, a pianoforte recital.

The result is that there are more indifferent players still afloat in the organ world than could possibly exist among performers on any other instrument—players who have none of the artist's enthusiasm for the best for art's sake. And on the other hand, far too little recognition is given to the really fine exponents of the art of playing the organ. The names of Robert Radford, Albert Sammons, Harold Samuel, are household words even to the most casual music-lover, but the big names that occur to the man-in-the-street at the mention of organ playing are certainly not those of the corresponding artists in that profession. I think the *Musical Times* would be rendering a great service to the art in selecting for inclusion in these articles some British organist whose name can be worthily coupled with those of players such as Dupré and Bonnet.—Yours, &c.,

Crouch End, N.8.

ERIC BROUGH.

September 11, 1922.

[The organists have not been forgotten, and an article dealing with a well-known player would have appeared during the summer, had not the holidays made it difficult to pin down the victim for an interview.—EDITOR.]

WHY?

SIR,—I wonder why Sir Henry Wood occasionally so sorely tries the loyalty of his ardent and enthusiastic admirers. At the Promenade Concert yesterday some half-dozen 'rumbustious' bars were tacked on to the end of the *Casse Noisette* Suite. Probably many people squirmed. One certainly did, and that was

Yours, &c.,

THE MAN NEAR THE FOUNTAIN.

Oxford and Cambridge Musical Club,
6, Bedford Square, W.C.1.

September 15, 1922.

'HAND DEVELOPMENT FOR THE PERFORMER'

SIR,—I have read with interest the letters from Mr. Pitcher and Miss Smith, in your June issue, on this subject. As evidently they have both misunderstood my previous statements, I shall make a final effort to clear things up.

Both my letters were intended to convey, among other things, the idea that I was not attacking the 'Techniquer,' nor was I aggrieved over anything. My sole concern was with several reported statements. That I have been unsuccessful in my intention must be attributed either to my limited command of my native tongue or to the fact that both my controversialists read my letters without due care. The statement alluded to by Mr. Pitcher is certainly not mine. The basis for what I did say will be found in Matthey's *Act of Touch*, p. 11, foot-note 1, and in many other places. I can deal with Miss Smith in no more practical fashion than to refer this book—especially the notes to Part 3—to her careful perusal.

I thank Mr. Pitcher for the extract from another musical journal which he quotes. It is, in my opinion, the best justification for the 'Techniquer' I could have seen. Modesty forbids me to draw the obvious deduction if, however, we are to regard Matthey's exercises as either impossible or other than a pleasure. In this connection I would say that I have several elementary pupils also achieving the impossible and unpleasant! Whether that is or is not the case, I am glad that we are again in accord on the excellence of those teachings. For my part, increasing experience of them only makes me more uncompromisingly opposed to any of the superstitions that have arisen through the silly practice of attempting to master pianoforte technique by means of the visible appearances of it. The statements that I complain of, and which I must regard as a fair synopsis of the lecture, were all of a kind to emphasise this practice. For instance, it is no good for any student to feel aggrieved because his hand is one of the four hundred and ninety-nine out of a particular batch of five hundred not formed by nature to play the pianoforte. His job is to overcome his difficulties with patience and perseverance, like the other four hundred and ninety-eight. This is apart from the correctness or otherwise of the statement.

By all means let us use legitimate aids to conquer our limitations. The 'Techniquer' is welcome, and so are the teachings of Mr. Matthey. But let us drop all the talk about flexors and extensors; or even 'relaxation' and other very important and very useful 'labels' unless we have a very clear grasp of their significance. Such talking merely fogs the issue.—Yours, &c.,

ROY HEAD.

'Ellerslie,' Clanwilliam Street,
Chatswood, Sydney, Australia.
July 24, 1922.

'WANTED: COMPOSITIONS FOR WIND INSTRUMENTS'

SIR,—I was interested to read Mr. John Parr's letter on wind instrument music in your current issue. He laments the scarcity of this class of music written by British composers, and rightly surmises that the reason for this is the difficulty of getting such works performed and published. I myself have written a Quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, and the only performance of this work took place at Cologne some twenty years ago, when it was warmly praised by the press and public. I have also composed solos for flute and clarinet, but none for the bassoon, which I know is Mr. John Parr's special instrument, and although Mr. Parr has repeatedly asked me to write a solo for the bassoon, I have never seen my way to do so, knowing that this invaluable and indispensable orchestral instrument is not effective when played as a solo with pianoforte accompaniment.—Yours, &c.,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

'The Trossachs,' Grand Drive,
Herne Bay.
September 8, 1922.

'SIR HENRY BISHOP'S FIRST WIFE'

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Friedlander's query as to the parentage of Miss Lyon, Sir Henry Bishop's first wife: although there is some uncertainty, the following is known.

Her name was Elizabeth Sarah Lyon (but at her christening she was named Sarah Elizabeth). William was the father's name given on the baptismal certificate. The probability seems to be that he was a brother of the future Lady Hamilton's father, Henry Lyon, of Great Neston, Cheshire, and a bassoon player of some eminence. An interesting coincidence in this connection lies in the fact that Mrs. Bishop's first-born was named Henry Nelson. Miss Lyon—Sarah Lyon being her stage name—was born in London on July 4, 1787, baptised at Marylebone Church on August 5, and at her marriage on April 30, 1809, at St. Pancras' Church, she was described as a spinster, of the Parish of St. Pancras. Bishop was twenty-three years of age at that time. Miss Lyon was a pupil of Domenico Corri, then at the Haymarket, and made her début at Drury Lane on October 10, 1807, as Rosetta, in Shield's *Love in a Village*, with great success. After a number of genuine successes in opera, she retired from the theatre about 1820, and appeared only at concerts. She died on June 10, 1831, after a long illness, and (within four weeks!) Bishop married Anna Riviere.—Yours, &c.,

National Institute for the Blind, EDWARD WATSON.

224, Great Portland Street, W.1.

August 31, 1922.

A LINE FROM THE 'RISING YOUNG COMPOSER'

SIR,—Musical opinion in this country groups the native composer into two categories: 'The Promising Young Composer' and the 'Old Fogey'—the 'May-be' and the 'Has-been.' There does not seem to be any intermediate stage, and one never knows when exactly he makes transition from the one to the other.

Twenty-five years ago I was told that I belonged to the first of these; and I had believed that I had long since been promoted—or reduced—to the other. However, I am glad to see that in the opinion of your weekly contemporary, quoted by 'A. K.' in this month's *Musical Times*, I am still to be regarded as vociferating a promise which the expiry of a quarter of a century has not stifled, even if it has not succeeded in bringing it to fruition.—Yours, &c.,

Royal Academy of Music.

JOHN B. McEWEN.

September 12, 1922.

AN ENGLISH VERSION WANTED

SIR,—Will somebody kindly translate and explain the following, which appeared recently in an esteemed contemporary, apropos of Milhaud's *Suite Symphonique*:

'The concentration of thematic enunciation in synthetic form, by presenting subjects together in poly-tonic fashion; the expressive contrast of combined and contrasted harmonic planes, and the similar synthesis of different rhythmic quantities in unifying group-figures, such as the 8-quaver measure of the *Pastorale* (a particularly delightful number), in two groups of three and one of two, all reveal a logical and sane method of thinking and creating.'

A further puzzle in the same article is presented in the statement that 'Stravinsky's *Sacre* is classical,' and elsewhere we are told that:

'The English mentality accepts much of Shakespeare because of the envelope of sentiment which it is able to wrap about many of his inexorable implications.'

What is an inexorable implication, anyway?—Yours, &c.,

'PLAIN ENGLISH.'

BARCLAY'S BANK MALE-VOICE CHOIR.

SIR,—Having read with great pleasure the report of the National Eisteddfod, I feel compelled to point out a mistake regarding our talented conductor, made in the following sentence: 'The choir owes its existence to the initiative of the enthusiastic Welshman who is its conductor.' The facts are that in 1905 I brought together a number of men to

sing at a smoking concert, and Mr. James Lewis (now deceased) consented to conduct. He did this for many years, taking a choir to Paris in 1912 and achieving some success; but neither did he (despite his name) nor does Mr. H. W. Pierce, claim to be a Welshman.

The credit of bringing the choir to its present high level is entirely due to Mr. Pierce's skilful and patient training. Had he not volunteered for this work I fear the Society would not have carried on. The progress achieved by Mr. Pierce during the three past seasons is truly remarkable.

—Yours, &c.,

P. F. KISTNER

The Hill Farm, Weston,

Nr. Ross-on-Wye.

August 31, 1922.

GERMAN GRAMOPHONE ENTERPRISE

SIR,—I returned from Germany recently, armed, amongst other things, with a catalogue of the 'Grammophon Co.' (*Die Stimme seines Herren*—similar hound and instrument). A careful study of this catalogue, which I enclose, is worth the attention of all gramophone enthusiasts, as it contains records which some of us occasionally dream into the existing English catalogues after our Sunday roast, but never find there. How long shall we have to wait, for instance, before we possess records of such standard songs as *Wohin und Du bist die Ruh'* by Schubert, *Verborgeneheit* and *Er ist'* by Wolf, *Sapphische Ode* and *Der Schmied* by Brahms, *Morgen* and *Traum durch die Dämmerung* by Strauss? All these and many more accepted masterpieces have been recorded by Elena Gerhardt, while other artists of the first rank are also to be heard in representative songs. The field of opera has been exploited with amazing thoroughness. To take one example only, *Die Walküre*: no less than twenty-four double-sided records are published, some of which represent as many as five different artists. One has to be a fairly hardened Ring-goer to recognise some of the titles. *So ist es denn aus*, *Fort denn, Eile*, and *War Wälse dein Vater?* require hard thinking to place correctly at a moment's notice.

It seems a great pity that it is not possible to purchase these records over here. Few of us are going to fag to write to Germany for them, and it is extremely doubtful whether we should get them if we did. Under the circumstances it is natural to turn to the H.M.V. Co., which one thinks ought, three years after the war, to be able to make arrangements for supplying the records of its sister-company in this country. I humbly assume that before the war the English and German companies were part of the same organization, but I am open to correction. Perhaps our friend 'Discus,' for whose monthly articles we are all so much obliged, will find an opportunity for discussing the matter with one of the H.M.V. people.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT LORENZ.

26, St. James's Mansions, N.W.6.

September 9, 1922.

[We discussed Mr. Lorenz's letter with a Gramophone Company representative, who explained the situation. The matter is too involved to be gone into here, being one of the complications that inevitably occurred in the cases of firms who had factories both in England and Germany when the war broke out. In regard to the Wagner records, we understand that the Company will shortly issue a large number—probably about forty.—EDITOR.]

[We have received from Mrs. Sylvia M. Everett, of the Calcutta School of Music, a long letter attacking the examinations conducted by Trinity College of Music. As Mrs. Everett's indictment may be applied more or less to all musical examinations (and indeed to everything in the way of educational tests) no useful object would be served by our publishing the letter: the question has been discussed thoroughly long ago. Moreover, it is obviously unfair to lay the unavoidable weakness of a system at the door of one institution. Examinations are not devised for the discovery of genius; they profess to do no more than provide the pupil with an objective, and to test his progress from time to time. The results are mixed, of course. Many a duffer passes such a test, and occasionally a talented aspirant comes to

grief, but in the main the best workers are the most successful—not a bad lesson for the young idea to absorb. Of course, if pupils or teachers confine their operations to the necessarily restricted scope of the syllabus, that is no fault of the examining body. But here again it will generally be found that rough justice is done, and that the passes go mostly to those who work not only at the allotted task but all round it as well.—EDITOR.]

Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times* of October, 1862:

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL

The hundred and thirty-ninth of the musical Festivals which alternately take place at Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford began this year on Tuesday, September 9. . . . The novel feature of performing an oratorio on the same day as the opening service was not a profitable device on the part of the stewards. The sale of tickets scarcely reached nine hundred, and the paucity of visitors presented a marked contrast to the thronged aspect of the Cathedral but a short time before. The *Creation*, however, was magnificently given. The solos, sung by Mlle. Titiens, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss, fulfilled every desire. . . . The musical portion of the Festival came to a conclusion on Friday morning, with the performance in the Cathedral of Handel's *Messiah*. Upwards of two thousand five hundred persons were present, and the oratorio thus exercised its old influence, which, happily, seems never destined to be disturbed.

ROTHERHITHE.—On Wednesday evening, August 27, at the Church of St. Gregory by St. Paul's, a trial took place under the direction of the Rev. J. C. Haden, Precentor of Westminster Abbey, of four anthems and two canons—one 4 in 1, on the 5th, the other 4 in 1, on the 4th, composed by Joseph C. Tiley, organist of Christ Church, Rotherhithe. The vocalists were Messrs. Shoubridge, Fielding, and Mattacks, vicars-choral of St. Paul's, and several of the choristers. The anthems were sung with precision. Mr. Tiley presided at the organ, and between the anthems played several pieces from his 'Pedal Fugues' in all the keys, in a masterly style. The performance produced upon the Rev. Precentor and those present an impression in favour of the composer, who is in his twentieth year, and was preferred to a seat in a stall at Westminster Abbey in December last.

Sharps and Flats

There exists such a thing as good 'jazz' music, and good 'jazz' is a great deal better and far more harmless than is a bad ballad or the bad playing of Beethoven.—*Carl Engel*.

'Jazz' is harmless. . . To attack 'jazz' is not worth while.—*Musical Courier*.

I adore 'jazz' when it is well done.—*Gabriel Groves*.

My motto is to please one person, and that person is the buyer of tickets.—*Manager-impresario August L. E. Behymer*.

I had only one rehearsal with the London Symphony Orchestra . . . and the response from the men surpassed my wildest expectations. . . . They have developed a keenness which I have never seen equalled in any other band of musicians. Some of the music played was on their stands for the first time, and the exhibition of sight-reading which followed was nothing short of marvellous.—*Nikolo Sokolov*.

The Eisteddfod ranks as the most important music festival in the British Isles.—*Musical America*.

I recently heard a tenor who exerted himself enough to raise a ton and yet did not raise a tone worth listening to. He imitated Napoleon, who, according to Artemus Ward, 'tried to do too much and he did it.'—*Clarence Lucas*.

The pianoforte music was of a high standard. . . . Bach's *Capricanti* and Beethoven's 'Symphony' were among the numbers given.—*South African Paper*.

The Rev. J. H. Dabb, referring to Gounod's *Gallia*, claimed it to be suitable to the season, because its words are taken from Launceston and are concerned with the desolation of Jerusalem.—*The same*.

There is a queer sort of latter-day mind about that affects to believe that none but old fogies like Brahms. . . . If they would just look around them, they would see that the world is not divided neatly into old fools who swear, say, by Brahms, and young Solons who swear, say, by Milhaud. There are any number of young people who think Brahms a composer of genius and Milhaud only a cross between a talent and a *gamin*.—*Ernest Newman*.

Enter the bassoon—a funny name, I think. And it is an instrument used by composers for some jokes. . . . It is the violoncello of the reed instruments, and is used often with very beautiful effect. Yet it is an odd fellow too, and if Mr. James is ever so kind to me as to say 'What shall I play for you?' I, in my lowbrow way, will reply, 'Play *Pop goes the weasel*!'—*W. Crawford Snowden*.

Farce is akin to music. It is always an octave—you go up to the eighth and down to the first note of the octave, and one or other extreme of the octave always gets you your laugh.—*Donald Calthrop*.

I have so brought down my weight that I am now slim enough to play Mephistopheles.—*Chaliapin*.

I tried to reduce my weight by surf-bathing, but it was no good. What will you? I cannot help it. . . . Oh! la la la! —*Tetrazzini*.

After all, her voice is her fortune, and a singer is not a dancer. The public still goes to hear her trill even if she is fat.—*Hannen Swaffer*.

THE NATIONAL UNION OF ORGANISTS' ASSOCIATIONS:

ANNUAL CONGRESS, GLASGOW

This Congress has proved to be an important event, and may have far-reaching effects on the future of the organist. It reflects the greatest credit on all concerned in its organization, especially the enthusiastic hon. secretary of the Glasgow Society of Organists, Mr. John Campbell, together with his able executive committee, and also Mr. J. C. Lumsden, president of the Edinburgh Society of Organists. No pains were spared in making the Congress one which will long be remembered by those who were privileged to be present. The proceedings opened on Monday evening, September 11, with an informal meeting at the Grosvenor Restaurant, when the members had an opportunity for enjoying social intercourse, a cup of tea, and a programme of music.

The Congress proper began on Tuesday morning with a meeting of the executive, followed by an open public meeting, with the president, Mr. S. W. Pilling, in the chair. In a brief introductory statement he observed that the object in forming the Union was to create a brotherhood of musicians especially interested in organ music. They were not a trade union in the popular sense of the term, but a body designed to further the interests of music in general and of organ music in particular.

Mr. J. K. Findlay, vice-president of the Glasgow Society of Organists, formally welcomed the visitors to Glasgow.

Speeches were delivered by Mr. R. Finnie McEwen, of Marchmont and Bardrochar, and ex-Bailie E. Rosslyn Mitchell, Glasgow.

The former, who is a past hon. president of the Society, said that although the life of an artist was essentially solitary, as he must do his work largely by himself and for himself, there was tremendous inspiration to be drawn from association with his fellows. It was a matter of the utmost importance for artists to meet in conference from time to time in order to consider questions affecting their relation to the public. They must take a large and comprehensive view of their duties and responsibilities. Many admirable artists were satisfied when they satisfied themselves, but there was a duty towards the general public. After all, it was the

public they had to serve, and although public opinion might not always be right, public approval sooner or later always prevailed. The inference to be drawn was that they must strive to capture public approval of the highest things, and for that purpose it was necessary that they should not put forward conflicting individual views, but must meet in conference and decide what was best, and, having come to a decision, do all they could to promote its acceptance.

Councillor Rosslyn Mitchell introduced a discussion on Municipal Enterprise in the use of the Organ. He said that with the exceptions of Liverpool and Southport, municipalities were not generally noted for their interest in organ music. They talked about their band performances, but very little about organ recitals. He supposed that was largely due to the fact that in the public mind the organ was so much associated with churches and with lugubrious ideas in music. This lack of the idea of merriment in the organ repertory had caused it to be the Cinderella of music. The usual organ recital at a concert was a half hour's performance while the audience was assembling, to the accompaniment of shuffling of feet and the chorus of the programme-sellers. If it was used in a ballad it was brought in rather tremulously at the third verse when the singer started forward on the celestial flight to the top G. It was not necessary or right that the organ should be regarded merely as an adjunct of the ballad concert, and for municipal purposes it should be regarded as the fundamental instrument for two reasons—(i.) the extraordinary cheapness with which organ recitals could be run; (ii.) the wide range of organ music. By an organ recital, not as an occasional thing but as a regular feature, the public mind, and particularly the mind of the young, made gradually familiar with the great organ music of the past and the present, would become enriched and purified by the sheer beauty of form and phrase of pure organ music and the numerous arrangements and transcriptions of the finest orchestral music. People would come to listen to the great masterpieces of orchestral music not as new acquaintances, but as old friends. For these reasons it should be their endeavour to promote in the corporations of the country a greater desire for organ recitals.

The following took part in the discussion: Mr. Edward Machell, Glasgow; Mr. J. H. Dixon, Lancaster; Mr. John Brook, Southport (hon. general secretary); and Dr. Hutchinson, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

In the afternoon the visitors were received by the Lord Provost and magistrates on behalf of the Corporation, in the Kelvingrove Art Galleries. Lord Provost Paxton, in extending a welcome, said that the Corporation had realised the value to the citizens of good music, and was catering in the most generous manner not only in supporting the orchestral concerts, but in providing bands in the parks and concerts and organ recitals during the winter. It was not well known that the Corporation had direct control of more organs in its various halls than any other municipality, and it seemed a shame that they were so seldom heard.

After Mr. Pilling and Mr. Findlay had acknowledged the civic hospitality, the guests were entertained by a short organ recital by Mr. Purcell J. Mansfield. In the evening the members attended an organ recital by Mr. Herbert Walton in Glasgow Cathedral.

For Wednesday a steamer excursion down the Clyde through the Kyles of Bute to Arran had been arranged. This proved a most delightful experience, and the views obtained of the beautiful and rugged scenery were most impressive.

In the evening the Congress dinner was held in the Grosvenor Restaurant, Mr. Pilling occupying the chair. The toast of The King was proposed by Mr. Pilling, and that of the National Union of Organists' Associations by Mr. A. Collingwood, of Aberdeen, Mr. Pilling replying. Mr. Brook, the hon. general secretary, who also acknowledged the toast, said that if the Union had done nothing more than bring to light the discussion of the previous day it would have done no mean service to the profession. Other toasts followed, and an excellent programme of music was greatly enjoyed.

The last day of the Congress was spent at Edinburgh, where members and friends were entertained in a most delightful way by the Edinburgh Society of Organists.

After a reception of the visitors by the president, Mr. J. C. Lumsden, on behalf of the Edinburgh Society, in St. John's Episcopal Church Hall, the whole party was taken round the city in motor-cars. In this way a splendid idea of Scotland's romantic capital was obtained.

After lunch there was a short informal discussion on organs and organ music. Mr. Pilling spoke of the small use that was being made of Glasgow's seven or eight municipally-owned organs, but expressed his satisfaction that this was likely to be remedied, largely owing to the efforts of the Glasgow Society.

Dr. W. B. Ross spoke of the efforts of Mr. Lumsden and himself to popularise the organ and organ music. Mr. David Stephen, Dunfermline, also referred to Glasgow's silent municipal organs, and said that if the Congress had had the effect of stirring up the municipal authorities of Glasgow to make use of their own and the community's property they would have every reason to feel glad that that year the National Union's venue had been in Scotland. He mentioned also the splendid work done by Mr. John Pulein in his organ recitals at St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow.

Visits were made to McEwen Hall, Usher Hall, and St. Mary's Cathedral, where items of organ music were given by Mr. T. H. Collinson and Dr. W. B. Ross.

In the afternoon the guests were entertained to tea by Mr. and Mrs. Greenhouse Allt, and in the evening a smoking concert was held in the hall of St. John's Church.

R. BARRETT-WATSON.

London Concerts

THE PROMENADES

Since August 17, when our last record broke off, a few novelties have been heard. On August 24 Mr. Armstrong Gibbs conducted the first performance of his *Betrothal* Ballet, a Suite made up from the incidental music he wrote some time ago for a production of Maeterlinck's *The Betrothal*. Its three movements were pleasant enough, but, like most music of this incidental type, it hardly bears transference from the theatre to the concert-room. Herbert Howells's *Procession*, introduced on August 29, was a much stronger bit of work. Those of us who expected yet one more effort of 'the band passes' type were pleasantly disappointed. Mr. Howells brings his procession gradually abreast of us, with a big climax, and then sends it round the corner, leaving the onlooker thinking about it. The composer conducted, and the work was so well received that it was played twice. Of Darius Milhaud's *Suite Symphonique* little need be said. It has its moments, but as it left most of the audience uncertain as to whether the composer was having a little game with them or not, it fell flat. After all, no skilful joker leaves the jokee in doubt. The Suite has scarcely an idea worth serious consideration, and the insistence on discord proved monotonous. The scoring was brilliant in places, but then everybody can score nowadays. A section of the audience hissed, and so caused a mild counter-demonstration; but the first London performance of the work is likely to be the last.

Georges Migot's *Le Paravent de Laque aux Cinq Images* (September 5) proved to be very slight and tentative impressionist sketches which roused little interest. A more successful effort in the same line was Pierné's *Trois Paysages Français* (September 7). Especially good was the first movement, a delicate picture of a convent garden, with fountain, quietly-chiming bells, and a cuckoo-call (delivered, like the call in Delius's work, via the clarinet, instead of the more usual flute). John B. McEwen's *A Winter Poem* (September 12) had the right dour flavour, and was a stimulating affair save for the quieter and slower moments, when the bottom rather fell out of it. The composer conducted, and obtained some excellent playing.

On the whole the novelties have been overshadowed by the best of the standard works and some quasi-novelties. Among the latter have been Bax's *November Woods*, Elgar's Violoncello Concerto (beautifully played, with Miss Beatrice Harrison as soloist), and the Prelude to Holbrooke's *Bronwen*. This is one of the best things the composer has done, and met with genuine popular success. The soloists

have maintained a good level. Mention can be made here only of the début of a couple of pianists. On August 31, Miss Belinda Heather showed herself to be a performer of unusual promise, in Liszt's E flat Concerto, and on September 12 M. Mitja Nikisch, son of a famous father, made his bow in Brahms's D minor Concerto. He had a great reception, partly no doubt because of his name, and also because of the engaging gusto and undoubted musicianship with which he set about his task. Some crudities in his playing were not entirely out of keeping with this rather rough, bleak work of Brahms. His appearance as a soloist will tell us a few things about his playing that could not be gathered on this occasion.

Having mentioned some of the best things of the season I end by mentioning one of the worst—the arrangement for organ and orchestra of the Allegretto and Toccata from Widor's fifth Organ Symphony. This taking of two of Widor's weaker movements and treating them so that they became positively banal was a bad error of judgment and taste. There was the organ, and at it sat Mr. Kiddle, who is a brilliant player. The obvious thing to do is to let Mr. Kiddle give us occasionally a fine work of Bach, Widor, or somebody else, as a solo. An audience that enjoys Bach's orchestral music so much might surely be trusted not to complain if asked to listen to some of the best of his organ music.

H. G.

CHORAL SOCIETY PROGRAMMES

LONDON AND DISTRICT

There is little departure from tradition in the season's programme of the Royal Choral Society, except that five conductors will share the duties relinquished by Sir Frederick Bridge. The conductor-in-chief is Mr. H. L. Balfour, who will take charge of the Carol concert on December 16, *The Messiah* on January 6, and *Hiawatha* on March 3. *Elijah* opens the season on October 21, Sir Landon Ronald conducting. Verdi's *Requiem* will be given on November 25, with four of the English Singers as soloists, and Mr. Albert Coates conducting. Holst's *Hymn of Jesus* has been coupled with *The Dream of Gerontius* to make an evening's programme on February 3, under Dr. Adrian C. Boulton. On Good Friday (March 30) occurs an event which looks extremely attractive on paper, and will probably be not less so in practice—Mr. Eugène Goossens conducting *The Messiah*. This concert is not one of the subscription series. The season ends on April 28 with the following programme (no conductor being specified): Bach's *Be not afraid*, Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*, Stanford's *Songs of the Sea*, and the Finale from *Die Meistersinger*.

The Alexandra Palace Choral and Orchestral Society is giving *Elijah* a rest for at least one season. *The Messiah*, of course, stands firm for Good Friday. The season opens on October 14 to *The Martyr of Antioch* and an eight-part chorus, *Blessed are the Dead*, by Dr. James Lyon. Walford Davies's *Everyman* will be coupled with *Merric England* on November 11. The other arrangements are: December 1, Gounod's *Faust*; February 10, *Israel in Egypt*; March 10, B minor Mass; May 5, *Hiawatha*. Mr. Allen Gill conducts, and the concerts take place at the Northern Polytechnic, Holloway Road.

Dulwich Philharmonic Society discards routine in favour of a long list of miscellaneous works, choral and orchestral. These are the programmes of two autumn concerts: November 7, Coleridge-Taylor's *Kubla Khan*; two Psalms by Holst for chorus, organ, and strings; *The Banner of St. George*; a Mozart String Serenade; Jongen's *Tableaux Pittoresques*. December 16, Six Christmas Carols; Brahms's Trios for female voices, horns, and harps; *From the Bavarian Highlands*; Symphony from Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*; *Finlandia*; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, to be played by Mr. Thomas Fussell. Next year the Society will give *Carmen*, Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*, and his *New World* Symphony. *Carmen* will be conducted by Mr. Arthur Fagge (the Society's conductor for many years), the rest being under the direction of Mr. William H. Kerridge.

The Novello Choir, conducted by Mr. Harold Brooke, has issued the following programme: December 10, Bach's *Sleepers, wake*; Vaughan Williams's Fantasia on Christmas Carols. April 17, Purcell's *King Arthur*, and Brahms's *Liebeslieder*. These concerts take place at the Bishopsgate

Institute. A concert will also be given at St. Anne's, Soho, on December 30.

The prospectus of the Crystal Palace Choral and Orchestral Society includes a Wagner programme, a Bohemian concert, and *King Olaf*, under the direction of Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock.

South London Choral Association, conducted by Mr. Leonard C. Venables, gives *Endymion's Dream* (Coleridge-Taylor), Schumann's *New Year's Song*, and Brewer's *Sir Patrick Spens*.

South London Philharmonic Society will put the following works into rehearsal: *Faust*, *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast*, *The Wake of O'Connor* (Hubert Bath), and *Parsifal*. The orchestra is to study the *Tannhäuser* Overture, a *Brandenburg Concerto* of Bach, the '1812' and *Egmont* Overtures. Mr. William H. Kerridge is hon. conductor.

South-West Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Arthur R. Saunders, gives *Hiawatha* on November 29, *King Olaf* on February 28, *The Messiah* on Good Friday—all at Battersea Town Hall.

Sevenoaks Musical Society, of which Mr. W. A. Taylor is hon. conductor, opens its season's rehearsals with Parts 1 and 2 of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*.

PROVINCIAL.

We have received the following particulars of choral programmes in the provinces:

BOROUGH OF PORTSMOUTH PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY—Hon. conductor, Mr. Hugh A. Burry. Verdi's *Requiem*, *The Dream of Gerontius*.

DERBY CHORAL UNION—Conductor, Dr. Henry Coward. *The Creation*, *Hymn of Jesus* (Holst), *Elijah*, *The Spectre's Bride*.

EDINBURGH ROYAL CHORAL UNION—Conductor, Mr. W. Greenhouse Allt. *The Messiah*, *Scottish Concerto*, *Choral Fantasia* (Beethoven), ninth Symphony, Mass in D, *Judas Maccabaeus*.

HUDDERSFIELD CHORAL SOCIETY—Conductor, Dr. Henry Coward. *Aida*, *The Messiah*, *Hymn of Jesus* (Holst).

HULL VOCAL SOCIETY—Conductor, Dr. Henry Coward. Berlioz's *Faust*, *The Messiah*.

LEEDS CHORAL UNION—Conductor, Dr. Henry Coward. *Tannhäuser*, *The Messiah*, Dvorák's *Stabat Mater* and *The Spectre's Bride*.

NORTH STAFFS DISTRICT CHORAL SOCIETY—Conductor, Mr. John James. *Song of Destiny*, Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*, *The Messiah*, Berlioz's *Faust*.

PORT TALBOT GLEE SOCIETY—Conductor, Mr. George T. Llewellyn. *The Golden Legend*, *The Desert* (David).

SHEFFIELD MUSICAL UNION—Conductor, Dr. Henry Coward. *Hiawatha*, *The Messiah*, *King Olaf*, *Ode to the West Wind* (Cyril Jenkins), *At the Eastern Gate* (Alick Maclean).

STOCKPORT VOCAL UNION—Conductor, Dr. Thomas Keighley. *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *The Spectre's Bride*.

Too late for detailed mention above come two prospectuses of great interest—those of the Newcastle Bach Choir and the Philharmonic Choir. They will be referred to in our next issue.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The success of the youthful violinist, Frank E. I. Bilbe; at the recent Welsh Eisteddfod, following as it does on his similar successes of last year in Wales, London, and elsewhere, tends to confirm the College belief in a more than useful artistic career for this boy (he is only fifteen years of age), who has for some time been one of its scholarship holders, and is being trained by Mr. Louis Pecskaï. To win both Junior and Senior prizes in two successive years under such conditions is no mean achievement. With his sister and another, he won the Trio prize also.

In the following list of awards of twenty-eight scholarships decided upon after an open competition held amongst students from all parts of the United Kingdom, particular attention is drawn to the important Bambridge Pianoforte Scholarship which, having an annual value of £100, affords a good opportunity for the gifted and earnest student. The winner on this occasion is Dorothy Grace Callender. There is also announced an award of a Musical Degree Scholarship, under a scheme which entitles the

holder to a complete course of preparation for the Bachelor of Music degree of one of several Universities. The competing candidates must already have matriculated or passed any Arts test required from the chosen University in this connection. G. V. Sutton, the successful Scholar, is proceeding to a London University degree.

• *Pianoforte*.—Eleanor W. Baillie, Evelyn I. Brightman, Florence N. Daniels, Lena Hooper, Lilian M. A. James, Horace A. Johnson, Cyril A. Marks, Vera Snare, Erica Wildt.

Singing.—Francis R. Mitchell, Nellie M. Reed, Herbert S. G. Batter, Winifred E. Brightman, Edith Fletcher, Dorothy N. Fox, Florence L. Legg.

Violin.—George M. E. Harkins, Nan Moston, Rose Phillips.

Viola.—Grace C. Scott.

Violoncello.—Cæcilia P. Bickford.

Double-Bass.—Frederick C. Wright.

Flute.—Emily D. Scott.

Also the above named Dorothy G. Callender and G. V. Sutton.

The adjudicators were Sir Frederick Bridge, Dr. C. W. Pearce, and Dr. E. F. Horner.

The inaugural address of the current term was given on September 20, by the Rev. Frederick William Bussell, late Fellow and Vice-Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford, and now Vicar of Northolt, Middlesex, who chose for his subject 'Music and Morals.' College students who had gained Diplomas at the July examinations were admitted, and during the proceedings a programme of music was given.

The arrangements of the Club for the current term include three social evenings and chess and other games contests.

THE FORTHCOMING SEASON AT MANCHESTER

During the summer recess there have appeared from time to time in the Press admiring comments on the comparative financial success of last season's Hallé concerts, in such marked contrast to similar undertakings elsewhere. The Hallé band was formed sixty-five years ago; never have the gross receipts exceeded those of the 1921-22 season; and the Manchester district was then passing through the most critical period ever known in the cotton and allied industries. In this sense matters can hardly be worse in the coming winter, but may be distinctly better; but the connection, in our industrial districts, between adverse trade conditions and a closer and keener interest in good music, whilst not exactly a fresh phenomenon, is worthy of more than passing notice. The Hallé band will probably find its way to Toronto next August. That city was keen on establishing an orchestra like the famed Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, or New York bodies. It may well prove that as from the great Manchester Arts Treasure Exhibition in 1857 grew the now-famed Hallé Orchestra, so this band in its turn, through participation in the musical scheme of the great Exhibition next August on the shores of Lake Ontario, may stimulate our Canadian friends to greater efforts to bring about the design they cherished in pre-war days.

The coming Hallé season well maintains Mr. Hamilton Harty's high standard of programme drafting. It has often been urged in these columns that the only sensible occasion on which to float an orchestral novelty is when the crowd is sure to be present to hear some great soloist or big work possessing unusual drawing power. This method is consistently followed in the current programme. The outstanding first performances at Manchester are Stanford's new *Irish Rhapsody*, Rossini's *Boutique Fantasque*, Martucci's *Tarantelle*, Dukas's *La Peri* symphonic poem, and Hamilton Harty's new B minor Pianoforte Concerto, which he will play under Sir Thomas Beecham's conductorship (March 15, 1923). I understand this will be the first concert which Sir Thomas has undertaken since his absorption in family business affairs. The main features of the season's scheme are (besides symphonies, concertos, and symphonic poems from the current repertory): Berlioz's *Fantastic Symphony*; Delius's *Dance Rhapsody*, *Paris*, and *Appalachia*; Stravinsky's *Petrushka*; Scriabin's *Poem of Ecstasy*; Fauré's Suite; Pelléas and Mélisande; Vaughan Williams's Overture, *The Wasps*; Dukas's *The Peri*; and the following

choral works: Verdi's *Requiem* and *Stabat Mater*, Berlioz's *Te Deum*, *The Dream of Gerontius*, the *Liebeslieder Waltzes*, and the Mass in B minor.

Mr. Brand Lane's schemes are more ambitious than ever. I have not yet seen the draft programmes, but it would not be easy to include in a winter's music a more representative list of names than Chaliapin, Melba, Tetrassini, Clara Butt, Kreisler, Pachmann, Rosing, Gerhardt, and Backhaus.

The Co-operative Wholesale Society Male-Voice Choir maintains its position as the provider of the lowest-priced concerts in the city. Conspicuous amongst its artists is the Lener String Quartet. The choir has selected a formidable list of unaccompanied music, and Mr. Alfred Heyson continues his work as conductor. Chamber music schemes are not yet fully matured, except in the case of a new series inaugurated by Mr. Edward Isaacs, who brings the Flonzaley, Catterall, and Bohemian Quartets, as well as the English Singers.

But a far more momentous development is steadily progressing—the proposal that the Hallé Orchestra should receive municipal support in the form of a guarantee which would enable it to extend the sphere of its influence. Some time ago it was suggested that the Hallé Society might give a series of more popular programmes at popular prices outside the series of customary Thursday evenings. The proposal was for eight Sunday afternoons at a shilling and two shillings (plus tax), and that for such a scheme the City Council should guarantee £1,000 against any possible loss which the Hallé authorities might incur in shouldering these risks.

Objection has been taken to any charge for a Sunday concert. A counter-proposal for Hallé concerts on days other than the usual Thursday would bring them into competition with similar series under private enterprise. This discussion is all to the good; opposite points of view may be reconciled. Our fear was that the whole idea might be allowed to slide, but there now seems little likelihood of that. If municipal aid is granted solely for work done by the orchestra and its conductor outside the scope of its hitherto normal activities, then it would appear reasonable that the Hallé executive should have one or two City Council representatives at its meetings to deal with these arrangements. Probably next month it will be possible to write more positively on this aspect of the Orchestra's work.

MANCUNIAN.

[We are indebted to the Musical Japan Co. (Ongakukai), Tokyo, for the following interesting report. The original phraseology has been retained, with no desire to poke fun, but because it has character: a corrected version would be merely a dull affair that anybody might have written.—EDITOR.]

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE RELATIVE TO PRINCE OF WALES'S SOJOURN IN TOKYO

The memorable day of our people here is the epoch-making April 12, when British Royal Heir Edward on board the cruiser *Renown* arrived at our Yokohama harbour just nine o'clock on that morning, the day being exceptionally fine—the ideal weather we can decidedly pronounce. To begin with, the military band under direction of Bandmaster Lieutenant Kasuga and navy band under that of Sub-Lieutenant Hayakawa struck out British National Anthem to cordially welcome Royal Visitor. The Prince set his first foot on the soil of Sun-rise Empire, and directly taking Imperial Special Train entered the Capital in high spirits amid hearty welcome and three cheers of Banzai of the populace. At 7 p.m. splendid banquet was given in the Homen Hall of Imperial Palace in honour of this illustrious Royal Guest, and during that time the programme shown under was played by court musicians, Director G. Dubravich taking the command:

(Programme of the day played)

1. Pomp and Circumstances March.
2. Overture 'Midsummer Night Dream.'
3. Zuni Indian Suite.
4. Selection 'Othello.'
5. Pomponette.
6. Ballet Egyptian Suite.
7. Polonaise Militaire.

At 10 p.m., when the dinner was over, a ball was held to entertain the Prince, producing two classic Court Dances 'Nasori' and 'Shunteika' [to be explained later on]. To describe more fully this State occasion, at the centre Her Majesty took the seat, and to her right side the Prince of Wales and to her left our Prince Regent sitting, while other Imperial princes and princesses as well as ministers of State and *corps diplomatique* seated themselves respectively. The stage was so arranged for the gracious inspection at the front of these august spectators. The said piece 'Shunteika' ('The Flower in spring Garden') which was on this occasion submitted to the gracious inspection can be traced back to the reign of our Emperor Kammu, great sovereign of Enryaku revival period (latter part of 8th century), when it was brought back by our special envoy despatched to Chinese Court of Tang dynasty. In Tang dynasty it was played on the auspicious occasion of the crown prince's investiture at the garden of Shunyo Hall before the assemblage of state dignitaries. The dance played to-day is the adaptation of the Chinese dance some thirty years after its introduction by the hand of a noted Court musician, Otamaru. The real meaning of this dance is the manifestation of love for flowers, so that the dancers are of four ancient warriors clad in gay figured uniform, wearing a long sword and a coronet on and carrying a branch of cherry flowers in hand. The other piece 'Nasori' is one of ancient Korean dances, introduced here just about the same time or a little earlier. In short it is an antique masquerade, danced by two men with masks. The instruments used for the accompaniment thereof were of seven kinds, viz., reed-organ, flageolet, fife, Korean flute, drum, and gong, and the accompanists are three musicians for reed-organs, three each for flageolets and fifes, one man for other remaining instruments, *i.e.*, twelve musicians in all, who dressed up in ancient musicians' costume. This Court music and dancing we may claim to be really the characteristic feature of ancient Oriental culture. Those artists who played this dance and music



COURT-DANCE 'NASORI.'

Ancient Korean Dance: one of the two dancers.

belong exclusively to Court Music Troupe of the Imperial Household, consisting of forty members who have served our Court as hereditary professionals for many centuries down to the present day, pursuing either sacred classical music or ancient Korean and Chinese musics respectively as their special courses. The Prince of Wales looked at these dances with keen interest and appreciation, and left the Palace at

11 p.m. for his abiding Akasaka Detached Palace, enjoying the ball well.

The next day the picked little ones, representing all the schools in Tokyo two thousand in number gathered on the premises of Akasaka Detached Palace where the Prince is staying as temporal abode, and sang British Anthem 'God save the King' in chorus.

On 16th Anglo-Japanese fraternal band music was played at Music Stand of Hibiya Central Park, in which the 'Prelude for the Welcome of H.R.H. Prince of Wales,' composed by Mr. K. Yamada especially in honour of the visit of British Heir to Japan was heard for the first time—it being a happy combination, with some variations, of



AUGUST COURT-DANCE 'SHUNTEIKA.'

One of the four dancers.

'Rule, Britannia' and the 'Kimigayo.' The navy band from British cruiser *Renown* participated in it with our navy band.

On 17th the orchestra by our Court musicians specially sent for the occasion was heard at Akasaka Detached Palace of the following programme:

1. Overture 'Merry Wives of Windsor.'
2. Indian Summer.
3. A. Valse Gracieuse.
B. Gipsy Dance.
4. Selection 'Butterfly.'
5. Ballet D'Oiseau.
6. A. Dreaming.
B. Scotch Lullaby.
7. Marche des Toreadores.

On 18th at the Luncheon Party in the Imperial Palace the following pieces were performed by Court musicians:

1. L'Arlesienne Suite.
2. Southern Idyll.
3. Selection from Eugene Oneguine.
4. Caucasian Sketches Suite.
5. Ballet of the Flowers.
A. Red Rose.
B. Marguerites.
6. Selection 'Merry Wives of Windsor.'
7. The Entry of the Gradiators March.

On 23rd British navy band from the *Renown* played some beautiful melodies at the Band Stand of Tokyo Peace Exhibition in Uyeno Park, giving a good impression on our citizens relative to the strengthening of our Anglo-Japanese friendship. In connection with the illustrious Royal Visitor here, Mr. H. Sugiyama, a noted violinist composed a new music, 'Welcome Mazurka,' to congratulate the safe arrival of British Heir to our shores without any hitch.

VIOLINS OLD AND NEW: PREJUDICE *VERSUS* FACTS

During the last century or so a controversy has been raging regarding the status of the modern-built violin, a controversy that is becoming more heated as time goes on, and more productive of dispute as the violin-maker of to-day asserts his skill and craftsmanship in the production of the king of all musical instruments.

Probably no other contrivance has ever been the cause of so much joy, uncertainty, lying, or faking as the violin; yet with the passing of time has also passed the fuller understanding of what the violin really is, until to-day it is regarded much in the same light as a piece of furniture, with its tone-value of mere secondary importance. To many this statement may seem somewhat far-fetched, but a study of the facts will bear out the assertion.

Between the years 1550 and 1875 the total number of professional makers of the violin and kindred instruments in Italy and elsewhere was about nine hundred. Of all this number two take the first rank, closely followed by four who take second place, and about a dozen or so who occupy the third position as creators of really fine-toned violins. Assuming that the number of 'old masters' was actually twenty-five—although this far exceeds the figure, as students of violin history well know—we are left with eight hundred and seventy-five luthiers of old times who were simply 'fiddle makers.' Realising, as we must, that these twenty-five old masters turned out very few instruments (and especially the choice specimens of them) when compared with the productions of their more numerous *compères*, is it not a matter of surprise that so many hundreds of 'old fiddles' should command priority over the modern-built violin of superior tone? How comes it, then, that this prejudice for the old violin has become so firmly rooted?

In the early years of the last century a cult was founded upon the genuine old masterpieces, pioneered by one Luigi Tarisio. Tarisio was a carpenter by trade; he never made a violin, and could play the instrument but indifferently. What he lacked in actual violinistic knowledge, however, he made up for by a keen business ability, so he went through Italy collecting and selling the violins of famous old makers until gradually he spread the craze over France and into England. Originally only master violins were considered, but as the financial side began to dominate, first one and then another of the lesser-known makers was embraced, until now all old fiddles of every country are included, irrespective of the maker and regardless as to whether the instrument has anything other than age to commend it. At auction sales minor old fiddles, many of them worthless from the tonal standpoint, bring as much as fifty guineas, but when we understand the *fons et origo* of this the explanation is not far to seek. The violin to-day is looked upon by experts, dealers, and collectors as a curio rather than a wonderful instrument that is almost human in its appeal. In valuing the violin consideration is given to age, origin, maker (if known), school, condition of various parts, &c.; but the only thing that matters—the tone—is entirely ignored; in fact, without even placing a bow across the strings (in many cases the dealer is unable to play at all) a money value is assigned to the instrument.

Let us look facts in the face. On June 22, 1912, the London *Daily Mail* published the following from its Paris correspondent:

'A contest took place last night which seemed to vindicate the contention that modern violins are as good in tone as those of ancient make, for which thousands are paid by enthusiasts. A number of violins were played in a dark room, and at the end of the competition a vote was taken from the numerous musical and artistic audience present, with the result that the finest was judged to be a Belgium instrument dated 1912, the second was a French 1911 violin, and not until the third came a Stradivarius, valued at more than £3,000.'

The details of the voting (which the *Daily Mail* omitted) were as follows:

- (New) 1. Auguste Falisse, Brussels, 423 points.
- (New) 2. Chenantais-Kaul, Nantes, 422 points.
- (Old) 3. Antonio Stradivari, Cremona, 401 points.

Altogether, there were forty-two violins entered for the test, but from this number six were finally selected to compete with six old ones. There was a large public attendance, and a hundred and sixty-one artists were selected to do the voting. Simonne Filon and Jean Have, two well-known violinists, played, one after the other, on the twelve violins, with the above results.

These are undisputed facts which the prejudiced violinist who scorns the modern-built violin as being inferior to its older cousin would do well to ponder.

Recently a test was made by a well-known violinist on four old and four new violins, one of which was an old Italian fiddle valued at £500. The palm was awarded to an instrument by Robert Alton, a British violin-maker. The Alton violin was built in London in 1913.

All who have drawn the bow across the strings and have thrilled at the throbbing response will readily admit that the only true standard by which a violin should and can be measured is the tone; and by the tone, then, let us proceed to judge its merits. Violin dealers of world repute have asserted that it is easier to sell an imitation old violin than a new one of better tone, and their assertions are only too true.

To-day the machinery of German fiddle factories turns out 'old' violins by the thousand, while a few makers of considerable reputation, weary at last of fighting against the terrific odds of prejudice and the curio-hunting fraternity, have taken to 'ageing' their instruments by artificial means, knowing that these fakes will sell more readily and bring a higher price than fiddles that are frankly new.

Violin-players should bestir themselves and realise that their instrument is on a higher plane than furniture, and that the only way to judge a violin with any degree of justice is to test its tone, not its age. When they are prepared to do this, and to discard prejudice and face facts, they will have a higher standard of violin, and will finally rid themselves of the violin faker.

J. W.

SOME CONTEMPORARY CRITICISMS OF BEETHOVEN

BY MURIEL SILBURN

Humour is not precisely the quality looked for in serious criticism of music, but to modern eyes some of the early notices of Beethoven's works are decidedly, though unconsciously, humorous. Besides their unintentional humour, we find in these critiques an almost childish *naïveté* and a most refreshing candour. What modern critic of good standing would admit that, in an *Andante* of nineteen bars, 'seven . . . are so strange that with humility we confess our inability to comprehend them'? Whatever may be his inner sensations, the critic of to-day apparently understands, and can interpret to his readers, the most involved and abstruse composition. His interpretation may be in direct opposition to the composer's original intention, certainly; but that of course is an insignificant detail.

A point which evidently occasioned very serious perturbation in Beethoven's early critics is the extreme length of many of his works. This is shown in the following extract from a criticism of the *Pastoral Symphony*, given by the Philharmonic Society on May 5, 1823:

'Opinions are much divided concerning the merits of the *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven, though very few venture to deny that it is much too long. The *Andante* alone is upwards of a quarter of an hour in performance, and, being a series of repetitions, might be subject to abridgment without any violation of justice either to the composer or to the hearers. In saying this we do not mean to undervalue the work, but range ourselves on the side of those who think that it abounds in traits of singular genius and in beautiful effects; though we certainly never heard it through without rejoicing, on account of its prolixity, at its termination.'

The seventh Symphony, given on June 2 of the same year, gave the unfortunate critic occasion to bewail himself in an extremity of boredom in his final sentence:

'The Symphony by Beethoven, in A, is indebted for its reputation to the movement in A minor, which is one of the brightest gems in the author's diadem. The other parts of the composition are without any settled design, confused, full of harsh combinations; and, what is worse than all, the time occupied by the whole is at least fifty minutes!'

A notice of the Sonata, Op. 111, is so interesting that it must be fully quoted later; but we may here observe the sad fact that 'the *Arietta* extends to the extraordinary length of thirteen pages'—much to the discomfort of the weary critic.

Again, of the performance of the *Eroica* on February 23, 1824, the much-enduring one writes:

'The *Heroic* Symphony of Beethoven abounds in traits of genius, and the Funeral March which forms one of the movements is full of dignified feeling; but three-quarters of an hour is too long a time for the attention to be fixed on a single piece of music; and, in spite of its merit, the termination of it is wished for some minutes before it arrives.'

A curious feature of the majority of these early criticisms is their entire lack of any genuinely critical detail concerning the performance or construction of the works under discussion. As an example, we may take the remarks on the C minor (fifth) Symphony, alluded to above: they could be hardly less illuminative or more commonplace if written by an intelligent school-child:

'The Symphony in C minor is generally considered as Beethoven's *chef d'œuvre*, and by ourselves amongst others. It is certainly the most elaborate and scientific of his works, and if sublimity were his object in writing it, he attained it, all must allow.'

In the same programme the Overture to *Fidelio* was given. It may perhaps interest the present-day musician to learn that this is 'a very eccentric composition, full of genius, and never fails to please the *cognoscenti*'—the critic himself evidently being numbered amongst the elect. The 'eccentricities' of *Fidelio* prepare us for the remarks on *Coriolan*:

'It is a specimen of Beethoven's wildest and most original flights: his mind must have been full of uncommon imagery when he wrote it. It always brings to our view Blake's illuminations of Blair's poem, *The Grave*, or some of Fuseli's designs for *Paradise Lost*. But it will ever please those who have acquired a taste for the highest branches of instrumental music, though there are few orchestras in which it would be prudent to attempt a work of so unusual a character, and so difficult to perform well.'

It may safely be asserted that no member of a modern audience would associate Beethoven's work with either Blake or Blair, but the most illuminative point lies in the last sentence, which we have italicised. What a suggestive picture of the state of the orchestra and orchestral playing of the period is revealed in these words!

In a review of the pianoforte arrangement of the Overture to the *Ruins of Athens* in the May issue of the *Harmonicon*, the critic is once more delightfully ingenuous:

'This adaptation has just appeared, and as we have never heard or seen the score we must form a general opinion of the composition from the arrangement. It begins with an *Andante* of nineteen bars, the first seven of which are so strange that with humility we confess our inability to comprehend them. . . . Genius has its eccentricities, and if they occur but seldom we are bound to respect them. The favourite cat of Domenico Scarlatti walked over the keys of his harpsichord, and sounded a few notes at most irregular and forbidden distances. Her master, however, pleased with her *début*, noted down the feline solo, made it the subject of a Fugue, and produced a composition that is delicious to the ears of all experienced harmonists. Some such accident may have suggested to Beethoven the commencement of this Overture; but he has not equally profited by the hint. A very short March follows this whimsical opening, and ushers in the

principal movement, which consists of but five pages, and is in a more familiar style than we are accustomed to in this great composer's overtures. It is, nevertheless, a very animated piece of music, and by a tolerably skilful performer may be made to produce a brilliant effect.'

That the critics of Beethoven's day were prepared to accept the new only if it were judiciously diluted with the old is abundantly clear from the following notice of the performance on April 21, 1823, of a 'New Overture (MS.) never before performed in this country—Beethoven.' [This proves to be *Die Weihe des Hauses*, Op. 124, which was given on the above date by the Philharmonic Society]:

'The New Overture, by Beethoven, has recently been composed for this Society. It opens with a kind of "March Religieuse"—a divine piece of harmony, free from all violent modulations, and calculated to delight and soothe at the same time. The principal movement is a Fugue of elaborate construction, in which the author appears inclined to show his knowledge of the learned works that have issued from the great schools of Handel, Sebastian Bach, and the two Scarlattis. It is a very scientific production, and so well mixes the ancient and modern styles that the partisans of both join in applause.'

The Sonata in C minor, Op. 111, has already been alluded to: on it the critic has poured out a flood of half-annoyed bewilderment:

'Every genuine lover of music, every real admirer of genius, owes to the great composer whose work is now before us a large debt of gratitude for his vast contribution to an art of so much importance to society, the influence of which seems to be gaining strength and spreading wider every day. Beethoven is not only still numbered amongst the living, but is at a period of life when the mind, if in *corpore sano*, is in its fullest vigour, for he has not yet completed his fifty-second year. Unfortunately, however, he is suffering under a privation that to all who endure it is sufficiently afflicting—to a musician is intolerable—he is almost bereft of hearing; inasmuch that it is said he cannot render the tones of his pianoforte audible to himself. This, if true, accounts for some of the combinations—the crudities, as Dr. Burney would have called them—which appear in his later publications; for though the design of a composition ought to be formed in the mind, without any aid from material sounds, yet its effect should be accurately heard upon some instrument before adoption. This Sonata consists of two movements; the first, in C minor, begins *maestoso*, and then passes into an *Allegro*. It betrays a violent effort to produce something in the shape of novelty, is scientifically written [our critic dearly loves "scientific" music: it appears to be one of his highest terms of praise], rather in the fugue style, and is very difficult to execute, particularly for the left hand. In this are visible some of those dissonances above alluded to, the harshness of which may have escaped the observation of the composer. [An example of the "dissonances" is then given.] The second movement is an *Arietta*, *adagio*, and extends to the extraordinary length of thirteen pages. The subject of this is not inelegant, but its ramifications are noted down in so unnecessarily perplexing and discouraging a manner that we may without hazard foretell only a few very dauntless, persevering enthusiasts will ever attempt it. [Here the "ramifications" are shown in a short excerpt.] The greater portion of it is written in the same time (*i.e.*, $\frac{3}{4}$); but a part is in $\frac{4}{8}$, and about a page in $\frac{3}{8}$. All this is really laborious trifling, and ought to be, by every means, discouraged by the sensible part of the musical profession. Too many difficulties are already thrown in the way of those who wish to acquire practical skill in the art; it is the true policy of musicians to lessen, not to multiply, obstacles. But if it be for a moment granted that the introduction of such unprecedented times is attended by advantages that counterbalance

the evils arising out of their strangeness, how, even then, shall we be able to understand them as employed in this Sonata? In the $\frac{3}{4}$ time, for instance, we find all the bars thus composed in respect to measure. [Example given.] We have devoted a full hour to this enigma and cannot solve it. But no sphinx ever imagined such a riddle as the $\frac{3}{4}$ time presents. Here we find twelve demisemiquavers and eight double demisemiquavers in one bar; twelve demisemiquavers and twelve double demisemiquavers in another; ten demisemiquavers, nine double demisemiquavers, and two semiquaver rests in a third, &c.—and all without any appearance of a misprint! The general practice of writing notes apparently very short, then doubling their length by the word *adagio*, is one of the abuses in music that always increases the difficulties of performance, often produces confusion, and loudly calls for reform; but the system of notation pursued in this *Arietta* is "confusion worse confounded," and goes on, as we have before stated, to the extent of thirteen pages, and yet the publishers have in their title deemed it necessary to warn off all pirates by announcing the Sonata as "copyright." We do not think they are in much danger of having their property invaded. Let us, however, do them justice and acknowledge the spirit with which they embark their capital on works the circulation of which must be very limited, and that consequently promise no great return of profit. The connoisseurs are indebted to them for many, which but for their enterprise they could only have obtained in a very circuitous and expensive manner, and it is in the very nature of speculation now and then to meet with disappointments.

On a par with the foregoing criticism is the notice on *Thirty-three Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli*, composed by L. van Beethoven, Op. 120:

'We had scarcely finished the foregoing article when we received through an obliging friend a copy of this air with variations—which is Beethoven's latest work. It fills forty-three pages, and is, we fear, confirmatory of the report, which we reluctantly alluded to above, of this great composer having from deafness lost some of that discriminating judgment which he possessed in so striking a degree before his sense of hearing was impaired. We pass over several unaccountable irregularities in this work, and can only allow ourselves to observe generally that while it manifests either an entire loss of that sense so needful to a musician, or a degree of neglect in the engraver unparalleled and incredible, it shows that its author had not yet quite exhausted the fund of ideas, exclusively his own—upon which, for the benefit of mankind, he has been drawing nearly thirty years. Among the music published in our present number will be found the subject, by Diabelli, upon which these variations are written. The air in itself is very pleasing, and derives additional interest from having been selected as a theme by the greatest musical genius of the century.'

An extract from *A Day with Beethoven*, by Ed. Schulz (1824), emphasises the attitude of the English critics of the period towards Beethoven's finest works:

'It is worthy of remark that this great musician cannot bear to hear his own earlier works praised, and I was apprised that a sure way to make him angry is to say something complimentary of his Septets, Trios, &c. His latest productions, which are so little relished in London but much admired by the young artists of Vienna, are his favourites. His second Mass he looks upon as his best work, I understand. He is at present engaged in writing a new opera called *Melusine*.'

The enthusiasm of the more discriminating 'young artists of Vienna' is again evident from the *Harmonicon* for January, 1825:

'The new (ninth) Symphony of Beethoven, composed for and now in the possession of the Philharmonic

Society, is characterised in a Vienna journal as the *ne plus ultra* of this master's orchestral works, according to the unanimous opinion of the first-rate professors of that capital. In the last movement is introduced a song—Schiller's famous *Ode to Joy*—which forms a most extraordinary contrast with the whole, and is calculated to excite surprise certainly, and perhaps admiration.'

Under the date August, 1823, is to be found in the *Harmonicon* a truly wonderful specimen of the 'flowery' writing of the period. The *Quarterly Musical Magazine* (vol. v., 1823) declares the paragraph to be taken from a German paper:

'The collection of the works of Beethoven made by M. Haslinger, to which a further addition of two large folios has been made, and which is unique in its kind, is said to have been purchased and on its way to England. Is there, then, in the whole of Germany not a single Mæcenas to be found to dispute with the proud Briton the possession of one of the greatest of musical rarities? Shall he have the glory of spending his guineas in the purchase of productions of art, while the German turns over his dollar again and again before he parts with it? Happy Albion! When posterity shall have formed a due estimate of the merits of Beethoven, it will be necessary to journey to thy shore in order to survey with astonishment the numerous creations of the genius of this sublime master, united in one handsome and masterly collection. Yet worthy art thou to call excellence like this thine own; to thee is it known how to ennoble true merit—does not Handel rest by the side of thy kings?'

Enough extracts have been given to show the 'crudities'—as Dr. Burney would have called them—of the musical criticisms of Beethoven's contemporaries, and the conspicuous lack of theoretical knowledge which they displayed. The veriest tyro nowadays can discourse fluently—though perhaps not always wisely—of technique, musical idiom, and a hundred other things of 'which the critics of Beethoven's day knew little or nothing. But after all, when the 'whirligig of time' has turned for another hundred years, probably the musical *cognoscenti* of 2020 will smile over the criticisms of to-day with an air of amused superiority, while he congratulates himself on having been born in the age of true enlightenment and learning. In music, as in other matters of this life, the enthusiasms of to-day are the 'back numbers' of to-morrow.

Music in the Provinces

BRISTOL.—The British National Opera Company opened a two weeks' season at Colston Hall on September 11, with a performance of *Samson and Delilah*. The chief feature of the repertory was a cycle of *The Ring*.

CARDIFF.—Mr. Garforth Mortimer opened his third season of Sunday concerts on September 3. The orchestra, which has been augmented, was assisted by Mr. Peter Dawson, vocalist.

HARROGATE.—Mr. Howard Carr is forming a large choral society for performance of oratorios, cantatas, madrigals, and part-songs, and Princess Mary has become the first patroness.

LIVERPOOL.—In recognition of his long services to Welsh music, Mr. J. H. Roberts—who has written many part-songs which have been sung throughout the Principality—has been presented with a cheque.

MANCHESTER.—At the mid-day concert on August 15, Madame Sobell Dorville, a former pupil of Madame Schumann, gave a pianoforte recital, including Chopin's *l'alse posthume*, Debussy's *Minstrels*, and Cyril Scott's *Water Wag-tail*.—On August 22 a vocal and pianoforte recital was given by Madame Bella Baillie and Miss Mary Haslam.—The programme on August 29 consisted entirely of the songs of Edmondstone Duncan, sung by Miss Millicent Holbrook

and Mr. Charles Neville, to the accompanying of Mr. Samuel Langford, the latter also giving an address on the composer and his works. The songs sung included *My true love hath my heart*, *My silks and fine array*, *O the month of May*, *May morning*, *Golden Bells*, *White Butterflies*, *In a garden wild*, *The mocking bee*, *O Swallow*, *Consolation*, *When in disgrace*, *Night song*, and *I dare not ask a kiss*.

SOUTHSIDE.—The London String Quartet, on August 28, at the Clarence Pier concerts played a new fairy suite by Waldo Warner, *The Pixey Ring*, and Quartets by Mozart and Schubert. The Southsea (Portsmouth) Symphony Orchestra, as it is now called, made its first appearance, conducted by Mr. Charles H. Peters, the vocalists being Miss Phyllis Lett and Mr. Hubert Eisdell. —On September 10, at the Story concert, the Symphony Orchestra played a new March composed by Mr. Charles H. Peters, the conductor; a Liszt Rhapsody (No. 2); and Gounod's *Funeral March of a Marionette*. Mr. William Boland and Miss Margaret Paarl were the vocalists.

TORQUAY.—Miss Adela Verne and M. Moiseiwitsch have both given pianoforte recitals in the Pavilion, the former on August 24 and the latter on September 7. Miss Verne was assisted by M. Jean Vallier, who sang baritone songs, chiefly from opera. M. Moiseiwitsch included in his programme an *Idyll* by Medtner, Ravel's *Tocata*, and Moussorgsky's *Gopak*.

IRELAND

The following interesting advertisement is taken from a leading Dublin daily (August 19): 'Youth, good baritone and tenor singer, wishes training; age 22; strict T.T. for life. Box . . .'

Lauritz Melchior and Miss Carrie Tubb were the outstanding attractions at the La Scala concert on August 20, in connection with the Dublin Horse Show. The Dublin Symphony Orchestra contributed some agreeable items under Mr. Vincent O'Brien.

Jimmy Glover's many Dublin friends are delighted to learn that the old orchestral *maestro* at Drury Lane Theatre is about to contest a London Parliamentary seat. The son of the late James Mackey, and grandson of J. W. Glover, organist of the Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, he is now in his sixty-third year and has been in London for forty-two years. He has wielded the baton at Drury Lane since 1893.

The prospectus of the Belfast Philharmonic Society for the season 1922-23 is sufficiently attractive and displays catholic taste. It is intended to open with the *Hymn of Praise* on October 27, Miss Dorothy d'Orsay being the solo vocalist.

Mr. Aloys P. Kimber, who has been organist of St. Mary's, Enniscorthy, for the past seven years, has been appointed organist of Christ Church, Lisburn (near Belfast). His departure is keenly felt in musical circles at Enniscorthy.

It is gratifying to learn that the Rathmines and Rathgan Operatic Society is preparing two of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas for the forthcoming season.

The Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society has a programme in view which probably surpasses all previous amateur records. These are the chief items: December 14, Prelude, *The Wreckers* (Ethel Smyth), conducted by the composer; César Franck's Symphony. March 1, Elgar's second *Wand of Youth* Suite; *Oberon* Overture; Liadov's *Kikimora*; Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto (Miss Irene Scharrer). April 19, Prelude, *Dylan* (Holbrooke), conducted by the composer; Tchaikovsky's fifth Symphony; Cherubini's Overture, *Ali Baba*. Mr. Joseph Ivey is conductor-in-chief. The concerts are given at Queen's Hall.

Can any of our readers help a correspondent who writes: 'I have just bought a Portuguese guitar, and now, just as I wish to set to work and learn it, I am told that there is no music published for it, and that nobody plays it outside Portugal. I hear rumours of an excellent instruction book, but it never gets beyond a rumour, for nobody seems to know the name of author or publisher?' Any information that comes along addressed to E. W. T., c/o *Musical Times*, will be duly forwarded.

Musical Notes from Abroad

AMSTERDAM

Unlike former years our musical activities have this summer been confined exclusively to Scheveningen. The unusually unpropitious weather seems to have acted as an impediment to other arrangements. Amsterdam has only once been roused from her musical slumber, when the 'Basler Feldmusik' came from Switzerland to pay a short visit to Holland. This combination was greatly appreciated, all the more as we (at least at Amsterdam) are hardly ever cheered by the sound of a good military band. Needless to say, the Swiss guests met with a warm welcome, which I trust they will keep in pleasant remembrance.

As regards the symphony concerts at Scheveningen I must limit my notes to an account of the outstanding events. As usual there has been quite a large number of foreign guests, some of whom had not been heard in Holland since the outbreak of the war, and consequently these drew by far the biggest audiences. The reappearance of Harold Bauer was accompanied by quite a sensational success. He gave us first-rate readings of Strauss's *Burleske* and Schumann's A minor Concerto. The Spanish violinist, Juan Manén, met with a no less hearty reception. His playing of Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole* was at all events a most remarkable performance, despite his underlining of the *virtuoso* element to a far less degree than is generally the case. The graceful Hungarian violoncellist, Madame Judith Bokor, reappeared on August 16, when she again created a fine impression by her exquisite reading of the Dvorák Concerto. Two concerts given in commemoration of the late Camille Saint-Saëns received an additional lustre through the engagement of Jacques Thibaud (Violin Concerto and *Havanaise*) and Madame Sigrid Schnéevoigt, who was heard to great advantage in the second Pianoforte Concerto. The orchestral pieces on these two evenings consisted of the second and third Symphonies, the Overture *La Princesse Jaune*, and the symphonic poems *Phaëton* and *Danse Macabre*, with which Prof. Schnéevoigt and his orchestra scored a well-earned success. On August 5 the hundredth anniversary of the birth of César Franck (born December 10, 1822) was duly, if somewhat prematurely, celebrated by a concert the scheme of which comprised the Symphony, a fragment from *La Rédemption*, the symphonic poem *Le Chasseur Maudit*, and the *Variations Symphoniques*, the pianoforte part of which was sustained in thoroughly artistic fashion by Prof. Charles Scharrés, of Brussels. Speaking generally, the concerts of this summer have not been conspicuous for the introduction of new works. One of the few exceptions was an Esquisse Symphonique, a composition entitled *Nuit d'Avril*, by the Belgian composer, Jean Rogistre, who himself conducted. Though admitting of no definite conclusion as to the abilities of its composer, the impression which this work left on the audience was by no means unfavourable.

The season this year received an additional attraction by the return of the Italian Opera Company. Very fortunately, the director, M. de Hondt, had been able to secure the same combination of artists we heard in May last, with the addition of a very fine *tenore leggero*, Signor Gualtieri, and a soprano, Madame Polazzi, both of whom proved to be artists who did honour to the Company. Special mention should be made of the indefatigable conductor, Signor Giovanni Frattini.

There remains to be noted a concert given by the Harmonia male choir of Aix-la-Chapelle, an imposing body of some two hundred singers. They were in very fine form, but unfortunately the choice of their programme, which contained much that ought to have been shelved ages ago, admitted of only a very superficial gauging of their actual quality. It is to be hoped that on a future occasion they will take account of the advanced standard of taste in an important city.

W. HARMANS.

GERMANY

HANS PFITZNER

Disdaining the booming of the agent and the press, Hans Pfitzner is quietly but surely pressing his romantic art upon the world. His latest composition, *Von deutscher Seele*, Op. 28, a romantic cantata based upon sentences and poems by Josef von Eichendorff, for four solo voices, mixed chorus, orchestra, and organ (Berlin, A. Fürstner), proclaims him the last of the romanticists. Like many another great work it grew out of sketches for individual songs, and was at first declared devoid of artistic form. The many performances during the last few months, beginning with Berlin and Stuttgart, have proved that it is a concise, firmly built musical creation.

For an appreciation of this strange composer, the reader's attention is directed to a newly published book by Conrad Wandrey, *Hans Pfitzner* (Leipsic, H. Haessel), which explains his spiritual individuality, and his position in this world of discords.

A COMING MAN

During the last few decades certain threads joined together formed the collective term 'Süddeutsche Musik.' This Southern German school of music, of which Rheinberger and Max Reger were early representatives, owes nothing to the influence of Schreker, Schönberg, Debussy, and other musical anarchists, and numbers among its chief men Joseph Haas, born March 19, 1879, the son of a school-master. He studied under Reger, Straube, and Sitt, and is one of the professors at the Stuttgart conservatorium of music. Apart from the opera, Haas has cultivated all branches of musical composition with success.

The Cologne Tonkünstlerverein submitted recently a programme of Austrian composers, among whom Hans Gal (who is by some looked upon as the successor of Brahms) and Egon Kornath claim special mention. The latter submitted a Sonata, Op. 15 (Döblinger, Vienna), glowing in colour and masterly in workmanship, a work which really enriches this branch of literature. Neither this Sonata nor Gal's Suite for violoncello and pianoforte offers problems distracting to the listener. It is music pure and simple.

Those who have read Mr. C. à Becket Williams's article on 'Spohr and his Influence' (*Musical Times*, January, p. 49) will be interested to hear of the opening of a Spohr Museum at Cassel, where the great violinist and composer lived from 1822 until his death in 1859. Heinrich Hein, the founder and director of the Museum, has since 1914, when he broached the subject, brought together a rich collection of everything pertaining to the life and work of Louis Spohr.

JOHANNES BRAHMS

The numerous Brahms festivals all over Germany seem to justify Rudolf von der Leyen's assertion* that 'if ever our German nation suffers during phases of sadness and visitation, then the children of Brahms's muse will like holy angels . . . pour balm into the sore hearts.' From everywhere comes news of the deep impression left by Brahms's music.

The concert season at Hamburg, which generally extends over nine months, closed with a Festival on a large scale in memory of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Brahms (who in 1889, at the instigation of Bülow, had been elected honorary citizen of the city). What distinguished this Festival from the numerous other Brahms festivals all over Germany was the fact that it was organized by the Deutsche Brahmsgesellschaft, deriving therefrom an official character. The various concerts had been entrusted to local Musikdirektor Julius Spengel, a personal friend of Brahms, who conducted the *Deutsche Requiem*, *Rinaldo*, *Nänie*, and the *Schicksalslied*, and Wilhelm Furtwängler, who was in charge of the orchestral concerts. With such able conductors and a thoroughly qualified choir and orchestra Hamburg may take rank with the most musical cities of Germany.

It is but just to refer to two especially remarkable Brahms Festivals. Essen has for the past forty years

warmly cherished the great Brahms heritage, and this year's Festival afforded an opportunity to study the master's life-work, beginning with Op. 10 and ending with Op. 121. Four orchestral concerts and two chamber music concerts provided the four Symphonies, the Haydn Variations, the *Requiem*, the *Alto Rhapsody*, choruses for female voices, with harp and horns, the Violin Concerto, the B flat Pianoforte Concerto, the Pianoforte Quintet (Op. 34), the Horn Trio (Op. 40), the String Quartet (Op. 67), the Clarinet Quintet (Op. 115), songs, and other small works.

The Brahms Festival at München-Gladbach was equally successful owing to the enthusiasm of the populace. Here, for years past, every great concert has been repeated at popular prices, in addition to which the chief rehearsals are open to the public at reduced rates. Both the orchestral concerts and the chamber concert were full to overflowing, which, considering the great musical talent brought together, was but natural. Musikdirektor Gelbke conducted the sunny second Symphony and the humorous *Academic Festival Overture*; the Rosé Quartet played the Quartet in B flat major, and, with Edwin Fischer, the Pianoforte Quintet in F minor. Herr Fischer, in addition, proved himself a master of the Pianoforte Concerto in B flat major, while Maria Philippi earned a great triumph in the *Alto Rhapsody*.

SAARBRÜCKEN

With Dr. Bodo Wolf as instigator and conductor of a musical Festival, Saarbrücken has become a nursery of modern music. The programme of the first evening concert, devoted to chamber music, contained a Prelude and Fugue for string quartet by Hermann Grabner, a pupil of Max Reger, a remarkable composition, rooted in the purely lyrical. The Wendling Quartet, from Stuttgart, gave a successful performance. While Joseph Eiders-Aachen, who played his new Fantasia in F sharp minor, seemed considerably influenced by Brahms. Mischa Senkar, who two years ago settled at Aachen, showed himself in a cycle of Japanese songs a representative of the new impressionistic school. A romantic String Quartet, by Friedrich Klose, brought the concert to a close. The second day was devoted to organ works by Max Reger, artistically played by Hermann Keller, of Stuttgart.

At the final concert, Stephan Frenkel introduced a Sonata for violin solo in the olden style, which proved to be a valuable addition to this branch of literature; and Hermann Henrich's passionate Concerto in E minor for pianoforte (Dr. W. Georgü) and orchestra was highly approved. Of orchestral works may be specially mentioned Arnold Schönberg's *Orchesterstück*, Op. 16, No. 5, which did not gain many friends, Bodo Wolf's *Festival Overture* in D, Op. 12, and Richard Strauss's *Tailleur*, which provided a powerful finale to this very interesting Festival.

DÜSSELDORF

Famous in the fields of pictorial art, Düsseldorf has gathered together a number of German composers to preach their gospel. But they do not understand one another, and their tongues are divided. Each speaks a different language, and Düsseldorf, the city of Schumann and Mendelssohn, conservative in spite of the young conductors who ever lead forwards and upwards, meets them with considerable opposition. This opposition became the more pronounced on account of inner divisions in the Allgemeine Deutsche Musikverein, which was responsible for this Festival. In spite of the strongly expressed wish of its founder, Franz Liszt, that 'progressive development' should be fostered, the committee stopped at the commencement of modern music. It favoured always the same composers, furthered mediocrities, and wished to have nothing to do with the great contemporary developments. Luckily a new spirit has seized the members of the committee, and for the first time in its history the Verein has recognised new men and new aims. Seven hundred compositions had been submitted to the committee for performance, against two hundred and fifty in the previous year, and preference was given to the pupils and adherents of Schreker and Schönberg. One opera and thirteen new concert works were performed for

* Walter Niemann, *Brahms* (Schuster & Loeffler, Berlin).

the first time, which meant an enormous demand on the patience and musical sympathies of a public which is to a large extent conservative. It was not so much the *Symphonic Overture* by Karl Horwitz, a pupil of Schönberg, that excited the listeners, as the *Symphonic Fantasia* for orchestra and pianoforte by Alois Haba, a young pupil of Schreker, with its constant change of time and its employment of half-tone and quarter-tone progressions. After this peppery dish, Ewald Straesser's fifth Symphony sounded almost old-fashioned. Its Rhenish optimism and wealth of melodies stood in fiercest contrast to the laboured pessimism of Haba.

Even Artur Schnabel, the pianist of the classics and the romanticists, belongs as composer to the left wing. Being a pronounced expressionist in the corner movements of his String Quartet, only towards the close of the first and in the second movements does the composer allow the beauty of harmony to break through, showing that after all he belongs to the good old musical realm. The Quartet was beautifully played by the Havemann Quartet of Berlin.

Paul A. Pisk, too, a pupil of Schönberg, belongs to the moderate expressionists of Vienna. The Sonata for violin and pianoforte performed by Konzertmeister I. Gumpert and H. Flohr possesses *cantabile* passages reminiscent of the past. Finally the programme contained songs by W. von Bartels and Iascha Horenstein. Bartels's mediæval love-songs, although clothed with a modern accompaniment, had a natural simplicity which earned the applause of the audience, who preferred them to the Russian's songs.

Karl Ehrenberg, the composer of the opera *Anne Lise*, is already favourably known through an extravagant tone-poem *Jugend*, and an impressionistic orchestral Suite. The opera was a surprise, and its great success a contrast to the composer's fiasco at the last Tonkünstlerfest at Nürnberg. This work is more a dramatic ballad than an opera, the musical form symphonic rather than dramatic. The almost brutal *forte* of his orchestra shows his descent from Wagner and Strauss, but his music is bold and independent.

The second half of the Festival began with a Passacaglia for grand orchestra by Anton von Webern, a work of weak themes, exaggerated tenderness, and ill-sounding brass music with stopped instruments. It was followed by a *Sinfonische Musik* for chamber orchestra, solo violin, and soprano voice, by Emil Peeters—expressionistic music, innocent of thematic development. The concert concluded with a *Sinfonia patetica*, by Georg Gräner, which evoked demonstrative applause that was evidently a protest against the radicals. At the second chamber concert peace reigned once more. Some songs of Alexander Temnitz, though utterly devoid of melody, adequately illustrated the text by their accompaniments. Wilhelm Knöchel belongs to the moderate set of composers. His Quartet sounds well and was well-received; also Philip Tarnach's Sonata for flute and pianoforte was much admired. The climax of the concert was reached with Max Reger's unpublished Quintet in C minor, Op. 21, a youthful work, but thoroughly Reger in matter and manner.

At the last choral concert, Victor Merz produced a hymn, *Natur*, for soli, mixed chorus, and orchestra, a work with too much sound and too little counterpoint, too much Mendelssohnian sweetness and too much Strauss orchestra. It was followed by three scenes from Manfred Gurlitt's musical legend, *Die Heilige*, a work very modern and not without *stimmung*. And again Max Reger carried off the palm of the concert. The powerful architecture of his '100th Psalm,' Op. 106, for mixed chorus, organ, and orchestra (performed for the first time on February 22, 1910, at St. Luke's Church, Chemnitz), acted like a salve after the modern effusions. This gigantic work, composed seven years before his death, is reminiscent of Handel's greatest creations. It is a picture of God the Omnipotent painting His power over all the world in musical language.

COLOGNE

With a sigh of relief we turn to the second Rhenish chamber music Festival of Cologne, which in five days produced pearls of the pre-classic symphony and quartet literature—i.e., the renaissance of chamber music, gradually leading up to our time. The festival character was especially underlined by the presence of six string quartets—the

Budapest, the Gewandhaus, the Gürzenich, the Havemann, the Mairecker-Burbaum, and the Mannheim. The Symphonies were conducted by Abendroth, Fiedler, and Panzner. The first concert began with the seventh Suite (*Banchetti Musicale*) by J. H. Schein (1617), one of J. S. Bach's predecessors at St. Thomas, Leipsic, followed by a *Concerto Grosso* by Corelli for strings and cembalo (published by Raabe & Plothow, Berlin). Mozart's *Serenata Notturne* for two string orchestras led up to the climax of the evening's programme, Dittersdorf's Quartet in A major, faultlessly interpreted by the Budapest String Quartet. The concert concluded with a Symphony by Rosetti (1787), who, with Haydn and Dittersdorf, was one of the favourite composers of his time. FR. ERCKMANN.

PRAGUE

Prague, the capital of the new country of Czechoslovakia, bids fair to become, under present conditions, the musical capital of Europe. Not only are the Czechs a passionately musical people, who now in the time of their national triumph are able to cultivate more freely their greatest national gift, but also—the exchange of Czechoslovakia being so much more favourable than that of its unhappy neighbours, Germany and Austria—the best artists of these countries find it to their advantage to accept engagements at Prague, where there is still a considerable German population.

The Czech love of music, which is so closely bound up with patriotism, finds its expression very largely in opera, which in Czechoslovakia is a truly national art. Indeed, before the war, when the country was still under the hated dominion of Austria—music was almost the only unpunishable way of expressing national sentiment, and opera afforded the happiest means of keeping alive in the minds of the people their traditions and folk-songs. Such was the hold gained by opera on the popular affection that when the National Theatre (or Czech opera-house) was burned down some thirty years ago, the Czechs, poor as they were under Austrian rule, contrived to find the money to rebuild it in its present form.

Prague—a town of perhaps about the size of Bristol—supports no fewer than three opera-houses, two Czech and one German. 'Supports' is perhaps hardly accurate, for although they are subsidised, and are crowded nightly, yet such is the cost of production that they do not entirely pay their way. Still they exist, and will continue to do so, for the demand for them is real. The finest is the 'Národní Divadlo' or National Theatre, already mentioned; the production of a national opera in this theatre will bear comparison with anything done even at Vienna. The other Czech opera-house, the 'Stavovské Divadlo,' was formerly the old German theatre next to the fruit market—the very theatre for which Mozart wrote *Don Giovanni*—and still very much the same as it was when Mozart conducted the first performance of his work there in 1787. It has the sedate charm of an old print, and possesses a wonderful *stimmung*. Mozart is still done superbly there. I was so fortunate as to hear a performance of the *Magic Flute* in this theatre, and the same opera a week later at Vienna, under Strauss. They were the two finest performances of the opera I have ever heard, and yet each was entirely different. Vienna offered a richer setting, better singers, and interesting and very practical departures from the accustomed *tempi*; but Prague played as if it loved every note, the result being a fine ensemble and unity of performance, and the most beautiful orchestral accompaniment that could be wished for.

All operas at the Národní and Stavovské Theatres are of course given in Czech, which is now the official and universally-spoken language of the country, and in which all notices, signs, and posters (even those for the German theatre) appear. Consequently the unhappy foreigner has some difficulty in recognising even well-known operas when they appear in the guise of *Kouzelná Flétna* (*Magic Flute*) or *Prodána Nevěsta* (*The Bartered Bride*). The serious study of Czech is not to be lightly undertaken, but sufficient must be acquired in order to guess roughly at the meaning of notices and bills. It is surprising how soon one

becomes accustomed to hearing operas in a language of which he does not understand a word, and how comparatively little this matters in any work later than Rossini. In operas with rapid and complicated action, such as *Barbiere* or *Don Giovanni*, most points are inevitably missed rather badly if the words be not understood; but in modern opera, where every motive and situation is foreshadowed and underlined by the orchestra, the essentials of the story can rarely fail to be grasped, though details and subtleties escape. Dvorák's *Dmitrij*, however, presents great difficulties, for it deals with the story of *Boris Godounov* from the point of view of the false Dmitry: this involves many complications, to the present writer's complete bewilderment.

It is curious how little we know in this country of the most famous Czech operas. Most histories of music mention one or two in passing, and stress the fact of their being intensely national in idiom, as if that were a fault. They are, indeed, no more national in idiom than are many well-known Russian operas; and the fact is that modern European music is really an international art, which allows of every nation expressing itself in a truly national fashion while yet being understood of the others. The only Czech opera at all well-known in England—and that mainly by name—is *The Bartered Bride*; but Smetana alone has written many others, notably *Dalibor*, *Huňáček* (*The Kiss*), and *Libuše*, which are almost, if not quite, as fine. According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Dvorák, 'in spite of his industry and dramatic talent,' had not one opera that was really successful. It may be submitted that this is not now the case, and that his best works would surely have had a European reputation had adequate translations and parts been available.

In this country, however, we still judge Dvorák largely by his *Spectre's Bride*, *New World Symphony*, and *Humoreske*, none of which is the real Dvorák, and his greatest opera, *Russalka* (*The Water-Fairy*), remains practically unknown outside his native land, although a German translation of the text exists.

Russalka is one of the most charming fairy-operas ever written: less extravagant than *Le Coq d'Or*, and less symbolic than *The Magic Flute*, dealing in the most delicious way with a story resembling that of Hans Andersen's *Mermaid*—an opera that would delight the 'Old Vic.' audience.

The Deutsches Theater is very different from the two Czech opera-houses, both in atmosphere and in its somewhat ornate appearance; and there is something rather chilling and matter-of-fact about the German representations, after the warmth and spontaneity of the Czech. The German language is of course heavier and less adaptable, though on the whole more melodious than Czech. The latter, though tongue-twisting (requiring indeed a technique of the tongue only to be acquired in infancy), has a certain vivacity and, it would seem, a less ponderous construction than German. *Figaro* in Czech 'goes' quite well, but in German it loses all its sparkle; it is better indeed in English. On the other hand, it is difficult to imagine how Wagner would 'go' in Czech!

The Czech opera-houses had each a repertoire of some twenty or thirty operas and plays during March and April, which seems a considerable achievement, even although some system of interchange of players did in fact obtain. The German opera-house, in addition to a standard repertoire, gave towards the end of the season (June and July) a Strauss season and a Wagner Festival, at which every opera of Wagner was performed.

The opera-goer at Prague must accustom himself to the somewhat disconcerting and casual way in which a performance may be altered or cancelled at the last moment. He may go to see *Prodana Nevěsta*, and find himself seeing *Eugène Onegin* or something of the sort—little uncertainties which all add to the excitement of life!

Arbeiter-Vorstellung—the Czech name is elusive—are frequent at all theatres, and for these admission can be obtained (and that for a few pence) only by members of the Guild or Socialist society for which the performance is being given. The writer was present at two such performances—one of a national opera, *Psůhlavci*, by Kovařovic, which excited great enthusiasm; the other, in the German theatre, a 'Mai-arbeiter-Vorstellung' of *Figaro*. Is it

possible to imagine the workers of this country celebrating a general holiday by the special performance of a Mozart opera?

Nevertheless, in comparing the performance, not the appreciation, of opera in this country with that at Prague and Vienna, one remembers with pleasure outstanding performances by the Beecham Company of *Figaro*, *Le Coq d'Or*, *Falstaff*, and *Othello*, which could bear comparison with anything done abroad.

In addition to three opera-houses, Prague also supports a very fine orchestra, the Ceske Filharmonie—possibly now under Talič, the finest in Europe, not excepting that of Amsterdam. During the winter and spring—besides special concerts with soloists—three concerts a week are given, on Thursday evening, and on Sunday afternoon and evening, with frequently a 'General-Probung' on Saturday evening, to which the public are admitted for the small sum of one penny. The special series of orchestral concerts that came to an end in March was designed to give a performance of every modern Czech symphony. Especially memorable were the 'General-Probung' and performance of Suk's *Asrael Symphony*, which is surely one of the great things of modern music. It was played with evident enthusiasm by the orchestra—horn-players lifting the bells of their instruments like little elephants.

Equally memorable were performances of Dvorák's *Slavische Tänze* (which involved wonderful and subtle use of cymbals), and Smetana's great and equally popular symphonic cycle *Ma Vlast* (which being interpreted means *My Country*). Why, in this country, we do not now hear performances of these and other striking Czech works for orchestra is matter for wonder, though we must be grateful to Sir Henry Wood for recent performances of Novák's fine symphonic poem *From the Tatras*.

The Ceske Filharmonie does not of course confine itself to national music; its rendering of classical works combines fire and enthusiasm with exquisite finish and delicacy.

Solo recitals are not very frequent at Prague, but chamber music is very popular, and the wonderful Bohemian Quartet is famous throughout Europe. Prague also is still the centre of a violinistic school, being once more the home of Sevcik, whose most distinguished pupils gave a concert there in March to celebrate the seventieth birthday of the master. Of concerts given by foreign artists at Prague this spring the most successful were those by Miss Fanny Davies and the Bohemian Quartet (a perfect ensemble which should be heard oftener in London); two given by the English Singers, who created a furore; and a Strauss song-recital by Fr. Schumann (of the Vienna Opera) and the composer.

The principal concert-hall (the Smetana Sin) has about half the capacity of Queen's Hall, and possesses a very practical triple platform, which by a simple arrangement of wooden screens is made suitable for either chamber, orchestral, or choral-orchestral music. Very curious are the side-galleries, which, instead of running the length of the hall, hang on the wall above the 'loges' like large crow's-nests.

The visitor to Czecho-Slovakia learns never to be surprised at anything, and to accept with equanimity, for instance, the fact that in one little town the village-priest is also director of the opera; yet, even at Prague, the most hardened would scarcely expect to find the Conservatoire of Music in an ancient monastery. In former days the Czech and German Conservatoires occupied together a large modern building; but in 1918—the Government of the new Republic having pressing need for a Parliament House—both these Conservatoires became homeless. The Czech section insinuated itself (to put it mildly) into the monastery of Emmaus, where the old refectory is now a concert-hall and the monks' cells are studios—the principal professor of pianoforte occupying the cell of St. Andrew. Entire ignorance is professed by the Czechs as to what became of the German part of the Conservatoire—even policemen and postmen deny all knowledge of it, and only persistent search discovers it in a quiet little side street. The writer's predilection would be to do her scales and exercises in an ancient monastery!

In April quite a large Choral Competition Festival took place at Prague, which was of great interest to an English

visitor. The outstanding qualities of the Czech choirs were vivacity and elasticity of rhythm, and great vigour of attack, all probably the natural outcome of a highly rhythmical language. The tone, however, was often strident and harsh—especially in the female-voice choirs, which were frequently unpleasantly shrill. The conductor of the finest choirs, be it remarked, was a woman—a highly-gifted and very able teacher. It was felt, however, that the average English festival choir could have more than held its own at this Prague 'Sing-Kampf,' and it was satisfactory to reflect that at least there was *one* branch of the art in which we could rival such a wonderfully musical nation as the Czechs.

M. G. GRIERSON.

VIENNA

The musical season, or to be more precise, the concert season, opens far later this year than has heretofore been the case at Vienna. The first and only event so far has been a recital by an English violinist named Jean Butt, whose début, owing to the absence of newspaper heralding and bill-posting as a result of the printers' strike, unfortunately escaped general notice. This belated opening of the concert season is, in a way, a return to pre-war conditions, when our concert-halls were wont to close their doors about Easter, not to reopen them until towards the end of September. Such orthodox and strictly prescribed rules became defunct during the war years, when a great general demand for spiritual uplift and, to be frank, even more the sudden onrush of the amusement-loving *nouveaux riches*, kept the concert-halls crowded until well into June, and, with a short six weeks' respite, again from the middle of August. Such prosperity, judging from the slackening attendance at last season's musical entertainments, has become a thing of the past, and apparently Vienna concert-managers intend this season to draw their lesson from this state of affairs. Prospects are not at all bright for the local concert bureaux, of which a large crop has shot up here in recent years. The enormous and still increasing cost of arranging a Vienna concert practically bars the way for all native artists save a limited number of favourites, and the field is clear for that variety of recitals termed 'Valuta concerts,' given by foreign artists who are in a position to effect Vienna débûts at a price which is insignificant when figured in English or American currency. This situation, while lending Vienna a seeming air of cosmopolitanism, yet does not augur at all well for the city's future development as a musical centre.

A still more alarming fact results from the circumstance that even the large orchestral subscription cycles such as that of the Tonkünstler and Konzertverein, venerable and traditional institutions of many decades, are now seriously threatened in their existence. The Tonkünstler series is in particularly difficult straits in view of the recent decision on the part of Wilhelm Furtwängler to devote his activities as a conductor to more tempting and lucrative offers from foreign countries. The loss of Furtwängler would deprive Vienna of its most potent and efficient musical personality, and would leave a gap not easily to be filled. The exorbitant cost of maintaining an orchestra of some eighty players, moreover, may sooner or later prove prohibitive for the patrons of the two orchestral societies. The task is all the more difficult since these concerts cater almost exclusively for a class of intellectuals whose income and financial capacity do not increase in the same proportion as the rising prices of admission. On the other hand, the wealthy element, or the majority of it, does not count among the *clientèle* of the orchestral concerts, preferring as it does the more obvious and diverting musical nourishment served by the Staatsoper.

Of all our musical institutions—and, in fact, of all establishments connected with this battered and impoverished State—the Staatsoper alone manages to keep up the appearance of a seemingly flourishing organization. This season again a host of new members is being added to its personnel, which is already at least three times as numerous as in pre-war days. But as many as three or four star 'guests' frequently assemble for a single performance, while the regular singers of the house are kept in involuntary leisure. It is a notorious fact, and one often commented on

with a certain bitterness, that the opera maintained by this bankrupt miniature State pays to its artists what are virtually the highest salaries offered by any European opera-house. Enormous sums are being spent on costly mountings and gorgeous costumes, calculated to brighten up the dull routine of the Staatsoper's narrow repertoire, while practically the only novelties produced are the works of the Staatsoper's director, Richard Strauss, who is just now preparing a lavish presentation of his new ballet *Whipped Cream*. Thus this luxurious theatre benefits the cause of music and progress even less than it does the interests of the State whose citizens are utterly unable to attend its expensive performances. Sold-out houses, to be sure, are the rule, but their receipts are totally insufficient to cover the enormous deficit caused by such reckless management, and which now amounts to well over twelve million kronen a night. Sooner or later such hopelessly unhealthy conditions will precipitate the inevitable catastrophe. The remedy is, of course, quite simple. The Staatsoper will eventually have to choose between the two alternatives of reducing its outlay and admission fees (and thus becoming a truly national theatre)—or of plainly admitting its present position as a luxurious amusement place for wealthy visiting foreigners. In the latter case the theatre will have to raise its prices to such a level as to become an independent, self-supporting enterprise. At present it is, at best, a vehicle for the ambitious plans of Dr. Strauss, whose self-glorification finds a ready response from that spirit of hero-worship which has long been proverbial with the Vienna public. Having looked askance at Strauss's earlier and serious works, Vienna now surrenders unconditionally to the largely sentimental and, at any rate, suspiciously 'popular' products of Strauss's waning genius. It is as though the populace was only too glad to make up for old sins by a blind submission to all the Straussian deeds. A movement is now afoot to entrust him with the directorship of the Vienna State Conservatory, a post for which this *arrivé* composer is perhaps even less fitted than he is for the post he now holds at the Staatsoper. If this new plan succeeds, the State Conservatory is to have a combination similar to that at the Staatsoper, with Prof. Franz Schmidt to occupy a position corresponding to that held at the Staatsoper by co-director Franz Schalk, who does virtually all the work while all the glory goes to Dr. Strauss. Although the new scheme planned for the State Conservatory is still meeting with some opposition, there is little doubt that influential social friends will eventually succeed in effecting the Strauss monopoly of the two important musical posts which the Austrian State is in a position to grant.

The Volksoper this season intends to fill the gap left by the Staatsoper's reluctance towards modern works. This year's novelties at the Volksoper will include, besides Josef Holbrooke's opera *Bronwen*, Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov* (which, strangely enough, has never been heard at Vienna), and Charpentier's *Louise*, which also has been absent from the Staatsoper's programme for fifteen years. It is the intention of the Vienna Volksoper to give this winter a ten weeks' season in a number of English cities, including London. Though the work of this Company is frequently very good, it may not be amiss to point out that it is not at all representative of Vienna's operatic status. The Volksoper, as its name implies, is a theatre intended to attract the masses, although it has of late lost sight of this avowed purpose and has seriously suffered from the economic crisis. Felix Weingartner, its director, now touring South America at the head of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, has been obliged to raise the admission fees of the theatre, as a result of its high budget, thus frustrating any attempt at catering for the working-classes and for the host of intellectuals who are eager not for costly scenery but for good music presented in a dignified manner by a well-balanced if not over-brilliant company. One would wish that the new 'Middle-Class Opera' which is just about to open its first season with a production of Beethoven's *Fidelio* might profit by the fundamental mistakes committed by the Staatsoper and Volksoper. There are vast possibilities for such an enterprise here at this moment.

Optimists are anticipating a stimulating influence on Vienna's artistic life from the advent of Max Reinhardt, who will this month take possession of the Redoutensaal Theatre

for what is intended to be an annual three months' season. The coming of Reinhardt has been preceded by some rather sensational newspaper controversies between his adherents and adversaries. The former finally won the day, but one is rather inclined to think that the latter's objections were well grounded. The dramatic methods of Reinhardt, which have long outlived their passing vogue at Berlin, are very little suited to fit in with the more conservative and legitimate spirit and tradition which our venerable old Burgtheater still cherishes. The plan of investing Reinhardt with the directorship of that famous old State playhouse has, temporarily at least, met with failure, and Reinhardt's Vienna activities will for the present be confined to his private theatrical ventures. It is an open secret, however, that his friend, Dr. Richard Strauss, is untiring in his efforts to make Reinhardt director of the Burgtheater, or at least to appoint him stage-manager of the Staatsoper. No doubt Strauss will eventually have his way. Hero-worship . . .

PAUL BECHERT.

Miscellaneous

We have received, too late for notice earlier in the Journal, the complete programmes of the London Symphony Orchestra concerts at Queen's Hall during the winter. The concerts take place as usual on Monday evenings. The new works down for performance are Bax's Symphony, Gerrard Williams's Three Preludes, and Holst's *Ode to Death*. The Bach Choir will be heard in the ninth Symphony (January 22), and the Philharmonic Choir at the last concert (April 23) in the *Ode to Death*, Rachmaninoff's *The Bells*, Brahms's *Song of Destiny*, and a selection from Act 3 of *Die Meistersinger*. The conducting will be shared by Coates, Goossens, Koussevitzki, and Busoni.

The Mayfair Dramatic Club proposes to give a performance, during the autumn, of *Rosina*, an 18th century ballad opera by William Shield. So far as has been ascertained by Mr. Alec Brooksbank, secretary of the Club, the opera was last performed in London, at the Haymarket, in 1825.

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WHAT IS 'MODERN' MUSIC?

By M.-D. CALVOCORESSI

I heartily dislike and despise the term: and never more intensely than when I see how often, by using it, I have fallen into the trap which it holds for the unwary. I feel that many opportunities for vagueness on the part of writers, and misunderstandings on the part of readings, will be removed so soon as the word is ruthlessly extirpated. Meanwhile, the best we can do is to inquire, no less ruthlessly, into its meaning.

As often as not we see it used as a shibboleth on the sole strength of which people will feel justified in commending or running down composers and critics, works and judgments. It is quite usual, for instance, to hear it said that 'So-and-so cares for nothing but modern music,' or 'is utterly incapable of understanding modern music.' People who proudly stand by the slogan, 'I do not care for all that modern stuff,' and people who pose as sole possessors of the capacity to understand the beauties of 'modern' music, constitute a not unimposing fraction of the musical world. For the term 'modern' let us substitute the term 'to-day's,' and the inanity of such utterances becomes apparent forthwith.

To-day's music ranges from Elgar to Fauré, from Holst to Bartók, from Ravel to Milhaud, from d'Indy to Strauss, from Holbrooke to Obukhof, from Schönberg to Malipiero, and so on *usque ad infinitum*, or nearly. The term is seen to cover the output of two generations (not to say three), the older of which comprises many men who may still be described as prophets and explorers, whereas many of the younger obviously are the very reverse. Let us consider for a moment how extraordinarily varied in scope and style are the works in which to-day's tendencies are exemplified, and we can hardly fail to realise that if we take the term 'modern' at its true value, a man liking nothing but 'modern' music may nevertheless be endowed with a vast range of sensitiveness and understanding: so vast, in fact, that the absurdity of the description becomes flagrant. Conversely, our man who does not care for 'modern' music will have so narrow, so puny an outlook, that we may well feel justified in doubting whether his attitude towards older music is founded on any degree of genuine sympathy and understanding.

But we know quite well that in no such case does the word stand for its full value. It is used to denote something more, and something more special, than its natural, colourless equivalent,

'to-day's.' If we analyse its meaning, we see that for detractors 'modern' music means 'music now being written according to principles and methods different from those to which we are accustomed, and which we approve.' For those to whom novelty is the sole thing worth considering, it means 'music written according to principles and methods which, in so far as they are novel, are preferable to all others.'

It is all very well to run down the results of innovatory tendencies. Indeed, the tune is old enough to satisfy those who intone it the most willingly. I noticed with interest the excerpts from old judgments on Beethoven which Miss Muriel Silburn reproduced in last month's *Musical Times*. All students of musical history are familiar with countless instances of this kind, some of which refer to Bach and some to Wagner, others to Monteverdi, to Brahms, or even to Gounod. Indeed, rather than compile a list of composers who have been treated as anarchists when they were nothing of the kind, it would be shorter to compile one of good composers who have not.

The standards in which judgments of that kind originate are founded either on faith in certain fixed rules (or alleged laws), or in certain trends and habits of thought. The opposite attitude is that of people who would willingly use, with reference to any composer whose works they happen to admire despite any infringements of rules or laws noticeable therein, the very words which Edgar Allan Poe applies to Shelley: 'He disdained that Rule which is an emanation from Law, because his own soul was Law in itself.' It is needless to emphasise that both attitudes may be equally uncritical.

How great or how small is the part played by habit, rule, and law respectively in establishing the standards in question? We cannot proceed without elucidating the problem. Just now a number of able writers are sedulously applying themselves to this hitherto neglected task,* and fair headway is being made. The point is not yet reached, however, when we shall be able clearly to discriminate between laws and mere rules. But so far as rules are concerned, I think we may consider all that can be said as summed up in this dictum of Alfred Ernst (one of the most lucid and earnest of those who fought Wagner's battle in France), that 'in music, rules are merely intended to provide practical means of avoiding effects which are usually unsatisfactory'—which clearly shows that the mere matter of rules broken or observed has no bearing upon the exercise of the critical faculty. What we must find out is whether, when a rule is broken, it is broken to good purpose, and to a purpose which renders the breaking as necessary and unavoidable as we should feel the observance to be necessary under different circumstances.

Let us now ask ourselves whether music is 'modern' in so far as it does not conform to the standards according to which older generations

* See, for instance, Prof. Watt's excellent essay on 'Rule and Law in Music,' in the current issue of *Music and Letters*.

sought to avoid 'effects which are usually unsatisfactory.' The reply is, emphatically, No; although history may seem to afford reasons for asserting the contrary. It is true that in proportion as music pursues its course we notice a series of landmarks provided, firstly, by the breaking of certain rules, then by their total rejection, making way for new departures in diction, style, form, and scope. But what mattered was the thing signified, not the mere sign.

This is where the problem of originality crops up—a formidable problem which affects the very crux of æsthetics. Let us content ourselves to-day with noting that if it can be solved at all, its solution is pointed out by two axioms (whose authors, I believe, are Chamfort and Ruskin respectively): one, 'Il n'y a que les *expressions critiques* qui comptent,' and the other, 'Originality is not novelty, it is genuineness.'

When we attempt to discriminate between 'created expressions' and mere fabrications, to acknowledge genuineness (which may or may not be accompanied by novelty), we see that the presence or absence of novel features provides at best collateral evidence, which may be misleading even when it appears most helpful. Indeed collateral evidence of all kinds, real or imaginary, is one of the worst curses of criticism in general, and especially of musical criticism, which is so hard put to find direct evidence in support of anything it chooses to assert.

Take the case of musical idiom—considering, for the sake of simplicity, on one hand the idiom of 'classical' periods, whose every term is familiar to us not only in itself but in its possible relation with every other term; and, on the other hand, the idiom of to-day's 'modernists,' which consists largely of unfamiliar terms or of terms in unfamiliar relationship to one another. Obviously, we shall expect no man of fairly keen sensitiveness and fairly educated ear and mind to feel ill at ease when facing a work couched in the former idiom, to overlook genuineness, to confuse eloquence with twaddle. The latter idiom, abounding as it does in features which, for short, we shall call neologisms, presents far greater difficulties.

The comprehension of music, as of all works of art, depends upon a full apprehension of the relationship between its elements—twofold relationships, concrete and more or less positively determinable on one hand, purely spiritual on the other. And it is merely in this latter aspect that the relationships are significant from the point of view of art.

A listener who would never dream of contending that the relationship between any two or more terms in the music of Bach or Beethoven does not make sense, and who is perfectly aware that in the music of their imitators outwardly similar relationships are mere empty shells and do not make any sense worth making, has reached the stage when he is able to perceive spiritual relationships, beyond the tangible relationships which go to the making of a certain idiom and style. For

all that, he may be no nearer the same stage when facing an idiom containing a proportion of neologisms than are the people who, blinded by the glamour of neologisms, are satisfied with noting their presence without inquiring into their meaning.

In his *Essay on Hawthorne*, Edgar Allan Poe (whose investigations of the principles of criticism deserve far greater attention than they have yet received) remarks that 'absolute novelty of combination tasks and startles the intellect,' and that 'excessive originality may deaden all capacity for its appreciation.' In other words, it is not before we have fully conquered the impression of unfamiliarity and surprise (pleasant or unpleasant) which neologisms may produce upon us that we are able to consider their artistic value; it is only when the machinery ceases to arrest our attention that we may profitably turn to the question of the spiritual content.

Uncritical distrust of neologisms, and uncritical delight in neologisms, have co-operated in robbing the term 'modern' of any value which it may have possessed. How the question of right or wrong in the matter of judgments in which the word is used or implied will eventually be solved we know full well: those works will survive which owe their inception to the desire to convey a genuine message, served by the capacity to convey it in genuine terms, not in mere *clichés*, old or new, nor in mere approximations.

Among such works, some correspond more obviously than others with certain currents of thought and feeling which prevail at a given moment. Others will find a less ready welcome because the correspondence is less obvious, less direct—in which case a near or distant future will reverse the judgment of contemporaries. Another order of works, less genuine, of more restricted significance, will correspond quite closely with the particular requirements of the moment, and therefore find ready appreciation pending the time when they will be no less readily consigned to oblivion unless they contain something less perishable.

The deflections and variations observable within the general flow of artistic evolution are further and even more plainly marked by the attitude of each generation towards certain parts of the heritage of the past. Time after time it has happened, as it happens just now, that a generation evinces a keener interest in certain old works, and a lesser in others, than the foregoing may have evinced or the next one will perhaps evince. Similarly the tendencies of any given periods differ (within limits, but often sharply enough) from country to country, as regards both old music and new. But the amplitude of such variations, all told, is never very great; nor is their duration. Withal we know that works which have survived the test of a very few variations of that kind will endure despite further temporary variations.

This is the reason why we may confidently say—and not for the sake of paradox—that musical works do not age. Whatever true freshness and

vitality they possess at their birth they retain for ever. When we see that a work which at first seemed instinct with vitality withers and stales, we may be sure that it was born as stale and withered as it will ever be. It is by instinct, and not by reasons deduced from the presence or absence of neologism, that the true critic is led to assert—perhaps rightly, perhaps wrongly—that a new work is endowed with vitality. Music may or may not bear the most unmistakable signs of the date of its inception: the question of its artistic significance remains in either case unaffected.

Genius consists neither in adhering to established methods regardless of their fitness, nor in inventing new terms and new relationships for the mere sake of their novelty, but in using fit terms to express a worthy message. What genius accomplishes is always 'modern,' and will always remain 'modern,' if by the word we mean 'live,' which is its only possible meaning. History shows that of the works written during any given period only a small proportion lives. There is no reason to suppose that our own period is producing an unduly large proportion of music endowed with vitality—a fact of which the writers who indiscriminately praise all forthcoming novelties seem to be totally unaware. But certainly there is no more reason to suppose that the proportion is unduly small. And if we are to ascribe any value to the teachings of history, we should be prepared to find out, if we live long enough, that 'modernity' of methods is a sign which accompanies vitality far more often than the detractors of those methods are aware of, but far less often than their more excitable panegyrists suspect.

PAINTED MUSIC

BY ALEXANDER BRENT-SMITH

Music seems to exercise a fascination over painters. I should think that there must be a hundred pictures with musical subjects for every ten with poetical and every five with pictorial subjects. I do not refer to portraits, because in that class of picture musicians do not hold a marked advantage over poets or painters. They seem to lack a certain something—influence, affluence, call it what you like—which makes them unsuitable as sitters to the eminent painters of the epoch. Nor do I refer to the many imaginary portraits of musicians, though in this branch their greater popularity begins to be noticeable. Does not everyone know the picture of the child Handel astonishing his parents with his playing—as well he might with his very modern pianoforte technique? Who is there who does not know a picture of Beethoven playing to four friends? It is called 'Symphony by Beethoven,' though its sub-title might be 'Picture of four men, trying to keep awake during a performance of a Symphony by Beethoven.' There is no record as to which Symphony he was playing, but I am certain it was not the eighth, the seventh, or the fifth; beyond that I can say nothing. Who is there who has not seen

a picture of Liszt extemporizing upon a given theme (presumably, from its four-line notation, a Gregorian tone) on a miniature pianette, with his left foot jammed down upon the sustaining pedal?

Where are the poetical or pictorial analogies to these imaginative portraits? It is true that there is a picture, or a photograph, of Charles Dickens reading to his daughters, and another of Milton dictating *Paradise Regained* to his daughters (how happy the artist with dutiful daughters!), but where is there a picture of Browning making rough drafts—the poetical equivalent to extemporizing—for 'Red-Cotton-nightcap country,' or Swinburne reciting a newly-finished poem to Watts-Dunton? Perhaps the reason for its non-depiction is that Watts-Dunton never had time to listen, having 'so much work on hand just now.' Where is the picture of Raphael painting the 'Madonna,' or Fra Angelico painting 'The Annunciation'? The truth seems to be that painters hesitate to enshrine pictures within pictures lest their own work suffers by comparison or by lack of unity of style; just as a composer would hesitate to use a melody of Beethoven in his new work lest his own invention should sound poorer than it really is.

But neither of these *tabularum genera* are quite what I mean by painted music. What I refer to are pictures which have for their subjects, not musicians but music, and not music prisoned within bars by the pen of man, but music in its native freedom. We can only judge of its character by the expression produced upon the performers' faces. In Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture, 'The Cherub Choir,' we do not need to know what music the cherubim are singing. It is enough for us to see them exult and to achieve without effort what we poor mortals ever miss—perfect combination without visible control. In Gerard Torborch's picture, 'The Concert,' we are not curious to know what music these dignified ladies are playing. From their silent instruments streams music, passionless yet lovely, like the *Earl of Salisbury's Pavane* of William Byrde. In Canziani's picture, 'The Piper of Dreams,' we cannot guess what tune the piper played, which was of such varying, yet simultaneous emotions, that it induced some fairies to dance upon a twig, others to whirl about a tree, and others to *glissando* down a hazel-branch.

So great is the fascination of music over painters, that if it were necessary we could deduce the history of music from a study of the picture galleries of Europe. Evidence for the existence of the bass viol with seven strings would be obtained from the picture by Domenichino of St. Cecilia, who manipulated that troublesome instrument with as much ease as she manipulated the portable 13th century organ in Worcester Cathedral. Carlo Saraceno has left us a picture of St. Francis, who bears in his face unmistakable signs of martyrdom, listening to an angelic performance on the violino piccolo, an instrument used by Bach in the F major *Brandenburg Concerto*. The popularity of that now almost

obsolete instrument, the recorder, is testified by the presence of two recorder players in the background of the picture of Madame Camargo, by Lancret, in the Wallace collection. This Madame Camargo, who was a celebrated dancer, is accompanied by an orchestra consisting of two recorders, a bassoon, and one or more viols; near her stands a boy with a pipe and tabor.

Where, in either poetry or painting, can we parallel this long line of abstract musical subjects? Sir Joshua Reynolds has given us a picture of cherubs singing in concert, but where shall we find a picture of seraphs reciting poetry? Still more difficult, if possible, would it be to find analogous pictorial subjects, for although painters utilise the mechanical means of music for their pictures, showing the world how seraphim make the music of the spheres, they never utilise their own mechanical processes and show us the seraphim tinting the rainbow in the sky.

When first I began to examine these musically-minded pictures I had an unwelcome suspicion, which has since grown into a horrible certainty, that what these painters loved in music was not its effect, but its production. Why, for instance, did Gerald Dow paint a portrait of himself as a violinist? Was it because he wished to proclaim his violinistic skill to posterity? If so, he would have done better to have had at least one lesson in holding the violin. Or why did Carlo Saraceno, in his picture of St. Francis, let the angelic violinist play above the bridge? Even in an angel's hands the result can only have been excruciating. No. The answer forces itself unwillingly from these pictures: painters use music in their pictures either for its sentimental appeal or else for its attractive setting.

Sometimes painters, dissatisfied with the mere depiction of music being produced, attempt to turn their ears to eyes and paint the music as it passes by. This device, occasionally used by early painters, who appended streamers bearing the chanted word to the mouths of the singers, is the stock-in-trade of every comic artist. If he has to draw a trumpeter, he is not content to show him moist with emotion, but he actually sketches the notes being blown into the air. From the bell of the trumpet there straggles an ill-disciplined crowd of notes, freed from the rules which bound them in the stave—a sort of fancy-dress ball for the notable employees of the great composers. Minims dance in bacchanalian frenzy, their large, vacant faces being supported by frail, semiquavering bodies; demisemiquavers, hitherto chained like Roman prisoners into bands of eight, caper ecstatically in their momentary freedom; sharps, flats, and naturals, who have hitherto waited patiently at the sides of their relentless masters, demand the right to be considered as free and independent citizens of the musical world. Rests there are few, but whoever wanted a rest on Hampstead Heath?

Does, then, the music of to-day possess a visible charm? From the tendency of audiences to drift

towards the starboard side of the hall for a pianoforte recital, it would seem that there is some real charm in seeing music made, and seeing music made is more than the fascination of watching nimble fingers—it is an aid to a more complete understanding of the intentions of the player. The poise of a pianist's hands, sometimes a carefully-cultivated affectation, may also be in all sincerity part of the musical interpretation. To hear the Bach-Tausig Toccata in D minor played on a pianola is sufficient to make us realise the necessity for seeing in addition to hearing. Those abrupt questions and ill-tempered answers sound, as played on a pianola, almost ludicrous, but when we see the pianist's hands leap to the interrogation and pounce to the reply, the passage becomes as meaningful as a dialogue of Molière. The pauses between the question and the answer are not, as in the pianoladed performance, the mere passing of time; they are the negation of time by the action of sight.

So, too, a pianist may defer one chord from its exact temporal position in order to give the succeeding chord greater emphasis. If so played by a pianola it would sound incorrect; but when we see it played by a pianist, though it is metronomically wrong, it is humanly right, because the curved flight of the hands suspends, through our sight, the passing of time.

Performers may comfort one another with these words, because they prophesy the perpetual supremacy of the Human over the Mechanical. But, stay! if music-visible is a delight in itself, will there arise a series of filmed concerts? Shall we have the pleasure of watching Coates conduct a silent symphony or Busoni perform an inaudible sonata? Will the future produce a special film star—conductor or performer—equipped with all the filmy graces of gesture and expression? Is it possible that our spectacular executants will desert the legitimate platform for the screen?

None can tell us, but in that last interrogation there is hope.

CREDO IN MOZART

BY MRS. FRANK LIEBICH

It was a simple and concise declaration of faith, that of the musician in Richard Wagner's short story, *An End in Paris*. On his death-bed his last words were: 'I believe in God, Mozart, and Beethoven.' The tale was written eighty years ago to keep the pot boiling when Wagner was domiciled for a while in the French capital. In the interval that has elapsed since it was printed faith in Mozart has fluctuated. During the latter part of the 19th century the Mozart Society's assemblies and concerts were a trysting-place for lovers of the Salzburg composer. But when a man's works are in public favour societies for the propagation or preservation of faith in him are not required. It is significant that the Mozart Society was needed during the closing years of the

last century. Since the Armistice there has been a welcome Mozart revival in England and on the Continent, and Mozart has now an assured place in the modern composer's compendium of belief.

The unceasing exploitation of musical sound and of the unending possibilities of harmonic combinations, together with the adjustment of the various instruments to musical ideas and the consequent newer appraisements of their functions and amalgamated timbres and qualities are often a strain on the hearing even of those who have carefully followed the many manifestations of the development and progress of modern music during the last thirty years. 'The ear sometimes wants rest and relaxation. To none better than to Mozart can it turn for a respite which will refresh and re-sensitise it.

Though he worked in the now demoded and outworn forms and methods of his day, with a harmonic system which has been transcended almost out of all recognition, yet in his elimination of superfluous details, his avoidance of introspection and appeal to emotion, and in his consequent direct and fluent utterance, Mozart is in touch with the best of the moderns.

I remember reading an interesting book by a writer who took no pains to disguise his contempt for Mozart's mentality. He complained that Mozart's music did not compel him to think. And he added that he would acknowledge with gratitude any commentary on any of Mozart's Symphonies that would establish conclusively that its composer had plumbed to their depths the abysses of man's thought. I found myself making thanksgiving that Mozart's work had escaped such spectacled pedagogic treatment, and that he had shown no inclination to peer into abysses which when deep are often dismal.

Yet with all his sunny, child-like simplicity of nature, Mozart possessed a delicate sensibility which was ill-suited to confront the rough usage he was subjected to by the Archbishop of Salzburg and his courtiers; or to bear the poverty and hardships of his later years. Though he often wrote to his father that he could not compose unless he was cheerful, yet even in his happy moods his music reflected sorrow as well as joy. Wistful and regretful as are many of the poetic *Adagios* and *Andantes* of his Sonatas, Symphonies, and Quartets, there is no touch of morbidity or passionate resentment or despairing cries such as sentimental persons discover and appreciate in Beethoven.

That most perfect Symphony in G minor reveals a nature tremblingly alive to the most delicate and transient manifestations of the beauty of the world around him. Though free from and unpractised in jealousy and malevolence yet he was sensitive to the finger-tips to the good or bad natures of those with whom he came in contact, and kept sane and brave in the midst of trouble by his delightful sense of fun and humour. The roguish countenance of the Salzburg Hanswurst peeps out again and again in his *Rondos* and *Finales* :

'I cannot write poetically, for I am no poet [he says in a letter to his father]; I cannot make fine, artistic pictures, for I am no painter; I can neither by signs nor by pantomime express my thoughts, for I am no dancer; but I can by tones, for I am a musician. . . . I place no value on any man's praise or censure. . . . I continue to follow and express my own feelings.'

It is this straightforward simplicity that sums up the charm of his personality as well as of his music. Beethoven outstrips him far and away as a master of form, and as unrivalled in his generation for structural extension and free and varied polyphony. But he is plastic to his moulds, and when he hammered at the themes from his sketch-book he rapped into them too much of the physical agony endured during the process of composition. He is superb in his volcanic passion; he is the interpreter of the age of a Napoleon; he is in touch with all Romantics, with all the forces that were working up for the late world-war and with much of the heroism that was displayed in it. But with the impersonal modern musician who is removed from cataclysms, personal or universal, he is not so closely in touch.

Eugène Goossens, giving a lecture on 'Modern Tendencies in Music,' in describing the main features of the newest path in musical expression with Stravinsky as an outstanding example, enumerates certain of its characteristics. They are, he said, a forcible directness of both colour and form; a rigid economy of means which eliminates all but essentials; and a concise and intense objectiveness of emotion which relegates traditional practice and dull introspection to the background.

And Stravinsky, quoted in the same lecture, says:

'I want neither to suggest situations nor emotions, but simply to manifest, to express them. . . . Though I find it extremely hard to do so, I always aim at straightforward expression in its simplest form. I have no use for working out in dramatic or lyric-music. The one essential is to feel and to convey one's feelings.'

It is easy to deride the idea of simplicity connected with Stravinsky or with any of those who are termed ultra-modern. The unfamiliar sonorities disconcert the unskilled hearer: were he as familiar with the resources of modern harmony as he is with those of the 18th century, he would recognise that a modern composer can be as direct and simple with the profusion of means at his disposal as Mozart within the circumscribed confines of his straightened harmonic resources.

It is the constant use of labels in musical history which is so crippling to anyone who recognises the unbroken evolution of the art. The terms classic, romantic, modern, induce partisanship and camps for and against. One and all they succeed each other through the ages, and proceed from one another as surely as the musical sounds, which are their material, are derived from and

manifested in the natural harmonics of the single note that in itself most probably sufficed to delight the ear of the primitive savage.

Unorthodox as it may seem to say so, nevertheless many a contemporary, if asked to sum up his creed in as trenchant terms as Wagner's imaginary hero, might begin by eliminating Beethoven. With no space left for precautionary defence against the verbal brickbats such a statement may provoke, or for explanatory reservations, yet it is possible to say that he might reveal his affiliations and his modern heretical notions by summing them up in such a concise form as: I believe in Mozart, Schubert—even, perhaps, Mendelssohn.

Ad Libitum

By 'FESTE'

That a good many writers on music are well able to handle sport is well known. Mr. Ernest Newman, for example, could turn out a far better report of a boxing match than could most sporting journalists. He frequently draws on the ring for a simile, and bearing in mind the Carpentier debacle, it is interesting to recall that in one such passage written about a year ago he expressed the opinion, supported by technical reasons, that Georges had seen his best days in the ring.

At the present time one of the Sunday papers gives pride of place among its football reports to that written by Mr. Thomas Moulton, an occasional contributor to the *Musical Times*. The report, by the way, is headed, 'By Thomas Moulton, Novelist and Poet.' There is something very intriguing about this. Imagine a report of a musical festival signed 'Pelham F. Warner, Cricketer.' We can't imagine it, of course. Still, there is at least one cricket reporter to whom we could safely go for a good concert report—Mr. Neville Cardus, who 'does' the game for the *Manchester Guardian*. I have just read his *A Cricketer's Book* (Grant Richards) from cover to cover with great delight. A reader of the strict sort, to whom a musical journal must be a musical journal and nothing else, says, 'Maybe; but why drag it in here?' Well, the heading 'Ad Libitum' was not chosen for nothing, and if a writer with a *nom de plume* borrowed from the musical clown in *Twelfth Night*, and with 'Ad Libitum' on his banner, may not leave the track when he is so disposed, who may? As a matter of fact, however, there is little 'dragging in' on this occasion; the book is mentioned here because it bristles with musical allusions, many of them very apt.

For example, Mr. Cardus sees Bardsley and Macartney bat, and instead of telling us that the former is easy-going and the latter brilliant, he says:

Bardsley's cricket might have moved to the serene and contented rhythm of the music which is known as Handel's *Largo*, but Macartney's called for wild and whirling music, some impudent *scherzo*, and Dukas's *L'Apprenti Sorcier* would have done.

Speaking of an innings by Frank Woolley, he says: 'It was all cricket that touched the senses as Milton's *L'Allegro* touches them, or as the *Little Night Music* of Mozart.'

Various allusions show Mr. Cardus to be musically up-to-date in his responsiveness to Mozart. All who recollect William Gunn at his best will see the rightness of this:

You will find in every pavilion in the country to-day men who speak of Gunn's batting as musicians speak of Mozart. His was the batting of felicity. It was content with sheer grace.

Elsewhere he calls Macartney the 'Figaro of batsmen—Mozart's Figaro.'

Here is a comparison between a bowler of the old Alfred Shaw 'length' school and the Parkinson type of to-day:

When we take a glance at the modern slow-to-medium-paced bowler's technique, and compare it with the technique of a cricketer like Alec Watson, it is like looking from a music score of Stravinsky to one of Haydn. The one depends on its complications—one might even say its chromatic complications—a swerve, 'googly,' and variation in pace and flight; the other is content with sturdy diatonics—a good mechanical length and an off-break as obvious as the nose on your face.

I cannot resist the temptation to make one more quotation. Discussing the methods of the Hampshire run-machine, Philip Mead, Mr. Cardus says:

His batsmanship to-day had a certain freedom ['to-day' was the second day of the Australian match wherein Mead helped himself to about 180 runs—a record for a test match in England; the previous day Mr. Cardus had found his batting slow and ugly], the movements of it suggested to the fancy the movements of the dancing bear in Ravel's Suite, *Mother Goose*. . . . Elephantine he is, may be, but, like one of the big beasts in the nursery books, he is elephantine with a most likeable agility.

This shows that on the second day Mr. Cardus looked at the right end of Mead; most people find him unattractive because they look at the wrong end of him—or, rather, at what may be called his equatorial region, for his breadth of beam is obtrusive. The beauty of Mead's batting lies almost entirely in his footwork—indeed, more perhaps than any other cricketer of to-day, he may be said to bat with his feet. I am sure that if Mr. Cardus's musical experiences had embraced organ music he would have said that Mead's neat stepping and shifting on that magic square yard at the crease reminded him of a first-rate organ pedallist. If Philip is not a capital dancer, he ought to be.

These extracts—only a few out of many similar passages—remind us in passing of the general public's growth of interest in music and its readiness to grasp allusions that formerly would

have been lost on them. Mr. Cardus writes for the games-loving public—perhaps the largest public there is—and the fact that he and his editor take it for granted that references to Handel and Mozart, Dukas and Debussy, Stravinsky and Strauss, will not puzzle the bulk of his readers, is significant. A few years ago sporting similes drawn from the arts—and, above all, from music—would have been blue-pencilled.

Well, I wave a greeting to Mr. Cardus. If ever he and I meet I am sure we shall talk cricket and music till we have to be fairly levered apart. Meanwhile I envy him his job of touring around with the Lancashire team and telling the folk at home all about it, for I don't mind admitting that from the time the first cuckoo clears his throat until the leaves begin to fall my heart's at the wicket, my heart is not here. At a 'Promenade' concert a few nights ago a friend said, as he settled himself down, pipe well alight, to the opening chords of an old favourite, 'Well, "Feste," if you knows a better 'ole, go to it.' A sudden *pianissimo* forbade a reply, or I might have said, 'I do know one, though its an 'illock rather than an 'ole—the mound stand at Lord's. Give me a comfortable perch thereon, a day in early summer, and a couple of good bats working hard for runs, and the best seat at Queen's Hall has no attraction for me, though the concert be the finest ever.'

Since the above was written I have come across concert notices—very live ones, too—in the *Manchester Guardian*, signed 'N. C.,' so Mr. Cardus is an even luckier man than I thought. Most of us have to limit our writing to one congenial subject; he can spread himself on two. The moment the bats, duly oiled, are laid up in their winter quarters, he can repair to the concert-room. In May, when most of us have had just about as much public music-making as we want, he can leave us at it, and stroll off to the Game of Games. I wonder if he ever happens to want a deputy during the summer. If so . . .

It was perhaps too much to expect that the singing classes held at the training centres for domestic servants should be allowed to continue without protest, but we looked for a reasoned objection rather than the hysterical screech emitted by the *Weekly Dispatch* and a few chosen reactionaries. After all, the scheme is a modest one, carried out at a trifling cost. The responsible body is the Central Committee on Women's Training and Employment, working under the Ministry of Labour. The girls remain at the centres for thirteen weeks, during which they receive all-round training in domestic work, at a cost per head of £20. As each girl receives a subsistence allowance of £1 per week, skilful arithmeticians will discover that this leaves about 10s. per week per damsel for running the centres and paying the various instructors. The singing class is an affair of a mere hour a week, so the actual cost of this extra per head for a whole term is less than you and I spend on sweets and/or tobacco in a week.

Such dull things as facts, however, count for little when a newspaper is hard up for a stunt, and the *Weekly Dispatch* rose to the occasion with large capitals: COOKS MADE TO SING. DOMESTIC TORTURE AT YOUR EXPENSE. SILLY WASTE.

Headlines have to be lived up to, even at the cost of fair play and truth, so in the first half-dozen lines we find this misleading statement:

The Central Committee on Women's Training and Employment is responsible for the innovation. The Committee is under the wing of the Ministry of Labour, which has already provided £50,000 towards expenses.

Towards the expenses of what? The hasty reader, weighed down with taxation and ever ready to be aggrieved, at once assumes that the singing has already cost him £50,000. In fact, I have heard the assumption put forward, not without heat, by taxpayers in the 'Tube. It is plainly implied by the *Weekly Dispatch*, whereas of course the sum has been spent on the general work of the various branches, and the amount earmarked for music is practically negligible. But the *W.D.*, now well away, cannot be bothered over details; instead, it proceeds to state the case in such a manner as to make it appear even a hardship to the girls as well as to the taxpayer:

Once a week, at the various training branches, the girls are marshalled to the music rooms. Here they are taught to expand their chests, to breathe like a prima donna, to sing scales, and to learn tuneful songs. Whether she be a cook, a housemaid, or a governess, she must learn to sing.

All alike come under the iron heel of the oppressor, and the *W.D.* clearly scents a dreadful levelling tendency, smacking of Bolshevism, in this herding together and 'marshalling' of the incipient governess and the housemaid that is to be. All the same, it is surprising to find our capitalist press objecting to Anna Maria being taught to expand her chest, seeing that one of the results of the expansion will be increased aptitude for hard work.

The *W.D.*, anxious that we should not regard the protest as a mere Carmelite House stunt, proceeds to give 'some opinions on this new phase of squandermania.' Here they are, and it is to be hoped that the authors realised their fatuousness when they saw them in print:

Lady Rice Oxley (Kensington's Mayoress): I should prefer my own maids not to sing! There are so many more useful things a maid could be taught. The maid's mistress cannot afford nowadays to have her own voice trained.

Perhaps Kensington's Mayoress would prefer that her own maids should not read, or dance, or do anything that is not of practical use to Kensington's Mayoress. But we may safely assume that she does herself injustice. Like some of the other protesters, she appears to think that the girls are being taught in order that they may sing about the house. This of course would never do, though the vocal efforts in the kitchen are hardly likely to be worse than many of those given off in the drawing-room—in fact they couldn't be.

Lady Fildes dismisses the affair as 'nonsense,' on the ground that 'it is not necessary to teach a domestic servant to sing.' When her Ladyship is consistent and lives up to this Spartan pronouncement by cutting off from her own life all the things that are 'not necessary,' her protest will carry more weight. Meanwhile she may be reminded that even domestic servants have a right to some at least of the amenities, especially when they can be given at so trifling a cost.

Mrs. Hudson Lyall, L.C.C., lays about her with a will:

This waste of public money is most disgraceful.
 . . . Why not restrict the training to practical work, such as polishing, cleaning, making beds, and so on?
 . . . This singing and elocution proposal could only come from the pig-headed visionaries who believe that all women should be pampered.

Well, if an hour's singing class per week is a form of pampering, I gladly declare myself one of the pig-headedest of visionaries.

The gem of the protests is from the Principal of the Domestic Workers' Bureau, Ltd. Like Kensington's Mayoress, she (it may be a he, but the protest has 'woman'—not to say 'cat'—in every line), she, I say, too hastily assumes that the object of the classes is to enable the girls to sing about their work. This mistaken impression gives her an opening for a little light badinage, so, after a preliminary and explosive 'Preposterous!' she becomes withering, calling in alliteration's artful aid:

We are being taxed in order to have Carmen from the cook and Pagliacci from the pageboy, Beethoven from the butler and *Two Eyes of Grey* from the twenny maid.

Roars of laughter! With aching sides we are moved to carry on the good work with 'Charpentier from the chauffeur, Handel from the housemaid, Gluck from the governess, Franck from the footman, Grieg from the gardener, and Thomas Haynes Bayley from the boot-boy.'

However, I was glad to read in the same issue of the *Weekly Dispatch* that the Committee is quite unrepentant, Miss Lilian Barker, the head thereof, saying that the singing classes will not be abolished even though every newspaper in the kingdom protested. She pointed out, too, that in addition to the recreative side the classes made for efficiency. 'Many of our girls are taken from factories, where they have to shout in order to make themselves heard. Their voices are far too raucous for the home.' The singing helps to produce a pleasant speaking voice—ever an excellent thing in woman—and the gymnastics not only improve the health but lead to a general handiness in negotiating the lares and penates. 'To the male mind it may seem ridiculous,' says Miss Barker, 'but we have many letters from mistresses telling us that the results are highly satisfactory.' As we have seen, it strikes some female minds, too, as ridiculous; but these letters, being based on practical experience of the results

of the scheme, merely show that the ridiculousness is in quite another quarter. Groan as we may when quarter-day comes round, there are very few taxpayers among us who will not cheerfully disgorge the few ha'pence necessary for such a human and useful little bit of social work. I hope Miss Barker will stick to her guns in the teeth of all the howling dervishes of Fleet Street, backed up though they be by hordes of wild Gradgrinds with or without titles.

People often ask how Sir Henry Wood manages to keep up his extraordinary freshness. For a good many years he has surely directed more rehearsals and concerts than any other living conductor. Promenades, symphony concerts, Sunday afternoon and evening concerts, with occasional provincial engagements—the mere thought of it all makes us tired. We are told that he has the valuable gift of being able to detach himself from the music as soon as it is over, and possibly that may be the reason for his ability to do three men's share. Yet I have sometimes wondered if there is not a good deal to be said for a busman's holiday as a refresher. At all events, Sir Henry is constantly seen at concerts in the modest rôle of listener, whereas most conductors rarely hear performances other than those they boss. I was reminded of this admirable trait of Sir Henry's at Westminster Cathedral on October 12, when I saw him, a most attentive listener, among the audience at Dr. Alcock's recital on the new organ. Sir Henry was there at the start (6.30), and remained till 7.20. This left him precious little time before Promenading at eight. Is there any other conductor who would rush himself like this for an extra bit of music—and organ music at that? I may add that Sir Henry was seen on the same afternoon at the entrance to Æolian Hall, where Miss Nellie Chaplin was giving an exposition of old dances and music. I don't suppose he came from Chorley Wood so early in the day in order to admire the outside of Æolian Hall, so we may assume that his busman's holiday began right there. Whether he does this sort of thing because he is amazingly young and fresh, or whether he is amazingly young and fresh because he does this sort of thing, are questions worth thinking about by his brother and sister professionals.

The Editor has handed me a batch of letters dealing with my comments last month on the 'Promenades.' As there is not space for these in the correspondence column, he asks me to deal briefly with the main points of a few of them.

Mr. Claude Trevor suggests that if Queen's Hall is so packed in the cheaper parts, a move should be made to the Albert Hall. He does not subscribe to the popular verdict that the Albert Hall is unget-at-able, and adds that, as famous singers have no difficulty in filling it, a fine orchestra should do so quite as easily. But orchestral concerts draw only on the musical public, whereas the famous singers attract merely those

who want to hear and see famous singers—which is quite another thing. Moreover, the Albert Hall, admirable for fancy-dress balls and performances by massed choirs or bands, and as a Tom Tiddler's ground for famous singers and prize-fighters, is notoriously bad for orchestral concerts. There are a few spots where an orchestra may be heard to advantage, but there are many more where we get the balance all wrong, and sometimes even hear a ghostly second orchestra hard on the heels of the real one. As these spots are not labelled, you never know what you are in for until you have got it.

Mr. Harold Rawlinson writes a good deal to the point. He thinks that the 'Proms.' have a decided pull in taking place before the amateur performers of all kinds start their winter's work with the local choral and orchestral societies. He is sure, too, that they succeed largely because of the excellent advertising methods of Messrs. Chappell. As an example of intelligent publicity he mentions the fact that every year since 1910 he has received an advance copy of the season's programmes, merely because he subscribed for a season ticket in 1910. (*That's the way to catch and retain a public.*) On the other hand he has sent many times for tickets for L.S.O. and Philharmonic concerts, but has never received a prospectus of their season. (*And that's the way to do the other thing.*) He ends by drawing attention to the visit of the Belgian Royal Fanfare Band, as a tragic example of a fine opportunity missed through want of advertising. (This matter is touched on in 'Occasional Notes.')

Another reader is emphatic—even profane—on the absurdity of charging high prices for front seats. As he says, at the cinema you pay extra to sit a good way back where you may see to advantage. But then the cinema is a new form of entertainment, whereas the concert is sufficiently old to have grown a crust of convention. In its early days, when performances were mainly by soloists, when the biggest forces employed were little more than the chamber music of to-day, and when keyboard instruments could do little more than emit a stringy tinkle, a front seat was obviously the one to make for. But why make for it now, in these days of big orchestras and choirs, and thunderous concert grands?

Finally, a letter signed 'Student,' pleading for more cheap seats. He says 'it is financially impossible for us young fellows to attend more than three or four good concerts per year, however keen we may be.' Concerts as a rule have always done too little for 'young fellows.' They can drop into the cinema or the variety theatre on any night of the week, sure of comfort and a good show at a low cost. This 'dropping in' is half the battle. Save in the case of the 'Proms.,' going to a concert means looking up details as to halls, dates, times, programmes, prices, &c. Those of us who live the longest will see the most, but I am going to risk a prophecy that before you and I are ten years older London and most other

big cities will have a real music-hall, bang in the middle of things, with a good orchestra, excellent programmes (changed weekly), with light relief in the way of good humorous singers, low prices, cheap refreshments, and smoking. Roughly, it will be an inversion of the so-called music-hall or variety theatre. At these places we find an entertainment on the amusing side, with a little good music thrown in. At our real music-hall we shall have a popular concert with a little amusement thrown in. There you will find 'us young fellows' enjoying a 'Prom.'-like programme, with comic relief, all the year round. Why not? We have a cinema public and a theatrical public, because the cinema and theatre doors are open as the normal state of things. We shall never have a musical public in the same sense so long as concert-going, instead of being a low-priced, easy, and normal thing to do, is a more or less expensive adventure. And when you come to think of it, there is irony in the fact that in a country calling itself musical, you may hear orchestras every night throughout the year, weekdays and Sundays, at restaurants, cinemas, theatres, and variety houses, wasting music on thousands of inattentive folk who are eating, talking, or going out to see a man about a dog, whereas if you want to hear an orchestra *not* wasting itself, but playing music to be listened to, you are limited to a comparatively small number of evenings and Saturday afternoons in the winter, and to the West-end of London. There's something wrong here.

SOME THOUGHTS ON UNACCOMPANIED SONG

BY GERRARD WILLIAMS

Although unaccompanied song is apt to be dismissed as a 'stunt,' it has very distinct and very interesting possibilities. After all, there is little that cannot be placed in that category if we are so minded, but similarly there is little that will not yield results to serious and sincere effort. It is with this in mind that I shall try to set out the possibilities, limitations, and essentials of unaccompanied song as I see them.

The selection of words for setting is a far more delicate problem than in the case of accompanied song. Not only must they be of the very highest standard—remembering that now, if ever, they will be audible to the audience, and will play an unusually large part in the creation of the atmosphere of the song—but also the choice of subject and its literary treatment are very severely limited. By its nature unaccompanied song seems to me to postulate a reflective intimacy, as though the singer were concerned with his own thoughts alone, not with any 'message' to be delivered to the audience in the conventional manner. Although, by association, words of the folk-song type may to some extent justify their choice, I feel that the ideal unaccompanied song subjects are those which, if years of convention be dismissed from mind, would strike the hearer as unnatural with all the paraphernalia of accompaniment. I believe this limitation is open to some argument; but although it may be slightly

widened on occasion, I think that it must in general be respected if the song is to be convincing and avoid all suspicion of pose.

Having obtained suitable words, we are faced with at least equal restrictions in the setting. In spite of all arguments to the contrary, I do not believe that the human mind at its present stage can hear a melody alone *qua* melody; consciously or unconsciously (most often, of course, the latter) the hearer will supply some sort of harmonic basis, even if this amount only to a vague drone. He may not be able to translate it into actual sound, but it is there as the corollary of his understanding of the tune. Now let us divide melody into three general, but workable categories: the diatonic, the chromatic, and the modal. The broadest diatonic melody can be led off the beaten track by means of subtleties of accompaniment; but without accompaniment the hearer, taking as always the line of least resistance, will furnish himself with an obvious 'tonic and dominant' explanation, and the whole thing will remain commonplace. On the other hand, chromatic melody, by which I mean melody with constantly shifting and abstruse tonality, is dependent upon its accompaniment for explanation; without this accompaniment the mind cannot follow its wanderings, and the whole thing sounds vague and meaningless. There remains the modal type of tune, and here in general I think salvation lies. We can be clear without the risk of sounding commonplace; the tonality can shift constantly yet intelligibly; and there is always the element of freshness and unexpectedness in a well-written tune of this type. In my opinion—and this applies even more strongly if a diatonic or chromatic melody be attempted—the aim should be to define the tonality by the notes themselves, including in the melodic outline the essential underlying harmonies, so that the hearer may not have to fall back on his own 'explanation.' And in the result the tune should be such that if an accompaniment be added this would merely duplicate more or less what is already present in the vocal line, and thus prove itself superfluous technically as well as artistically.

Finally, I think that the limitations are just as strongly present when the possibilities of performance and popularity come up for consideration. By reason of the merciless exposure of every little fault of voice and phrasing, and owing to the absence of any help from an accompaniment in obtaining the atmosphere, none but the best singers, and very few even of these, will be able to carry off an unaccompanied song with complete success. On the other hand, we feel strongly that art of this intimate and reflective character is far better suited to the drawing-room than to the concert-hall; thus we are not likely to have many opportunities for hearing ideal performances in an ideal setting. Nevertheless, I think that very satisfying results could be obtained by amateur singers at home if only they could rid themselves of the conventional idea of 'someone to play accompaniments,' and pluck up the courage to raise their voices unsupported. But their hesitation to do this—and they have my full sympathy!—will, I fancy, prove a slowly-moved barrier to the popularity of unaccompanied song.

Are not these difficulties a worthy challenge to composers, publishers, and singers, professional and amateur, to make of unaccompanied song a thing of art and not a kind of 'precious' freak?

Occasional Notes

Mr. Hamilton Harty's speech at the Manchester Luncheon Club on October 2 has called forth a good deal of strong comment. A reading of the speech in full seems, however, to show that the comments were based on a few widely-quoted sentences. Without their context these certainly sounded a highly provocative note. In fairness to Mr. Harty we print below the main body of his address, as reported in the *Manchester Guardian* of October 3:

He set himself to answer the question whether the English were a musical people. His answer was that they loved music as much as any nation, but did not always consider it worth their while to cultivate it in a proper way. One of the reasons for the decline since Elizabethan times, when music was a necessary part of the education of a gentleman, was, he thought, the curious unwillingness of the English people to believe in themselves. 'They were too ready still to believe that what came from abroad, bearing a foreign name, must of necessity be better music than we could produce ourselves. Twenty years' isolation from foreign influences would make a vast difference. Free Trade, whatever might be thought of it in commerce, was certainly not a good policy for English music until we ourselves had something to sell.'

If the general public were to blame, our composers were still more guilty. We suffered from a lack of patriotism in music, but if composers would write really English music it would, he thought, help to awaken this patriotism. With few exceptions our composers had not learned the trick of saying really English things in English, instead of saying foreign things in broken French, German, and Russian. It seemed to him that since Purcell we had had only one really distinguished English composer—Sir Arthur Sullivan. He defined the qualities which constituted English music as sentiment and broad comedy, in alternate streaks—like bacon—soundness of workmanship, and a general kindly geniality, with no ostentation. Alluding to Sir Edward Elgar as the most distinguished English composer of the present day, he observed that his music was undoubtedly great, and because of its magnificent strength and nobility it would always live; yet Elgar's serious work appeared to him to be the music of a great religious mystic, and to lack the other qualities which he had suggested as necessary to the composer who would claim to be essentially English.

COMPOSERS WHO ARE TOO CLEVER

When he was reproached, Mr. Harty said, for not producing more music by our younger English composers he had to reply frankly that he considered most of it bad and insincere. He preferred to perform, rather than imitations, works by real French, German, Russian, or Italian composers. All these young composers of ours were full of cleverness and undoubtedly talented, but if he were asked by them for his advice he would say, 'Try not to be clever, but to feel something sincerely about your own country, and then write about it.' Mere cleverness in music was becoming so general that now it might almost be called a curse. It was better to write one sincere, simple English song like *Cherry Ripe* or *Sally in our Alley* than to write reams of symphonies and oratorios and operas that had nothing particular to do with English sentiment and English thought.

With much of this there will, we think, be general agreement. No one can listen to a great deal of new orchestral music without being conscious of a fatal defect in the composers' use of lavish instrumental resources as an end rather than a means. Of the novelties produced during the present 'Promenade' season, for example, how many have

contained much more than mere proof of the composer's ability to score in a way that makes Berlioz seem a back number? The new works that have shown real creative power could be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and even then there may be a finger or two to spare. But Mr. Harty is mistaken in implying that English composers are singular in the matters of imitativeness and of 'cleverness that might almost be called a curse.' Every other European country is doing its share in the production of brilliant superficialities. Indeed, so far as can be judged from a frequent attendance at concerts and from a perusal of parcels of new works received from abroad, it appears probable that the proportion of vital new music produced is larger in this country than elsewhere.

Mr. Harty is not convincing in his definition of the qualities that make a work unmistakably English: '... Sentiment and broad comedy, in alternate streaks—like bacon—soundness of workmanship, and a general kindly geniality, with no ostentation...' are not peculiarly English qualities, save perhaps kindly geniality and a dislike of fuss. On the other hand the religious mysticism which Mr. Harty finds in Elgar, and which leads him to regard that composer as un-English, is a quality so common in our literature (especially in some of the older and most English of poets), that its presence in any of our music ought to be looked on as natural. And, as a matter of fact, it is so often present as to justify our claiming it as a characteristic. Holst and Vaughan Williams show plenty of it. Another strain of it—sometimes less definitely religious—is apparent in Butterworth, in Bax (in most of the works of a Celtic character, and, above all, in two of his latest—the carols *Of a Rose I sing* and *Mater ora filium*), and in Ireland (*The Forgotten Rite*, and in *Obsession* and certain other pianoforte pieces). Among the older composers Stanford discovers it frequently, especially in such songs as *The Fairy Lough*—in fact the more it is considered the more apparent it becomes that mysticism goes as much to the making of our music as of our literature. As to Elgar, a case may be made out for regarding him as a typically English composer even if the test be limited to the qualities set forth by Mr. Harty. Plenty of Elgar's music shows 'sentiment and broad comedy.' Sometimes they are found in the right streaky-baconlike juxtaposition—for example, in the *Cockaigne* Overture. They are present, too, though somewhat subtilised, in *Falstaff* and in the *Enigma* Variations. As for sentiment pure and simple, could more of it be laid out to the square inch than in such things as *Salut d'Amour*, *Carissima*, *Sospiri*, and a few other trifles vocal and instrumental? Even if we admit 'sound workmanship' as a 'made in England' stamp, something in the way of claim might be made out for Elgar!

The fact is, of course, there are as many kinds of English music as there are of English literature and English landscape. It is mere rhetoric to say that a composer does better to write one sincere, simple English song like *Cherry Ripe* than 'reams of symphonies and oratorios and operas that have nothing particular to do with English sentiment and English thought.' All we ask of a symphony or any other work, large or small, is that it shall be good—a test that we apply to all other art. How

many of Shakespeare's finest plays deal with 'English sentiment and English thought'? Surely Mr. Harty would not say that it was better to write such simple and sincere English poems as *Gossip Joan* or *A poor soul sat sighing* than stacks of such things as *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Twelfth Night*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and a dozen other masterpieces that are English only in a few anachronistic passages that would not have crept in had the plays been written by a learned Bacon instead of by a mere poet.

There is another side to this question. Mr. Harty speaks of 'the trick of saying really English things in English.' Unintentionally he puts his finger on a weakness that has lately shown itself among some of our young composers—the obvious attempt to make their music sound 'English' by a plentiful sprinkling of certain roughnesses that are characteristic of Byrd and other old writers. So far as these progressions genuinely express a modern composer's idea, of course, their liberal use is justified. Nobody but the composer himself can tell us how far his message would remain undelivered without them. (This shows the weakness of Mr. Harty's denunciation of 'insincere' music. Who is to decide as to a work's sincerity? Sometimes the deciding factor may be the performance. And a composer may be tremendously in earnest, and yet, through some deficiency in the method of expression, fail to convince us of his earnestness. On the other hand it would not be difficult to take a piece of music of a frankly leg-pulling character, and perform it in such a way as to make it sound serious. Finally, what sounds sincere to A, may sound a hollow mockery to B. This by the way.) Clearly, if it is wrong to be merely imitative, the young English composer who tries to show his Englishry by copying old English traits, whether those of Byrd and others, or of folk-song, is no better than the young bloods who reproduce the latest 'sonorities' from Stravinsky or 'The Six.' We do not suppose that Mr. Harty, in using the word 'trick,' meant to suggest anything artificial, but the fact remains that national idiom *can* be suggested by tricks. The sham-antique and the sham-national are as easily managed in music as in any other form of art.

Mr. Harty's demand for sincerity as the one thing needful may lead him into strange company. A work may be a sincere expression of a person's feelings, but its value will surely depend on whether the person has anything to express worth our hearing. It is not difficult to imagine a piece of music being thoroughly sincere and no less thoroughly bad and commonplace. To put the case in a nutshell, sincere music may be bad but good music can hardly be other than sincere. The qualifying 'hardly' is important, because there are many familiar examples of composers deliberately writing in an archaic style, or in some idiom not their own (and therefore to some extent an affectation), and yet managing to produce a delightful result.

Something new in the way of competitions is promised in the 'Elizabethan Music Competitive Festival,' which will be held at Kingsway Hall on March 2 and 3, 1923. The event falls in well with the Byrd Tercentenary, and the incidence of the two events should give a great impetus to the study of our old music. At first glance it might appear that

a syllabus drawn entirely from old music would lack variety. But the very comprehensive scheme drawn up for this Festival proves the contrary. As a matter of fact, many a syllabus of exclusively modern music is less lively. There are classes for choral societies (large and small), church choirs, soloists (vocal and instrumental), and string orchestras. The Festival has an influential committee and a powerful backing. The syllabus is to be had from the hon. secretary, Mr. Alan May, 31, Bonham Road, S.W.2. (A stamped addressed envelope with the request, please.)

'Bristolensis' writes defending his city against the charge that, because it gave the National Opera Company poor support, it is therefore unmusical. He contends that the N.O.C.'s season could hardly be other than a failure, because (1) the advertising was belated and inadequate; (2) Colston Hall is unsuitable for the purpose, and its seats are 'desperately uncomfortable,' and (3) the season fell during the summer, and few people knew anything about it until their holidays were either well under way or definitely arranged. We allude to the matter here, because it is only one of too many cases in which important musical enterprises are doomed from the start by reason of publicity methods that no well-managed business would employ. The recent visit to London of a famous Yorkshire choir was a fiasco simply because it was not properly advertised, and also because the day and time of performance were hopeless for the particular type of concert. Another case occurred so recently as a few days ago, when a Belgian band came to London to give three concerts, partly as an international courtesy and partly to aid our hospitals. Its first concert was given in the Albert Hall, which was half empty. Why? For the good reason that very few people knew of the visit till the band was practically on its way. So far as we could discover, no advertisement of the concert was made, either in the press or by poster. All we ourselves saw was a small paragraph the day before the concert. Now it takes a good deal more than this to fill the Albert Hall. Everybody knows that it *can* be filled for such diverse attractions as a prima donna, a prize-fight, or even an organ recital (when given by a foreigner). But in each of these cases a good deal of skilful and persistent press work is done first. London is too big and distracted an area to have things sprung on it, and the average Londoner, who works at the centre and lives on the outer edge, cannot be taken by the scruff of the neck and hauled to a show of any kind; he must be interested. The process is apt to be slow, but it is sure. His ear having been captured, all that is necessary is to keep a gentle but firm hold on it, and he can be led anywhere.

A reader sends a letter asking us to help him in finding a magazine that will publish compositions too slight for issue separately. He adds:

I have been trying to find a magazine a trifle lower down the scale than the *Musical Times*, but so far have not been successful.

On thinking this sentence over a bit, we see exactly what our friend means, otherwise we should be hurt.

Commercial Candour:

GREAT PIANO CLEARANCE SALE

Every instrument guaranteed
FOR TWELVE DAYS ONLY.

Advt.]

From *Punch*:

Mr. Asquith on the League of Nations:

I saw it was described only this week, by one of the few organs that still render loyal support to its Party, as a wheezing harmonium.—*Provincial Paper*.

Probably only professional jealousy on the part of the organ in question.

Our tactless reporters:

The preacher at Matins was the Rev. —, and the anthem was 'Ye shall go out with joy.'—*Local Paper*.

From a concert advertisement:

Violoncello obbligato	...	Mr. Lauri Kennedy
Flue obbligato	...	Mr. John Amadio

Daily Paper.

Mr. Amadio has our sympathy.

The Musician's Bookshelf

Shakespeare and Music. By Christopher Wilson.

[*The Stage Office*, York Street, W.C. 2. 7s. 6d.]

Here is a thoroughly live book on a subject of great interest—a subject, moreover, which has not hitherto been treated fully, so far as the present writer is aware. The material appeared in the form of a series of articles in *The Stage*, the last one being published a few days before Wilson's sudden death, in 1919.

Christopher Wilson was well fitted for this piece of research. He was a first-rate musician—he won the Mendelssohn Scholarship in 1895—and most of his work lay in the direction of composing and conducting music for the theatre. He wrote incidental music for practically all the most usually performed plays of Shakespeare, and had some acquaintance with almost every other composer's efforts of the kind. His opinions on the best ways of producing Shakespeare, so far as the music is concerned, are amusingly set forth in the Preface. The result of his wide experience was anything but a highbrow view. He says the ideal method is to take the whole of the music written for a given play by a composer of any period, and perform it as written, with no addition or alteration. But he adds that this method is very rarely put into practice:

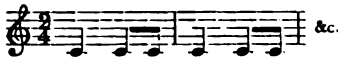
'Even when commissioning a living composer, managers try to bring in a favourite number by Arne or Horn, and, unless the composer is a very strong or a very rich man, his musical scheme will be broken by some well-known tune not in the least in the style of the rest of his music.'

None the less he admits that

'A quite good method is to use the best of all the written music and make it into a hotch-potch. This is really a very practical way, and often gives good results.'

He has no patience with what he calls the 'tambourine school.'

'To some people a liberal tambourine part in two-four time denotes 'Old English' music :



(the same figure on the tambourine with the tinkling bells is called "Eastern").'

Was Shakespeare known to Bach? Apparently not, yet one of John Sebastian's contemporaries, Graun, must have had some acquaintance with the poet's work, for he wrote an Overture to *Antony and Cleopatra*. The author thinks that this is the earliest work of the kind. Unfortunately at the time of writing his articles (1918) it was impossible to get a look at the score, which was at Berlin, presumably in the Royal Library.

Of the many curiosities described in this book the prize must surely go to Sir Henry Bishop's operatic version of the *Comedy of Errors*. The title-page must be quoted :

'The Overture, songs, two duets, and glees in Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; the words selected entirely from Shakespeare's Plays, Poems, and Sonnets. The music composed and the whole adapted and compressed from the score for the voice and pianoforte by Sir Henry R. Bishop, composer and Director of the Music to the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.'

The amazing thing about this work is that Bishop set no single line from the *Comedy of Errors*. Instead he drew the plums from other plays—'Blow, Blow,' 'It was a Lover,' the 'Willow Song,' 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' 'Come, live with me,' 'Take, O take, those lips away,' &c. As Wilson says, Bishop's avoidance of the play with which he was nominally concerned is 'equalled only by the manner in which Purcell did not set a line of Shakespeare in his *Fairy Queen*.' Wilson adds :

'It is not surprising to find that Sir Henry Bishop was knighted (in these days he might get the O.B.E.); but it is odd that he should have succeeded Dr. Crotch in the Chair of Music at Oxford.'

Another curiosity mentioned, by the way, is the fact that in Ambrose Thomas's *Hamlet* the opera is given a happy ending, the Queen, Laertes, and Polonius all surviving, and Hamlet being crowned King of Denmark. Even 'happier' is the ending sometimes played in this work, one that Sir Alexander Mackenzie told Wilson he had once seen at Paris. In this jolly affair Ophelia marries Hamlet, and the Ghost gives them a 'Bless you, my children,' with melodrama-musical accompaniment. 'It is a dull thing,' says Wilson, 'to be a simple Anglo-Saxon !'

Twelfth Night is so popular a play that it is surprising to find no operatic enterprise taking up Humperdinck's musical version, written for Reinhardt's production at the Deutsches Theater, Berlin, in 1907. Wilson describes it as 'the ideal music for a Shakespearean production, both in form and expression.' We draw on Germany and Austria for so much poor stuff in the way of musical comedy that it seems a pity to let a perfect setting of Shakespeare's most poetic and delightful comedy remain unheard in London. Perhaps Wilson's book will draw some likely manager's attention to this Humperdinck version.

It remains to be added that the unnamed editor of this extremely interesting book has done his work well. He is to be specially thanked for leaving Wilson's work in its originally pleasant and informal style. We are glad to see reprinted by way of preface the memoir of Wilson that appeared in the *Musical Times* of April, 1919. C. W.

La Musique et les Nations. By G. Jean-Aubry.

[London : J. & W. Chester.]

We live in an age of passports, frontiers were never so many or so bristling, the tendency is all towards the requiring of a *visa* for the journey from Paddington to Penzance. At Prague and Antwerp, at Carnarvon and Cork, it is any citizen's proudest boast that he speaks a language understood by the least number of his fellow-men. Music for a time lagged behind this merry craze for mutual incomprehension. We are quickly changing all that. In a hundred years' time Bach and Beethoven will no doubt be in the respected position of Cicero's prose, but the contemporary musical productions thenadays will be like Welsh newspapers and Catalan poetry—for local consumption only. Music clearly has everywhere passed under the sway of nationalism, whatever nationalism may be. An eminent virtue it looks in some aspects, but in others nothing but a disease; perhaps it is a question of *whose* nationalism.

Take an example to show how far we have gone : who in Mozart's day would have dreamed of mentioning him as 'the prominent young Austrian composer'? Mozart was a European musician. But to-day a composer without a specific national label is as awkwardly placed as a traveller without a passport, and anyone in a modern musical company hearing mention, say, of 'So-and-So, a Swiss-Jewish composer who lives at New York,' naturally wonders with blankness of what featureless, cosmopolitan flatness and dreariness must not the compositions of such an one be. Oh, wrongly, no doubt; only that is the way in which the modern mind works, and an art without national features becomes as inconceivable as a race-horse without legs.

Is not England likely to divide again on the lines of the Anglo-Saxon heptarchy? Is not an attempt to be made to restore the lost Gaelic of Cornwall? In Wales they have grasped the root of the trouble, and at the Eisteddfod an opinion on Welsh music is forbidden to all save the Welsh-speaking. M. G. Jean-Aubry is a forerunner of the musical couriers and interpreters who will be commonly needed in the next century to explain the musical idiom of one province to its neighbour. He agreeably takes you on a personally conducted tour of the disunited musical States of Europe—of which England is announced as quite one of the most resoundingly secessionist, musically as passionately set on self-determination as in the pleasures of politics are some smaller islands. He starts with Liszt, the grandfather—as Napoleon was perhaps the great-grandfather—of our frenzied nationalism. That prominent Hungarian spent a long life practically everywhere in Europe save in Hungary. But that is one of the little antinomies of nationalism, like the residence in London of so many of green Erin's fondest sons.

The English reader turns with most curiosity to our author's interpretation of English music addressed to the Frenchman who shows as little

aptitude, it seems, for grasping it as for grasping English poetry. Our author is an expert at detecting the salient national feature of any musical idiom from Archangel to Algeciras. Only the very keenness of this detection limits his range of vision. One rather has the suspicion that some quaintness of *patois* is what these expert interpreters consider the really national feature, and, disappointed of quaint *patois*, they will pass anything by. Else how could our intelligent author, in a review of English music, relegate to a contemptuous foot-note of four lines Hubert Parry and all his works:

‘... a kindly man whom, in spite of himself, people tried to make out to be a great composer. Framed far less spaciouly, certain of his works of small scope might not be uninteresting.’

And Elgar does not meet the nationalist case either. He is an English counterpart of Saint-Saëns, inclining however towards Brahms, as did Saint-Saëns rather towards Liszt—a strange verdict, will say a reader with a recent impression of one of Elgar’s major works; and these are the French critic’s epithets for Elgar’s music: ‘grave, sévère, ample, ardent parfois, parfois brutal.’ The English reader does not recognise the original in the interpretation.

And again we are a little disappointed in the interpreter when he comes to Vaughan Williams and Gustav Holst. There, we should have said, was the grand chance for the analyst of national art, but M. Jean-Aubry falters a little; he overrates Dr. Vaughan Williams’s sojourn with Max Bruch and with Ravel, and his few words on Holst come some pages later—Holst is coupled with Goossens on the ground of ‘continental origins’! If only all French musicians were as French as Holst is English! But M. Jean-Aubry has appropriate words for several composers, and can especially commend Goossens, Lord Berners, and Arthur Bliss, on the strength of whom he foretells a fresh English expression of comedy in music. C.

The Country Dance Book. By Cecil J. Sharp.
Part 6.

[Novello & Co., 2s. 6d.]

The revival of folk-dancing is now well past the stage when it was regarded in some quarters as little more than a ‘precious fad.’ Some of the most scornful critics of a few years ago are now ready to admit that in this branch of popular art England is well able to take her place beside other countries. The odd thing was that it should have been necessary to convince anybody that a revival of our old dances is as natural and sensible a proceeding as a revival of our old music—in fact, the two are so often linked together that we can hardly take one and leave the other. For example, popular music of the 17th century cannot be discussed without reference to John Playford, and although Playford was a notable music publisher, we think of him first as the author of *The English Dancing Master*, a work which ran through no less than fourteen editions from its production in 1650 to 1709. Mr. Cecil Sharp’s new book contains fifty-two dances selected from Playford’s collection. In an interesting preface he discusses some of the difficulties met with in reconstructing these old dances, and admits that one or two have so far baffled him. He prints in facsimile Playford’s notation of one of the dances in question, in the hope that some ingenious reader

may be able to come to the rescue. The book gives full directions for the fifty-two chosen dances, the music of which is published separately (*Country Dance Tunes*, Sets X. and XI., for pianoforte solo Novello). Speaking of this music, he says:

‘It is impossible to examine the dances of the later editions without being impressed by the beauty of a large number of the tunes. . . . The volumes themselves give us no information whatever about their origin. . . . I suspect the majority were contemporary airs pressed into the service of the dance by the Playford editors. “The Siege of Limerick” (*Country Dance Tunes*, Set X.) is the tune of one of Purcell’s songs, “O how happy’s he,” and I cannot resist a suspicion that the same master-hand was responsible also for several of the other triple-time hornpipe airs, e.g., “Dick’s Maggot,” “Mr. Isaac’s Maggot,” “The Hare’s Maggot,” &c. Two of the airs to the dances in this volume were later on used in *The Beggar’s Opera*—“Of Noble Race was Shinkin” (set to “Nowill Hills”) and “Greenwich Park.”’

We have only to open the two books of dance-tunes almost at random to agree with Mr. Sharp that, whatever their origin, the beauty of many of the airs is incontestable. Like the dances to which they were set, they are thoroughly English in character. If a reader asks how one decides this, the answer is that the test is none the less convincing for being of a negative character, i.e., we cannot imagine any other country producing the bulk of them. It is good to have them as music, but it is even more pleasant to feel that they are once more being used as a medium for the jolly dances with which they were originally associated. H. G.

A pile of books and pamphlets of special interest to teachers may be dealt with briefly, the more so as in some cases the authors’ names are a sufficient guarantee to discerning educators.

The Growth of Music, by H. C. Colles (Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d.), is a reprint of a work that has already established itself as a standard guide. It originally appeared in three volumes, dealing respectively with ‘From the Troubadours to J. S. Bach’; ‘The Age of the Sonata, from C. Ph. E. Bach to Beethoven’; and ‘The Ideals of the 19th century.’ The publishers have now issued the three volumes in one—a stout, handy book of about five hundred pages, delightfully clear and attractive in style. The fact of its being described as ‘A Study in Musical History for Schools’ does it less than justice; it is emphatically a study for lots of us who have left our school-days far behind. Books on ‘musical appreciation’ have poured forth of late. Here is one of the best of them, though it happily bears no such shibboleth on its title-page. Among its helpful features is a frequent use of cross-reference in the text. This, with the copious index to each part, and a synopsis of chapters, makes the book a convenient hunting-ground for data. There are numerous musical examples, some of considerable length.

Percy A. Scholes’s *Second Book of the Great Musicians* (Oxford University Press, 4s. 6d., gilt, 5s.) will of course find its public waiting for it. Mr. Scholes is an adept at simple exposition, and here he is chatting to the kiddies as usual, and persuading

them that music is a tremendously interesting and jolly thing. The composers dealt with are Schubert, Field, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Verdi, Debussy, and Sullivan—a decidedly mixed bag. Variety is further ensured by the interpolation of chapters on miracle plays and masques, oratorios, the earliest operas, organs, military music, army bands, &c. But the result is not a medley, seeing that the chapter on miracle plays naturally leads the young idea on to Wagner a few chapters later. Similarly, Sullivan, the son of an army bandmaster, comes in very well after a discussion on military music (with excellent pictures of instruments). A third book, to complete the series, is under way, the author's preface tells us. I venture to suggest that eventually the three parts be published in one, like Mr. Colles's work, though of course they should be available separately as well.

Leigh Henry's *Music: What it means and how to understand it* (Curwen, 2s. 6d.), is a pleasant surprise in that it shows the author well able to express himself simply and clearly. There has never been any doubt as to his wealth of information, but so far it cannot be said that he has been in the habit of setting it forth to the best advantage. Here he writes for children, and does it so well that we can only hope he will in future forget that his other readers have ever grown up. Mr. Henry is not concerned here with composers or compositions. He sticks to his title and deals with music in the abstract—its origin and development, and its relation to other arts. This is a difficult job to do unhelped by the human interest of biography or by the variety afforded through illustration and anecdote, and Mr. Henry is to be complimented on his success. The book bears the dedication, 'To my son, Emain.' If young Emain doesn't grow up bursting with sound ideas on the subject, it won't be the fault of daddy's book.

There is more than one way of stimulating a child's interest in music, and what we may call the jam-and-powder system will always be a good one, because it is human and practical. Ernest Austin is one of its most skilful exponents. As a composer of children's music he has long since shown a peculiar understanding of youngsters, and in his book, *The Fairyland of Music* (Methuen & Co. and J. H. Larway, 3s. 6d.), we see the same quality put to good use in the way of story-telling. The wrapper tells us that:

'... the theme of this very original and entertaining work is the power of music not only to enchant, but to promote whimsical, fantastic, and delightful invention. The book will create and stimulate a child's love for music better than endless music lessons.'

The wrapper might have made its point without the 'endless,' for we are all beginning to see that music lessons of the type usually understood by the term are for the exceptional rather than for the normal child. For the latter, dancing, musical games, listening to music, and other methods of kindling and retaining enjoyment and interest should come first, and set lessons a long way after. Mr. Austin's book is well calculated to fulfil its object, its text being helped out by characteristic little pianoforte pieces to be played by the parent or guardian—who, of course, should be a child of larger growth.

A very ambitious scheme on different lines, though with the same idea at the back of it, is that described in Satis N. Coleman's *Creative Music for Children*

(Putnam, 17s. 6d.). Mrs. Coleman some years ago came to the conclusion that the conventional idea of musical training of the young—the unprepared plunging of the little victims into a course of lessons on an instrument, usually the pianoforte—was all wrong, because it started not at the beginning but at the middle. She looked back at her own early experiences at the keyboard, and remembered how she was forbidden to play by ear, and how she was 'greatly discouraged and nervous over the complicated feat' of getting her hands in the right position, deciphering the note's place on the staff, finding out its time-value, and striking the right key, all at the same time. Her only incentive and comfort 'lay in the hope that, finally, music would come out of all this mental strain and nervous worry.' But it doesn't always. Don't we all know the youngsters who, at the end of a year of this kind of toil, decide that music is a thing to be hated rather than loved? Only a few days ago I had a letter from a disappointed parent, asking what she should do with ten-year-old Egbert, who had to be driven to his daily task at the pianoforte, although he had started a couple of years ago showing distinct signs of aptitude. Useless to tell Egbert's mamma that he would be better employed listening to gramophone records of good music, and in being allowed to follow his bent for a year or two, whether it took him in the direction of composition, or singing, or picking out tunes on the fiddle—or even the penny whistle! Egbert (who has my sincere sympathy) is to go on at the pianoforte until his present indifference turns to loathing—a poor return for hard money spent in fees. Mrs. Coleman says her own progress started when her first lessons ceased, and she began to play by ear and improvise to her heart's content. She soon found herself reading notes, 'and grew, all unaided, in musical feeling and understanding.' As a result of her experience she says:

'Some singing, some dancing, and some playing seemed to me to be the proper formula for a child's music lesson.'

She found the plan work well:

'Children who had been baffled by the printed page found it easy and delightful to play the pianoforte by rote and by ear, and to improvise, with nothing but the keyboard to think of... And what about notation? I gave it to them when, out of their own experience, they realised a need for learning to read notes, wanted it, and asked for it. Then it was easy.'

But all this is mere preliminary to Mrs. Coleman's scheme, which was nothing less than the development of rhythmic feeling, an elementary knowledge of the laws of sound, and a general perception of the origin and growth of music. How? Not by reading, but by doing, and by doing all sorts of things in which childhood delights. She set her class of pupils to work making instruments, beginning with primitive examples of the drum type, and proceeding *videlicet* such things as wind instruments made from reeds, three-note keyboards of the xylophone family, musical glasses, stringed affairs produced from cigar boxes, and so forth. The experiment cannot be described in a small space, and those interested must read the book, which is supplied with numerous excellent reproductions from photographs of the young musicians and their instruments. No doubt such a course is impracticable save in very special circumstances, but there seems to be no reason why

a modified form of it should not be successful in the average school. The instruments would have to be bought ready made, for one thing. This would be a pity, because much of the value of the scheme lies in the development of the creative instinct. There would remain, however, the stimulation of interest on the musical and historical side, as well as the valuable rhythmic work. All who are interested in the musical training of children, and especially those who have classes of very young ones, and who are not hedged about by too rigid a time-table, should see what Mrs. Coleman has done, and then follow on by seeing how much of it they can do themselves.

Mr. R. J. Pitcher has issued the fourth edition of his *Short Treatise on Hand Development*, with special reference to his appliance, the 'Techniquer' (The Author, 21, Boundary Road, N.W., 1s. 6d.). This edition includes fifteen photographs, by means of which the reader is enabled to follow the text with ease and to do the exercises with more certainty from the start.

The Cat and Fiddle Book is a set of eight dramatised nursery rhymes for nursery performers, by Lady Bell and Mrs. Herbert Richmond (Longmans, Green & Co., 2s. 6d.). The musical part of these capital little plays is limited to the nursery rhyme round which the action takes place, set for solo or unison singing, with a very simple pianoforte part. A preface gives suggestions as to the production. The playlets are in prose, and the dialogue is spirited, simple, and natural. Here is a fund of entertainment for the forthcoming Christmas holidays.

H. G.

Music in the Foreign Press

BY M.-D. CALVOCORESSI

GABRIEL FAURÉ

The October number of the *Revue Musicale* is entirely devoted to Gabriel Fauré, and for more reasons than one would be worthy of a special article rather than of the brief notice to which I must restrict myself in this column. It contains, besides a few pages of recollections by Fauré himself, articles on Fauré's personality and career by E. Vuillermoz, on his songs by Maurice Ravel, on his dramatic music by Charles Kœchlin, on his orchestral music by Florent Schmitt, on his chamber music by Roger-Ducasse, on his pianoforte music by Cortôt, on his religious music by Nadia Boulanger, on his outlook on poetry by René Chalupe, a complete catalogue of his output, and a *Homage Musical* consisting of pianoforte pieces specially written by his pupils Aubert, Enesco, Kœchlin, Ladmiraute, Ravel, Roger-Ducasse, and Florent Schmitt.

As a document on Fauré's activities and on the way in which his works are admired in France, this number is of course invaluable. From the latter point of view, a comparison with what critics of other countries have written and write about Fauré might afford a typical instance of that diversity of currents to which I refer elsewhere in this issue. It will show how very much more Fauré means to French music-lovers than to those of most other countries. Reading through the various articles, we feel that they contain nothing perfunctory, nothing wilfully exaggerated, and that the agreement on all main points at issue, by men so different in temperament and outlook as, say, Kœchlin and Ravel

or Vuillermoz and Cortôt, cannot be devoid of significance. Whether the perusal of this number will lead some of the writers who are wont to dismiss Fauré's music somewhat summarily to reconsider their attitude is difficult to foretell. Personally, I doubt whether it is equally difficult to foretell towards which side the judgment of posterity will incline, and should not be surprised if this very number of the *Revue Musicale* were to be considered as a landmark in the history of the musical world's attitude towards Gabriel Fauré.

BRITISH MUSIC AS SEEN BY A VIENNESE CRITIC

In the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* (July) Paul Becher writes :

We have heard examples of British music ranging from Elgar, Delius, and Cyril Scott to that of the younger men and of the very youngest, such as Bliss, Bax, Holst, and Ireland. We have been enabled to see how British music has progressed, and under which influences. Elgar—the first modern Englishman whose works found their way here—derives his origin from the German classics entirely. His sensitiveness is that of a Brahms; his orchestral idiom is that of a Wagner, and often that of a Strauss in his youth. The musical tradition of England, as represented in Ethel Smyth's works as well as Elgar's, accrues from Brahms, Wagner, and Strauss. Likewise Delius, another of the founders of the modern British school, is a melodist and a musician of feeling (*Gefühlsmusiker*), strongly influenced by Wagner. Cyril Scott is under no German influence, but has sought contact with the French impressionists. At times, however (for instance in his songs), he does not steer clear of cheapness. It is in the works of the youngest men—Bliss, Bax, Holst, and Ireland—that we notice the first attempts to create an idiom of individual 'national' colour. Love of tone-colour and utter freedom of rhythm constitute the chief merits—and shortcomings—of these modern English composers. Rejoicing in music-making, eager to achieve striking and bizarre orchestral effects, they sometimes overdo good things. Fancy, wit (more often than humour), a sense of grotesque, spirited characterisation are theirs, and they are adepts in the art of assimilating the most modern tendencies. The German observer will miss several stages in the evolution of British music, which, starting from Brahms, has overlooked the contrapuntist Reger and the new-romanticist Mahler, and leaped boldly forwards to pitch upon the harmony of Stravinsky and the art-spirit of the recent Strauss. For the German listener, this music has a strong exotic charm which appeals to the senses more than to feeling.

BRITISH MUSIC AS SEEN BY A FRENCH COMPOSER

In the *Revue Musicale* (October) Roger-Ducasse writes :

To-day French music reigns unchallenged over the world. It seems as though the 'Prussification' of Germany had withered her musical soul for ever. England, precise and practical, realises that she need seek no longer what she has hitherto failed to find.

Non-committal remarks on Italy, Spain, and Russia, conclude his swift survey.

A POINT OF FORM IN A KODÁLY QUARTET

In the *Neue Musik-Zeitung* (August) Dr. Hermann Erpf writes :

In Kodály's String Quartet, Op. 10, the form is the outcome of a technique which was introduced by Schönberg. We encounter no 'theme' out of which 'motives' crop up and are 'worked-out,' but a group of motives which is the original unit. Several brief motives by their combination constitute a first section (*Satzabschnitt*) which we can discuss as such only by marking the way in which the motives co-operate within it. For instance, in the first movement of this

Quartet, Kodály has seven sections, in the sequence *a-b-c-d-c-b-a*. These sections, however, are not so sharply differentiated as we find them in the sonata form. Here the charm lies rather in the relationships discovered between motives within each of these groups (*sic*, query 'sections'), and the progressive extermination of contours which were at first clear-cut.

ON EARLY CHRISTIAN MUSIC

In the *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft* (July) A. Z. Idelsohn shows that numerous affinities exist between Gregorian song and Hebraic tunes. Herman Abert examines the early Christian hymn published in Part 15 of the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*.

RUMANIAN MUSIC

In *Cecilia* (October) Henry de Groot refers to the activities of contemporary Rumanian composers—E. Candella, G. Enesco, Stan Golestan, and A. Catargi. Golestan, de Groot tells us, is an expert folk-lorist, who considers that the folk-tunes of Rumania are derived from Indian tunes, and who uses Indian scales in several of his compositions.

MUSIC AND LETTERS

The centenary of César Franck (born December 10, 1822, at Liège) calls forth a leading article of the October *Music and Letters* (22, Essex Street, 5s.), by W. Wright Roberts, and excellently judicious and readable it is, not straying into sheer idolatry (the Franckian idolatry rather palls on an irreverential generation), but picking out the great things for sounding praise. Egon Kornstein, of the Hungarian Quartet, writes in a thoughtful way on 'How to Practise a String Quartet,' and is much won by the quartets of Bartók, which, of post-Beethoven quartets, have the greatest resemblance to those of Beethoven's last period.

Eugène Goossens discusses 'The String Quartet since Brahms'; but somehow we do not recognise the vivacious, ranging Mr. Goossens under these rather formal observations. Prof. Henry J. Watt's article on 'Rule and Law in Music' is not to be missed by those interested in the philosophy of art. Lady Dean Paul, too, has some pages ('Musings') on æsthetics. 'Life is the interlude between creation and disintegration, and art the expression of man's yearning for constancy.' She takes a line that results in depreciation of Mahler ('who conceived intellectually always and thus gives us vast effigies of philosophy and spiritual memorials') and appreciation of Berlioz. 'The Jonsonian Masque' is described by Jeffrey Mark.

R. B. Hurry writes of the musical life of Shanghai and its symphony orchestra. Adam Carse sketches the history of the bass instruments of the orchestra. Louis Fleury most gracefully carries on his advocacy of the flute—'The Flute and its Means of Expression.' Composers and conductors, note certain of his words of gentle reproach! Yorke Bannard 'corrects a chapter in musical history,' by pointing out that under the Commonwealth music was by no means obliterated as royalist historians would have had the world believe. But this correction was made years ago in Henry Davey's *History of English Music*. Dr. Grattan Flood discusses the sources of some of *The Beggar's Opera* airs. In short, a capital number of our distinguished English musical quarterly, which the musical ought to make a point of honour of supporting and disseminating. C.

New Music

PIANOFORTE MUSIC

Despite the fashionable chatter in favour of music being 'pure sonority,' 'free from literary associations,' composers are slinging titles about as freely as ever. Soon the supply must give out, and a return will be made to plain *Andantes* and *Sonatas*. William Baines has hit on a novel name for the first of his set of three pieces, *Milestones* (Elkin). He heads it 'Ave! Imperator,' followed by 'Hail, Cæsar!' in brackets. It is a fine, sonorous Prelude, calling for a player good at long shots and extensions. 'Angelus' is a weak treatment of a repeated dominant pedal point in the middle of the harmony. We expect simplicity in a piece bearing such a title, but there should be interest as well. Here there is little. 'A Walking Tune' is far better, full of life and colour. It is difficult. Robert Elkin's *The Light Heart* (Elkin) is a pleasant and easy piece of no marked originality. The jolly 'Danse du Meunier' from de Falla's *Three-Cornered Hat* is now available as a pianoforte solo (Chester). Two excellent additions have been made to John Ireland's steadily swelling list of pianoforte works. *On a Birthday Morning* is a vigorous affair, strong on the rhythmic side (as is usual with this composer's work), and full of the harmonic roughness that makes his music wear so well. Difficult. Its companion piece, *Soliloquy*, gives us a folk-song-like tune which would have been better served by a more consistently simple harmonization. Out-of-the-way chords tacked on to a simple theme often justify themselves in a movement where the pace is quick, but in a slow piece such as this we have so much time to take them in and think about them that we can't help seeing they are out of the picture. Save for a few of these extravagances *Soliloquy* is a charming and expressive piece (Augener). Oscar Merikanto has made a double mistake; he has taken a very poor Finnish folk-song, and has written some equally feeble variations on it (Chester). The difficult art of doing a great deal with a very few notes is well exemplified in the *Suite of Six Short Pieces* by Ralph Vaughan Williams (Stainer & Bell). These slender works run the risk of being laid aside after a try-over by a clumsy sight-reader. 'Skinny! Nothing in 'em,' says the clumsy sight-reader. Let him get them up to the required pace, and he will alter his verdict. The pieces consist of a Prelude (largely in two-part writing), a Slow Dance, a Quick Dance (very jolly), a highly expressive Slow Air in old style, a Rondo, and a Pezzo Ostinato. Apart from its charm, the Suite would be valuable material for study in clean, finished playing.

Two books of *Country Dance Tunes*—Sets X. and XI.—arranged by Cecil J. Sharp (Novello), though primarily intended for use with Mr. Sharp's book on the dances (reviewed on page 778) are on the whole so delightful that they may well be used as pianoforte solos. They would make capital pieces for marching and drill purposes, being strongly rhythmical, frankly tuneful, and easy to play.

Rather more sophisticated, of course, is Nellie Chaplin's *Dances of the Suite* (Curwen). The book gives full instructions for dancing the Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, Passepied, and Bourrée. The pleasant music is drawn from the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, Playford, and a couple of old French composers. There are some admirable photographs.

Stravinsky's *Les Cinq Doigts* (Chester) are supposed to be eight very easy pieces on five notes. So they are, so far as the right hand is concerned. But having finished No. 1, the composer seems to have forgotten the limitations under which he had set out to write. In the remainder of the set the left hand has to cover a good deal more ground, even octaves and sevenths, sometimes with intermediate notes to sustain. The right hand part, however, plays up conscientiously by moving only in the prescribed fifth. Is the teacher to play the left hand, or had Stravinsky in view a child whose left hand is about a year in advance of its right? Moreover, there are several rhythmical complications that are quite out of place in elementary work. If the music itself were of any value all might be forgiven, but there is little to be said of such puerilities as these:

Ex. 1.



Ex. 2.



However, many men, many minds. No doubt the out-and-out modernists will rub their hands over the 'reticence' and 'juxtaposition of sonorities' and 'bi-planar harmony,' as per above sample. The reviewer in the *Musical Courier*, by the way, thinks the pieces are not practical for children's use, but finds them fascinating as compositions, and opines that 'as advanced work they will surely find their rightful place.' The rightful place for my copy is the shelf reserved for curiosities. H. G.

PIANOFORTE DUETS

Apparently the whole of Delius's orchestral works are to appear in the handy form of pianoforte duet. Several numbers have lately been reviewed in these columns, and now comes *Dance Rhapsody* No. 2, arranged, like its predecessors, by Philip Heseltine. (Augener.) As usual, Mr. Heseltine gives indications of the instrumentation, so the version is also a modified form of full score. The arrangement is not overloaded with notes, and is far clearer and easier to play than most duet forms of orchestral works. Too often the arrangers forget that their job is to give no more than a sketch of the original. A comfortably-playable sketch is of far more practical use than a reproduction calling for a couple of virtuosi.

Alfredo Casella's *Pagine di Guerra*, however, belongs to the type of work of which anything less than a very difficult transcription is impossible. Here is a duet version made by the composer himself, who spares us none of the acute dissonances of the original. In fact, some of them sound worse on the pianoforte, owing to the lack of that variety of tone-colour which makes all sorts of combinations tolerable—even enjoyable—on the orchestra. A pair of good players could make these five 'Films' (as the composer calls them) very exciting (Chester).

After this hot stuff a collection of six duets, *Leisure Hours*, by MacDowell, Moszkowski (four), and Poldini, are innocuous, the more so as they are not particularly good examples of the respective composers. The difficulties are mainly in the *primo* part (Bosworth).

The millions of amateurs who murder Rachmaninov's C sharp minor Prelude will be well advised to sort themselves out in couples and give the work and their neighbours something like fair play by attacking it in the duet arrangement made by Hatherly Wentworth (Paxton). H. G.

SONGS

A distinguished Paris musical critic, writing fourteen years ago in the *Mercur de France* on 'The Future of Music,' prophesied the advent of the wordless song and of the place in the orchestra of the voice, without any declamation and used simply as an instrument. Both these predictions have been fulfilled, though the instances, as yet, are still exceptional. Egon Wellesz's *Aurora* (Curwen), for high soprano voice, is the only specimen of this kind in a parcel of many songs. It is an effective wordless tone-picture of dawn, delicate as an aquarelle. In its dim morning light the lark is heard—and more than one echo of Schönberg.

Five songs by Josef Holbrooke (Goodwin & Tabb) are versatile in matter and manner. *Caswallawn* is finely dramatic. The words are by T. E. Ellis. The vigorous sweep of C. M. Masterman's lines *To the East Wind*, and the droll Irishry of Alfred Perceval Graves's *Dolly*, are well reproduced. *The Price* is a beautiful, richly-coloured setting of a poem by Charlotte Bacon. The pathos of the words of the *Old School* is delicately realised, especially in the final bars of the *Andante* and *Tempo lento*.

Song of Indian Women, by Cyril Jenkins (Goodwin & Tabb), is a beautiful lament, with a richly-harmonized accompaniment.

C. Armstrong Gibbs's *Gray and Gold* (five songs, Enoch), to words of Helen Taylor, will meet with success by reason of their truth and simplicity. More especially, perhaps, will *The Miracle* make a direct appeal to an audience on account of the telling effect of its climax. The same composer's settings of two Elizabethan songs (Elkin), *In Youth is Pleasure* (R. Wever) and *Love is a Sickness* (Samuel Daniel) are in harmony with the period and the quaint words.

Kaikhosru Sorabji's *Trois Poèmes* (London & Continental Publishing Co.) are settings of poems by Baudelaire and Verlaine. They give evidence of the influence of the work of the French composers of the end of last century. The setting of Baudelaire's exotic *Correspondances* is clever but overwrought. The poem, and also that of Verlaine's *Crêpuscule du Soir Mystique*, are both overweighed by the accompaniments. But in *Pantomime* (Verlaine) the composer has reproduced the lightness and vivacity of Harlequin as well as the airy grace of Colombine.

G. Francesco Malipiero's settings of three poems of Angelo Poliziano (Chester) are very perfect in balance of words and music. They give evidence of the link between the composer and the great masters of the Italian school of the 16th and 17th centuries, who renounced polyphony, which they said took no heed of words and violated poetry (*laceramento della poesia*), and who sought to make 'a species of song in which music would be a kind of

speech.' And thus it is in these songs of Malipiero. The first, a hymn to *Maria nostra Donna*, is followed by *L'Eco* and *Ballata*. Their charm and cultured simplicity will find many admirers. The words are printed in French as well as in Italian. L. L.

STRING MUSIC

There is little this month that calls for comment. Kreisler has transcribed for violin and pianoforte Cyril Scott's *Lotus Land* (Elkin), with his usual felicity and grace. Thomas F. Dunhill's Four Pieces for violin and pianoforte (Schott) show a care in the harmonization that is, unfortunately, rather rare in music that does not pretend to classical dimensions or importance. Messrs. Augener have published a slight, graceful Lullaby by Adam Carse (violin and pianoforte), and also an arrangement of Mozart's most popular Minuet for violoncello. A somewhat unequal Trio in A minor, by J. E. Barkworth (Goodwin & Tabb), concludes a brief and not particularly attractive collection.

Mr. Gerrard Williams's *Quartet No. 2* (Curwen) shares the main features of his previous work. On the credit side we find a very genuine feeling for all that is new in music. His harmonies are generally tasteful and striking without ever touching the limit beyond which lie oddity and incoherence. This is all to his advantage, for it stamps the music with a certain distinction and individuality. There is, unfortunately, also a debit side which shows a weakness Mr. Williams shares with many another young and gifted composer. Perhaps it is natural that we should all of us in our young days think highly of our own work, of our own witticisms, of our tricks and our repartees. This is probably a sort of shield of defence nature has given us in order lightly to bear adversities—such as hostile criticism—on the way to a certain definite goal. As time goes on and we are either nearer to that goal or else convinced of our own unworthiness, self-criticism becomes a sixth sense and reveals to us what before was hidden. Then comes the wholesale condemnation of 'sins of youth.' In the special case of Mr. Williams it is quite clear that he has not yet reached the second stage, and consequently over-estimates now and then the value of certain idioms, such as the phrase which appears at No. 4 in the first movement of the Quartet. The little episode is not of a piece with the rest, and mature judgment would either alter it or obliterate it altogether. But the general impression of the work does not by any means suggest immaturity. All that he needs in order to achieve something really striking is to cultivate the habit of ruthlessly slaughtering ideas and intentions which he feels to be at all below his best, the habit of probing his music so

That the probation bear no hinge or loop
To hang a doubt on.

Therein lies the secret of success.

B. V.

ORCHESTRAL SCORES

The second of the two Suites put together by Gustav Holst from Purcell's *The Gordian Knot Untied*, has just been published by Novello. Like the first Suite, it may be played by strings alone (the original version), the wind parts added by Mr. Holst being so arranged that any (or all) of them may be used with good effect. There are three movements—a Chaconne (a splendid example of

Purcell's treatment of one of his favourite forms), an Air, and a Minuet. Nothing could be better for school orchestras and amateur bands than these Suites.

Messrs. Goodwin & Tabb have just published miniature full scores of Parry's *Symphonic Fantasia* (played at the Leeds Festival) and Holst's *The Planets*. The production is clear in the simpler pages, but blurred in the more complex. Evidently the print has been made from a photographic reduction—a method that is apt to fail when the score is very full. However, as miniature scores are used mainly for more or less leisurely reference, the drawback is not serious. Musicians will be so glad to get a handy score of *The Planets*, that an occasional haziness won't worry them. H. G.

Gramophone Notes

By 'DISCUS'

No more enjoyable orchestral record than that of the H.M.V. of the *Bartered Bride* Overture has so far come my way. The players are the Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Eugène Goossens. The clearness and precision of the bustling fugal work by the strings is first-rate, and the whole record is an achievement (12-in. d.-s.).

A selection from *A Princess of Kensington*, played by the 1st Life Guards Band, is well reproduced on a 12-in. d.-s. (Æ.-Voc.). From the same Company comes a 10-in. d.-s. of Leslie's *May Breezes* and Titt's *Serenade*, played by the Regent Symphony Orchestra—a very clear reproduction of commonplace music.

Only two chamber music records call for notice, and both are excellent. An Æ.-Voc. 12-in. d.-s. gives us the London String Quartet in the third and fourth movements of Mendelssohn's Op. 12. (The first and second movements drew admiring comments in last month's notes.) The Catterall Quartet is heard to great advantage in the *Minuet* from Glinka's Quartet in F, and in a quaint and pleasant movement, 'The Little Girl and the Old Shepherd,' from Herbert Howells's *Lady Audrey's Suite* (H.M.V. 12-in. d.-s.).

Remembering Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse's delightful harpsichord records, made a couple of years ago, it is good to hear her again. She returns with the opening movement of Bach's G minor *English Suite*, and everybody's old friend the so-called *Harmonious Blacksmith* air and variations (H.M.V. 12-in. d.-s.). The recording is better than in the previous harpsichord examples, being more distinct. Even so, users must be prepared for a good deal less power than a pianoforte record gives. No doubt the harpsichord imparts the right flavour to this old music, but we wonder whether the gain in this way makes up for the loss of tone and variety obtainable from a pianoforte.

We have some light on this in the next record that comes to hand. On one side is Mark Hambourg playing a couple of pieces by Couperin—*Le Carillon de Cythère* and *Les Barricades Mystérieuses*. No doubt the tone is too big and full for this delicate music, but the gain in clearness and audibility is a good offset. After all, we want to be able to take in music without having to prick up our ears all the time. The other side of this record provides a vivid contrast—Ravel's *Ondine*. It is a capital reproduction of a fine performance.

The violoncello is so telling and popular an instrument for solo purposes, that we are surprised at the comparatively small number of its records. Here is a first-rate example (*Æ.-Voc.* 12-in.) of Warwick Evans playing a *Serenata* by Toselli and Jensen's *Murmuring Breezes*, with pianoforte accompaniment, by Ethel Hobday. The tone of the violoncello is very rich, especially in the Jensen, and the balance between the two instruments is unusually good in both pieces.

A brilliant little affair is Heifetz's playing of Kreisler's version of Paganini's Caprice No. 13 (*H.M.V.* 10-in.).

The H.M.V. Company has issued three operatic vocal records, two first-rate and one poorish. The latter is a 10-in. of Marcel Journet singing 'Enfants, je ne vous en veux pas' from Saint-Saëns's *Ascanio*, with far too much wobble and roughness. Michele Fleta is passionate in 'Giulietta! son io!' from Zandonai's *Romeo and Juliet*, and shows, as usual, great range and a fine command of nuance (12-in.). Giovanni Martinelli is light, bright, and telling in 'È un riso gentil' from Leoncavallo's *L'Zaza* (10-in.).

Splendidly sonorous is a 12-in. d.-s. of Robert Radford (*H.M.V.*). The songs are 'If I were prince,' from *Prince Igor*, and Flégier's *I love to hear the horn*. The former is as good as the second is poor and pretentious. Flégier's song seems to be having quite a vogue lately. Yet it belongs to that large and feeble family of which *The Diver* is a familiar specimen. Radford sings it so well that we forget its weakness. His resounding low E flats will set all the young domestic baritones draughtily plumbing the depths.

Chaliapin at his most fervid is heard in Malashkin's *O could I but express in song* (*H.M.V.* 12-in.). Again the singing is far better than the song.

'Chant Hindou,' from *Sadko*, feelingly sung by Rosing, is recorded on an *Æ.-Voc.* 12-in.

The faded 'Una voce poco fa' is sung by Celys Beralta, who, fluently as she fireworks her way along, does not succeed in convincing us that it was what Americans would call a worth-while job (*Æ.-Voc.* 12-in.). Both the two last-named records have explanatory notes on the reverse side.

Three *Æ.-Voc.* 12-in. d.-s. provide material for a miniature ballad concert. No more than the bare names of singers and songs need be given: Carrie Tubb (Oliver's *The Nightingales of Lincoln's Inn* and *Down Vauxhall way*); Malcolm McEachern (Hamblin's *The Rolling Stone* and Monk Gould's *The Curfew*); and Captain H. E. Stevens (two revivals—*The Bandolero* and *The Trumpeter*).

A perverse taste makes me lay these aside in favour of a couple of fox-trots—*Do it again* and *Stumbling*—played by Yerkes S.S. Flotilla Orchestra and Bar Harbour Society Orchestra (*Æ.-Voc.* 10-in. d.-s.). They are capital fun, and a musician may get more real entertainment from the *rubato* and mock sentiment (I presume it is mock) of the first, and the comic noises of the second, than from heaps of songs labelled 'comic.' Not a bad test is the effect on the small daughter of the house, who punctuates *Stumbling* with gleeful noises, and encores it. So we do it again, with assumed reluctance.

The West Middlesex Musical Society gives its first concert at the Victoria Hall, Ealing, on November 15, at 8 o'clock, when Coleridge-Taylor's *A Tale of Old Japan* will be performed, in addition to orchestral items and unaccompanied part-songs.

SIR CHARLES SANTLEY

1834—1922

There is a well-known story of the man who boasted that he had conversed with the great Duke of Wellington, and on inquiry it turned out that the conversation was limited to the Duke having told him, with a curse, to get out of the way. My only personal contact with Santley was something of the same kind, though of a less objuratory nature, for I remember how (when a youth, ardent to hear as much music as possible) I was smuggled up on the steps leading to the concert-platform, and caused Santley as he passed to make some good-humoured observation on boys getting in the way. My first opportunity of hearing him came in 1876, when he was forty-two, and in his prime. It was at a Philharmonic concert in the lamented St. James's Hall, conducted by the immaculate Mr. Cusins, whose cuffs were more brilliant than his interpretations, and whose position as conductor of the chief London symphony concerts afforded a striking commentary on the state of orchestral music in this country before the advent of Richter. Equally suggestive was the choice of Santley's songs, which on this particular occasion were Gounod's *There is a green hill far away*, Mendelssohn's *The Shepherd's Lay*, and Hatton's *To Anthea*. The last I remember well, for it was a characteristic performance. Up to then he had not roused me, but when he began this stirring song he gave it a passionate expression that was quite intense, and made me feel that he had been saving up for this effort—which was, of course, encored. This was typical: he would often begin a concert with a certain reserve, waiting for the supreme moment, when he would let himself go and shake off a curious huskiness that frequently troubled him. This Philharmonic concert was in June, and in the following November I heard him for the first time in opera. It was at the Lyceum Theatre, where the Carl Rosa Company was having a season, and gave *The Flying Dutchman* for the first time in English. Santley had sung in it at the Italian Opera in 1870, when, according to his *Reminiscences*, it was not brought out till ten days before the close of the season, and played to very poor houses. He knew, however, that the part of Vanderdecken would suit him well, nor was he mistaken. He tells us, indeed, that it was only the prospect of playing this part again that induced him to accept the engagement, and that this, the first appearance of any of Wagner's operas in English, was a success, both artistically and financially. I witnessed the performance from standing-room at the back of the pit, and youth and enthusiasm sustained me to the end. It was a part after Santley's own heart: he had just the right touch of the romantic and picturesque in him to do it justice, and his personality suited it, for he had an air of grave distinction that became the character well. But it did not convert him to Wagner's methods, and in the same *Reminiscences*—which are franker and more sincere than most of their kind—he makes the same complaint so often uttered by vocalists ever since Grétry's time, that the composer put the statue in the orchestra, the pedestal on the stage. I always regretted I never heard him in *Don Giovanni*, for he must have made a striking figure as the hero, and Mozart's orchestration would not have embarrassed him—though in Mozart's time it was considered to 'overpower the voices'!

(Continued on page 792.)

ANTHEM FOR CHRISTMAS

Isaiah xlix. 13; lli. 9; ix. 6; Luke ii. 11;

Verse, Bishop PHILLIPS BROOKS

Music by ALFRED HOLLINS

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Allegro con spirito. ♩ = 132

f Gt. 8 & 4 ft.
Sr. 8 ft. Reeds coupled

Gt. to Ped.

SOPRANO

Sing, O heav'ns; and be joy - ful, O earth; and break forth in - to sing - ing, O

ALTO

Sing, O heav'ns; and be joy - ful, O earth; and break forth in - to sing - ing, O

TENOR

Sing, O heav'ns; and be joy - ful, O earth; and break forth in - to sing - ing, O

BASS

Sing, O heav'ns; and be joy - ful, O earth; and break forth in - to sing - ing, O

f

mf moun - tains: for the Lord, the Lord hath com-fort-ed His peo - ple; He hath re - *dim.*

mf moun - tains: for the Lord, the Lord hath com-fort-ed His peo - ple; He hath re - *dim.*

mf moun - tains: for the Lord, the Lord hath com-fort-ed His peo - ple; He hath re - *dim.*

mf moun - tains: for the Lord, the Lord hath com-fort-ed His peo - ple; He hath re - *dim.*

mf moun - tains: for the Lord, the Lord hath com-fort-ed His peo - ple; He hath re - *dim.*

deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem. Sing, O heav'ns; and be joy - ful, O earth;

deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem. Sing, O heav'ns; and be joy - ful, O earth;

deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem. Sing, O heav'ns; and be joy - ful, O earth;

deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem. Sing, O heav'ns; and be joy - ful, O earth;

sing, O heav'ns; and be joy - ful, O earth; for the Lord, the Lord hath comfort-ed His

sing, O heav'ns; and be joy - ful, O earth; for the Lord, the Lord hath comfort-ed His

sing, O heav'ns; and be joy - ful, O earth; for the Lord, the Lord hath comfort-ed His

sing, O heav'ns; and be joy - ful, O earth; for the Lord, the Lord hath comfort-ed His

peo - ple; He hath re - deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem, He hath re -

peo - ple; He hath re - deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem, He hath re -

peo - ple; He hath re - deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem, He hath re -

peo - ple; He hath re - deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem, He hath re -

deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem.

deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem.

deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem.

deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem.

Ch. 8 & 4 ft.

senza Ped.

mf For un - to us . . a

mf For un - to us . . a Child is born, for un - to us a

mf For un - to us . . a Child is born, a

mf a

mf Gt. reduced

Ped.

cres. poco a poco Child is born, for un - to us a Child is born, A

cres. poco a poco Child is born, for un - to us a Child is born, A

cres. poco a poco Child is born, for un - to us a Child is born, A

cres. poco a poco Child is born, for un - to us a Child is born, A

increase Gt.

Allargando*marcato***Tempo 1mo.**

Sa - viour, which is Christ the Lord. For

Sa - viour, which is Christ the Lord.

Sa - viour, which is Christ the Lord. For un - to us . . a

Sa - viour, which is Christ the Lord.

Allargando**Tempo 1mo.***mp Sw. 8 & 4 ft. without Reeds.*

un - to us . . a Child is born, is born, . . . for

For un - to us . . a Child is born, for

Child is born, for un - to us a Child is born, for

a Child is born, for

cres. poco a poco

un - to us a Child . . is born ; A Sa - viour which is

cres. poco a poco

un - to us a Child . . is born ; A Sa - viour which is

cres. poco a poco

un - to us a Child . . is born ; A Sa - viour which is

cres. poco a poco

un - to us a Child . . is born ; A Sa - viour which is

Allargando

ff. increase Sw.

ff rit. marcato

Christ the Lord . . . Sing, O heav'ns ; and be joy - ful, O earth ; and break

rit. marcato

Christ the Lord . . . Sing, O heav'ns ; and be joy - ful, O earth ; and break

ff rit. marcato

Christ the Lord . . . Sing, O heav'ns ; and be joy - ful, O earth ; and break

ff rit. marcato

Christ the Lord . . . Sing, O heav'ns ; and be joy - ful, O earth ; and break

Tempo 1mo.

ff rit.

forth in - to sing - ing, O moun - tains : . . for the Lord, the Lord hath

mf

senza Ped.

cres. f

com - fort - ed His peo - ple ; . . He hath re - deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem.

cres. f

com - fort - ed His peo - ple ; . . He hath re - deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem.

cres. f

com - fort - ed His peo - ple ; . . He hath re - deem - ed Je - ru - sa - lem.

cres. f

Ped.

f

Sing, O heav'ns ; and be joy - ful, O earth ; sing, O heav'ns ; and be

f

Sing, O heav'ns, sing, O heav'ns ; be

f

Sing, O heav'ns, sing, O heav'ns ; be

marcato

For un - to us . . a Child is born ; be

reduce (ft. slightly)

The image displays a musical score for the hymn "The First Noel." It includes four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "claim the ho - ly birth, And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth." The score is marked with "Poco lento" and "fff" (fortissimo). The piano part features a prominent bass line with chords and a melodic line in the right hand.

claim the ho - ly birth, And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.

claim the ho - ly birth, And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men . . on earth.

claim the ho - ly birth, And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men . . on earth.

claim the ho - ly birth, And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men . . on earth.

Poco lento

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(Continued from page 791.)

For many years Santley was a constant figure at our musical festivals, and the quartet of principals, 'Albani, Patey, Lloyd, and Santley,' became quite stereotyped. With one exception he sang at all the Leeds Festivals from 1858 to 1886. (That of 1858 was his first festival engagement: Birmingham came three years later.) The exception was in 1880, when he had a disagreement with the Leeds committee. According to the official history of the Festival, his terms of two hundred and fifty guineas for the entire Festival—consisting of eight concerts—had been accepted, but it was found his services would not be required for the eighth concert, on the Saturday night, so the committee, taking the business view of the transaction to be expected in a commercial community, proposed to reduce his fee to two hundred guineas, which he curtly, and not unnaturally, declined to consider. He took part in the first performance of Macfarren's *Joseph* in 1877, and his *King David* in 1883, and in each case the composer laid great stress on his co-operation. In 1886, at his last appearance at a Leeds Festival, he sang in the first performance of Bach's B minor Mass at a provincial festival. But as an oratorio singer his name will be inseparably linked with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. Those whose memories carried them back to the first performance in 1846 (there cannot be many left now!) have naturally sworn by Staudigl, the original representative of the Prophet, but in our own times no one has quite come up to Santley's interpretation. His noble style, his fine declamation, and, above all, the fire he could put into his singing, made his impersonation memorable. According to his custom, always—and especially in his later years—did he create the impression that he was saving himself for *Is not His Word like a fire?* to which he gave a really inspired interpretation. The nervous habit which caused his music to shake in his hands occurs to memory here; it was a part of his nature, but it had an unfortunate effect in that it detracted from the general impression of dignity and power left by his singing. The charm of his ballad singing should not be forgotten—the raciness of *Father O'Flynn*, and the unctuous humour of *Simon the Cellarer*, are instances which, after a good many years, are still unfaded. The impressions left by an executive artist are necessarily fleeting: they linger in the memory of his survivors, and at length become only a tradition; but those of Santley, as one of our greatest singers of the 19th century, will not readily be forgotten.

HERBERT THOMPSON.

London Concerts

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

It cannot be said that the Promenade novelties this year have been very thrilling. Only one work in the last month has been really of the first class, and that came two days before the end of the season.

We begin on September 26 with Alfred Wall's *Thanel*, a plucky attempt to express the spirit of jollity-cum-romance of the Londoner by the sea. This is cheery music, that runs along trippingly enough. It reminds one a good deal of *Cockaigne*, but there is no great harm in that. The chief trouble is that nothing of real note grows from out the themes. They are branches, not roots.

The Englishmen have had the bulk of the 'first performances.' Only one French novelty has been heard—Roussel's *For a Spring Festival*. It has all the orchestral cleverness we expect from to-day's composers; also, there is some meat in it. It is in one-movement symphonic form, compact and symmetrical, with the slow section sandwiched in between two parts of a *Scherzo*. The lively sections, rhythmical and brilliant, go off with excellent effect. Only when he comes to the slow movement is the composer at a loss for something vital to say. That seems to be the weak spot in nearly all new works from over the water. Dr. Malcolm Sargent, whose *Nocturne and Scherzo* were heard the next day (October 4), succeeded better; in his first piece, because he attempted less. He is not afraid to give us plenty of tunes, and to treat them lusciously. He causes us no concern, and pleases by the high spirits he puts into his work. The *Scherzo* went 'with a bang,' not a little of its effect being due to the tremendous energy of the young conductor, who bestrode the whirlwind in fine style.

In place of the Bliss Oboe Concerto, which was down for October 12, we had three Miniatures for that instrument by H. Greenbaum, under the title of *Parfum de la Nuit* (why a French title, by the way?). The Nature spirits that watch over the flowers at night have a language of perfumes, which Mr. Greenbaum attempts to translate for us. Their songs and thoughts have produced music delicate, somewhat piquant, often sketchy, and rarely coherent. Some of the perfumes might be described by another name. Mr. Léon Goossens played the pieces with the artistry that places him among the very finest of our instrumentalists.

Among the very best works heard this season is Arnold Bax's *Symphonic Variations* for pianoforte and orchestra, played on October 18. The variations are entitled respectively 'Nocturne,' 'Strife,' 'The Temple,' 'Scherzo,' and 'Triumph,' with an intermezzo 'Enchantment,' occurring between the last two. Here is beauty peculiar to Bax, originality that is strong enough to *create*, and the deep mystical feeling that makes his work, at first apparently so complex and elaborate, perfectly satisfying and clear when you have got to the heart of it. There is a reserve and subtlety in it that charms and delights. Miss Harriet Cohen was the splendid interpreter of these lovely thoughts.

Latest of the novelties is a Fantasy, *Promise*, by Miss Ethel Scarborough, a composer with whom this is, for most of us, the first acquaintance. It has as motto a saying of Emerson's: 'Every promise of the soul has innumerable fulfilments.' I wish Miss Scarborough had decided more definitely, when she began her work, just what sort of fulfilment she wanted. The music is turgid, and depends a good deal on naïve and obvious sequence. It goes on and on for quite a long time, and we seem no nearer the end. That does come at last, and, as the programme so sweetly tells us, 'the motives of Fate and Fulfilment are united in a perfectly satisfying combination.' Well, if Miss Scarborough is satisfied, that's the main thing. But I hope her next promise will not turn out quite so pie-crusty as this.

A word of thanks to Sir Henry Wood for giving us several performances of recent, but not brand-new, British works of real value—Ireland's *Symphonic Rhapsody* (a fine, strong work, that one likes better each time it is heard); three of Holst's ever-welcome *Planets* (but we should like still better to hear

the lot); the beautiful miniature for strings by F. Lawrence, *Tristis*; Frank Bridge's impression of *Summer* (a very clever essay in the objective-contemplative mood); and Gerrard Williams's fragrant *Pot-Pourri*—all worthy and welcome items.

W. R. A.

QUEEN'S HALL SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Symphony was Schumann in D minor and the Concerto Beethoven in E flat, at the first of the Saturday afternoon Symphony Concerts at Queen's Hall. Mr. Herbert Howells and his *Procession* came after these and various other things, what time the ear was rather tired and unjust. The orchestra had given signs of becoming tired some time before, but then this was its sixth full dress concert that week, and perhaps one needs just to have had a holiday to take a vivid interest in the *Emperor* Concerto. Young M. Mitja Nikisch, the soloist in this immortal work, had no doubt just had a holiday, or rather is at the happy age when all life wears a holiday freshness. Anyhow, his playing pleased. There was the happiest balance between youthful freshness and adult musical understanding. He is a strong, able pianist; others are more scintillating, none more agreeably sane. He so has the root of the matter (music) in him, that one says surely he will not always go on being merely a pianist. He did everything right (oh, a few of the keys were accidentally brushed at times, but that did not matter); still 'more power to his elbow' is not the appropriate salutation.

Schumann's Symphony: Did the performance wear some sort of apologetic air, or was it our fancy? We were ungrateful, indeed, if we weren't glad to welcome so dear, nice, neglected an old friend. There is no reason why the Schumann Symphonies should not share equally the popularity of the four of Brahms. The faults of Schumann's orchestration are too old a tale; the simplest of us know that our masterful conductors to-day do exactly what pleases them with the scoring of the ancients. C.

SYMPHONIES FOR THE EAST END

The British Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Adrian C. Boulton, gave the *Flying Dutchman* Overture, Schubert in B minor, and Vaughan Williams's *Wasps* music to its Stepney audience at the first of the People's Palace symphony concerts. No wonder that Dr. Boulton and his friends like going to the East End. What a delightful audience to play to! The question was, Did they know the tunes of the *Unfinished* (from indulgence perhaps in the 'cinema'), or did they drink them in naturally, first go? Anyhow, Schubert meets the case of Stepney's taste to perfection. Will anyone in north, south, east, or west confess to the depraved and hideous taste that Schubert does not meet? Hearing Schubert, all men are brothers. Naturally M. Leff Pouishnov's superb execution of Rachmaninov's Pianoforte Concerto in C minor was a little more applauded still. It was felt proper to acknowledge such stupendous labours directed towards one's entertainment. There was immense wonder at this frail young man's uncanny powers of endurance, and every invitation was extended that he should do it all over again. It is sad that the financial question precludes any more than three symphony concerts this autumn at the People's Palace. C.

THE L.S.Q.

The concert of the London String Quartet at Æolian Hall was mainly notable for the first performance of Mr. Waldo Warner's new quartet Suite. It consists of a series of brief sections, every one of which is concerned somehow or other with an aspect of the fairy world. Each of these movements bears evidence of Mr. Warner's deftness in handling string instruments. Indeed, as an essay on the resources of 'the quartet' and its suitability to fairy-like effects, the work is remarkable. Yet even though not the best of us can claim so much as a nodding acquaintance with fairies, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Warner's music does not do anything like justice to those ghosts of children's imagination. His touch is clever, but not light and delicate; his fairies are the fairies of the Christmas pantomime, not the fairies of the dream world. His music would be most suitable as an aid to stage action—it cannot alone kindle the imagination of the listener. And the audience of Æolian Hall made no mystery of its preference for the one episode in which the fairies are disturbed by the robust song of 'a mortal'—a capital, friendly, unsophisticated tune which more than held its own against the music of the supernatural beings. The new work had a most finished performance from the composer and his colleagues, Messrs. Levey, Petre, and Warwick Evans. B. V.

THE MUSIC SOCIETY

The Music Society (which should change its name so as to avoid confusion with the British Music Society) is doing good work by providing interesting and enterprising programmes under pleasant conditions (smoking allowed), at a time convenient for many people who are occupied during the day and do not want to come out in the evening, and in a place easily accessible to those of them who are in business in the City or the central parts of London. The time is 5.30, and the place the Hall of the St. John's Institute, Tufton Street, just behind Westminster Abbey. The subscription is two guineas for six concerts, but—'professional musicians and composers can obtain a pass for any concert by sending in a request, with a stamped and addressed envelope, to the secretary.'

At the opening concert of the season (October 17) Ernest Bloch's Pianoforte and Violin Sonata received its first performance in England (the composer's String Quartet was heard at one of the Society's concerts late in last season, and his rhapsody, *Schelomo*, for violoncello and orchestra, at a Promenade concert a few weeks ago).

The first (*Agitato*) movement of the Sonata is possibly the best; it expresses a mood of intense striving. The second (*Molto quieto*) begins beautifully, but goes on too long. The third sounds like nonsense. Both first and third take too long to get under way; Bloch seems to have a knack of over-preluding. There is power in the work, but one longs for cleaner and more definite construction. The composer appears to have gifts—but not that power of self-criticism (all his works seem unequal), nor that of a sense of humour (all seem heavily serious). The performers were Yvonne Arnaud (the leading lady in *Tons of Money*—also a very competent pianist) and Jelly d'Aranyi. They did the work justice. P. A. S.

WILHELM BACKHAUS'S RECITAL

Herr Wilhelm Backhaus played the pianoforte at the Albert Hall after a long absence occasioned by the events of 1914-19. He is no longer quite the pale and languid youth *à la* Burne-Jones of yore, but his remarkable dexterity at the keyboard has in no wise deteriorated, and of this the audience showed warm approval. But while such a virtuoso has every reason to place the highest value on his services, was he wise in making his reappearance in a hall less suited to pianoforte playing than to any other musical enterprise? Echo, that mocking nymph, gave us Backhaus's left-hand effects over again with obstinacy, and it became a puzzle how anyone could listen to Chopin, Liszt, or even Pick-Mangiagalli in such conditions for the pure fun of it. It would have been far more satisfactory to stop at home and play Herr Backhaus's selections for oneself on the pianola.

C.

LONDON CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

This (the London) Branch of the British Music Society is now constituted in addition as the 'British Section of the new International Society for Contemporary Music' (the Society born at Salzburg during the Summer Music Festival).

At the first meeting of the season, held at the new headquarters (6, Queen Square, Bloomsbury) on the evening of October 17, there were performed a Pianoforte Quintet (*The Masque of Fear*, founded on Edgar Allan Poe), by Dr. Cecil Hazlehurst, which was quite effective; a Pianoforte Quintet, *Dance Fantasy*, by Cliffe Forester (which was rather dull); a Pianoforte Quartet by Alfred M. Wall (long and unoriginal); and a String Quartet by Ernst Krenek (Miniature score, Universal Edition, 4s.). The last makes abundant provision for highbrows, being nothing less than a collection of a large number of short sections each occupied with its own little exhibition of harmonically reckless but cleverly contrived neck-or-nothing counterpoint. Probably this work will be useful in the year 1932 as a series of technical examples of the would-be Mus. Docs. of that day, but much of it is but crusty provision for a concert audience. It is very difficult, and the McCullagh Quartet did wonders with it. In the other works they were joined first by Dr. Hazlehurst, and next by Mr. Josef Holbrooke.

P. A. S.

SOME SINGERS OF THE MONTH

Feodor Chaliapin sang twice. Perhaps with not full ease at the Albert Hall; the second time, at Queen's Hall, supremely well. But I have to acknowledge that since the *Boris* of 1913 I admire this man nearly to the point of idolatry. This fair-haired giant who croons lullabies to us or hurls at us thunderbolts of song has strayed into our century from the age of sagas. Wasn't he, you say, made for some grander end than singing? Anyhow, as selfish mortals, we thank the stars that he is here and now what he is. What is his secret? Which comes first, the quality of his voice or the power of his character? Something in his performance transcends by far the results of his superb vocal gifts (which comprise perfect breath-control, a palate no doubt exceptionally arched, great muscular strength, and so on). He is unlike all other singers in being a supreme histrionic artist. But, just as a singer, he triumphs by his complete

command of his natural gifts. His whole body vibrates with every note. He plays with his breath on the instrument. It is the variety in this singing that so lends it to the great actor's needs and keeps the listener enthralled. He never sings *a vuoto*, but by the slightest readjustment or reinforcement he shifts his resonance, suggesting an organist lifting his hand from manual to manual. He is now a Fafner, now a Mephistopheles. In his complex art the virtues of all other singers are at moments suggested. He hints at Plançon and at Caruso; he can 'spin' his tone (as in his ravishing singing of Rubinstein's *Persian Love-Song*) much as did Battistini. I speak of course of Chaliapin when he does himself justice. In the classic German songs of the first concert his art overstepped the frame, no doubt. Some of his songs, compositions by the minor Russians, are far from first-rate music, but they serve his purpose better, and such pieces as *When the King went forth to war* (Koenemann) and *Ah! could I but express in song* (Malashkin) consequently justify themselves, it seems to me, though I do not want them from other singers. They are not in themselves really bad, and they are good vehicles for the infinite humanism of Chaliapin's singing. His reading of the 'Catalogue Song' from *Don Giovanni* broke all known bounds of Mozart-singing; such richness in the buffo style could never have been imagined. At the second concert there were excerpts from *Boris*. New York is about to witness the 'real thing.'

Titta Ruffo was one of the first-comers of the season at Albert Hall. The voice is magnificent, but whether he is exuberant to excess, or whether he is consciously restraining himself, he is clearly not at home on the concert-platform. The music at this concert lacked interest, and that at Madame Tetrassini's was not superior. Madame Tetrassini's performances are superb, and at the same time so invariable that the hearer fails at last to gape as perhaps he should. Then somehow it all seems to have so little to do with music. Dame Clara Butt was on the same scene a few days later, likewise in splendid voice. She followed Chaliapin in choosing her songs as she went along, announcing the numbers in a published booklet. Dame Clara's booklet will not supersede *The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*. She baffles this sincere admirer of her grandly imposing voice by devoting it to infantile themes. One song asserted that the singer was 'a wee bird.' Dame Clara introduced a new ballad, *The land of might have been*, which fell quite flat. So there are limits even to the Albert Hall's large hospitality to inferior music.

Madame Frieda Hempel sang twice at Queen's Hall: the first time in Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and one song of Wolf. It was singing as perfect in a way as singing can be, and showed how easy singing ought to be (or to appear), and how futile for all their strenuousness are so many desperately strenuous singers. She is for some reason known as a coloratura singer, but she is incomparably at her best in cantilena. She beautifully demonstrated how small, effortless tone can fill wide spaces, provided there is instinctive breath-control. She resorts to no trickery. In her voice is the whole considered art of song—the technique to make it possible, the measured style to make it pure and holy. Most of her tones are soft as sarcenet. From start to finish I heard no bad tone. Intimate little inflections were given to

every word (but without any suspicion of odious 'word-painting'); this delicate attention to detail (not absorption) is evidently second nature to her. There was, apart from this characteristic, no actual variation of tone-colour, and without it I can imagine her voice a thought monotonous. Was she a shade too serene in her detachment of spirit? Well, it was delightful still. And then, half-way, the audience (unaccountably cold at first) warmed—it was a spark for the singer, and the voice instantly acquired a deeper feeling. Mr. Clarence Raybould accompanied—perhaps hanging a shade too devotedly to the singer's course.

Mr. Paul Reimers, who sang at Æolian Hall, commands no great voice, over-elaborates detail, and is often throaty, but he earns regard by a taste for charmingly musical programmes. We feel that he chooses a song for its musical worth, and often for its freshness. And then his incisive utterance of consonants gives a valuable brightness to his singing. He is commonly charged with sentimentality. But this may, perhaps, be largely due to the singular natural sweetness of his voice. Mr. Clarence Raybould accompanied.

Miss Greta Rost and Mr. Foster Why can hardly expect that the commentator should gently pass over the bad taste shown in the compilation of their programme at Æolian Hall (October 4). One or two classical songs in the list found themselves with the most disreputable neighbours—examples of American balladry of the lowest order. It was a noisy concert, for both performers had big voices and were very emphatic in all they did. So much misdirected energy was the greater pity, as both singers gave proof of sound training and had valuable physical resources; and Miss Rost, whose beautiful voice was free from the usual throatiness of contraltos, showed good musical feeling when she sang Schubert and Gretchaninov. Only too often her consonants were glossed over, with a consequent lack of incisiveness and a tendency towards monotony. Mr. Why called himself bass-baritone. Why not simply bass? There was no baritone nature, there was little flexibility in the upper ranges, and none of the baritone's *voix mixte* quality and soft mellow shades. His middle and low notes were excellent (except one 'gritty' low D), his delivery was free and unrestrained—but, like Miss Rost, he was invariable and over-opulent.

Cav. Carlo Ballin's was another noisy concert (Wigmore Hall, October 11). There has been some trumpet-like heralding of the new season on the part of certain singers. No dreamy reawakening, but a clarion réveillé! Mr. Robert Easton, a bass with a nobly resonant voice, sang at this concert. Then there was a soprano whose shafts of piercing song rent the air. A song of hers about a swallow ought, we felt, to be about peacocks. The tenor, Ballin, who comes from Milan, gave us some fine Italian singing marred for our senses by ridiculously overdone emotion, as in 'Vesti la Giubba.' The proportion of ten sobs to ten notes is extravagant even in 'veristic' Italian opera. The voice was beautiful; the phrasing was sometimes disputable, as in the 'Flower Song' from *Carmen*, yet we couldn't but like his full-throated middle voice and his pealing high notes. And his *messa di voce* testified to good breath control.

Miss Gertrude Entwhistle had chosen a delightfully musical programme, including lute-songs by Dowland and Campion and arias of Bach and Mozart for her

concert at Æolian Hall, and she was accompanied faultlessly by Mr. F. B. Kiddle; the more pity then that her accomplishment was so far from catching up her ambition. And of another vocal concert of that same evening (Steinway Hall) absolute silence were best.

A newcomer to the world of song, Mr. Ben Williams (tenor), inspired in me such lively admiration and hopes, in the music of Saint-Saëns's *Samson*, that I had to recall many instances of promising singers coming to naught to ward off an unduly sanguine mood. A charming natural gift may be nullified by lack of brains, of ambition, of vivid character. Or a first success may make a young singer think solely of filling his pockets instead of deepening his art. Further, an immature vocalist is not helped by full, day-by-day stage work; faults in production may indeed be strengthened in the course of fatiguing rehearsals, unless proper delivery is automatic. Then in the course of operatic wear-and-tear the inevitable 'film' appears—first sad sign of an abused voice. These thoughts were salutary to my enthusiasm at first hearing Mr. Ben Williams, over whose performance immaturity was largely written. Yet his voice is glowingly beautiful, he had a deserved success, and, if all things work favourably for him, he ought, I think, to reach the dizziest heights of fame. He has a gift for soliloquy, and can be impassioned. He never sang harshly or with a sign of bad taste. At present his declamation is not cultivated, and there was a deal of fogginess of tone. The proper thing, of course, for a singer of such extraordinary promise is a further course of the best possible training, and, for the moment, the least possible public work.

H. J. K.

OPERA AT THE 'OLD VIC.'

For the first time for many a long day a season of opera in English began with an English opera. But then it was at the 'Old Vic.' and the opera was Dame Ethel Smyth's *The Boatswain's Mate*. The house was packed. This fact is worthy of record, for it justifies many points I have long maintained. No need to enumerate them; it is sufficient that my contentions have been upheld, my prophecies realised. The cast was the same as earlier in the year, and the audience was equally appreciative. The composer conducted, and at the end called the 'Old Vic.' patrons 'the most delightful audience in the world.' And she ought to know. Let me add in commendation of the 'Old Vic.' policy that there is to be a Mozart Opera Festival in November, but that there is no news to hand about the resetting.

F. E. B.

THE IMMORTAL HOUR AT THE REGENT THEATRE

It was until lately a music hall, this now re-named Regent Theatre in the Euston Road, but it has been so radically reformed in character that music is now to be heard there. *The Immortal Hour*, by Rutland Boughton, occupies the scene where ventriloquism, patter-songs, and similar entertainments of the people used to rage.

This opera was the pride of the earlier years of the Glastonbury Festival. Travellers talked much of this shy violet of the musical art. It was transplanted to Bournemouth, Bristol, and Birmingham. It was produced at the 'Old Vic.' imperfectly in

1920. At the Regent Theatre, given by the Birmingham Repertory Players, it had every chance—scenically the production was beautifully worthy of the charming music.

It is an opera, in two Acts, of the Celtic fairy-world—that is to say, a world of suggestive fantasy, bewildered sadness, and no humour. A mortal king and a fairy princess meet in a haunted wood on a wet night. They love. But life as an Irish queen fails to recommend itself to the fairy, and an elfin prince lures her back whence she came. The story is slight, and Rutland Boughton has decked it with music that has none of the pompousness of a conventional operatic way. He has not had Covent Garden at the back of his mind, there are no parts for a Tetrassini or a Caruso. There is a small orchestra, there is a slender vocal line without any alien inflation.

Nothing of the character of Debussy's *Pelléas* is, by this, to be understood (though the 'Celtic' vagueness and unhappiness of the libretto are no doubt derived from the Flemish author of *Pelléas*). Rutland Boughton is no subtle impressionist, but primarily a plain singer, a melodist. There is nothing far-fetched about his tunes (which one goes out of the theatre whistling), and the harmonic scheme is as homely. What odds? Within its scope this art is adequate; it is fresh, it is beautiful. The cut suits the material; the material chosen was home-spun, and because it was appropriately cut and not as velvet brocades and cloth of gold would have been cut, we know the maker for an artist. His purely musical judgment has never failed him.

What was a little less certainly right was the extent of his faith in Celtic ghosts on wet nights. These damp spirits are allowed excessive licence in Act 1. The prologue (in the dark) threatened to take on the proportions of some scene of Erda or of Notns, while the composer was expressly forbidding himself a Wagnerian orchestral orgy, and consequently we did not know whereabouts to look for entertainment. It speaks for Mr. Boughton's gifts that, for the love-making of the two royal waifs, his music woke up to such effect that the tedium of the opening was blotted out. Dramatically, again, there was an hiatus between Acts 1 and 2, and no special explanation was offered for the discontent of Queen Etain and her sudden dis-interest in a fond husband. Nothing is more wearisome than pointing to the holes in operatic libretti—which, for that matter, a composer of forcible music easily covers up. But in Mr. Boughton's scheme the drama and the verbal poetry seriously count, and the holes are as it were deliberately disclosed. However, again in *The Immortal Hour* sweet music comes to the rescue, and the wan queen's elopement back to fairyland is accomplished in a witching air of romance. So we see that there is genius in the little work, and a happy indication of a new way of sincerity for lyric drama. Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies was in everything, voice, looks, gesture, truly the homesick fairy princess. Her king was Mr. Johnstone-Douglas. Mr. Appleby Matthews conducted a performance admirable in all things save the pitch of the chorus.

C.

Elgar's Pianoforte Quintet is to be performed at Guildford on November 8 (afternoon) at the third of Mr. Claud Powell's subscription concerts.

The third season of Sunday evening concerts given by the municipality at Battersea Town Hall opened on October 1, and is to continue fortnightly through the winter.

THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL

BY HERBERT THOMPSON

In attempting to revive the Leeds Festivals, the last of which was in 1913, the committee ventured a good deal. For a number of years before that date the receipts had been diminishing, and the great profits once made had receded to a vanishing point. It was some comfort, no doubt, to reflect that this state of things was experienced at Birmingham and other Festivals, but to do so did not relieve the financial strain or remove the risk that attended a revival under new and unknown conditions. Nor was this the only hindrance encountered by the committee. In smaller centres, such as the Three Choirs cities, there is an intense local feeling in favour of these Festivals—from the gentry, who appreciate the social element, to the trades-people, who have realised that the cult of St. Cecilia, as in another apposite case, 'brought no small gain to the craftsmen.' But at Leeds there is no such local feeling, but chiefly apathy, if not actual opposition. The two leading choral societies declined, officially, to have anything to do with the affair, though in the event a considerable number of their members 'joined up.' So an appeal was made direct to the choralists of the West Riding, and, as at some previous Festivals, singers, after being tested by an independent judge (Mr. C. H. Moody, of Ripon), were recruited not only from Leeds, but from Huddersfield, Bradford, and other neighbouring towns, and a chorus of some three hundred voices was collected. Great were the prophecies of evil concerning a choir from which many experienced local singers held aloof; yet if some of the singers lacked experience, they probably made up for its absence by being the more teachable, and Dr. Tysoe, the new chorus-master, managed to make of them as amenable and intelligent a chorus as Leeds has ever heard, capable of any variety of effect, good in phrasing, very clear in diction, and most sensitive to a conductor's indications. One of my colleagues from the Midlands found it not quite equal to the spirituality of Bach's music, but into such a subtle question as this I do not feel able to enter, and leave it as one of the very few adverse criticisms I have noticed. For brilliance and staying power it was unsurpassable, and even at Leeds, where the *Choral* Symphony has always seemed child's play to the singers, I have never heard the *Finale* sung more brilliantly and with less sense of effort.

Another matter which many capable judges considered might be fatal to the success of the Festival was the nature of the programme—always a vexed question. There were the ancients and the moderns, the lovers of choral music and those who were more interested in the orchestra. In each respect it was the latter who carried the day, and never, I imagine, has there been a Festival with such a preponderance of modern orchestral music, including a couple of Scriabin's latest symphonic poems and the whole of Holst's *Planets*, as well as samples of Richard Strauss. Not a note of Mendelssohn—who in 1886 occupied more than a quarter of the entire Festival—while Handel was represented by a few choruses from *Israel* (and misrepresented by having *The Lord is a Man of War* sung by all the tenors and basses, recalling the bad old days of the Albert Hall). The turn of the wheel is perhaps almost too complete, but the reaction against the exclusive worship of these two composers is inevitable. A further complaint was the absence of any 'important'—by which is

signified 'long'—choral work. If, however, we measure music other than by a yard-stick such works as the *Choral Symphony*, Bach's *Magnificat* and Church Cantatas, Brahms's *Schicksalslied*, and Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens* may surely be styled as of some importance, and if a composer cannot reveal his greatness in anything less than a couple of hours so much the worse for him.

For my part, I have never known a Festival at which the interest was so sustained: there was nothing one could skip, and though the result was rather exhausting to a conscientious listener, it was very enjoyable. The sole complaint which seemed to me justifiable was the paucity of new works. If a Festival is to justify its existence it is by encouraging native composers to produce works upon which they would otherwise hardly dare to embark. There was, indeed, only one absolute novelty—Holst's setting for chorus and orchestra of Whitman's *Ode to Death*, which was a distinct success. It is a really beautiful, sincere interpretation of the words, which, I feel convinced, will be heard of a good deal in the future, and its difficulties, which obviously troubled the chorus, will disappear with familiarity. Native composers were, however, well represented; in addition to Byrd (whose Madrigal, *This sweet and merry month*, anticipated the centenary we are to celebrate next year), Parry, Elgar, Delius, Butterworth, Holst, Bax, Ireland, W. H. Reed, and Dame Ethel Smyth were all in the programme. And now that the Festival seems to be firmly reinstated, the committee may be encouraged to look out for new works worthy of production, and not to leave the task (which I do not envy them) till too late.

One English composer, Hubert Parry, was especially well represented, the first half of a programme being devoted to a series of his compositions, most judiciously chosen by Sir Hugh Allen, who conducted them. Considering what Parry did for music in the broadest sense of the word, and considering his long association with the Leeds Festivals, at which were given *St. Cecilia* (1889), *De Profundis* (1892), *Invocation to Music* (1895), *Blest Pair of Sirens* (1898), *Song of Darkness and Light* (1901), *Voces Clamantium* (1904), *The Love that casteth out Fear* (1907), *Pied Piper* (1910), *Ode to Music* (1913), there was an obvious appropriateness in this memorial celebration. The unison song, *Jerusalem*, which is becoming a second National Anthem for us, opened the concert, and was orchestrated for this occasion (and for this occasion only) by Sir Edward Elgar as a tribute to the composer's memory. The *Ode on the Nativity*, *Blest Pair of Sirens*, and three of the noble Motets from the *Songs of Farewell* were the choral works; the *Symphonic Variations* and the '1912' Symphony (in B minor) the orchestral. It was a selection which displayed Parry at his best, and showed a versatility for which many may not have credited him. It was followed by the first Symphony of Brahms—a happy choice in this connection—of which Mr. Coates gave a very fine interpretation.

The whole of another concert was given to Bach, and this also was arranged and conducted by Sir Hugh Allen. Some have expressed surprise that the great Mass was not chosen, but when it is remembered that it had been heard already at five previous Leeds Festivals, and had been given on three occasions by the Leeds choral societies, there seems to be good reason for giving a selection that

should display all sides of his genius. As a matter of fact this turned out to be one of the most enjoyable concerts of the Festival. The cantatas *O Light Everlasting* and *Since Christ is all my being*, were contrasted with the *Magnificat*, which is in a very different vein, and the unaccompanied Motet, *Come, Jesu, come*. The two instrumental works were the second *Brandenburg* Concerto (in F) and the Concerto for three pianofortes in C. In the former the soloists were Messrs. W. H. Reed (violin), D. S. Wood (flute), W. S. Hinchliffe (oboe), and H. Barr (trumpet). The performance of the trumpet part was an amazing *tour de force*. Mr. Barr used one of the revived instruments of Bach's time, a 'clarino' of high compass, over which he exercised a superb control, playing all the brilliant passages as they were written, and never an octave lower, as has been necessary with the modern trumpet. It is doubtful whether this had ever been done, at any rate in this country, since Bach's time. The perfect balance that was observed between his instrument and those of the other soloists was remarkable, and though something of the thrilling quality which we associate with trumpet-tone was necessarily sacrificed, the effect was admirable. An interesting feature of the Clavier Concerto was that the three pianists were all of the locality: Miss Kathleen Frise-Smith, Miss Dorothy Hess, and Mr. Herbert Johnson. The idea was Sir Hugh Allen's, and it resulted in an excellent, finished, and well-balanced performance, probably more satisfactory in general effect than if three expensive virtuosi had been engaged, for they might have found it more difficult than did these young artists to play into each other's hands.

Of the native works, Holst's *Planets* was the most considerable, and it certainly furnished one of the chief sensations of the Festival. It was most brilliantly played under Mr. Coates's direction, and it may be doubted if it has ever received such a fine interpretation. The distant chorus in 'Neptune' was admirably managed. The *Appalachia* of Delius was also well done, but it does not improve on a closer acquaintance, for the tune on which the variants are constructed is not very distinguished, and hardly fits its environment. Mr. W. H. Reed's *Lincoln Imp*, on the other hand, had a performance whose brilliance and clearness put this work in a more favourable light than ever before, and its good construction, it was realised, lifted it above a mere piece of 'programme music,' though it is remarkably vivid as such. Mr. Ireland's *Symphonic Rhapsody* seemed to me rather uncouth, but a further hearing may knock off some of its angularities. Mr. Arnold Bax's *Tintagel* is a tone-poem which really suggests something of the majesty of the sea, being spacious and noble in quality; and Dame Ethel Smyth scored a great popular success with her lively chorus, *Hey, nonny no*, which she conducted with characteristic energy. Butterworth's *Banks of Green Willow* struck me again as being as charming as it is unpretentious.

Verdi's *Requiem* received an exceedingly fine interpretation, quite in the Italian vein, and, though it did not efface recollection of Nikisch's memorable performance in 1913, it suffered little by comparison. The Grail Scene from *Parsifal* suffered from the chorus being too big, and too near at hand, to bring out all its mystical effect. A copious selection from *Die Meistersinger* was happier, and afforded one of the brightest spots in a brilliant Festival. It may be

doubted whether this music can ever have had a finer interpretation, and as much may be said, with even greater confidence, of Brahms's *Schicksalslied*, the inspiration of which was fully realised by conductor, choir, and orchestra. The instrumental Introduction and Epilogue reached a great height of refined beauty. Two supremely fine instrumentalists appeared as soloists: M. Cortôt in Beethoven's fifth Pianoforte Concerto and Franck's Symphonic Variations, and Mr. Albert Sammons in Elgar's Violin Concerto, of which he is the acknowledged exponent. Among the orchestral works were Scriabin's last two symphonic works, *Poème de l'Extase* and *Prometheus*, which furnished hard nuts for the audience to crack, but left the impression of marvellously fine performances. It might be questioned whether it were judicious to put both into the programme, but the fact that Mr. Coates is in close touch with Scriabin's music affords a sufficient reason.

The choice of principals has been adversely criticised because some vocalists of less than world-wide fame were included. As a matter of policy, it may be well to have artists whose names will decorate a poster, and the extent of whose fees will make subscribers feel they are having their money's-worth, but this at least can be said, that the performances suffered nothing in efficiency. Mr. John Coates, Mr. Robert Radford, and Mr. Norman Allin are, of course, at the head of their profession, and Miss Dorothy Silk has in recent years risen to a similar height; while Miss Margaret Balfour, who also made her first appearance at a Leeds Festival, showed what strides she has of late made in her art, and left a most pleasant impression by her beautiful voice and artistic singing. A soprano whose charming voice and musicianship made her a worthy colleague of the two artists just mentioned in the Bach *Magnificat*, and a finished Eva in the *Meistersinger* Quintet, was Miss Elsie Suddaby, a Leeds singer whose fame is rapidly extending beyond its borders, and whose engagement showed that she is not without honour in her own county. Miss Eleanor Paget, another newcomer, powerfully sustained the trying soprano part in the *Choral* Symphony, and Miss Edith Clegg, Mr. John Adams, Mr. Raymond Hartley, and Mr. Percy Heming (the last an excellent *Amfortas*) were efficient in their respective tasks. Mr. Percy Richardson's useful work at organ and pianoforte (in the *continuo* of Bach's Cantatas) deserves mention. Mr. Albert Coates was at his best, putting great vitality into his conducting, and altogether it was a Festival which roused more general enthusiasm than any I can recollect since the occasion in 1886, when ecstatic chorus girls pelted Sullivan with roses after he had conducted his *Golden Legend*.

J. B. MCEWEN'S SYMPHONY AT BOURNEMOUTH

Sir Dan Godfrey began his twenty-eighth season of Symphony Concerts at Bournemouth on October 12, with no beating about the bush whatever. The chief number in his programme was a new Symphony, a British one, and the work of J. B. McEwen. The fact is frank acknowledgment of the policy Sir Dan has pursued for so long, and that there was a good audience in spite of weather that tempted to sands and sunshine more than to symphonies and seriousness, showed that he has won the public to his side in his character of champion

of the British composer. Mr. McEwen, like Sir Dan, has been doing it all along, for if any man has striven to represent British music worthily, it is he. Mr. McEwen has always written in the British idiom, but now that such a quality in our music has become the fashion after much hard fighting, for which everybody but the right people take the credit, there are some brilliant scribes who are beginning to discover him. I certainly class him as a representative British composer. We shall turn back to this work in time to come, and revel in its national flavour. It is a 'programme' work, a fact I rather regret, for I think our composers can command sufficient of the right material to enable them to supply absolute music free from anything in the nature of a guide to meaning. The Symphony is entitled *Solway*, and the composer deals in actualities. He provides a literary, or, rather, poetic basis, and entitles his three movements 'Spring Tide,' 'Moonlight,' and 'Sou'-West Wind.' They are all mood pictures, and there is a strong feeling for the poetic aspect of things. In the second the composer is wholly true to the land of his birth. We are given more than a hint that it is 'the hills of the Highlands for ever I love,' and he cleverly keeps Scottish characteristics to the fore. Indeed, the second movement, with its insistent melodic figure, freely suggests that there is revelry by night going on across the mountains, and its strains, wafted to us, are graphically depicted. Though I can never listen to 'programme' music with the same freedom of mind as to music that leaves me to find out the story for myself, it is nevertheless impressed on the hearer that this is a thoughtful, individual piece of work not to be lightly dismissed. It is a pleasant example of 'atmospheric' work, and always, happily, an atmosphere in which one likes to linger and has no desire, as with some 'atmospheric' pieces, to get outside of as soon as possible. Sir Dan Godfrey gave it careful presentation at the hands of his excellent orchestra, and the audience paid the composer the compliment of calling him to the platform.

The rest of the programme testified to the pliability of the orchestra, for there was first the *Meistersinger* Overture and afterwards Ravel's quaint fairy Suite *Mère l'Oye* and Saint-Saëns's Pianoforte Concerto in F, with Mr. Arthur Shattuck as soloist. While at Bournemouth I learned that the Easter Festival is an established fact, save that next year there there will be more of it. There cannot be too much, say I.

F. E. B.

Church and Organ Music

THE ORGAN

The October issue of this quarterly journal shows no falling off in variety and interest. The organs of Bristol Cathedral are discussed by the Rev. Andrew Freeman, and those of St. Paul's Cathedral by Mr. Somers Clarke. Mr. Stuart Archer writes about the Cavallé-Col organ, Mr. W. F. Muckle on the Table Organ of William Mace, and Mr. James Matthews on the organ built on the Praetorius model for Freiburg University. Dr. Eaglefield Hull continues his frank discussion of organ tutors, old and new. Other articles are by Mr. Meyrick Roberts ('The Founders of Modern Organ Building'), Mr. Ernest Adcock (a beautifully illustrated account of some organs at Paris, Rouen, and Chartres), Dr. Audsley, and Mr. Abdy Williams, who relates his experience as a temporary *maestro di cappella* at Capri. Correspondence, reviews, and specifications make up the balance of a capital number, in which, as usual, illustrations are a strong feature.

THE NEW ORGAN AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL:
RECITAL BY DR. W. G. ALCOCK

The first of a series of fortnightly recitals on the Westminster Cathedral organ took place on October 12, Dr. Alcock being the player. He chose an admirable programme—the Mozart F minor Fantasia, a Bach group consisting of 'Schmücke dich,' the great Fantasia on 'Komm, heiliger Geist, Herre Gott,' the first movement of the C major Sonata, and the Fantasia in G, Parry's Elegy and the *Wanderer* Fugue, Franck's A minor Choral, Wolstenholme's *Andantino*, Lemare's *Rêverie*, and Harwood's *Pean*. Dr. Alcock played splendidly throughout, being especially good in the Mozart, Bach, and Parry works. His phrasing was an object-lesson, and a proof that an organ need not be the unrhythmical instrument it is too often made out to be. Of this instrument of Messrs. Willis it is difficult to speak too highly. The diapason tone is magnificent, and the reeds rich and telling. Save for a deficiency of 8-ft. tone on the pedal (noticeable in the Bach Sonata and the 'Komm, Heiliger Geist' piece) there was no effect of incompleteness. The remaining stops will, of course, add to the resources on the recital and orchestral transcription side, but for a programme of pure organ music, such as was played on this occasion, little seemed to be wanting. One great advantage to the instrument is that the acoustic properties of the Cathedral are so good that the texture of the music remains clear, even to the listener at the far end of the building. Messrs. Willis are to be congratulated on this fine organ; even in its unfinished state it is one of the finest and most effective in the country.

H. G.

ST. MICHAEL'S, CORNHILL

A Musical Festival will be held at this Church on November 13, 14, 15, and 16. An organ recital will be given at 1 o'clock each day, the players being Dr. Harold Darke, Dr. Henry Ley, Dr. W. H. Harris, and Dr. W. G. Alcock, in the order named. The evening concerts are at 6. On the 13th the St. Michael's Singers will perform a Bach programme: *Bide with us, How brightly shines, &c.* On the following evening will be given a recital of English church and organ music, with Mr. Thalben Ball at the organ. On November 15 a string orchestra will join the St. Michael's Singers in works by Byrd, Bach, Holst, Parry (*Blest Pair of Sirens*), &c. The Festival will end with a programme that includes Brahms's *Song of Destiny*, Parry's *Beyond these voices*, Darke's *The Kingdom of God*, and Bach's *O fire everlasting*. There is a fine list of soloists, and Dr. Darke will conduct.

LEEDS PARISH CHURCH

As usual during Festival week a fine list of music was sung at the Parish Church. The settings of canticles included Alcock in B flat, Macpherson in E flat, Bairstow in D, Noble in B minor, Purcell in G minor, Wesley in C, Lee Williams in F, Gibbons in F, Harwood in E minor, &c. Among the anthems were Wesley's *The Wilderness*, Stanford's *The Lord is my Shepherd*, Bach's *Sing ye to the Lord*, and Purcell's *O give thanks*. The organ music reached the same high level—Stanford's Fantasia and Toccata, Macpherson's Fantasy-Prelude, Bairstow's Toccata-Prelude on 'Pange Lingua,' Franck's third Choral, Parry's *Wanderer* Fugue, &c. The whole shows that Dr. A. C. Tysoe is maintaining the high traditions of this famous centre of Church music.

LONDON SOCIETY OF ORGANISTS: BATTERSEA AND
CLAPHAM BRANCH

A very successful meeting was held on Saturday, September 30, when a party of members—by kind permission of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury—visited Lambeth Palace. An enjoyable time was spent in and about the old buildings, the library and chapel being found especially interesting, the organ in the latter being shown by Mr. C. M. Wood (organist to the Palace Chapel). A visit was afterwards made to Lambeth Parish Church, where an organ recital was given by Mr. Herbert Hodge, and the history of this old Church and its organs explained by the Rev. Andrew Freeman, who also allowed members to inspect his collection of drawings of organ cases.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, TENBURY

At the Dedication Feast the music sung included Palestrina's Mass *Aeterna Christi munera*, a MS. Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis by Thomas Hunt (about 1600), Purcell's *Te Deum* in D, and Ouseley's *How goodly are thy tents*. Dr. W. H. Harris, of New College, Oxford, gave an organ recital, playing his own Fantasia on Campion's *By Babylon's Streams*, Buxtehude's Prelude and Fugue in G minor, Franck's Pastorale, the slow movement from the *London* Symphony, and two of Bach's Choral Preludes.

THE LATE GEORGE HERBERT GREGORY

It is proposed to place in the Parish Church of Boston a memorial to George Herbert Gregory, who for over forty years served this famous Church as organist and choir-master. Any of his old friends who wish to help are asked to send their subscriptions to the 'Gregory Memorial Fund' to Lloyd's Bank, Boston, or to the hon. secretary and treasurer, Mr. F. Pratt, 15, Wide Bargate, Boston.

SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL

The Saturday Musical Services which have been so notably successful during recent years will be resumed on November 11, when Brahms's *Requiem* and Elgar's *For the Fallen* will be sung, with the London Symphony Orchestra.

The Bristol branch of the Church-Music Society opened its season on October 5, with a congregational practice and Evensong at All Saints' Church, directed by Mr. Arnold Barter, with Mr. W. E. Kirby at the organ. There was a large attendance. On Saturday, November 18, at 3, Dr. Walford Davies will conduct a Hymn Festival at St. Mary Redcliffe, and on November 28, at the Cathedral Chapter House, the Rev. Maurice Bell will lecture on 'The musical rendering of the Evening Canticles.'

We have received the programmes of the twenty-fifth series of recitals given at Glasgow Cathedral, by Mr. Herbert Walton. They cover a wide field, and it is good to see played at these popular recitals such works as Franck's Pastorale, the Preludio from Rheinberger's sixth Sonata, and the same composer's Fantasia-Sonata, Bach's Passacaglia, and Saint-Saëns's Prelude and Fugue in B. The amazing popularity of the recitals is shown by the fact that the attendance at the series totalled 12,683.

The Rev. G. R. Woodward will lecture on 'Carols' at St. Mary Aldermary, on November 4, at 3 o'clock. Illustrations will be sung by the choir, directed by Mr. Alan May. A lecture on 'Elizabethan Motets' will be given by Mr. Alan May, at St. Mary Aldermary on December 2, at 3, with illustrations by the choir. Some of the items sung will be from the syllabus of the forthcoming Elizabethan Competitive Festival.

Mr. H. Matthias Turton, organist of St. Aidan's, Leeds, recently gave a lecture-recital on 'Vierne's Organ Symphonies,' at Manchester Cathedral, before a gathering of the Manchester and District Organists' Association. He played the third Symphony, three movements from the second, and the Finale from the fourth.

The Liverpool Church Choir Association announces an excellent list of music for its fifteenth Annual Festival, which takes place at St. George's Hall on November 21. Dr. Charles Macpherson will be present, and will conduct his *Te Deum* in E flat and his anthem, *The Heavens declare*.

Mr. G. D. Cunningham will give a series of three recitals at St. Alban's, Holborn, on November 6, 13, and 20, at 6.30. The programmes are first-rate, and include works by Howells, Franck, Widor, Rheinberger, Bach, and Reubke.

At the Harvest Festival services held at Sutton (Surrey) Congregational Church on September 24, Spohr's *God, Thou art great* was sung by an augmented choir. Mr. W. Hedley Staniland was at the organ.

Mr. Herbert Hodge will play all the A.R.C.O. and F.R.C.O. test-pieces set for the January examination at his Tuesday one o'clock recitals at St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, during November.

On November 7, at 8 o'clock Parts 2 and 3 of Gounod's *Redemption* will be sung at All Saints' Church, Battersea Park.

ORGAN RECITALS

- Mr. J. Albert Sowerbutts, St. Lawrence Jewry—Fantasy—Prelude, *Bristow Farrar*; Symphony No. 6 (first movement), *Widor*; Canzonetta and Siciliano, *Reger*; Prelude and Fugue in B major, *Dupré*. St. Stephen's Walbrook—Prelude in E flat, *Bach*; Prelude on a Theme of Tallis, *Darke*; Prelude and Fugue in F minor, *Dupré*; Finale (eighth Symphony), *Widor*.
- Mr. Patrick A. Black, Dumbarton Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Pastorale, *Franck*; Overture in C minor, *Hollins*.
- Mr. G. A. Birch, Wincanton Parish Church—Prelude on 'Sleepers, wake!' *Bach*; Overture, 'Magic Flute'; Grand Chœur in G minor, *Hollins*; Overture, 'Prometheus.'
- Mr. A. E. L. Burr, St. John's, Bognor—Prelude on 'In dulci jubilo,' *Stanford*; Pavane, *Byrd*; Fugue in E flat, *Bach*.
- Mr. A. Leech Wilkinson, All Saints', Princes Park, Liverpool—Fantasia (Sonata No. 13), *Rheinberger*; Psalm-Prelude No. 3, *Howells*; Prelude to 'Gerontius,' *Dr. George P. Allen*, St. Peter's, Mansfield—Overture Miniature from 'Casse Noisette' Suite; Arabesque in G, *Debussy*; Toccata, *d'Evry*.
- Mr. F. Kitchener, Bognor Parish Church—Grand Prelude and Fugue, *Holbrooke*; Polonaise in A, *Chopin*; 'On the Mount of Olives,' *Kitchener*; 'Ave Maria,' *Arcadelt-Liszt*.
- Mr. Philip Dore, Bognor Parish Church—Passacaglia, *Bach*; Allegro and Scherzo (Symphony No. 2), *Vierne*; Allegro (Symphony No. 1), *Maleingreau*; Pastorale, *Roger-Ducasse*.
- Mr. M. B. Kidd, Kelso Parish Church—Scherzo in B flat, *Wolstenholme*; Marche Héroïque, *Saint-Saëns*; Serenade, *Ole Olsen*.
- Mr. John Newton, Christchurch Priory—Prelude and Fugue in G, *Bach*; 'Skandinavisches,' *Rheinberger*; Allegro (Sonata No. 1), *Borowski*.
- Mr. Maurice Popplestone, All Saints', Clevedon—Sonata No. 6, *Mendelssohn*; Evening Song, *Baird*; Finale in B flat, *Wolstenholme*; 'Finlandia.'
- Mr. Harry Wall, St. Mary-le-Bow—First Suite, *Lyon*; Adagio (Sonata No. 3), *Bach*; Canzona and 'Pax Vobiscum,' *Karg-Elert*; 'Laus Deo,' *Grace*.
- Mr. Sinclair Logan, National Institute for the Blind—Prelude and Fugue in B minor, *Bach*; Marche Héroïque, *Saint-Saëns*; Minuet Antique, *Walling*; Prelude in C and Rondino, *Wolstenholme*.
- Dr. R. Walker Robson, Christ Church, Crouch End—Allegro Maestoso (Sonata in G), *Elgar*; Fugue, *Reubke*; 'Skandinavisches,' *Rheinberger*; Rhapsody No. 1, *Howells*; Prelude and Fugue in A, *Bach*.
- Mr. Herbert Fillingford, St. George's Hall, Liverpool—Overture in C, *Adams*; Sonata in D minor, *John E. West*; 'The Storm,' *Lemmens*.
- Mr. E. E. Vinnicombe, St. Peter's, Sudbury—Imperial March, *Elgar*; Sonata No. 6, *Mendelssohn*; Covenanters' March, *Hailing*; Concerto in D minor, *Handel*.
- Mr. Ambrose P. Porter, St. Matthias's, Richmond—Passacaglia and Fugue, *Bach*; Elegiac Romance, *Ireland*; 'The Sea,' *Arnold Smith*; Toccata, *Reger*.
- Mr. Bertram Hollins, Beckenham Congregational Church—Sonata in A flat, *Rheinberger*; Symphony No. 5, *Widor*.
- Mr. Herbert Hodge, St. Stephen's Walbrook—Prelude and Fugue in D minor, *Mendelssohn*; Allegro in F, *Gade*; Sonata in E flat minor, *Rheinberger*; 'Sposallizio,' *Liszt*.

APPOINTMENTS

- Mr. L. W. T. Arkell, organist and choirmaster, Parish Church, Blechingley, Surrey, and conductor of the Blechingley Choral Society.
- Mr. Edmund J. Doherty, organist, St. Mary and St. Michael, Commercial Road, E.
- Mr. F. J. Edwards, organist and choirmaster, St. Mary's Parish Church, Enniscorthy.
- Mr. Allan Fortune, organist and choirmaster, Ingrow Parish Church.
- Mr. F. H. Haywood, organist and choirmaster, Calry Parish Church, Sligo.

- Mr. Frederick W. Hicks, organist and choirmaster, St. Saviour's St. Albans, Herts.
- Mr. Claude P. Keeble, organist, St. Peter's, Cricklewood.
- Mr. J. E. W. Lord, organist and choirmaster, First Presbyterian Church; organist and choirmaster, Temple Beth Or; and Director of Organ Department at the Women's College of Alabama—all at Montgomery, Alabama.
- Mr. Albert Orton, organist and choirmaster, St. Anne's, Soho.
- Master R. Alwyn Surplice, organist and choirmaster, Pangbourne Parish Church.
- Mr. Leonard L. Wilkin, organist and choirmaster, Stratford Central Hall, E.

Sharps and Flats

Audiences are beginning to find out how easy it is, under modern conditions, to write music that bustles along energetically so long as it is saying nothing in particular, but collapses like a pricked bladder as soon as it aims at saying something arresting; any school-boy can keep a lighted stick twirling, but is apt to show himself a school-boy when he begins to talk.—*Ernest Newman*.

'What do you think of —'s music? I asked.

'I like it,' he enthused.—*Interview in American musical journal*.

'I don't mind being stared at. I am used to it by now. *Tetrazzini*.

Train your voice. Speak low. When you see you are losing your temper, if you drop your voice about a third you will find you will regain control of yourself. Don't mumble. Pronounce the consonants. Finish your sentences. . . . Don't argue. Discuss. . . . Be courteous. Practice at home. . . . Be polite to your baby.—*Dr. Frank Crane*.

Dr. Frank Crane is a profound influence in modern life.—*Sarah F. Wilson*.

Personally, I do not object to *The Messiah*, and can still enjoy much of its rugged boorishness, but most of *Elijah* has really become intolerable now.—*Eric Blom*.

No one, of course, can play Chopin like Pachmann. But doesn't he know it!—*Hannen Swaffer*.

For an orgy let us turn to Wagner; for strength in the soul and light in the mind we must turn away from him.—*George Sampson*.

I belong to none of the so-called modern schools. I just write as the thoughts come to me.—*Ethel Scarborough*.

Is the bass voice, after all, the characteristic voice of Englishmen, and, if so, why don't our composers write for it? Why do they idly look on while magnificent singers like those heard this morning [at Blackpool] are more often than not compelled for want of something better to do to go walking alone in the depths of the sea, or to groan out the notorious and alcoholic strains of 'Asleep in the Deep'?—*Neville Cardus*.

Let them give us a month's notice of an evening concert in Queen's Hall . . . with a programme devoted to Elgar's second Symphony, a manly interval for beer, and the first Symphony—and I wager they will not have cause to regret their choice.—*Robert Lorenz*.

What, I wonder, would happen if the 'manly interval for beer' were omitted, or insufficiently manly?—*C. T. A. in the Daily News*.

The cutting [on Alexander Gretchaninov] reached me at a moment when I was particularly busy at my pig farm.—*M. Montagu-Nathan*.

A critic is always missing something, unless he adopts the peripatetic method, allowing an impartial quarter of an hour to each event; in that case he runs the risk of missing everything.—*H. C. Colles*.

I do not know who invented musical festivals. And a good thing for him—the inventor. I would smite him with a heavy curse.—*L. Duntun Green*.

It is good to see these festivals in full swing again.—*Eric Blom*.

The Amateurs' Page

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur musicians who wish to co-operate with others.

An Orchestra is being formed for a choral concert to be given at the Town Hall, Hampstead, and the advertiser would be glad to receive names of violinists, viola players, 'cellists, and double-basses (ladies and gentlemen) who would be willing to assist.—J. W. COLEMAN, 24, Hadley Gardens, Chiswick, W.4.

Hammersmith Orchestral Society.—There are vacancies in this up-to-date Orchestra for three 2nd violins, two violas, one 'cello, oboe, 2nd horn, 2nd trumpet, and trombone.—The HON. SECRETARY, 20, Castelnau Gardens, Barnes, S.W.13.

Violinist (lady) wishes to meet other instrumentalists with view to forming string trio or quartet for mutual practice.—B., 64, Parkstone Avenue, Emerson Park, Hornchurch, Essex.

Instrumentalist wishes to meet pianist (gentleman) for mutual practice.—L., 9, Westfield Road, Beckenham.

Flautist wishes to join trio or quartet party or small orchestra.—L., 9, Westfield Road, Beckenham.

Baritone would like to meet enthusiastic singers for study of Madrigals and Motets. Must be good sight-readers. Twickenham, Hounslow, St. Margarets, and Isleworth districts.—H. BIRCHALL HUDSON, 45, Kneller Road, Whitton, Twickenham.

Vacancies for sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses interested in the study of Bach's cantatas, &c. Good readers essential. Rehearsals, Thursday evenings. Near Aldgate Underground Station, within three minutes of Liverpool Street and Fenchurch Street.—E. A. S., 22, Shelley Avenue, Manor Park, Essex.

'Cellist and viola player required to complete trio and quartet. Times of practices to be arranged.—E. A. S., 22, Shelley Avenue, Manor Park, Essex.

Pianist would like to join vocalist or instrumentalist for practice, or would join amateur orchestra. Portsmouth district.—A. H., c/o *Musical Times*.

Amateur instrumentalists required for the Wallasey Orchestral Society. Conductor, Mr. Fred Hanley (of the Hallé Orchestra). Rehearsals, Wednesday evenings at 8.—Apply, Hon. Sec., Mr. G. F. RAWCLIFFE, 12, Westminster Road, Liscard, or to Mr. HANLEY, 35, Mount Road, New Brighton.

Pianist wishes to meet violinist and 'cellist for mutual practice. Good musicians. Coventry district.—W. H., c/o *Musical Times*.

Violinist, aged seventeen, would like to meet young pianist, good accompanist, one evening a week for mutual practice. Reading district.—H. WALSH, c/o *Musical Times*.

Percussion player (timpani, drums, &c.) would deputise or join orchestra which possesses instruments. North London district.—H. H. W., c/o *Musical Times*.

Lady pianist wishes to meet either vocalist or violinist for practice, or would join amateur orchestra. Within easy distance of Forest Gate.—F. V. D., c/o *Musical Times*.

Violinist (lady), amateur, would like to join small dance orchestra, or join pianist to play at dances, concerts, or parties. Near Birmingham.—FAIRFAX, c/o *Musical Times*.

Amateur instrumentalists and vocalists are cordially invited to join the St. Katherine Cree Orchestral and Choral Society. The former rehearses at 5.30 and the latter at 6.30 on Thursdays in the Church Hall, India House, 84, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.—Apply, The Secretary.

Dance and Jazz violinist with long experience, would like to hear from small amateur orchestra, or pianist interested in above, requiring leader.—236, Malpas Road, S.E.4.

Lady pianist would like to play for orchestra, or accompany for concert party. District not far from Romford preferred.—G. S. M. ROSEWELL, Squirrels Heath Avenue, Gidea Park.

Pianist and violinist (ladies) wish to meet other instrumentalists to practise quartets. Romford district.—W., c/o *Musical Times*.

Contralto, trained (deep natural production), desires mutual practice. Duets, quartet, or similar.—I. HILL, 97, Honor Oak Park, S.E.23.

The Kensal Rise Brotherhood Orchestra, of Kensal Rise Wesleyan Church, Wrentham Avenue, N.W.16, will welcome amateur instrumentalists, especially viola, 'cello, and wood-wind. Rehearsals on Thursday evenings in the Church Hall at 8.10.—A. FENTIMAN, secretary, 42, Bathurst Gardens, N.W.10.

Dorian Symphony Orchestra, Westminster, invites keen amateurs playing violin, viola, 'cello, oboe, or French horn, to rehearse best music (classical and modern).—For particulars of membership, write, stating instrument, &c.—to SECRETARY, The Green, Twickenham.

Violist and violoncellist wish to meet two violinists to complete string quartet. New Cross.—A. B., c/o *Musical Times*.

Pianist would be glad to meet a violinist for mutual practice of classical pianoforte and violin works. Must be a good player, and keen. Can also form a trio.—Mr. N. NUTBROWN, 5, Talfourd Road, Peckham, S.E.15.

Letters to the Editor

'WANTED: COMPOSITIONS FOR WIND INSTRUMENTS'

SIR,—I was much interested in Mr. Algernon Ashton's letter in this month's issue of the *Musical Times*, and thoroughly endorse all that has been said with regard to the scarcity of, and need for, *original* compositions for the wood-wind. But as one who for many years played and loved the bassoon, I cannot agree with Mr. Ashton in the unkind remarks he makes about it as a solo instrument. Anyone who heard the late Mr. E. F. James play must have been struck by the beautiful roundness of tone he evolved from his bassoon, and as a former pupil of his I must carry the challenge forward.

It is all a case of the artist in the player, and the art in perfection of the instrument played upon, just the same as in the pianist and the pianoforte. Who does not know and appreciate all the differences!—Yours, &c.,

30, Lithos Road, N.W.3.

FRANCES SHORTIS.

October 5, 1922.

SIR,—I have read Mr. John Parr's letter in your September issue, wherein he seeks the reason for the dearth of music for wind instruments. There are many of us who are aware of the considerable number of players on the flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, but publishers seem to show great reluctance to publish works for these instruments, especially if the composer is unknown.

About a year ago I wrote a Suite for clarinet and pianoforte. I showed it to Mr. Charles Draper, who liked it very much, and gave me a letter recommending the Suite to Messrs. —. I also obtained a letter of recommendation from my composition master, Dr. Vaughan Williams.

After a performance at a Royal College of Music chamber concert, the work was submitted to the publishers, who asked to have it played to them. A pupil of Mr. Draper, Mr. Frederick Thurston (to whom I am indebted for the Royal College performance), played the Suite to certain members of the publishing firm, and in due course I received a letter saying that they feared the heavy cost of publication would not be returned by the sales they might make of the work. This I fear is the experience of many young composers.—Yours, &c., H. STANLEY TAYLOR.

135, Lavenham Road, S.W.18.

October 10, 1922.

'AN EARLY GREEK HYMN'

SIR.—When the October number of the *Musical Times* arrived I opened it casually on page 724 and read that very interesting letter from Mr. C. F. Abdy Williams on 'An Early Greek Hymn.' I was surprised to learn that there is so much doubt and uncertainty among experts regarding Greek rhythms.

It happens that I am endeavouring—in a series of 'Studies for Children on the Appreciation of Music'—to explain the poetry of rhythm, and in my own studies on the subject I have alighted upon an alarming disagreement between Riemann's and Grove's *Dictionaries of Music*.

I had written a chapter explaining that in the line:

'Oh dear : what can the : matter be :'

the first rhythm was a Spondee ♩ and the second and third a Pyrrhichius ♪♪—information derived from Riemann. Before having my MSS. typed I wished to prove those points, so I consulted Cassell's *Encyclopaedic Dictionary*. There I discovered that Pyrrhic (Pyrrhichius) was ♪—and a most fascinating story: Pyrrhic dance, 'A species of dance said to have been invented by Pyrrhus to grace the funeral of his father, Achilles. It consisted chiefly in such an adroit and nimble turning of the body as represented an attempt to avoid the strokes of an enemy in battle, and the motions necessary to perform it were looked upon as a kind of training for actual warfare. This dance is supposed to be described by Homer as engraved on the shield of Achilles. It was danced by boys in armour, accompanied by the lute or lyre.'

Then I consulted Grove and found that Pyrrhic was duple ♪♪ (not ♪♪♪ according to Riemann), and that the triple rhythm I wanted to describe was Tribach ♪♪♪.

Will some kind person unravel this confusion, and explain which authority is right? In my book I want to relate—if possible to every important rhythm—any such fascinating legend as the one quoted above, but I cannot find any others. Will one of your wise and learned readers kindly refer me to some book that would help me? If ½-time can have such a delightful legend, why not some of the others?

SWISHING.

(With apologies to William Allingham.)

Ring-ting ! I wish I were a SPONDEE,

A slow-going SPONDEE, slouching through the Spring !

The ANAPÆSTS above me,

The AMPHIBRACHS to love me,

The CRETICUS to creep across,

The DACTYL for our King.

—Yours, &c., ERNEST AUSTIN.

Drove Cottage, Wallington, Surrey.

October 3, 1922.

ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND

SIR,—I am extremely sorry that my excellent friend, Mr. Guy M. Campbell, Principal of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, should have cause to feel aggrieved at the omission to mention his magnificent School in the report of the R.C.O. successes sent to you from the National Institute for the Blind, while at the same time (and quite inadvertently) another school was named in a further instance.

It is quite true that by far the greater number of successful blind candidates at the R.C.O. are those of Royal Normal College students. Owing to the exigencies of space, the National Institute—when reporting R.C.O. successes—usually omits the names of the various Blind Schools or of private teachers who prepare the candidates. In this very instance, where another school was named, we have since found that the principal credit was due to Mr. F. W. Belchamber, who coached the candidate after he had left school.

I hope Mr. Campbell will accept this frank explanation. The National Institute is concerned with all the interests of all civilian blind, and is only too anxious to place credit wherever it is due.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD WATSON

(Director of Music Publications).

224-6-8, Great Portland Street, W.1.

October 4, 1922.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL

SIR,—At this excellent Festival Bach was, for some reason, only represented by his Motet, *Now shall the grace*. In various critical notices of the performances a feeling is somehow suggested that this work did not sound particularly effective. But what surely must be the true reason for such disappointment has not, so far as I am aware, been pointed out. In the *Bach-Gesellschaft* edition of the composer's works this Motet is given with accompaniment to the voices, mostly of an independent character, for three trumpets, three oboes, timpani, and strings. Thus, together with the eight voices, it is possible in places to count anything up to fifteen parts, all moving apparently at their own sweet will. A much-used figure of quavers and semi-quavers constantly appears in the orchestra, quite apart from the movement of the voices. And at times the essential bass is found in the 'continuo,' not in the vocal score. The effect of the work given in its completeness would no doubt be most exhilarating. Gloucester gave us but a 'maimed rite,' so far as I can see.—Yours, &c.,

Cheltenham.

GEORGE GARDNER.

October 6, 1922.

PURCELL FOR SMALL ORCHESTRAS

SIR,—In the October issue of the *Musical Times* mention is made of a West of England concert at which music arranged from Byrd, Purcell, &c., was performed by a small orchestra. To quote your notice:

'The Purcell Suite suffered from the fact that the conductor had scored the movements himself—a task which he frankly admits was above him. He feels strongly that a great deal of Purcell should be available for small orchestra, and we agree.'

Perhaps it would be of interest to this conductor and others to know that a Suite for small orchestra, arranged from the virginal pieces of Giles Farnaby, Byrd, and other Old English masters, is available.

This Suite, known as an *Elizabethan Suite*, is arranged from the music of the ballet, *A Masque at the Court of Queen Elizabeth*, performed at the Oxford Musical Festival in May of this year, and was scored by myself from the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*. It is now deposited in Messrs. Goodwin & Tabb's Library of Manuscripts.—Yours, &c.,

1, Homefield Road, S.W.19.

GORDON JACOB.

October 11, 1922.

MILTON'S ODE ON THE NATIVITY

SIR,—I am enclosing the first few bars of a setting of Milton's *Ode on the Nativity*, which I remember hearing some time ago. I should be glad if anyone could furnish particulars of composer and publisher:



—Yours, &c.,

O. H. HADAMS.

43, Ashted Road, E.5.

September 26, 1922.

WARNING TO
VOCALISTS, INSTRUMENTALISTS, Etc.

SIR,—May I bring the following to the notice of your musical readers? Yesterday a young lady vocalist called on me asking for an audition. I told her that I had over five hundred good artists on my books, and there was no prospect of an engagement in the near future. She informed me that she received a letter to come to London for an audition. Her fare was eighteen shillings, she had to pay twenty-one shillings entrance fee, and an extra five shillings for the audition. I think it is time this scandal was made public. There are many unemployed in our overcrowded profession, and artists should be careful before parting with any money to agencies or concert-directions of a kind which get their living by promising remunerative

engagements if entrance and audition fees are paid. Such cases are happening daily, and it should be known that no genuine concert or theatrical direction accepts fees for auditions.

I trust you will publish this letter for the benefit of your readers.—Your-, &c., A. E. MILGROM.

317, Regent Street, W. 1.
October 17, 1922.

'A WORD ON THE ORGANIST'

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Eric Brough in your October number will doubtless be read with interest by that section of the organ world for whom his remarks are intended. We cannot, of course, get away from the fact that prestige in every profession, music perhaps most of all, is a matter of comparisons, but as one convinced that the English school of organ playing stands to-day pre-eminent, I would ask, Is it really necessary to suggest the comparison that Mr. Brough tacitly assumes when we have in our midst accomplished purists in organ playing of the type of Dr. Ley and Dr. Darke, or concert players equipped with unrivalled technique and a facility in recasting in terms of organ tone the many-voiced scores of the great masters, of the calibre, say, of an Ellingford of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and others? English artists *hoc genus* can indeed be worthily coupled with a Dupré on the one hand and a Bonnet on the other without fear of contradiction.—

Chattisham, Ipswich. Yours, &c., A. H. STEVENS.
October 12, 1922.

'THE RAFF CENTENARY'

SIR,—Your correspondent's letter in praise of Raff's Symphonies, as played by the L.C.C. Orchestra, recalls happy memories of pre-war days. But it would hardly be profitable to advocate that his *Lenore* should figure at the Promenade or other concerts: for at Queen's Hall only the very highest class of music obtains a hearing. As one who has occasionally yawned on those premises, I sometimes long to hear a programme of thoroughly low-class music—a programme comprising some such items as the following:

March ...	'A Swedish Wedding' Södermann
Overture ...	'The Fair Melusina' Mendelssohn
Ballet Music ...	'Feramors' Rubinstein
Symphony ...	'A Rustic Wedding' Goldmark
Irish Rhapsody No. 1 ...	'Incidental Music' Stanford
Gipsy Suite ...	'Merchant of Venice' Sullivan
Scenes from the South German
1. Andalusienne. 2. Bolero. 3. Moorish Dance Song. Nicodé
4. Serenade. 5. A Provencal Tale. 6. In the Tavern. Meyerbeer
March ...	'Schiller' Meyerbeer

—Yours, &c., J. H. HOBBS.

11, Devonshire Road, S.W.8.
October 12, 1922.

THE 'GENIAL' SRIABIN

SIR,—The Bolshevik manifesto (if that be the right word) on proletarian and bourgeois music, which was reproduced in *The Times* a few days ago, has given rise to a good deal of discussion. I have no wish to join in it, but only want to draw attention to one small point. Most of the writers on this subject have expressed surprise, as well they might, at the mention of 'the genial Scriabin'—a most inappropriate epithet. The real explanation of it is probably far simpler than any we have had. I imagine that the document reached us via Germany, and someone was misled by the word 'genial.' In German it does *not* mean cheerful, kindly, or humane, but only 'possessed of genius.' Thus a German can talk of 'genial' inhumanity, meaning the unconscious cruelty sometimes exercised by genius. The word has come to have a slightly disrespectful tinge—as when Heine (I think it was Heine) spoke of artists who try to show how 'genial' they are, by wearing impossible clothes and not washing.—Yours, &c., A. K.

The December concert of the Novello Choir at Bishopsgate Institute will take place on the 21st—not on the 19th, as previously announced. There are vacancies for all voices, especially altos and tenors.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

A new academical year opened with the Michaelmas term on Thursday, September 21, when in addition to a very large entry of ordinary pupils, there were nearly seventy entries for the Special Teachers' Training Course. For this course the Academy provides classes of children to which the various professors give model lessons, the student-teachers afterwards taking the classes in hand and giving lessons under the supervision of the professors. The course is therefore of an eminently practical character, and is of the greatest value to those who desire to become efficient teachers and also to qualify for registration.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 25, the Principal gave the first of a course of four lectures upon the 'History of Music,' dealing with the early development of music. The lectures are given on Wednesday afternoons in the Duke's Hall.

APPOINTMENTS

Pianoforte.—Leo Livens, A.R.A.M.
" Egerton Tidmarsh, A.R.A.M.
Elocution.—Mrs. Matthey, F.R.A.M.

AWARDS

The Broughton Packer Bath Scholarship (Violoncello).—Awarded to Albert E. Killick (a native of London), Emlyn C. Samuel being commended. The adjudicators were Messrs. J. T. Lockyer and W. E. Whitehouse.

The Sainton-Dolby Scholarship (Contralto).—Awarded to Violet S. Turnbull (a native of Cape Town, South Africa). The adjudicators were Mr. Marcus Thomson, Miss Mary T. Wilson, and Miss Pitt Soper (in the chair).

The Thalberg Scholarship (Pianoforte).—Awarded to Kitty M. Roe (a native of Queenstown), Dorothy B. Folkard and Olga M. Thomas being very highly commended, and Lilian J. G. Furze commended. The adjudicators were Miss Isabel Gray, Miss Ivy Herbert, and Messrs. W. J. Kipps and Herbert Lake (chairman).

The Campbell Clarke Scholarship (Soprano and Mezzo-soprano).—Awarded to Rose Alper (a native of Wynberg, South Africa), Doris G. Sheppard being highly commended, and Stella Brown and Doris Storey commended. The adjudicators were Miss Evelyn Langston and Mr. Frederick Keel.

The Ada Lewis Scholarships have been awarded as follows:

Pianoforte.—Awarded to Francis G. Britton (a native of London), Reginald G. Oakley and Gladys E. Lovell being very highly commended. The adjudicators were Messrs. Edward Morton, Septimus Webbe, and Thomas B. Knott (chairman).

Violin.—Awarded to L. Josephine Hurd (a native of London), Isidore Hoddes and Harry Sandler being commended. The adjudicators were Miss Elsie M. Nye and Messrs. James T. Lockyer and Frank Arnold (chairman).

Contralto.—Awarded to Nora E. Greene (a native of London), Doris K. Gibbs being highly commended. The adjudicators were Miss Mary T. Wilson and Mr. Arthur Thompson.

THE R.A.M. CENTENARY THEATRE

At the Centenary celebrations of the Royal Academy of Music, which took place during July, it was announced that as a permanent memorial of this important landmark in the history of the R.A.M. it had been decided to build a Theatre adjoining the Academy in order that adequate opportunities might be available for the production of operas and plays by the students as part of their training. A suitable site has been secured, and the plans of a small theatre approved, the cost of building and equipment of which amounts to about £30,000. The appeal which was made by Lord Burnham in his speech at the banquet which brought the Centenary celebrations to a close has had a gratifying response, and about half the sum required has already been subscribed or promised. It is felt, however, that there must be hundreds—probably thousands—of past pupils of the Academy not only in the British Isles but scattered over the British Empire who, though out of immediate touch with the Academy, would wish to be associated with the building and equipment of this Theatre and who would be delighted to send some small

donation to the Building Fund. It is quite impossible for the Academy to communicate directly with such past pupils who have doubtless changed their place of abode several times since their student days. It is therefore suggested that all past pupils who have not received a copy of the Appeal sent out in July and who are willing to give a donation to the Centenary Theatre Fund, should send it as soon as possible to the secretary of the R.A.M., as it is intended to commence building operations in the near future.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The Michaelmas term was inaugurated with an address by Dr. F. W. Russell, late principal of Brasenose College, Oxford. He dealt with the effect of music upon national characteristics, and appealed for the preservation of the musical traits and traditions of England. Music and morals were most closely interwoven, for music was the echo, the outcome, and the vocalisation of national sentiment. Hence if we valued our Anglo-Saxon character, and remembered the stifling effect of superinducing alien forms, we should oppose such 'dumping' as was illustrated in the past by the action of the Church in the Middle Ages with regard to Gregorian tunes, and should refuse to submit to the French, Russian, Negroid, and American influences now at work in our midst. It should never be forgotten that in the background of our insular race there existed beautiful masses of choral work, the madrigal and the mediæval concerted piece, which should form part of the study of all our musicians who desired to make a name.

The usual alternate weekly concerts and recitals were given during the month. Amongst the latter were included a pianoforte and vocal recital by Messrs. Fred Gostelow and Dawson Freer, and another by Miss Maud Agnes Winter and Mr. John Savile.

One of the College students, G. H. Skaer, who holds a University Scholarship, has just passed the first examination for the Durham degree in music.

Successful distributions of certificates took place during the period under review at such important towns as Aberdeen, Dundee, Glasgow, Hanley, and Newcastle, all of which were attended by Sir Frederick Bridge, who in making a comparison of the virtues of the Sol-fa and Old Notation methods, urged in favour of the latter that it was the universal language of music. 'An Englishman, a Russian, an Italian, and a Frenchman might meet together and without being able to speak a word of each others language, they could play a quartet from music.' The distribution at the Greenock centre was attended by the secretary of the College, Mr. C. N. H. Rodwell.

Music in the Provinces

BIRMINGHAM AND DISTRICT.—At the first of a series of symphony concerts by the City of Birmingham Orchestra, given on Wednesday, October 4, at the Town Hall, Mr. Appleby Matthews conducted a stimulating, if unconventional, performance of César Franck's Symphony. The programme included also four of Bantock's *Sappho* songs, along with the Orchestral Prelude to the cycle. The composer conducted, and the vocalist was Miss Dorothy d'Orsay, who sang with admirable control and artistic insight. Hers is a beautiful contralto voice, finding a complement for the variety of its colouring in the intelligence of her interpretations. —The Sunday evening concerts of the City Orchestra, now a regular feature of the winter musical season, have provided some interesting music. Mozart's *Jupiter* and Beethoven's fifth Symphonies have been given, and, among lesser-known works, Gustav Holst's *Marching Song* for orchestra proved extremely enjoyable. —Miss Marjorie Sotham has introduced the mid-day concert to Birmingham, and the venture promises to be successful. A vocal recital by Dr. Tom Goodey included songs by Wolf, Martin Shaw, and some charming folk-songs. Miss Sotham co-operated with Messrs. Frank Venton and

J. C. Hock in the Tchaikovsky Trio at the opening concert, and at another with Mr. Arthur Catterall in a first Birmingham performance of Alfred Wall's Sonata for violin and pianoforte. Mr. Wall shows a sound working knowledge of both instruments and a good structural sense, but on a first hearing the Sonata leaves one with an impression of dourness, its thematic material being hardly grateful. —Of recitals there have been a goodly number for so early in the season. One by Miss Evelyn Stevenson and Mr. Samuel Saul devoted to Old English music drew a large attendance. Miss Edna Iles, who gave a pianoforte recital on September 28, is as yet too immature on the interpretative side to do justice to works like Franck's Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue, or Scriabin's F sharp minor Sonata, but her technical facility promises well. —At a recital by Miss Amy Carter, a singer with a rich-toned, well-produced mezzo-contralto voice, Miss Désirée Ames gave with Mr. Michael Mullinar the first Birmingham performance of Rutland Boughton's Violin Sonata. The main charm of the work is in its note of joy and exultation. It has a programme drawn from Nietzsche, and its inspiration is strongly psychical. —Miss Denne Parker is giving with Prof. Bantock a series of historical song recitals under the auspices of the University. They are intended to illustrate the development of song during the 19th century. Schubert, Loewe, and Wolf were represented in the opening programme on October 13. —A season of opera by the Allington Charsley Company provided some unfamiliar works. What was inaccurately described as a first performance in English of Hérold's *Zampa* was given, Verdi was represented by his *Ernani* and *The Masked Ball*, and Rossini by *The Barber of Seville*. —Choral singing has not yet got into its stride, but on November 15 the City of Birmingham Choir is to give the first public performance of Vaughan Williams's new unaccompanied Mass. —Pachmann has been here to play before the usual crowd, followed by Rosing, with Misses Myra Hess and Irene Scharrer.

BISHOPSWORTH (Somerset).—A new Choral Society has been formed, under the conductorship of Mr. Frank Owen.

BRADFORD.—On behalf of St. Dunstan's Home, a special musical service was held on October 10 in St. Luke's Church, Bradford. Rheinberger's rarely-heard Suite for organ, violin, and cello was played by Mr. Hartwell Robertshaw (organ), Mr. W. Holmes (violin), and Mr. H. Ambler (cello). —The fifty-eighth season of the Bradford Subscription Concerts opened on October 6 with a recital by Cortot and Thibaud in St. George's Hall. There is also a recital by M. Pachmann to put on record. —For the week commencing October 9 the British National Opera Company occupied the stage of the Bradford Alhambra, where in the early months of this year it made so auspicious a début.

BRISTOL.—For purposes of general convenience the headquarters of the Madrigal Society have been moved from the celebrated old Montague Hotel to the Musical Club rooms in Pembroke Road. The rules have been revised, and it is intended to give recitals of sacred music of the Tudor madrigal period in the Cathedral. —With special reference to the forthcoming series of concerts arranged by Messrs. Duck, Son, & Pinker, Mr. Alec Robertson lectured, on September 26, on 'Sonata form,' dealing mainly with the Elgar Violoncello Concerto, César Franck's Violin Sonata, and the *Kreutzer* Sonata. —Roy Lockwood, a youthful pianist, gave his first recital on September 28. —The inaugural meeting of the West of England Musical Education Society was held at the Victoria Rooms on September 30. Mr. Robert Percival, who presided, pointed out that the aims of the Society were to improve the present conditions of teaching in regard to music, standard of performance, and general musicianship, to prepare candidates and provide facilities for carrying out the conditions as laid down by the Teachers' Registration Council, and to provide lectures and recitals on educational subjects and informal meetings for discussion of the various aspects of teaching. The Society consists of teachers and performers of music, amateur and professional musicians, and others interested in musical education. —Lady Beecham's Opera Company opened a week's season at the

Empire on October 2, the first night being occupied by Adrian Beecham's setting in opera form of *The Merchant of Venice*.—Mr. Herbert Parsons gave a pianoforte recital on October 11, playing d'Albert's arrangement of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D, a *Menuet Antique* by Ravel, and a Prelude, Sarabande, and Toccata by Debussy, also works by Dorothy Howell, Albeniz, and John Ireland.

BURNLEY.—The Halifax Glee and Madrigal Society, conducted by Mr. H. Shepley, sang at Burnley on October 6 unaccompanied music illustrative of three periods: From the 12th century to the 17th; the middle period to the end of the 18th century; and the modern period. Bach's Motet, *Sing ye to the Lord*, and pieces by Elgar and Vaughan Williams were given.

CARDIFF.—Mr. Lionel Falkman's Symphony Orchestra on October 8 played *A Slavonic Rhapsody* by Friedemann. —Mr. Garforth Mortimer opened an interesting series of orchestral concerts on the same date. —On October 14 Madame Clara Butt, Mr. Kennerley Rumford (who sang Ireland's *Vagabond* and Raymond Loughborough's *Captain Danny*), Miss Aileen d'Orme, Miss Adela Verne, and Melsa gave a concert in the Empire Theatre. —At the Park Hall concert on October 15 Mr. Montague Phillips and Miss Clara Butterworth rendered some new songs by the former, and the orchestra played the *Rienzi* overture and Saint-Saëns's *Le Rouet d'Omphale*. —At the Capitol, on October 15, Mr. Falkman's orchestra played *The Spirit of Pageantry* (Percy E. Fletcher) and Eric Coates's Suite *The Joy of Youth*.

CHATHAM.—The subscription concerts opened on September 27 with a pianoforte recital by M. Cortôt, which included César Franck's Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue and Liszt's twelfth Rhapsody and *Melodie Polonaise*. —M. Pachmann gave a Chopin recital on September 30, including several of the *Études*. This was the first of the 'international celebrity' series.

CLECKHEATON.—Handel's *Samson* was performed before a congregation of over two thousand in Providence Place Chapel on October 8. Mr. Norman Allin sang the bass solos, and Mr. Charles Archer conducted the augmented choir. The trumpeter was Mr. J. C. Dyson, Mr. Henry Wright was the organist, and other principals were Miss Nellie Judson, Miss Winnie Vipond, and Mr. Wilfrid Hudson.

COLLINGHAM.—The village of Collingham, near Leeds, is probably unique in England for its music. Owing to the enterprise of certain of its residents, recitals by some of the foremost musicians of the day are given frequently in the Memorial Hall. Mr. Hamilton Harty has been a visitor; but the most recent recitalist was de Greef, who, on September 28, joined Mr. Lloyd Hartley in a transcription for two pianofortes of Saint-Saëns's Concerto in G minor. On the same occasion the former played Mendelssohn's *Variations Sérieuses*, Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor, the *Moonlight Sonata*, and a piece by Grétry.

EDINBURGH.—The Powell Subscription concerts were resumed on October 7, the artists being Madame Tétrazini, Mr. Lauri Kennedy, Mr. John Amadio, Signor Bazzio, Mr. Bratza, and Mr. Ivor Newton. —On October 9, the lecture session of the Reid Chair of Music opened with a lecture by Prof. Tovey on 'Some Postulates of Musical Culture.' —Chaliapin paid his first visit to Edinburgh on October 14, with M. Max Rabinovitch, and sang a long programme, chiefly of Russian songs. —On October 16, Miss Beatrice Parkes, soprano vocalist, gave a recital of songs by Schubert, Schumann, Hugo Wolf, Brahms, Vaughan Williams, Cyril Rootham, Elgar, Butterworth, and Arthur Somervell.

EXETER.—The military band of the Coldstream Guards gave two concerts on September 20, conducted by Lieut. R. G. Evans, and included in the programmes were the *Finale* from Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4 and Svendsen's *Carnival in Paris*. —On September 27 the London String Quartet played Debussy's Quartet, Frank Bridge's *London-derry Air*, Percy Grainger's *Molly on the Shore*, and a fairy suite, *The Pixey King*, by H. Waldo Warner. —Exeter and District Organists' Association meeting,

on October 7, reported a membership of fifty-four, a considerable increase. Dr. Ernest Bullock was re-elected president, and Mr. H. Gilberthorpe hon. secretary. —At the first meeting, on October 18, of the session of Exeter Chamber Music Club, of which Dr. Bullock is director of the music, MacDowell's *Celtic Sonata* for pianoforte, Handel's Sonata for flute and pianoforte, No. 5, in F, and Trios for three female voices by Vaughan Williams (*Sound Sleep*) and Elgar (*The Snow*) were among the items performed.

HARROGATE.—Mr. Howard Carr, the municipal director of music, gave on October 3 the first of three lectures on 'Music in the Home.' —On October 10 the opening concert of the winter session of the Three Arts Club took place, when a programme devoted to local composers was presented. —The last of the series of twenty-four Thursday Symphony Concerts at the Royal Hall took place under Mr. Howard Carr's conductorship on October 12, with a programme that included Saint-Saëns's *Africa* (Miss Ethel Davey being the pianist), Haydn's eighth Symphony, in E flat, and Mozart's thirty-eighth, in D.

HUDDERSFIELD.—At its concert on September 30, the Huddersfield Philharmonic Society presented orchestral music including the *Scherzo* and *Finale* of Dvorák's *New World Symphony*, also the *Ruy Blas* and *Don Giovanni* Overtures, besides lighter items by Moszkowski and Délibes. Mr. Wilfred Miller, one of the orchestra, played a *Dream piece* by Delafosse, as clarinet solo.

LEEDS.—An account of the Leeds Musical Festival appears elsewhere in this issue. On September 23, Haydn's *Creation* was sung at Oxford Place Chapel, under the conductorship of Mr. Robert Pickard. —The first of a series of six special orchestral concerts was held in Belgrave Central Hall on October 7, when a section of the Leeds Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Bensley Ghent, played Beethoven's *Egmont* and his Symphony No. 1; also an *Old English Suite* of Cowen. —During the week beginning October 9, Adrian Beecham's musical setting of *The Merchant of Venice* was staged at Leeds Theatre Royal. —The Leeds Committee of the British National Opera Company was entertained on October 13 at a luncheon, by Mr. and Mrs. Percy T. Leigh. It was stated that the Leeds subscriptions to the B.N.O. now amount to about £1,000 as against between £3,000 and £4,000 from Bradford. Mr. Percy Pitt, artistic director of the Company, said he understood that they were visiting Leeds Grand Theatre for one week, commencing on February 26 next. —The winter season of the Leeds Saturday Orchestral Concerts opened on October 14, when Borodin's second Symphony, in B minor, was performed for the first time at Leeds, Mr. Eugene Goossens conducting. —Mr. T. J. Hoggett, lecturer on Music to the University of Leeds, gave the first of a series of discourses dealing with 'The beginnings of Modern Music,' on October 16, when his special subject was 'Beethoven and his later works.'

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Frank Roscoe opened a course of lectures on September 19, in Rushworth Hall, on 'Musical Appreciation.' —A recital was given by Mr. Arthur Shattuck, the American pianist, on October 4. On the same day the Crane Hall mid-week recitals were resumed, Mr. Joseph Greene playing two Sonatas by Dr. Arne, a Fantasy Ballade by Frederick Morrison, Norman Peterkin's *The Centaurs*, a Scherzo by Palmgren, a Fantasy in B flat minor by Swinstead, three Preludes by Scriabin, and Paderewski's *Cracovienne Fantastique*. —Mr. Dolmetsch and members of his family gave the first of their new series of chamber concerts on October 10. The programme included a Fantasy by William Lawes, a Chaconne in D for viole da gamba by Marais, a Trio by Rameau for harpsichord, violin, and viola da gamba, and Bach's E major Concerto for clavichord and strings. —Under the auspices of the British Music Society on October 11, Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser, Miss Patuffa Kennedy-Fraser, and Miss Margaret Kennedy-Fraser gave a recital of Gaelic song. —On October 12 Dr. A. W. Pollitt opened a series of lectures in the Arts Theatre of the University. Each lecture will deal with some of the music to be performed at Liverpool during the

following week.—The thirty-eighth session of the Liverpool Welsh National Society opened on October 14, with a lecture by Dr. D. Vaughan Thomas in answer to critics of Welsh music, who were unacquainted with the language and the laws governing Welsh poetry and literature.—At the Mossel concert on October 14 Miss Irene Scharrer and Miss Myra Hess played Arensky's Minuet and Scherzo for two pianofortes, and Vladimir Rosing sang Cyril Scott's *Invocation to Love*, Moussorgsky's *Death Serenade*, and a Somerset folk-song, *Lord Rendal*.

LIANDUDNO.—The Pier concert season closed on September 30 with a special farewell to Mr. Arthur W. Payne, the conductor of the orchestra, Madame Pauline Donalda and Mr. Edward Holland being the vocalists.—The Winter Garden series of concerts was inaugurated on October 1.

MARGATE.—A notable musical Festival was held here from Saturday, September 23, to the following Thursday. It was under the direction of the Municipality, and the orchestral music was played by the Municipal Orchestra, of which Mr. Bainbridge Robinson is the regular conductor. In the first programme appeared Coleridge-Taylor's incidental music to *Faust* and movements from well-known Symphonies. The second brought Miss Myra Hess and Miss Irene Scharrer in music for two pianofortes, and Mr. Adam Carse's *Boulogne Suite*. On Monday came a 'Ballad' Concert—of a superior order. Tuesday's music was composed, and conducted, by Mr. Edward German, and included the *Theme and Six Diversions*. On the Thursday Dr. Vaughan Williams took charge of his *London Symphony*, and Mr. William Murdoch played César Franck's *Symphonic Variations*. The Festival came to a climax with a concert of Sir Edward Elgar's works, the composer conducting. The programme comprised the second *Wand of Youth Suite*, the *Cockaigne Overture*, a *Pomp and Circumstance March*, and, best of all, the *Violin Concerto*, played by Miss Margaret Fairless. The Festival was a great success, for which thanks are due largely to Mr. John E. Saxby, entertainments manager to the Corporation. A second Festival is confidently expected.

NEWCASTLE.—A new choral society has been formed, to be known as the Oriana Choir, with Mr. Arthur Milner as conductor. Its object is the study of unaccompanied music, with special regard to madrigals, &c., of the Elizabethan and Tudor periods.—The thirty-eighth season of the Chamber Music Society opened on October 12, the Lenin String Quartet playing Ravel's Quartet in F, and Mr. John Goss singing Campion's *I care not* and Dr. Boyer's *Address to the God of War*, with Mr. Edgar Bainton at the pianoforte.

NORTHAMPTON.—Mr. W. F. Marshman's orchestra gave a concert at the Poor Law Institution on October 8, when a well-varied programme was much enjoyed by the inmates. The Master (Mr. Samuel Twisleton) is a keen violinist, and for the past ten years has arranged for occasional concerts of this kind.

OSSETT.—To celebrate its coming of age the Ossett Orchestral Society gave a special concert on October 11, when its new conductor, Mr. Alfred Hemingway, first took up the baton. The programme included the *Overtures to the Magic Flute* and *Raymond*, and Elgar's *Crown of India*.

PLYMOUTH.—Members of the south-western district of the Incorporated Society of Musicians at their thirty-seventh annual general meeting, held under the chairmanship of Mr. David Parkes on September 23, were addressed by Mr. Hugo Chadfield on the reconstruction of the Society. He said that its chief aim was to provide an organization which should represent and protect the interests of professional musicians. The president, Dr. Mann, also spoke to the same effect, and the secretary, Mr. Hedley Lamerton, reported the resignations of several members.—Under the auspices of the Plymouth branch of the British Music Society, a choir consisting of approximately sixty of each of the four local choral societies and instrumentalists from three local bodies, the whole amounting to three hundred performers, gave Eaton Faning's choral ballad, *The Miller's Wooing*, Balfour Gardiner's *Cargoes*, the Epilogue from *The Golden Legend*, 'The Challenge of Thor' (*King Olaf*), and the March from *Tannhäuser*. The

orchestra played a miniature Suite of Eric Coates and the *William Tell Overture*. Mr. David Parkes, Dr. Harold Lake, Mr. Walter Weekes, Mr. Douglas Durston, and Mr. Percy Butchers were the conductors. Miss Olga Haley sang Landon Ronald's settings of three *Song Offerings* from Rabinadrath Tagore.

PORTSMOUTH.—At the Storry concert, on September 18, the Symphony Orchestra produced a new *Lament* by the conductor, Mr. Charles H. Peters. The vocalists were Madame Saltini Mochi and Signor Ugo Fiorentino.—On September 24 Miss Marie Hall played an *Old Chinese Folk-Song* arranged for violin by Eugène Goossens, and Mr. Norman Allin sang Loewe's *Edward*.—On September 25 the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company opened a fortnight's season at the Hippodrome.—The Town Saturday Concerts opened on September 30, when the R.M.A. Band, conducted by Lieut. R. P. O'Donnell, with Miss Eda Kerse as soloist, played Max Bruch's *Scotch Fantasia* and Elgar's *Wand of Youth*.—Contributing to the Municipal Concerts on October 7, Portsmouth Male Choir sang Elgar's *Feasting I watch* and a *Sailors' Chorus* by Perry.

ST. HELENS.—The Glee Club, conducted by Dr. B. S. Siddall, gave an enterprising concert on October 11. The scheme illustrated British music from *Sumer is icumen in* to Arnold Bax, with a programme that few male-voice choirs could attempt. The instrumental music of the evening was of appropriate quality, including as it did Elgar's *Violin Sonata*, played by Mr. Fred Brown and Mr. Arthur Dicks.

SWANAGE.—A concert of more than average merit was given at the Casino on October 2, in connection with the Isle of Purbeck Golf Club. Miss Nora Read, Miss Amy Howell, Mr. Roland Jackson, and Mr. Bertram Jackson sang songs by Dunhill, German, Rachmaninov, Saint-Saëns, &c. Miss Janet Smith played violin solos, and Miss Lilian Edwards recited.

YORK.—On October 7, Mr. Eugène Goossens lectured before the York Centre of the British Music Society, taking as his subject 'Contemporary Developments in Music.' He paid a graceful tribute to Mr. William Baines, the young York composer, whom he described as evidently endowed with genius. Mr. Goossens added that he felt that very soon a new kind of musical expression would appear, though he did not know what form it would take.—Among works proposed for performance by the York Symphony Orchestra are Bach's Concerto in D, for solo flute, violin, pianoforte, and strings, Parry's *English Suite*, the Elgar Serenade, Goossens's *By the Tarn*, and selections from Giles Farnaby and Holst.

Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths:

JOHN F. POWER, one of the oldest and most highly respected of Irish musicians, who died at Clonmel, Co. Tipperary, on September 21. Born in 1839, he showed an unusual aptitude for music at an early age, and was appointed organist of St. Peter and St. Paul's Church, Clonmel, in 1865, holding the post with distinction for close on fifty years. He was, also, for over forty years, professor of music at the famous Mount Melleray Seminary, Cappoquin, Co. Waterford, conducted by the Cistercian monks, and was noted as a voice producer. Some of his songs, notably *She lived beside the Anner* and *Rare Clonmel*, had a great vogue.

A special memoir by Mr. Herbert Thompson of the late SIR CHARLES SANTLEY (who died on September 22) appears on page 784. Below we give a summary of his career.

Charles Santley was born at Liverpool on February 28, 1834. Music entered into his early influences, for his father, a bookbinder, was an organist and his mother a singer. He made an early study of the violin, sang as an alto soloist, then as a tenor, and finally as a bass. At the age of twenty he went to Milan with £40 in his pocket. Here his singing-master, Gaetano Nava, became a friend and did everything in his power to encourage the young Englishman and to help him on his way. In 1857, Santley

made his first appearance in opera as the Doctor in *La Traviata*. After this he fell on difficult times, until Chorley, the *Athenæum* critic, urged him back to England. An interview with John Hullah led to an engagement to sing Adam in *The Creation*. This was the beginning of a career which led gradually upward. In March, 1858, he sang the part of Elijah—afterwards his most famous rôle—for the first time at a performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society. For the next few years, however, he turned his attention to opera. He was Hoel in the first English version of Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. In the winter season of 1860-61 he was with the Company at Her Majesty's Theatre, under Charles Hallé. Next year he made a great success in Italian opera at Covent Garden, under the management of Mr. Gye, but found that his success was unpopular with the Company. Again at Her Majesty's, under the Mapleson management, he appeared as Valentine at the first performance of *Faust* in England. For the next few years—until 1871—he ran a double career on the stage and the platform, always advancing by virtue of his great energy and versatility. After a visit to America, where he played in the Carl Rosa Company and joined Madame Patey and W. H. Cummings in a concert tour, he abandoned the stage and entered into his real career as a concert singer. It lasted thirty years and more, and its greatness is a living memory. In 1907 he celebrated the jubilee of his public career at the Albert Hall, and received the honour of knighthood. His formal farewell occurred at Covent Garden in May, 1911, when he played one of his earliest parts—that of Tom Tugg in Dibdin's *The Waterman*. During the war, at the age of eighty-one, he emerged to sing at a Mansion House concert in aid of the Belgian refugees. In 1889 he married Miss Gertrude Kemble, a niece of Mrs. Kemble.

EDWIN STEPHENSON, on September 20. Since 1914 he had been organist and choirmaster of St. Margaret's, Westminster, where his organ recitals had been a notable feature. He was no less successful as a choir-trainer. At the early age of fourteen he was appointed organist and choirmaster of Cartmel Priory, afterwards going to Sunningdale, St. Michael's, Brighton, the Parish Church, Brighton, and Birmingham Cathedral. From Birmingham he went to Westminster. Mr. Stephenson did good service in restoring to regular use a good deal of Old English church music of the Byrd school. His latest project of the kind was to do honour to Robert Whyte (who was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster), by publishing, by the aid of the St. Margaret's congregation, Whyte's *Lamentations*, which had been specially scored for the purpose at the Christ Church Library, Oxford. During the early days of the war he adapted to English words, and included in the St. Margaret's service lists, some fine examples of Russian church music. He will be best remembered, however, as an organist of outstanding ability. His Saturday afternoon recitals during the winter months drew keen organists from all parts of the London district. He confined his programmes to real organ music, and had a knack of discovering and making known excellent works that were rarely heard elsewhere. He once explained to the present writer that he eschewed transcriptions, not because he had any objection to them; on the contrary, he described them as 'good fun.' He felt, however, that the genuine repertory of the organ received a good deal less than fair play, and, having a fine instrument and a steady public for his recitals, he considered it to be his duty to do propaganda work on behalf of pure organ music of all periods. His technical mastery enabled him to make light work of the most forbidding difficulties, and his audiences at Westminster were enabled to hear such rarely-played works as the Sonatas and larger Chorale Fantasias of Reger, the later Symphonies of Widor, &c. The less familiar works of Bach also appeared in his programmes, and he delighted in such schemes as a series of programmes in which the *Little Organ Book* and the *Catechism* Preludes were played as nearly as possible on the occasions of the Church's year with which they were connected. He was a man of singular modesty and personal charm, and his death at a comparatively early age is a great loss to church music.

JAMES JOHN WALKER, organ-builder, on September 19. He was born on August 21, 1846, and began his career in the workshop of his father, Joseph William Walker. (Walker the elder had been apprenticed to George Pike England, whose father was apprenticed to Richard Bridge, who in his turn was articled to John Harris, son of Renatus Harris. There is thus a direct line from Renatus Harris to the house of Walker. The present factory in Francis Street, Tottenham Court Road, was built in 1848, by Joseph William Walker, who moved thence in 1838 from Museum Street, hard by. Here, ten years before, he had taken over the business of George England.) Much of Mr. Walker's success as an organ-builder was due to the fact that he worked his way from boyhood through every department of the craft. A man of many hobbies, especially those of a scientific bent, he gave much of his leisure to colour photography and to various studies in matters concerning light and heat. He was a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society and a Member of the Royal Institution. The result of his scientific leaning was shown in many successful experiments



Photo by Emery

[Walton & Felixstowe

JAMES JOHN WALKER

in regard to the details of organ-building. Of the quality of his work there is no need to speak: the name of Walker has long been, and will continue to be, honoured among organ-lovers. The best record of his life is his work, and we cannot do better than give a list of some typical instruments, small and large, for which he was responsible: York Minster (1903); Rochester Cathedral (1904); Bristol Cathedral (1907); Shanghai Cathedral, Hong Kong Cathedral, American Episcopal Cathedral at Manila (1909); Roman Catholic Cathedral at Trinidad (1913); Protestant Cathedral at Trinidad (1914); Sandringham Parish Church (1880, and a new instrument in 1909); St. Margaret's, Westminster (1897); Church of the Sacred Heart, Wimbledon (1912); Holy Trinity, Sloane Street (1891); the organ of the Royal College of Music, given by Parry, in 1901, and Harrow School Chapel (1921).

The Cæcilia (Ladies') Trio Choir will resume work for the season after Christmas, to prepare for concert appearances in the spring of 1923. This body, which is honoured with the patronage of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, meets for practice every Wednesday morning at the residence of the conductor, Mr. Herman Klein, 40, Avenue Road, N.W.8, to whom inquiries regarding membership (audition free) should be addressed.

MUSIC IN IRELAND

Mr. F. H. Sawyer was presented with a silver writing set and other gifts by colleagues and former pupils of the Methodist College, Belfast, on leaving that city to take up a position at Greenock. He had been organist of Elmwood Church, Belfast, since 1904.

The 'Mater' Carnival at Dublin, during the last week of September, was enlivened with some good selections of music—all of a popular class.

Prof. John McNeill has been appointed Minister of Education under the Irish Free State, and there is talk of a Minister of Fine Arts and Music.

A new theatre is shortly to be opened in the Rotunda Buildings, Dublin, to be called 'The Everyman Theatre,' yet the glaring need of a concert hall for the Irish metropolis is still unsupplied.

The Ulster Hall (Belfast) organ recitals opened on October 7, when Capt. C. J. Brennan, the City Organist, gave a varied selection, the vocalists being Madame Ella Johnston and Mr. R. M. Kent, with Mr. George Smith at the pianoforte.

The Teach Uiltain chamber music concerts (third season) were inaugurated on October 13, Miss Thompson being leader. The chief item was Brahms's Quartet in A (Op. 26).

Belfast music-lovers are on the *qui vive* for the appearance of Madame Tetrassini, who is billed to appear at the 'celebrity' concert in Ulster Hall on October 17.

In connection with the British Music Society an Irish Area Council has been formed at Belfast, with Mrs. Crofts as hon. secretary.

Musical Notes from Abroad

AMSTERDAM

Only a week intervened between the summer season—which came to an effective close at Scheveningen with Beethoven's Ninth—and the commencement of the winter season. Mengelberg appeared at the first subscription concert, after an absence of unwonted duration. Besides older pieces, such as Mahler's first Symphony, he gave us a first hearing of Henri Rabaud's *Eclogue*, a work that breathes the most tender emotions. The next concert was made conspicuous by Bronislaw Hubermann appearing as soloist for the first time at one of the subscription concerts, which with our audience always counts as a kind of hall-mark. He played the Concerto of Brahms superbly. Small wonder that the announcement of his solo recital a few days later caused the big hall to be filled almost to the very last seat. On this occasion Hubermann played two Concertos (Bach in A minor and Goetz in F), besides Beethoven's *Kreutzer* Sonata.

The French Musical Festival was a great event. Its alleged objective was to give a survey of the present state of modern French music. The realisation of this plan was, however, hampered, inasmuch as the momentary conditions in our operatic life did not permit performances of French opera in the scheme. Works of César Franck were excluded this time, since an entire concert is being reserved to celebrate the Franck Centenary on December 7.

The scheme of the first concert on September 27 included the Prelude to *Le Déluge* by Saint-Saëns, d'Indy's *Symphonie sur un chant montagnard*, Pierné's *Paysages Français*, and Dukas's *L'Apprenti sorcier*, and works of Debussy, viz., *Fantaisie* for pianoforte and orchestra, *Prelude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune*, and *Iberia*. No less interesting was the second concert, which took place on the following night. We heard Roger-Ducasse's charming *Suite Française*, a repetition of Rabaud's *Eclogue*, one of Roussel's new compositions called *Pour un fête de printemps*, which left rather a gloomy impression on the listener, as it certainly did not live up to its cheerful-sounding title. This was followed by Florent Schmitt's fragments from the *Suite Antoine et Cléopâtre*, which drew little response from the audience. The concert finished with Gabriel Fauré's beautiful *Requiem* for chorus, solo, and orchestra. Splendid work was done by our Toonkunst choir.

After this came two chamber concerts. At the first, the Amsterdam String Quartet played Saint-Saëns (Op. 112)

and a Quintet of Pierné. At the second the famous Poulet Quartet, than which a finer body of artists is hardly to be imagined, played the String Quartets of Debussy and Ravel. Between these two works we heard three songs by Lili Boulanger, which gave ample evidence of the extraordinary talent of this young French lady, who died in 1918 at the early age of twenty-five. These were sung by Madame Croiza, who added two of Ravel's daintiest compositions, viz., *Deux Epigrammes* and *Le Noël des Jouets*, Ravel himself giving us a proof of his marvellously fine playing by interpreting the pianoforte parts. The finale of the French Festival, an orchestral concert, presented Widor's Overture and Prelude to Act 2 of his opera, *Les Pêcheurs de Saint-Jean*, songs by Henry Duparc and André Caplet, and the Suite, *Prote*, by Darius Milhaud, who, despite the often excruciating moments his music inflicted on the listeners, came in for a *succès d'estime* as soon as his presence among the audience was known. The climax of the evening was reached in the second part with three works of Ravel (*La Valse*, *Schéherazade*, and the *Rapsodie Espagnole*).

Of the numerous solo recitals I have to make special mention of Harold Bauer's reappearance at Amsterdam on October 9, after many years' absence. Once more he conquered his audience, not so much by his somewhat showy playing of Bach's *Partita* in B minor, but by his magnificent readings of works by Brahms and Chopin, winding up with a performance of Moussorgsky's *Tableaux d'une Exposition* that will not easily be forgotten. A recital of a young Hungarian violinist, Mlle. Ilona Fehér, was more of a curiosity than an artistic event. W. HARMANS.

GERMANY

Das Musikalische Freiburg offers a guide to the manifold musical life of this southern University town. Prominent in a long list are the opening orchestral concert of the season, conducted by Dr. Josef Müller-Blattau (Mendelssohn's Trumpet Overture in C and Strauss's Horn Concerto); a chamber concert—the third—by the Collegium Musicum of the University (living composers of Baden—H. K. Schmid, Franz Philipp, Herman Erpf); concerts of chamber music by Max Reger (two programmes), Paul Hindemith and Lendvai, Josef Haas, Straesser, and Schönberg; and the Harms chamber concerts, organized by a music-loving bookseller.

Kornelius Kun prefers to conduct modern orchestral works, while Fried devotes himself to the classics. Both conductors are also in charge of the operatic performances, chief of which during the last season was Wendland's very successful opera, *Peter Sukoff*, to a text by his wife, Olga Wohlbrück. Among the many choral concerts, mention may be made of Handel's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, given by the Academic Musical Society, under Dr. Müller-Blattau.

BAYREUTH

The theatre on the hill outside Bayreuth has been closed for eight years. Sufficient funds have already been subscribed for the reopening of its world-famous performances, but although rehearsals are in progress, with the co-operation of first-class artists, an examination of the house and its appliances has convinced the authorities that the first public performances cannot take place before the summer of 1924. They will include *Parsifal*, *Die Meistersinger*, and *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. A limited number of patrons' tickets may be had by applying before September 1.

Max Koch, professor at the University of Breslau, has written a new *Life*, in three volumes (Ernst Hofmann, Berlin), which, though it does not supplant Glasenaff's standard work, presents Wagner in a new light, inasmuch as it shows him the product of a development. Koch not only makes use of all the published material that up to 1918 bears reference to Wagner's life, but he lays stress on the importance of Wagner's theoretical writings, leaving the discussion of the musical questions to the professional musician.

MUSICAL FOLK-LORE

In 1915 there appeared a book by Hugo Riemann, *Folkloristische Tonaltitätsstudien* (Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipzig), treating of the pentatonic and the tetrachordal melodic element in the Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Scandinavian.

and Spanish national songs, and on the Gregorian chant. The author's leading thought is the conviction that the melodic invention of a nation or a period is governed by certain melodic types whose discovery explains the idioms which at first sight appear so strange. Yet of greater importance is the historical development of the modern scales from the old forms of the anhemitonic-pentatonic or the diatonic-pentatonic scales, passing over into the tetrachordal old Greek modes and the Church tones of the Middle Ages. The book is to be looked upon as a continuation of the author's *Lehre von den Tonverstellungen* (Musikbibliothek, Peters, 1914-15).

HANS PFITZNER

It is a healthy sign of the times that Hans Pfitzner's romantic cantata, *Von Deutscher Seele* (A. Fürstner, Berlin), seizes the masses. The haste with which so many towns performed the work smacks almost of sensationalism, and reminds us of a performance of a new opera by Richard Strauss in pre-war time. This has nothing to do with the composer's solitary personality, and, indeed, the cantata offers no occasion for party wars. A new book on Pfitzner, by Arthur Seidl (C. F. W. Siegel, Leipzig), has just come to hand, and is a welcome addition to the various 'Lives' hitherto published. It is no biography and no prosaic essay, but a sketch dealing with the composer's personality as man and artist, as musician and organizer, as composer, conductor, and author.

THE FIRST ROMANTIC OPERA

A strange fate befell E. Th. W. Hoffmann's opera, *Undine*, when on July 29, 1817, after a most successful run of twenty-three nights, the theatre was burned down with the costly decorations and all the material necessary for its performance. The composer refused to have it staged at the opera-house, which seemed to him too large, a refusal for which he had to pay dearly, as, apart from an unsuccessful performance at Prague in 1821, the opera became lost to the world. Ninety years passed since the first performance of this unique work until Hans Pfitzner published a pianoforte score with text (C. F. Peters, Leipzig). This being the hundredth anniversary of Hoffmann's death, many German stages performed *Undine*, the first romantic opera, with great success. It remains to be seen whether this success is to last.

In addition to this event, Messrs. I. Engelhorn, of Stuttgart, have published a book of three hundred and twenty pages, containing Hoffmann's literary works, *i.e.*, all his musical novels and those portions of his musical criticisms which are still of value. He was one of the first who recognised the real greatness of Beethoven, and few musical critics have written more enthusiastically, and at the same time more correctly, than did Hoffmann in the essay, 'Beethoven's Instrumentalmusik.'

NEW WORKS

The following works by Alfred Hartig, a pupil of Max Reger and Karl Straube, have been heard at Buchholz: *Golgotha*, a sacred cantata, the 23rd Psalm, the Lord's Prayer, and a Passacaglia for organ. All these compositions, which are looked upon as a gain to sacred music, left a deep impression.

A. Schultz-Stegmann's second Symphony, in G minor (called a *Spring* Symphony), was produced for the first time at Halberstadt under the direction of the composer. Walter Niemann's pianoforte compositions gain in popularity year by year at Berlin. Victor von Frankenberg played his third Sonata, Op. 83 (C. F. Kahnt, Leipzig). The *Suite nach Hermann Hesse*, Op. 71, and the *Scherzo im strengen Stil*, were played by Frida von Mikulicz for the first time, the *Wasserspiele*, Op. 69, by Georg Liebling, at Leipzig.

A NEW GERMAN OPERA

Some time ago the State theatre at Karlsruhe (Baden) produced, with considerable success, the first opera, *Walpurgisnacht*, of a young composer, Max Steidel, treating of the Wagnerian theory of salvation. It has a grandly romantic subject of psychological import, but the poet-composer Steidel walks under the shadow of Wagner. The music is here and there very beautiful, often of a lyrical, then

again of a grim, fantastic or a mocking character. The orchestral language is characteristic and never obtrusive. The composer is a teacher of modern languages at the gymnasium at Karlsruhe. FR. ERCKMANN.

NEW YORK

As usual, it is Fortune Gallo, the manager of the San Carlo Company, who is first heard after the outdoor summer concerts end. During the last few years Mr. Gallo has taken larger and larger houses until his ambition has led him this year to take the Century Theatre for his annual four weeks' season at New York. His theory is that there are many people in this great city who would like to hear opera but who cannot afford Metropolitan prices, and who would be glad to pay a half of them. His theory is right, for his audiences have grown larger and larger each year, until now they are filling the immense auditorium of the Century. Of course it is idle to pretend that the performances compare in any way with those of the Metropolitan, but many good voices are heard, and often the best of them eventually get to the Metropolitan, so several objects are attained. Perhaps the giving of pleasure to many listeners is the principal one, but the affording of a training for singers who prove their ability for more ambitious appearances is not less important. As the operas given are generally the old standard Italian repertoire (with an occasional attempt at Wagner), the work of the Gallo Company also acts as a training-school for listeners, helping them to familiarity with compositions, and to discrimination between the merits of the performers.

This year Mr. Gallo has had a rival in the field of cheap opera. A new Company has been organized by Josiah Zuro, the director of the music in Mr. Reisenfeld's moving picture houses. Mr. Zuro has been connected with various operatic enterprises as conductor, and in his new venture has been directing almost all of the productions himself. He engaged the Brooklyn Academy of Music (possibly with the idea of having a theatre several miles distant from that occupied by Mr. Gallo), and made his first season a short one of two weeks. This was not entirely for prudential motives, for he was thus able to command the best of talent for his orchestra, securing many men who will later play at the Metropolitan but who were for the moment idle. This gave Mr. Zuro a great advantage over Mr. Gallo, as the latter tours the country for a good part of the winter, and cannot afford orchestral players of so high a rank. Neither, it may be added, can he afford such conductors as Mr. Zuro. The repertoire in both Companies was about the same, and good and indifferent voices were heard on both stages. The appearance of Mr. Zuro in the operatic field as both manager and conductor bodes well for the future of cheap opera.

Mischa Elman opened the concert season at Carnegie Hall after an absence from America for more than two years. When he last played, in May, 1920, it was announced that he would go abroad for rest, study, and composition. The compositions do not seem to have materialised, and it must be confessed that rest and study have not wrought any changes in Mr. Elman's methods or mannerisms. He returns with the same virtues and faults that have always marked his career. His tone is large and generally pure, and his technique excellent, but his affectations and sentimentalisms are continually in evidence, and mar almost all his attempts at serious work.

For real serious music played in a thoroughly artistic way we must not yet return to New York, but at this time of the year go to the 'Festivals' in various parts of the country. Chief of these is Mrs. Coolidge's annual Festival of chamber music held at her charming home in the Berkshire Hills. The opening programme was given by the Wendling String Quartet, of Stuttgart, Germany. The leader, Carl Wendling, was concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Gericke. This first concert was devoted to Beethoven, Schumann, and Reger, the second to Brahms. The Sonata No. 2, in E flat, Op. 120, for pianoforte and viola, was superbly played by Mr. Ernest Hutcherson and Mr. Firestone (first viola player of the San Francisco Orchestra). A novelty at an afternoon concert was a Trio in C minor by Gabriel Pierné, who.

is best remembered at New York by his cantata *The Children's Crusade*. This was played by the New York Trio. The various chamber music societies that take part in this Festival come from far and near, the String Quartet of the Chamber Music Society of San Francisco appearing at the Berkshire Festival, and later (for the first time) at Æolian Hall, New York. The Coolidge prize for 1922 was won by a Quartet in F sharp minor for strings, written by Leo Weiner. Another piece played for the first time anywhere was a *Suite Rhapsody* for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, written by Brescia and dedicated to Mrs. Coolidge herself. The munificent way in which Mrs. Coolidge entertains her guests, the quality of the music given in her charming home, so entrancingly set in mountain scenery, the camaraderie of the listeners—most of them professional musicians—all combine to make these Festivals as attractive as they are unique in the annals of art.

M. H. FLINT.

ROME

A bathing fatality at S. Benedetto del Tronto has deprived Rome of one of its most promising young artists in the person of Giacinto Spada, second 'first violin' of the Augusteum Orchestra, and founder of the Roman Quartet, of which he was the leading figure. His untimely death at twenty-three years of age is deeply deplored by the public and the musical press in general.

At the time of writing the *cartelloni* of the Augusteum and Costanzi have not yet been published, but it is known that the forthcoming season will not lack interest. Vittorio Gai, young but well-known in his native Rome, is to be the director of the Costanzi, and Otto Kiemper is to come from Cologne to direct *Siegfried*, with which opera the season will be inaugurated. The second opera is to be Puccini's *Girl of the Golden West*, and amongst the novelties for Rome will figure Franchetti's *Christopher Columbus* in a new edition, Strauss's *Salome*, and Charpentier's *Louise*. The new operas promised include Michetti's *Grazia* and Gioranetti's *Petronio*. Considerable interest has been aroused by the announcement of a visit of Johnson Sullivan, a new Irish tenor, who will appear in *The Huguenots*, in which opera he recently made his début at the Scala of Milan.

At the Augusteum a visit is promised from Stokovski, who is well known at New York, but visits Italy for the first time, and it is probable that Sibelius will also come to Rome this year. The season will be inaugurated at the end of November with Verdi's *Mass*.

The Accademia di Sta. Cecilia informs us that the Capet Quartet, of Paris, will visit Rome during the season, and will interpret all the Quartets of Beethoven.

Finally, December 10 being the centenary of the birth of César Franck, the Amici della Musica is organizing a special Franck commemoration for that date.

Messrs. Ricordi have just published the results of a 'referendum' instituted amongst their clients and readers of *Musica d'oggi* as to which are the most popular works of Verdi and Puccini, from which it appears that *Aida* and *La Bohème* are the best appreciated works of the two masters. There may not be any doubt about the popularity of *Aida*, but it is to be questioned whether the preference given to *La Bohème* is not more academic than practical. If we are to judge from the Italian répertoires, the choice would lie between *La Tosca* and *Madame Butterfly*.

The Prix de Rome has suffered a set-back this year, none of the competitors having succeeded in carrying off the first Grand Prix. The two seconds have been awarded to MM. Bosquet and Steck, and honourable mention has been gained by Mlle. Leleu, all three being pupils of Widor.

A glory of past generations, scarcely known even by name to modern music-lovers, has just died at Turin at the advanced age of ninety-nine years. Virginia Boccabadati-Carignani had been a great star in her day, and had even gained the fame of equalling Patti in certain interpretations. Intimate with all the great musicians of her time, it was a favourite boast of hers that she had been for a short time pupil of Donizetti. After she retired from the stage she dedicated her energies to teaching singing in the Pesaro Lyceum, where she remained up to her old age, when she retired to the Turin widows' retreat.

LEONARD PEYTON.

TORONTO

Unusual enthusiasm has been shown this year in the music at the Canadian National Exhibition. Radio-activity was responsible for wider publicity and more general interest, fully equipped cars giving open-air concerts from Canadian Broadcasting Stations. Band concerts were held in the outdoor stands afternoon and evening. The West India Regiment, Creators, and the Anglo-Canadian concert bands were specially engaged. About twenty local bands were also heard.

It is very gratifying to all interested in music that the Exhibition authorities are as keen to develop public interest in the arts as in the commercial side of our Canadian life. This year two features have made a great impression upon the visitor—a week of Grand Opera in the New Coliseum, which seats seven thousand six hundred, and a Pageant Choir of over eighteen hundred voices representing fifteen choral societies and a hundred and twenty-four church choirs of the city, and conducted by Mr. H. A. Fricker (through the courtesy of the Mendelssohn Choir).

The De Feo Grand Opera Company of New York presented *Aida*, *Carmen*, and *Madame Butterfly* with such evidence of experience and artistic conception, as to overshadow the general run of opera which is meted out to us from the States. Maestro Ugo Barducci merited very warm appreciation for his conducting, and for the fact that his splendid control of the orchestra enabled the audience to hear every bar of solo work in a building which covers eight and a-half acres. Popular prices of one dollar, seventy-five cents, and fifty cents drew large crowds who cannot afford the usual prohibitive figure in the theatres.

The large choir sang before the Grand Stand, which accommodates, roughly, twenty-five thousand people, on two evenings after the Pageant. Four rehearsals only were held, the numbers being chosen for their popularity and rhythmic melody. These were: Handel's *Largo*, *Scots wha hae's*, *Men of Harlech*, *Home, Sweet Home*, *Rail, Britannia*, *Land of Hope and Glory*, *Soldiers' Chorus from Faust*, and *O Canada*. A double band of a hundred instrumentalists accompanied.

The Canadian Bureau for the Advancement of Music has been responsible for a great deal of the enthusiasm and progress this year. 'An Association of those interested in the general music advancement of Canada through the development of music in the home, church, and school,' is receiving wide support in all its work, particularly from the business men of Toronto. A great deal is expected next year as a result of its activities.

H. C. F.

VIENNA

Even at its opening the present season suggests that Vienna's concert life is pursuing the development predicted in my last letter. The season threatens economic disaster. Public attendance for the majority of this season's concerts has been small beyond precedent, and even the Staatsoper is now playing to poor houses save at a limited number of important performances. One of the few productions that obtained a well-filled house at the Staatsoper, even at exorbitant admission prices, was the farewell appearance, prior to her second New York season, of Marie Jeritz. Her success has been phenomenal, both here and at the Metropolitan Opera House of New York.

While the Staatsoper and Volksoper count upon the support of the rich element, the newly-opened 'Opera House for the Middle Class' seems destined to play a vastly important educational rôle with the masses. The opening performance of *Fidelio* had been anticipated with great interest, and it is gratifying to state that such hopes were not disappointed. The singers, recruited chiefly from the Staatsoper, and the orchestra, under Leopold Reichwein, did highly satisfactory work; but the chief interest was the staging, by Dr. Georg Hartmann, of the Dresden Opera. The settings, based on the *Stilbühne* principle, were simple, yet novel and impressive, and effectively enhanced by a skilful use of light and colour contrasts. The financial scheme of the new enterprise is promising: an annual subscription fee of 12,000 kröner entitles the subscriber to one operatic performance a month and to two orchestral concerts a season at a con-

siderable reduction on the box office prices, which are in themselves very moderate. The temporary home of the new venture is the Sophiensaal, a hall formerly used for society balls and sporting events, and Richard Specht, the Vienna musicologist, is its artistic director. It is his plan to produce classic operas and modern standard works, each opera to have a solid month's run. A branch enterprise of the new theatre will be organized for the purpose of producing, from time to time, radically modern and rarely-heard works such as the two 'monodramas' by Arnold Schönberg, *Erwartung* and *Die glückliche Hand*; also Franz Schreker's pantomime, *The Birthday of the Infanta*, and the three one-Act operas by Paul Hindemith.

The critical situation of the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, which I mentioned in my last letter, has suddenly become acute through an announcement by the Tonkünstlerverein and Konzertverein, that these societies are no longer in a position to support the organization financially. The Philharmonic Orchestra being engaged at the Staatsoper nightly, and available for only a few matinee concerts, the disbanding of the Vienna Symphony Orchestra would mean the end of the Tonkünstlerverein (Furtwängler) and Konzertverein (Löwe) series, besides the discontinuation of such important educational institutions as the Sunday afternoon popular concerts and the Workers' concerts—in short, the end of practically all orchestral activity at Vienna. Happily, this danger was averted at the last hour by the orchestral players themselves, who, quickly organizing on a co-operative basis, subscribed a large fund in which every player is a shareholder. Each member will participate, according to the size of his share, in the proceeds resulting from the fees paid to the orchestra as a whole for its services. The success of this co-operative plan is assured by now, and the example set by the Symphony Orchestra has already been adopted by some minor organizations such as the Municipal Opera at Salzburg, with the result that the imminent closing down of that opera-house has been avoided. The importance of this co-operative movement in the musical field can hardly be over-rated, for it promises to tide over many a suffering musical scheme in Austria in these critical times.

The poor financial results which have been the fate of most concerts at Vienna this season, would be a matter for little concern to the critic and music-lover were it not for the fact that such lack of public response will sooner or later inevitably put an end to all musical activity and to managerial enterprise. It would have seemed incredible a year ago that the mere announcement of a Gustav Mahler Symphony—the one modern composer who is particularly dear to the hearts of the Vienna public—should have failed to cause a rush to the box-office. The fact that this year Oscar Fried, generally—and not quite rightly—considered a Mahler expert, conducted the second and third Symphonies to remarkably cool and not over-numerous audiences, must be regarded as the writing on the wall. Even Vienna's favourite Mahler work, *Das Lied von der Erde*, drew a mere handful of people when directed by Paul von Klenau, the Danish composer-conductor (who has recently made Vienna his permanent home). Klenau has now taken charge of the Singverein choral concerts, in succession to Ferdinand Löwe, while Niels Grevillius, a young and gifted Swede, will direct a portion of the Tonkünstlerverein's orchestral concerts, replacing Wilhelm Furtwängler, who is curtailing his Vienna activities for the benefit of his foreign tours. Familiar, not to say hackneyed, pieces will form the nucleus of both his and Franz Schalk's programmes.

The number of resident Vienna conductors has this season been considerably enlarged. Apart from the advent of Paul von Klenau, alluded to above, Anton von Webern, the ultra-radical composer and disciple of Arnold Schönberg—it is he whose String Quartet caused such an uproar at the recent Salzburg Chamber Music Festival—is another newcomer among our conductors. He has assumed the directorship of the Konzertverein's Sunday afternoon popular orchestral concerts, and his début was surprisingly orthodox. The work of Clemens Krauss, a new and very young conductor, has quickly established him as a promising operatic Kapellmeister, and his symphonic début confirmed this favourable impression. His programme, consisting

entirely of Richard Strauss compositions, was less happy.

Richard Tauber and Alfred Jerger, two young singers from the Staatsoper, and both more than ordinarily successful, attempted to display their all-round musicianship as conductors. Indeed the time has arrived when a good voice alone no longer suffices to counterbalance lack of style and musicianship, and it is gratifying to find that at least some of our singers have realised the advanced requirements of the era. Yet such passing excursions into realms foreign to the professional singer smack of sensationalism. This is particularly true in the case of Tauber, whose gifts as an orchestral conductor are palpably insufficient. On the whole such experiments are probably a symptom of waning artistic sincerity and *morale*. There are already too many composing pianists and conducting violinists to warrant the necessity for adding new recruits to the ranks of such semi-dilettanti. Alfredo Casella, whose four concerts displayed his astonishingly manifold talents as a composer, pianist, and conductor, is of quite a different order. As a composer, Casella's ancestral line leads straight to Stravinsky, whose rhythmic and harmonic effects Casella uses with more skill than genuine inspiration in his *Pezzi Infantili* for pianoforte and in the five pieces for orchestra entitled *Pupazzetti*. Casella's conducting is distinguished by repose, and by its absence of all mannerism. His pianistic style is eminently suited to the works of the modern and ultra-modern school, but lends itself less readily to classic works by Beethoven and Scarlatti, which suffered, among other things, from an excessive use of the pedal.

The sixtieth birthday of Emil Sauer, the revered pianist, was the occasion for a great festival concert in his honour, in which several of his well-known professional pupils were the participants. The programmes included his two Pianoforte Concertos—grateful and legitimate music of the innocent sort. On the eve of his birthday Sauer, in a recital of his own, played a number of familiar compositions from his programmes of the last ten or fifteen years. The return of the 'romantic' pianist, Germaine Schnitzer, to her native city was a social almost more than a musical event. Her sister in art, young Erica Morini, has developed remarkably during her year's absence, both mentally and technically.

Important vocal concerts have been conspicuously scarce this season. We heard two song recitals by a young American soprano, Harriet van Emden, who showed a pleasing light voice better suited to operatic than to lieder work. Dimitri Smirnov, announced as 'the second Caruso' and said to be idolised in his native Russia, met with deserved failure; his singing is 'operatic' in the worst sense of the term, and his voice proved to be a small tenor with a persistent nasal 'twang.' Equal disillusionment was in store for the numerous admirers of Michael Bohnen, who will shortly leave for an operatic season at the Metropolitan Opera House. This highly intelligent and strikingly original singing actor is out of his element at a concert.

The Rosé and Mairecker-Buxbaum Quartets both feature Schubert chamber music in their programmes this year. Schubert, in fact, promises to be the vogue of the current season. This month the Tonkünstlerverein and Konzertverein will jointly arrange a great Schubert Festival Week in connection with the master's hundred and twenty-fifth birthday, and in commemoration of the day when Schubert commenced work on his *Unfinished* Symphony (November 19, 1822). The Festival programmes will comprise practically all Schubert's orchestral, choral, chamber, and vocal music. Furtwängler and Klenau will direct the orchestral and choral concerts, while the Mairecker-Buxbaum Quartet has been chosen for the chamber concerts. Simultaneously with the Festival, the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde will hold an exhibition of the countless and precious Schubert manuscripts and relics embodied in that Society's celebrated museum.

PAUL BECHERT.

Eight lectures on 'The Qualities of Great Music' are being given by Dr. Arthur W. Pollitt at the University of Liverpool. The November dates are 9 and 13, and the hour 5.30. Admission is free.

Miscellaneous

Mrs. Mary Layton's choral concert on October 10 deserves more praise than there is space to give to it. Groups of mixed and female voices gave a long succession of choral pieces, interspersed with solos of various kinds. Among the works most worthy of mention were Mendelssohn's motets *Laudate Dominum* and *Why rage fiercely the heathen*, Wolstenholme's female-voice ballad *The Voyage of Sir Humphrey Gilbert*, Elgar's *My love dwelt in a Northern land*, West's *Love and Summer*, and two madrigals.

At Queen's Hall, on November 3, the Alexandra Male-Voice Choir of sixty voices will contribute to the Annual Bohemian Concert of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows' Friendly Society.

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HENRY G. LEY

The Musical Times

AND SINGING-CLASS CIRCULAR

DECEMBER 1 1922

BRITISH PLAYERS AND SINGERS

VIII.—HENRY GEORGE LEY

A reader recently expressed the hope that this series of articles would include 'some British organist whose name can worthily be coupled with those of players such as Dupré or Bonnet.' There are several British organists of this standard—more than we shall be able to deal with in a series of articles that has to cover a wide field. For some time past we have had our eye on one of them in the person of Dr. Henry Ley, but we have not been able to pin him down until a few days ago, when he returned from an examining tour in South Africa.

Let us clear the decks by boiling down the biography. Born at Chagford on December 30, 1887; first tuition from his mother, followed by lessons from the then organist of Chagford, Mr. E. E. Vinnicombe; chorister of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, April, 1896; played voluntaries at St. George's when ten years old, and accompanied his first service there two years later. From St. George's Choir School went to Uppingham, obtaining the first musical scholarship awarded there; in January, 1905, went to the Royal College of Music, studying under Parratt, Bridge, Stanford, Charles Wood, and Marmaduke Barton, the pianoforte being his chief subject; in October, 1906, elected organ scholar of Keble; and in June, 1909, appointed to Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, at the early age of twenty-one. He is an A.R.C.M., F.R.C.O., a Mus. Doc. Oxford, a member of the R.C.O. Council, and an organ professor at the R.C.M.

Like everybody who has had much to do with St. George's Chapel, Dr. Ley speaks of Sir Walter Parratt with gratitude and affection:

'The secret of Parratt's influence can be fully grasped only by those who have been choristers at St. George's,' he says. 'He has a remarkable personality, and a gift for making boys fond of good music of a type which they would naturally be disposed to find dull—I mean such things as the services and anthems of Byrd, Gibbons, Tallis, and other old composers. His accompanying was a pure delight. Even to-day, at the age of eighty-one, he is a model. A week or two ago, for example, I heard him accompany the first part of Brahms's *Requiem* on the temporary organ now in use at St. George's during the repairs to the Chapel. It is a little instrument with only a few stops, but one forgets the meagreness of its resources, so skilfully are they used, and so finished is the playing.'

We discussed Parratt as a soloist:

'His strong points,' said Dr. Ley, 'were phrasing and accuracy. In phrasing he made skilful use of the Swell pedal. His registering was generally simple, with plenty of use of single stops, and his gradual building up of a *crescendo* very striking. However well he played elsewhere, he was at his best and most characteristic at St. George's. To watch him play, as constantly I had the privilege of doing, was an education in itself.'

Dr. Ley's organ studies while at Windsor were under Mr. Martin Akerman, to whom he owes his thorough grounding in such things as the Bach Trio-Sonatas. On going to Uppingham, however, he dropped the organ for a year, on the recommendation of Paul David (son of Ferdinand David), who considered that his rhythmic sense left something to be desired.

'For a year I did nothing but play the pianoforte to David's violin in the Sonatas of Mozart and Beethoven. It was a splendid experience. Equally valuable in a different way was the *entrée* to David's rooms on Wednesday evenings, when the professional quartet resident at the School played chamber music. I thus got to know practically the whole repertory of classical string quartets. Joachim often came and took part in the performances. I cannot overestimate the benefit I received from these chamber music evenings, and from my sonata playing with David. Organists, above all instrumentalists, need to take part in ensemble work of some kind. I refuse to admit that the organ is anything like as unrhythmical as it is said to be, but there is no doubt that organ-playing itself is apt to blunt one's sense of rhythm, owing to such factors as the echo in some churches, slowness of speech or action of a part of the instrument, the accompanying of a choir placed at a distance, and the natural tendency to make an occasional pull-up for stop changing. Some kind of ensemble playing is necessary as a safeguard. I ought to add that, my year of ensemble drill over, I took up the organ with Mr. Greateorex, the assistant music-master, an excellent teacher who is now music-master at Holt.'

With so famous a Bach-player at our mercy we naturally asked a string of questions. Here are the Doctor's replies, run into a monologue:

REGISTRATION

'In playing Bach there is an immense amount of variety and interest possible without fidgety registration. Personally, in playing a prelude and fugue I contrast the two when the music admits of it. In the D major Prelude and Fugue, for example, I like to treat the Prelude as a big thing, with full organ for the opening and close, and the Fugue as a light *scherzo*, playing it very quickly, with quiet and contrasted stops on the three manuals. The C major Prelude (the one in ♯) I treat as a bright, pastoral affair, and the five-voice Fugue that follows as a broad movement with plenty of diapason tone, and full organ at the last section.

'The texture ought to decide the treatment, surely. Look, for example, at the slenderness of the D major Fugue—a lot of it in two- and three-part writing. Again, in the three-section Fantasia in G, the first and third sections are best suited with light registration. I like to play these passages as if they were brilliant pianoforte music, on soft 8-ft. and 4-ft. stops. The *Grave* then makes a most impressive contrast. In the Trio-Sonatas I am more and more convinced that an 8-ft. pedal should be the rule. Exceptions may be made in (say) the fine Fugue that ends the C minor, and a 16-ft. is effective in some of the slow movements. But the general style of the works is that of chamber music trios, in which the bass is of course of 8-ft. pitch. Most of the Chorale Preludes in trio-form are, I think, best treated thus. Speaking of Chorale Preludes, by the bye, we shall help our recital audiences if we print a verse of the text in our programmes. It is even better to have the verse sung—if possible by the audience itself.

—AND PHRASING

'Everybody knows that good phrasing is vital in organ playing, but many players have yet to realise fully its importance in playing Bach. It can be got in a number of ways—varying degrees of staccato, a slight lengthening or shortening of a note, a touch of the Swell pedal, an almost imperceptible freedom of time, and so on. But got it must be, if Bach is to sound as he ought to sound. Too often we hear phrasing and rhythm sacrificed for some fussy bit of registration. Even when the registration is good, it is dearly bought at the cost of rhythm. After all, a fine fugue is so full of interest that there is no hardship in hearing it played through even on a single stop. But there is a real hardship in hearing it fall to pieces occasionally while the player registers.

—AND REGISTRATION AGAIN

'But please don't imagine I am underrating the importance of registration. On the contrary, I feel that it is an art, and one far too little studied. This is partly due to the multiplication of pistons and other aids which are apt to lead to a series of cut-and-dried effects, with very little use of single stops. Every organ has a lot of characteristic effects, due in some cases to such purely local causes as the acoustic of the building or the disposition of certain parts of the instrument. Only hand-registration can make the most of these. Students should be encouraged to devise their own schemes of registration without, as well as with, the aid of pistons. For example, in giving lessons I often make a pupil stand by my side while I play a lengthy work, letting him register (all by hand) as he feels inclined; afterwards, we go over his scheme together, with critical comments.

'Readiness and resource in hand-registering are great assets in playing on strange organs. Stops bearing the same name are pretty much the same everywhere, but there is no end to the combina-

tions in pistons and composition pedals. With little time for getting used to a strange instrument, one can obtain plenty of variety by the use of well-contrasted single stops, plus the safest and most useful of the piston combinations.'

SOME COMMON FAULTS

Dr. Ley went on to discuss some common faults in organ playing:

'Organists think far too little about the foundation. I have heard players—by no means in the elementary stage—calmly holding down a wrong pedal note for two or three bars! A similar mistake on the manuals would be impossible. I believe this fault is often a result of the habit of using soft uncoupled 16-ft. pedal stops, the bass, when low, being so hazy that players unconsciously get into the habit of taking it for granted. Even in the quietest works the bass should be clearly defined; too often it is a vague murmur. Imagine a string quartet of two fiddles, a viola, and a double-bass playing its lowest notes! Yet we frequently hear a similar effect on the organ. In the matter of pedal touch there is, I think, too little *staccato* and *mezzo-staccato*. Both touches are great aids to clearness. And I like to see the foot lifted clear of the keys for this effect, just as a pianist lifts his hands. Staccato pedal effects often fail because of the use of too soft a stop. A detached pedal note can (and in fact should) carry more tone than a *legato* passage. The orchestral analogy is the *pizzicato* of the string basses, which is always of telling character even when the rest of the orchestra is playing its softest.'

Dr. Ley found in South Africa great enthusiasm for the organ:

'I played organ solos at orchestral concerts at Cape Town and Durban, giving them some Bach, which they evidently enjoyed; at all events they asked for more. The success of organ solos at such concerts down there makes one wonder why they are rarely if ever included in concerts in this country. Musicians generally are amazingly ignorant of Bach's organ music, and I believe they would welcome opportunities for getting to know it better.'

Among organ composers other than Bach, Dr. Ley has a special liking for Franck and Rheinberger:

'Rheinberger is very much underrated,' he said. 'The best of his Sonatas are fine—better for church than concert-hall, though. Their breadth, and a certain architectural quality make them sound their best only in a church, especially a big and resonant one. Transcriptions? Let's have plenty, so long as they are chosen with discretion, and with due regard to the particular instrument on which they are to be played—and the particular building, too. For example, it is ludicrous to attempt (say) the slow movement from Debussy's Quartet on an organ that has no delicate stops; or the *Meistersinger* Overture on a small two-manual. Yet one hears this sort of thing done.'

Speaking of Church music, he was emphatic on the importance of maintaining our old choral foundations:

'It has been a great thing for music in this country. In fact, it is the only department of our national music that has had an unbroken tradition for centuries, and, despite some weak periods, it has to its credit a fine list of music, genuinely English.'

He went on to speak with enthusiasm of the present revival of our old polyphonic composers. They are already well represented in the service lists at Christ Church Cathedral, and will be even more so in the future. The repertory of the Christ Church Cathedral choir—a copy of which is before us as we write—is a very fine one, and a convincing proof of Dr. Ley's assertion as to the great contribution made to English music by the long line of her Church composers.

A few days ago, the *Daily Telegraph*, in a laudatory notice of a recital given by Dr. Alcock at St. Michael's, Cornhill, said:

As long as we can hear such safe pedalling, such rhythmic precision, and such delicate and significant phrasing . . . there is no need to belittle our English organists in order to begrand the talent of other countries.

Exactly: and we hope our daily press will more and more see that there are many organ recitals that are at least as well worthy of critical notice as the average concert. The public is a long way from realising that in such organists as Henry Ley, and half a dozen others, we have players who, both as artists and technicians, are of the same rank as our best pianists and violinists. But they do their work behind a curtain, and the public dearly likes not only to hear, but to see. The pianist's hands, the fiddler's bow, and the conductor's baton are miraculous, no doubt; but a skilful organist's four hands—two of them in boots—are not a bit less wonder-working.

THE NEGATIVE IN MUSIC

BY ALEXANDER BRENT-SMITH

Though for many hundreds of years composers have been attempting to increase the expressive powers of music, they have not yet found the means of expressing a simple negative. In every language it is possible to conjure up clearly-detailed pictures and at the same time to deny their existence—a splendid Past that is no more, a dreary Future that shall never be. For instance, a man might write: 'We see no more the legions of Imperial Rome marching boldly over England's grassy roads, with silver eagles proudly carried in the van, with spears and shields and helmets flashing in the sun; nor can we hear the rhythmic tread of marching men, nor bleat of frightened flocks that scamper down some steep decline,' &c. Here the writer appeals to our sense of seeing and hearing, but the sight and sound, though definite, is never real. I have no means, however, of setting this passage to music so that it shall be at

the same time positive and negative, because as soon as I have created the musical atmosphere for the marching soldiers I have breathed upon the whitened bones of two thousand years ago and clothed them with sinews and flesh, transforming them into a mighty army before whom sheep would scamper as wildly as they did in years gone by.

Or a man might write: 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth while the evil days come *not*, nor the years draw nigh that thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain: in the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble . . .' Here he has given us a picture of gloom and depression, clearly seen and carefully drawn, yet non-existent. The evils foreseen are in the evil days which, for the present at any rate, come *not*.

How is a composer to set this famous passage to music? Is he to ask himself what the words really imply, or is he to fix his attention upon the words, which suggest an easily-obtained atmosphere, 'darkened,' 'tremble'? That little word 'not' having crept into the sentence upsets the obvious treatment of this passage which implies just the opposite of what the key words suggest. The words 'when the evil days come not' certainly imply that the Present is good; and the words 'When the sun is not darkened' no less certainly imply that to-day is bright. But would a composer be justified in flying in the face of the words to extract the sense? Not until music has discovered one single sound that shall negative its assertions.

Again, how is a composer to set the following lines from a poem by Elroy Flecker:

Mute is battle's brazen horn
That rang for Priest and King.

The poet has done two things: he has made us see the brazen horn, yet by the first word 'mute' he has silenced it for ever. How shall a composer realise these two thoughts? He might, quite justifiably and with impish humour, mute the horns; but muted horns are very different from horns that are mute. He is indeed in a dilemma, for if he does not somehow suggest the horn the thought is incomplete, and if he as much as suggests a horn the thought is incorrect. Compared to this, squaring the circle is as easy as playing snap.

Composers whose imagination is easily fired by a single word have frequently induced the wrong mood for a song, or misinterpreted the poet's meaning. Elgar, in his fine part-song *Death on the Hills*, has to set the following words (referring to the dusky shadows upon the hillside):

No wind blows chill upon them
Nor are they lashed by rain.

This sentence clearly visualises a fierce slanting rain and at the same time expressly states that it was not this fierce slanting rain which they

encountered. Elgar has fixed upon this potent word 'lashed,' and has made audible the hiss and splash of the rain which, the poet assures us, never fell.

One of the most famous songs in the world, *Ich grolle nicht*, is surely a misunderstanding of the poem. The poet is here considering dispassionately an emotional crisis experienced in the Past. The exact nature of that crisis is never for a moment in doubt, but the mood of the poem is fixed by 'nicht,' and consequently the words 'Ich grolle nicht' must imply 'I am now calm,' otherwise the poet is contradicting himself, as though a man should say, 'I do not wish to be rude, but you are the ugliest man I ever saw'; or, as a preacher did once actually say from a London pulpit, 'My friends, I do not wish to speak evil of the dead, but Byron's life was rotten to the core.' Schumann, however, hurled himself into the poem and fixed his initial inspiration upon the 'grolle' rather than upon the 'nicht.' And very thankful should we be that he did so; the song might have been more truthful, but it is not likely that it would have been so fine.

If Elgar and Schumann nod, at least they nod in good company, for Bach himself frequently followed the attractive word rather than the underlying sense. In the *St. Matthew* Passion, immediately after the betrayal scene, the chorus sings 'Have lightnings and thunders their fury forgotten? Let Hell with its manifold terrors affright them.' This means that if lightnings and thunders will not fall upon this murderous throng (as indeed they do not), then let Hell open her mouth upon them. Logically, the passage should be, first, a simple question, 'Have lightnings and thunders their fury forgotten?' Then silence, followed by the terrifying alternative illuminated by all the horrors of Hell. But fortunately Bach did otherwise, and focussing his attention upon the word *thunder*, he gave to his basses a prolonged fury which the thunder itself had forgotten and which it certainly could not wish to emulate.

Perhaps after all it is better that composers should ignore Logic and follow Fancy, for Fancy gives us many joys, untruthful though they be; but Logic gives us little else but ponderous tomes of unreadable rubbish, and of course—this little essay.

CÉSAR FRANCK, ORGANIST:

b. DECEMBER 10, 1822

BY HARVEY GRACE

No one can read the steadily growing Franck literature without being struck by the comparatively scanty notice given to the composer's organ music. There is a double reason for this. Few of our musical writers have more than a slight acquaintance with the organ and its repertory, and they are likely to know little or nothing about Franck's organ music, for the good—or bad—reason that it is never heard in our concert halls. It is an absurd

and lopsided convention that gives Queen's Hall audiences ample opportunities for hearing Franck's Symphony, the Symphonic Variations, *Les Éolides*, and the not wholly satisfactory *Le Chasseur maudit* and ballet music from *Hulda*, and yet allows no single hearing of any one of his organ pieces. It may be said in excuse that Franck's organ music is not suitable for concert performance. There is, however, very little in this argument. Every year we sit through dozens of orchestral works and scores of violin and pianoforte solos that are longer, duller, and of infinitely less value than the pick of Franck's twelve organ pieces.

However, Franck suffers in good company. Bach, Mendelssohn, Rheinberger, Saint-Saëns, Widor, Reger, Boëllmann, Vierne, Howells—all these and others have written organ music at least as good as, and often better than, the rest of their output, but we have to go to church in order to hear any of it. Think, for example, of the limited range of pianoforte sonatas that are played, year in and year out; it would be easy to point to at least a dozen organ sonatas well above the average pianoforte example. But they are never heard, partly because as a rule they bear on their title-page names outside the magic circle of accepted classics, and even more because they are written for an instrument that concert-givers refuse to regard as anything more than a machine for filling in backgrounds—usually of a saponaceous *religioso* character.

Somebody rashly dubbed the organ the king of instruments, and Berlioz called it the Pope. Both were wrong; it is really a bloated Cinderella.

However, I must resist the temptation to dwell on this curious neglect of the organ as a concert solo instrument—a neglect inexcusable in a country rich in fine organs and players, and with a very large organ public. It is touched on here because the matter is specially important in the case of Franck, the whole of whose creative work was affected for good and ill by his connection with the organ. It is no exaggeration to say that a full knowledge of Franck, both as man and musician, is impossible without an intimate knowledge of his organ music. On the other hand, we may obtain a complete insight into Franck's personality and methods by a study of his organ works alone. This being so, Franck enthusiasts might observe his centenary in less profitable ways than in considering his organ music (which I hope to discuss fully in a later article), his relations with the instrument, and its influence on his compositions in general.

The history of music is a cheering record of frustrated parental intentions. Had all the fathers and mothers—especially the fathers—of musicians been cursed with obedient sons, what a lot of masterpieces would have remained unwritten! The case of Franck, however, is out of the common run. His father urged him to follow a musical career, but set his mind on the one that we least of all associate with the name of Franck. Young César was to be a pianoforte virtuoso

and a composer of showy pianoforte music—a Thalberg, in fact. Instead, Franck *père* had the mortification of seeing his son distinguish himself in organ-playing and fugue, marry an actress, and forsake the glories of the concert-platform for the obscurity of the organ-loft. His first post was at St. Jean-St. François au Marais, whither he went while still in the twenties, and soon after his marriage. Here he had a fine Cavaillé-Col, presented to the church a short time before by

Players of to-day who pooh-pooh as clumsy any organ that does not bristle with accessories, might well bear in mind the improvisations of Franck at St. Clotilde; with all its tonal beauties, his organ must have been awkward to manage compared with those of the same size built at the present time. Judging from Rongier's picture of Franck at the keyboard, the mere drawing of a stop meant the pulling out of a young piece of timber not less than a foot in



J. Rongier, pinxt.

[Braun & Co., photo.]

FRANCK AT THE ST. CLOTILDE ORGAN

the famous builder himself. An even better example of Cavaillé-Col's art awaited Franck at St. Clotilde, where, about ten years later, he took up the post that he held until his death. Here for thirty-two years, every Sunday and Feast-day, and towards the close of his life every Friday morning too, Franck was at his organ. What it meant to him we know from a remark quoted by d'Indy: 'If you only knew how I love this instrument! It is so supple beneath my fingers, and so obedient to all my thoughts.'

length. Yet Frank improvised on it in such a way as to cast a spell on his hearers. This is no mere fanciful estimate arrived at by a handful of affectionate disciples. We know how, a student of nineteen, he astounded his examiners by the complexity and length of his treatment of an extemporisation test. Set to improvise a fugue and a piece in sonata form, on themes given by the examiners, young César combined the two subjects, and developed them at such length as to bewilder his examiners, who

disqualified him and gave the prize to a more orthodox performer. Only after persuasion by his master, Benoist, did they give him a second prize. In the opinion of d'Indy, 'no other modern organist, not excepting the most renowned executants, would bear the most distant comparison' with Franck in the matter of improvisation, and he adds that on April 3, 1866, Liszt, after hearing Franck extemporise, left the church lost in amazement. In a word, Franck was a born organist. His monument and the most famous of his portraits show him at the console, and his fellow organists, with natural pride, more easily figure him there than in the class-room or the concert hall.

In order to realise the influence of the organ on Franck's work as composer we have to begin by noting two facts. First, what is generally agreed to be his second period began at the time of his appointment to St. Clotilde in 1858, and, second, for nearly twenty years, *i.e.*, until the beginning of his third period (1876) he wrote almost exclusively church and organ music, the exceptions being three songs and one pianoforte piece. Thereafter he widened his range, but he remained very much the church musician, his works during the last fourteen years of his life including the *Fantasia, Cantabile, Pièce Héroïque*, and the *Three Chorals* for organ; *L'organiste*, a set of fifty-nine pieces for organ or harmonium; three books of transcriptions for organ of Pieces and Studies by Alkan; *The Beatitudes, Rebecca, La Procession*, and *Psalm 150*.

This is in marked contrast to his first period work, which consisted chiefly of such pianoforte pieces as the duet on *God save the King*, the *Grand Caprice*, transcriptions of four of Schubert's songs, two Fantasias on airs from Dalayrac's opera *Gulistan*, the *Fantasia* on two Polish airs—in fact, the output that we should expect from a gifted youngster bidden by his father to be a Thalberg. But his real bent began to show itself ten years before the end of this first period. Thus, in 1846, he wrote a pianoforte duet on Grétry's *Lucile*; but he had already begun the eclogue *Ruth*, and the first sketch of *The Beatitudes* lay on his desk. Perhaps no chronological table of a composer's works shows a more definite change of character than that of Franck at the point when he took up his second and final organ appointment. Not without reason does d'Indy describe the organ-loft at St. Clotilde as 'that quiet and fixed haven which was the starting-point of a new phase in his art.' No doubt Franck lost something by this willing entry into a long period of seclusion and routine, but the fact remains that practically without exception all his best work was written during these thirty-two years. A maturity spent as a successful musician in the public eye might have produced music more varied in character and universal in appeal; it could hardly have given us much of greater depth and beauty. It might even have meant failure, for Franck had not a trace of the blend of egoism, arrogance, and pugnacity that

enabled such men as Handel, Beethoven, Wagner, and Berlioz to compose with one hand while fighting or carrying on controversies with the other. It may truly be said of him that he never really found himself until he was lost; his disappearance into the dusk of St. Clotilde was the beginning of a great public career. It is no wild supposition that had there been no organ-loft there would have been no Symphony, no Quartet and Quintet, no Prelude, Choral, and Fugue, and no Symphonic Variations.

I said above that the influence of the organ on Franck was for both good and ill. So far as I am aware the matter has not hitherto been discussed in detail, probably because the organ is well-known to few outside the ranks of organists and their congregations.* It is easy to deal with the debit side, because the matter is one of the letter rather than of the spirit, and so we can point to chapter and verse. As to the credit side, we can do little more than generalise.

There are signs that just now Franck is under a cloud in France and in some English musical circles, mainly because of his prevailing seriousness and his tendency to lengthy development. The cloud, no bigger than a man's hand at present, is not likely to grow. The past decade has given us a surfeit of leg-pulling and tongue-in-the-cheek music, and more and more we are returning with relief to the classics and to the modern composers who derive from them. There will be room for Franck in our concert-rooms for a long time yet, despite the flavour of the organ-loft that he so often brings with him. Or, instead of 'despite,' may we not say 'because'? This leisurely self-communing is the very essence of Franck. It is not for all palates, but those of us to whom it appeals will agree that this was the good thing that Franck found in the organ-loft. It is a rare thing, too. We are not likely to be overburdened with music that says its say with so little regard to the gallery and the virtuoso.

Before discussing the less satisfactory results of the organ influence, we may note the indebtedness of one or two works so far as form is concerned. Thus, the Prelude, Choral, and Fugue and the Prelude, Aria, and Finale for pianoforte undoubtedly owe something to the organ Prelude, Fugue, and Variation, written about twenty years before. Even more plainly is the Symphony foreshadowed—its origin is obviously the *Pièce Symphonique* for organ. There are marked likenesses in regard to form: both works begin with a slow introduction, which is repeated; in both the slow movement contains a quick section which does duty as a *Scherzo*, and in both the principal subject in the first movement has a place in the *Finale*. Very striking is the strong family likeness between the dominating idea of the organ work—especially the passage in which its opening three notes are used as a question:

* Since writing the above, I find the point touched on in an admirable article by Mr. W. Wright Roberts, in the current *Music and Letters*.



and the beginning of the first subject of the Symphony :



Finale of the Symphony. In the former, the canonic treatment of the first subject heightens its urgent, striving character ; in the *Finale* it increases the headlong energy and jubilation. However, my object here is not to prove that Franck was singularly successful in the use of canon, but to show that it is one of the excellences due to his connection with the organ. Canon has always been a device specially favoured by organists, partly, no doubt, because of its scholastic character, but far more because the organ is the only solo instrument on which so exact a form of imitation can be shown with the utmost clearness, and with little



Alfred Lenoir

[Sculptor.]

THE FRANCK MONUMENT BEFORE THE BASILICA OF ST. CLOTILDE

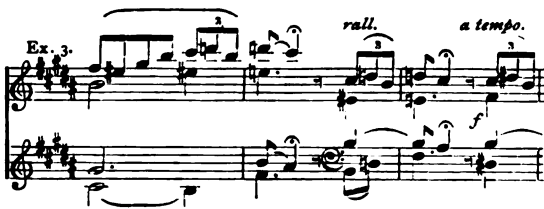
Further, the canonic treatment of the Symphony is twice anticipated in the organ piece.

Mention of canon at once reminds us of Franck's liberal use of this device—indeed, it is sometimes said that he shows too great a partiality for it. In his hands, however, it becomes so powerfully expressive that the objection does not stand. It would be difficult to find in any one work finer examples of the expressive use of canon than those in the opening movement and the

trouble, thanks to the contrasts in pitch, colour, and power easily provided by the simultaneous use of several keyboards.

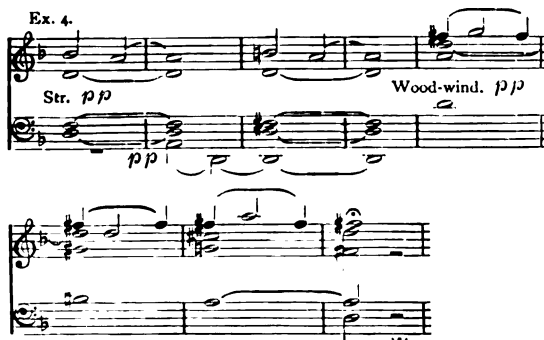
Franck wrote few fugues, but we may be sure that he would have written even fewer but for his organ experience. The combination of a fugue and choral in his best-known pianoforte work may be traced to this source, and the beautiful fugal passage in the first movement of the Quartet is real organ writing.

But the influence of the organ was often less happy, it must be confessed. Look at the picture of Franck at the keyboard. All too plainly he is marking time with left hand and pedals, while the right hand is negotiating the cumbrous stops. His organ works suffer badly from stagnant moments that suggest halts for registration, and there can be no doubt that his long spell of organ-playing made him less and less susceptible to the irritating effect of such purely utilitarian bridge-passages. It is one of the snares of which all organists have to beware. Not for nothing have they acquired an evil reputation in the matter of rhythm. They are prone to hold up even so continuous an affair as a fugue in order to make some change in registration. The halt over, they carry on the thread unconscious of damaged rhythm, because they make up the deficiency mentally. But what of the hearer? He is concerned only with the texture of the music, and when the organist lets it go for a moment the result is as disastrous as it would be if an orchestral performance were held up while a horn player changed his crook. Franck's music abounds in passages suggestive of an organist improvising and repeating a short passage on a second manual while changing stops on the first. Sometimes the crossing over to a second manual is merely the easy and obvious way of obtaining contrast. Here, from the slow movement of the Quartet, is a typical passage that occurs to the mind at once:



The undue proportion of full closes and more or less exact repetitions of short phrases in this movement show only too plainly the hand of the organist—and an organist constantly playing on an instrument in which the bulk of the registration called for time. It would be easy to quote many examples of this unfortunate result of Franck's organistship.

His treatment of the orchestra, too, suggests registration rather than orchestration. He uses his forces like manuals or groups of stops. At such irritating moments as this in the Symphony:



we seem to see him in his loft at St. Clotilde dropping on to his Choir manual for no better reason than that the Choir manual is there to be dropped on, as an easy way of obtaining variety or breathing-space, or both. And his use of the brass often sounds like an organist bringing on his Great reeds.

Finally, we shall not be far wrong if we ascribe to the organ and to his constant improvising thereon the cloying chromaticism that weakens a good deal of his later works. There is comparatively little of it in the *Six Pieces*, but it is laid on with a trowel in some pages of the *Three Chorals*, so we see that the habit grew on him. There is this to be said, however: many of these passages are more tolerable on the organ than on any other instrument because the comparatively cold and fixed tone of the organ reduces their emotional quality. Moreover the resonance of a big and reverberant building treats them kindly by obscuring some of the details. But they are blemishes, and must be laid at the door of the instrument that with its hoary tradition of modulating over pedal-points and of providing short impromptu links between tonally unrelated details of a service is constantly tempting the player from the diatonic path. Is it far-fetched to suggest that the crawling and finger-shifting touch of the old school of organ-playing is partly responsible for the over-chromatic character of so much organ music? Even Bach was apt to be over-lavish with his accidentals in his slow treatment of chorals. I have never gone into the matter, but I hazard a guess that he is more chromatic in his slow organ movements than in any other considerable portion of his output.

A word should be said as to Franck's comparative failure as a writer of music for liturgical use. He was too early for the revival of the pure plain-song tradition—one of the most fruitful of musical events, outside as well as inside the Church—and the older polyphonic music was a closed book that had still to wait for its reopening. Speaking of Franck's shortcomings in this respect, d'Indy quotes M. Charles Bordes, who, after describing a noisy *Quoniam tu solus* as suggesting a 'chorister in a merry condition,' goes on:

Pages such as these fill us with bitter regret that Franck started his career too soon to take part in our movement to reform sacred music. Knowing little of Palestrina, with whose beauties, as he informed me himself, he had only superficially come in contact, and whose religious appropriateness he did not appreciate, as with so many musicians of his generation, his interest stopped short at the writing and artifices of that style of composition.

And d'Indy gives yet another reason for the inadequacy of Franck's Church music as a whole. During his term at St. Clotilde the funds were not sufficient for the purchase of music for special occasions, so the clergy continued the old custom of calling on their organist. Franck answered the call, but he was rarely able to devote anything like the due amount of time to the composition of these special settings of the offices.

An unequal composer, then, even in the field calculated to call forth the very best that was in so devoted a son of the Church. Probably no other composer of his rank holds so high a position by virtue of so small a proportion of a huge output. Yet he had the right flame in him, and the will-power to keep it bright through a long life of routine work in organ-loft and drudgery in classrooms. Mr. Ernest Newman wrote in 1910:

This gentle, humble, and retiring man was the biggest force in French music of the latter half of the 19th century, and has given it, by his own work and through his pupils, an influence so fecund that its vigour is still undiminished.

Organists may well be proud that so rare a spirit not only followed their calling, but gloried in it. The organ loft is narrow, but not necessarily narrowing. Because its occupants are out of sight and free from the temptations that go with popular applause, they may easily end by seeing farther and higher than any other public performer. This was the case with Franck, for when all is said as to the ill effect of the organ in regard to details of his music, the fact remains that when he reached his full height and began his third period in 1876 he had already spent nearly thirty years as an organist. And—a final and clinching fact—he wrote nearly all his greatest music during the last fourteen years of his life, during which period he seems to have been more assiduous in his Church work than at any other time in his long career.

NEW LIGHT

ON EARLY TUDOR COMPOSERS

By W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD

XXVI.—SIR WILLIAM HAWTE

Considerable confusion has been caused by the very name of this composer, for the simple reason that the prefix 'Sir' was applied to a priest as well as to a knight, inasmuch as some of the MSS. containing compositions by Hawte definitely give his full name as 'Sir William Hawte, *miles*,' there is no question that the composer is to be equated with a knight and not with a priest. However, strange as it may seem, there has been a new difficulty over the identity of the particular *miles*, for it appears that there were two individuals of the same name almost contemporaneous; at least, there were two knights of that name who flourished, one under Henry VII. and the other under Henry VIII. Yet the difficulty is easily solved, inasmuch as experts are agreed that the MSS. containing Hawte's compositions are almost certainly prior to the year 1500; in fact, the Pepysian Catalogue, MS. 1236, is tentatively dated as from the period of King Edward IV., that is to say, from 1461-82. Neither Burney nor Hawkins furnishes any biographical data for this early Tudor composer, and Mr. Henry Davey gives no help save that he prefers to date the period of Hawte's activity as '1480-1500' (*History of English Music*, New Edition, 1921, p. 81). As will be seen, Hawte flourished under Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII.

Sir William Hawte was son of William Hawte, Esquire, who made his will on May 9, 1462, and who desired that his body was to be buried in the church

of the Austin Friars, Canterbury. The first mention in official records of William Hawte is on May 19, 1457, when he received a commission to see about the erection of beacons on the sea-coast. In this commission he is styled 'William Hawte the younger'—his father being still alive; and we may therefore assume that he was then over twenty-one years of age, which would place his birth as *circa* 1436. His father died in 1464, and on November 23, 1465, the name of 'William Hawte, Knight,' appears in a commission regarding forfeitures. In 1468 (October 9) he was one of the commissioners for musters at Sandwich; and in the following year was a commissioner of array (October 29, 1469)—the commission being renewed in the years 1470 and 1471.

Between the years 1471 and 1474 Sir William Hawte was an important county magnate, and in 1475 he appears as Sheriff of Kent. So highly was he esteemed by Edward IV. that the King, on May 29, 1478, granted him an annuity of twenty marks from the previous Michaelmas (*Cal. Pat. Rolls*, Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., 1476-85, p. 100).

Under Richard III. we find other important commissions given to Sir William Hawte between the years 1483 and 1485; and he was in equal favour with Henry VII., who, on December 9, 1485, appointed him, with others, 'to deliver the gaol of the castle of Canterbury for this turn'—a similar commission being given him on October 16, 1487 (*Cal. Pat. Rolls*, Henry VII., pp. 70 and 213). On May 26, 1490, he was appointed a commissioner of array, and on April 5, 1491, he received another commission. His name appears first on the list of commissioners appointed to deliver the gaol of the castle of Canterbury on March 7, 1492, and again on October 28, 1493.

Meantime, between the years 1475 and 1495 Sir William Hawte had devoted much time to his musical studies, and co-operated with the great Benedictine Prior Sellyng in furthering learning in the Claustral School of Canterbury. From internal evidence there is good reason to believe that Hawte's musical compositions date from this period, that is, during the last quarter of the 15th century—practically coincident with the rule of William Selling, who was Prior of Christ Church, Canterbury, from 1472 to 1495. Selling, like Hawte, was also in favour with Henry VII., who appointed him one of his ambassadors to the Pope in 1486. And it is of interest to note that, as has been seen in the preceding article,* John Dygon studied at the monastic school of Canterbury, where he was a novice between the years 1497 and 1504.

On July 13, 1495, Hawte was joined in a commission for County Kent, figuring with such notabilities as the Duke of Buckingham, the Marquis of Dorset, the Earl of Arundel, the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and others. He received a similar commission on June 20, 1496, and again on October 24 of same year.

A close search of the Patent Rolls does not reveal any later mention of Hawte, and it is fair to assume that he died in 1498 or 1499, certainly before 1500. It is well to note that his name was variously spelled 'Haut,' 'Haute,' and 'Hawte'; and it is of common knowledge that the Hautes were important county

* See *Musical Times* for May, 1922.

people of Kent in the 12th-15th centuries. As Canon Jenkins writes in his *Diocesan History of Canterbury*, apropos of some of the greater houses failing prior to the 16th century, 'the Hautes,' like the Pluckleys and Surrendens, 'failed in the male line,' and we can thus conclude that Sir William Hawte died without issue in 1498 or 1499. The property then passed to his brother, Sir Thomas Hawte, who died early in 1503, leaving a son William, whose wardship was granted to Sir Henry Frowyk and Thomas Jakes, on July 20, 1503 (*Cal. Pat. Rolls Henry VII.*, 1494-1509, p. 308).

As to the value of Hawte's compositions the specimens that remain are sufficient to stamp him as a not unworthy disciple of the school of Newark and Fairfax. He was certainly a gifted musical amateur, as is revealed in his two beautiful settings of a three-part *Benedicamus Domino*, at Magdalen College, Cambridge* in the Pepysian MS. 1236. Other compositions by him will be found in the same MS., and also in Add. MS. 5665, in the British Museum, including a charming three-part *Stella Coeli*.

WHO WROTE GOUNOD'S *FAUST*?

BY A. KEAY

If it be permissible to doubt the authenticity of that which we have learned to call Shakespeare's works, and to say so publicly, why should we not dare to discuss the authenticity of the great opera which is commonly called Gounod's *Faust*? The following tale (for the veracity of which no guarantee was, or is now, given) was told to the writer in musical circles at Paris many years ago, and, it was said, had there obtained considerable circulation and credence:

One of the students at the Paris Conservatoire while Gounod was its director is said to have composed an opera which, before proceeding to its publication, he decided to submit to his director with a view to obtaining his opinion of the work. On various subsequent occasions he asked for that opinion, but Gounod always put him off with the excuse that he had not had time to examine the opera. Shortly thereafter a new opera by Gounod was announced for production. The said student went to the first representation to hear it, and was so upset by hearing his own work produced as the composition of another man that his mind gave way under the strain. In vulgar parlance, he became a lunatic.

Whether that story is true or not is now of little importance, for, as in the case of Shakespeare, we have the work, and, like his, it is unique in its way. But it may be worth while to inquire what there is in the French master's other works capable of repudiating or supporting the above legend.

Prior to the production of *Faust*, Gounod, as an operatic composer, was regarded as a failure. His *Sapho* and *La Nonne Sanglante* died almost as soon as they were born, and the *Ulysse* music did nothing to establish its composer's fame. *Faust* did. At first its reception at Paris was cordial only. It was different from anything which preceded it, and was fully appreciated only when better understood. Finally, it placed Gounod in the front rank of operatic composers of his day. Of the nine operas he subsequently composed, not one added to his fame. *Romeo and Juliet* is the only one of them

which has survived, though we sometimes hear of *Mireille*.

Romeo and Juliet, when thoroughly analysed, is only to be compared with *Faust* in so far as the former is based upon the latter. The imitations (not to call them plagiarisms) are many, and quite cleverly introduced, but they are undeniably there, and they have saved the opera from sinking into the oblivion which has swallowed up so many of its fellows. So far as the English adaptation of the libretto is concerned, the music has to bear the added dead weight of a text—however beautiful in itself, and largely borrowed from Shakespeare—fitted to it, not a translation of the text which it was composed to express.

It is undeniable that Gounod possessed genius, that he had an eminent appreciation of melody, and that he was frequently happy in his orchestration; but, with all these points in his favour, he seems to have been unable to maintain equality of work. Hence we find frequent lapses from the sublime to triviality, if not banality.

Faust, it will be remembered, was at first published without the appendix, which consists of 'Dio possente,' 'Quando a te lieta,' and 'La Notte di Valpurgis.' That was an afterthought, added much later, in proof whereof its copyright has not yet lapsed, although that for the rest of the opera expired long ago. These three items are undoubtedly Gounod's own, and they are the only ones in the opera which, from a musical point of view, are not of a first-class order. The banality of the second is pronounced, and the poverty of the third is scarcely less so. 'Dio possente' is admittedly a beautiful song, and not inappropriate as introduced, but its accompaniment is not on a level with the rest of the opera.

In view of these considerations it appears that the French legend quoted is not without foundation. The idea of temporary inspiration during the period of the composition of a single opera, an inspiration lacking in twelve others, is scarcely to be regarded seriously. And it is almost incredible that a man should be able to change his style so absolutely as not to produce spontaneous characteristics of a similar line of thought during the thirty years which elapsed between the production of *Sapho* and that of *Le Tribut de Zamora*.

A PRECURSOR OF THE SAXOPHONE

BY TOM S. WOTTON

When, about 1840, Adolphe Sax invented the saxophone, he claimed no priority for the principle on which it was based, although it was one that differed from that adopted for any of the instruments in the orchestras of his day. His object was to create an entirely new tone-colour, one that should partake of some of the characteristics of the brass, wood-wind, and stringed instruments. After several attempts, he produced a bass instrument, standing in B flat, with a written compass from B below the bass to C in the treble clef, a semitone over three octaves. It made its first appearance in Kastner's biblical opera *Le dernier roi de Juda*, in 1844. Modifications were introduced later, involving the reduction of the compass to two octaves and a fourth or fifth, and, as with the saxhorns, the Belgian maker turned out a complete family, ranging from a sopranino saxophone to a double-bass. The principle

* Mr. Henry Davey writes of this composition as 'a five voiced *Benedicamus Domino*, but Mr. H. B. Collins assures me that the MS. consists of 'two separate compositions, each for 3 voices.'

was the same in all—a beating (single) reed combined with a conical tube, as opposed, on the one hand, to the clarinet, with a similar reed, but with a cylindrical tube; and, on the other, to the oboe and bassoon, with conical tubes, but played with double reeds. Another difference was, that the body of the new instrument was of metal, which had indeed been tentatively employed for the other reed instruments, but without success.

Before leaving the saxophone, it may be as well to correct a misstatement, which, from Gevaert onwards, has appeared in most of the books dealing with instruments. We are told that Meyerbeer wrote for the saxophone—sometimes, more specifically, that he employed one in *L'Africaine*. To assert that there is no part for the instrument amongst his unpublished manuscripts would be rash; but it is certain that he wrote no part for it in his last opera, which was produced in April, 1865, eleven months after his death. The score was edited by Fétis, with a declaration that it was in exact agreement with the original manuscript. But such an assurance will have but little weight with the judicious, conversant with the manners and customs of the majority of editors. At the head of the score is a note that 'theatres which do not possess a bass-clarinet can replace it by a saxophone'; on p. 573, where there are parts for two bass-clarinets, there is another note that the part of the second can be taken by a saxophone; and, on p. 600, for Vasco's air, there is a part for bass-clarinet or saxophone, the alternative version being written out in full on a separate staff. To the thoughtful, there is something unconvincing about these indications. In 1865 opera-houses were much more likely to possess a bass-clarinet than a saxophone, and for a master of colour such as Meyerbeer undoubtedly was, the choice of the latter for Vasco's air seems an unhappy one. In any case, the suggestion of the employment of one instrument, should another be unprocurable, can hardly be taken as an example of the use of the first. To clinch the question, Saint-Saëns, in his article on Meyerbeer in *Ecole Buissonnière*, insists that alterations were introduced into the score, and that the references to the saxophone were due entirely to Fétis, in his anxiety to assist his compatriot, Adolphe Sax.

In the *Harmonicon* for 1830, in an article on the 'Oboe and Bassoon,' there is mention of a 'recent invention' of Mr. William Meikle, 'of Scotland.' It is termed an 'Alto-Fagotto,' but this is evidently a misnomer, and used only for want of a better word. It was not only played with a beating reed, but its dimensions differed from those of an ordinary *fagottino*, tenor (alto) bassoon, or dulcian. It was shorter—as much as 17-in. shorter than some models, and the bore was a much more pronounced cone. There were other minor differences. The compass was said to be from *c* to *c*^{III}, the best notes lying between *g* and *g*^{II}, and the instrument stood in B flat.* To all intents and purposes, Meikle's invention was a wooden saxophone, shaped like a diminutive bassoon. From *Musical Instruments, Historic, Rare, and Unique* (1888), by A. J. Hipkins, we learn that Lazarus, the celebrated clarinettist, played on such an instrument when he was at the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, and that

he called it a 'Tenoroon.*' Lazarus's 'Tenoroon' (labelled as such) is now (or was) in the Museum of the Brussels Conservatoire, placed correctly, with the saxophones, amongst instruments with a beating reed and conical tube. There were two specimens in the Military Exhibition of 1890 (Nos. 157 and 158 of the Catalogue), made respectively by George Wood, late James Wood & Son, and Wood & Ivy, late George Wood, the first being stamped 'Invented by William Meikle.' Unfortunately the two instruments were most carelessly described in the Catalogue. They were said to be 18th century, although, according to the *London Directory*, George Wood did not succeed James until 1833. They were labelled 'Dulcians in *c*,' and placed amongst the double-reed instruments. But No. 158, then in the possession of the Rev. F. W. Galpin, was, like the 'Tenoroon' at Brussels, in B flat, and No. 157, only $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. longer, was certainly the same pitch. And they were neither dulcians nor played with a double-reed.

Meikle's invention became dead as a door-nail, and its very name of 'Tenoroon' was forgotten, or but remembered fitfully in connection with an organ-stop. Then, some twenty or thirty years later, a *fagottino*, or tenor bassoon, was discovered at the Foundling Hospital. It was at first believed to be a bassoon intended for a boy's use, although the *basson quinte*, as the French call it, was sufficiently well-known to be mentioned in Berlioz's *Treatise on Instrumentation*. The late Dr. W. H. Stone took an interest in the discovery, and either he or one of his friends christened it a 'Tenoroon.' Whether the name was re-coined, or whether in someone's mind there was some faint echo of Meikle's invention, matters little. From its analogy with 'bassoon,' the name was an appropriate one. But it must be clearly realised that during the past century there were two different instruments called 'Tenoroon.' Without a firm grasp of this undoubted fact it will be impossible to appreciate the curious confusion arising from this double-barrelled nomenclature.

In August, 1829, Rossini's *William Tell* was produced at Paris. In the Overture, as all the world knows, he placed an imitation of the Swiss *Ranz des vaches*, and assigned it in his score to the cor anglais. Whether he had ever employed the instrument previously I do not know, but being an Italian he noted it in the current Italian fashion—the real sounds given an octave below in the bass clef. Donizetti, eleven years later, in *La Favorite*, did precisely the same thing, although his opera, like Rossini's masterpiece, was both produced and published first at Paris. Verdi, eighteen years later, in 1847, for *Macbeth*, used a similar notation for his corno inglese, and Sandi, in his *Trattato di Strumentazione pratica* (1864), opens his section on the instrument with, 'For the corno inglese either the violin or the bass clef is employed.' He gives only three examples, and they are all three in the bass clef, viz., *William Tell*, *Il Giuramento* (1837), and *Macbeth*. Fortunately, there is no doubt as to the last, since in *La Vita di Giuseppe Verdi*, by Bragagnolo & Battazzi, there are numerous pages from the master's autographs in reduced facsimile, and amongst them is this particular page from *Macbeth*. Prout says that Italian composers only

* These details are mostly from other sources. The *Harmonicon* merely gives the compass, and says that the instrument was played with a clarinet mouthpiece.

* In Mahillon's Catalogue of the instruments in the Brussels Conservatoire, Vol. ii., p. 225, it is said, 'from information gathered from official sources,' that Lazarus left the Asylum November 27, 1821. But as then he would have been only six years old, it is a probable misprint for 1831.

employed this notation *up to* Verdi's time, but obviously this is erroneous. Verdi himself adopted it, and some Italian composers (possibly Verdi amongst them) must have practised it till the century was nearly three-quarters past. As there is no doubt as to the instrument intended by Verdi, Donizetti, or Mercadante, so there can be no reasonable misgivings as to Rossini's intentions, writing only a few years before them, and, like them, an Italian.

In 1829 the cor anglais was rather a favourite instrument at Paris. In the April Berlioz had published his *Eight Scenes from Faust*, which contains parts for two of the instruments (noted in the modern fashion), and also the beautiful obbligato to Margaret's air, afterwards incorporated in *The Damnation of Faust*. In Halévy's *La Juive*, produced in 1835, there are again parts for a couple of cors anglais, noted in the old French style—in the C clef on the second line, the real sounds being given. In the year immediately following the production of *Tell* the cor anglais was heard in the slow movement of the *Fantastic Symphony*, and in 1831 *Robert le Diable* had its first performance, with the solo for the instrument, beloved of the Treatises.

In Germany the cor anglais was practically unknown, and readers of Berlioz's *Memoirs* will recall the difficulties he often experienced in finding a player there, even as late as 1840-41. On the production of Rossini's opera in Germany, the solo of the Overture was played on an oboe, in the absence of the real Simon Pure. Oddly enough, in a German work on 'Instrumentation,' published as recently as 1911 (!), in which the different instruments are treated by absolute performers on them, the *Tell* solo is actually given as an example of one for the oboe, though the chapter is written by a player on both it and the cor anglais, who was then attached to the opera-house at Dresden. Such is the force of tradition!

In England the instrument was equally unknown, and when, in May, 1830, Bishop's mutilation of Rossini's opera was given in London under the title of *Hofer the Tell of the Tyrol*, the solo of the Overture (Rossini's) was, on the authority of Dr. Stone, played on a 'Tenoroon,' at the written pitch. There is not the slightest reason for doubting either of the statements, although I am unable to verify them. No assistance is obtained from the newspapers of the day. There is no mention of the Overture in *The Observer*, *The Spectator*, *The Standard*, *The Morning Advertiser* (with an historical sketch by Sir Walter Scott), or *The Morning Post*. *The Times* critic alone appears to have been in his place before the raising of the curtain, and he merely refers to the Overture in general terms as 'a singularly beautiful and characteristic composition.' The *Harmonicon*, however, has a review of Rossini's work, with the Overture described:

It commences with a graceful *Andante* in E minor for five violoncellos, the effect of which is no less pleasing than novel. A brilliant *Allegro* follows, and is succeeded by the subjoined movement, in which the *Corno Inglese* takes the melody—an imitation of a *Ranz des Vaches*.

The 'subjoined movement' is a pianoforte arrangement of the melody, with the cor anglais part labelled 'Cornetto Bassetto'! We shall presently be

able to form a shrewd guess as to the reason for this strange term.

In all probability, for the production of *Hofer* the solo in the Overture was played on a 'Tenoroon,' and the information may possibly have come direct from Tamplini*, who is alleged to have performed on the instrument for the occasion. We can almost picture him and Bishop congratulating themselves on finding a substitute for the unattainable cor anglais. But it must not be forgotten that the 'Tenoroon,' on which Tamplini played, was *not* the 'Tenoroon' of the Foundling Hospital, but the instrument on which Lazarus played, the invention of Mr. William Meikle, 'of Scotland.' In 1830 there was no other 'Tenoroon'!

Music is responsible for many peculiar theories and ideas, but now we come to one of the most peculiar ever broached. Briefly, it is this: That, *because* a particular part is performed on a particular instrument, when a mutilated version of a composer's work is given in England, that *therefore* the composer intended that instrument, in spite of his having marked a different one plainly in his score. The absurd *non sequitur* leaves us breathless! No evidence is adduced that Rossini, though he lived for thirty-eight years after the Paris production of *Tell*, ever murmured a syllable about his supposed intention. There is no suggestion that Berlioz (who corrected the proof-sheets of the opera) or any other French musician of the day, so much as hinted that Rossini had not meant the instrument with which they were all familiar. There is not a shred of warranty for the assertion that the Maestro intended a 'Tenoroon,' beyond the fact that it was employed in London, and employed, not in a performance superintended by the composer, but in a version that in some respects must have been a burlesque of the original.

After this astonishing theory, it is by way of being an anticlimax when we realise that the 'Tenoroon' that Rossini is supposed to have intended was not the 'Tenoroon' on which Tamplini played. Dr. Stone jumped to the conclusion that for *Hofer* a tenor-bassoon was used, because he and his friends elected to call the instrument a 'Tenoroon.' The idea that there might be another instrument also called 'Tenoroon' never seems to have crossed his mind.

That Tamplini should have played his solo at the written pitch is quite understandable. Both he and Bishop, being ignorant probably of the cor anglais except from report, would be as little likely to know the Italian mode of noting it as the old French method, practised by Halévy. They were apparently equally ignorant of the pitch of a *Ranz des Vaches*, or—what comes to the same thing—credited Rossini with ignorance. The Alpenhorn, on which the Swiss tune is played, is usually from 4-ft. to 8-ft. long. But in the Brussels Conservatoire there was an exceptionally large one, 3.13 metres (10-ft. 3-in.) long, giving 'very easily' the following harmonics:

Ex. 1.



If we collate this natural scale with the opening bars of Rossini's melody (with the *pizzicato* chords omitted on the first quaver of the first four bars):

* Afterwards bandmaster of the 48th, 96th, and 24th regiments, and author of *The Bandsman*. (Farmer, *Military Music*.)

Ex. 2.

Cor. Ingl.

Cor. (real sounds)
& Fag.

we see that, by adding e'' , the thirteenth harmonic, they could be produced on the Brussels Alpenhorn, but in the higher octave. To perform them as written a gigantic Alpenhorn of 20-ft. 6-in. would be required, an impossible instrument for the Swiss peasant with his primitive methods of construction. Rossini may not be the fashion at present, but nevertheless he was sufficient of a musician to know the approximate pitch of a *Ranz des Vaches*.

Surely it might have struck Bishop that it was a very un-Rossini-like proceeding to write a solo for a double-reed instrument (as I presume he knew the cor anglais to be) plump in the midst of holding-notes for instruments of the same class, the bassoons, to say nothing of those for the horns. Tamplini's solo must have been somewhat blurred, especially as he was not making use of the best notes on Meikle's invention.

We now can see a probable explanation for the *Cornetto Bassetto* of the 'subjoined movement.' The arranger of the solo, being a truthful man, refused to mark the cor anglais, which had not been employed in *Hofer*, and he was too much of a musician to call an instrument with a beating-reed an 'Alto Fagotto.' He was shy at using the term 'Tenoroon,' which savoured of slang, and so invented a word recalling the *Corno di Bassetto*, which, both from its compass and mouthpiece, bore some resemblance to the new instrument. The word indeed may have been Meikle's own idea.

We need not follow Dr. Stone's further divagations. Apparently, because Tamplini played the *Tell* solo on a 'Tenoroon,' which was not the 'Tenoroon' that he (Dr. Stone) thought it was, therefore, in some mysterious way, the *oboi di caccia* of Bach were really tenor-bassoons, and were treated as tenor instruments. As a brief answer to this, we have merely to quote the opening phrase for *Oboe di caccia* I. in the first Church Cantata:

Ex. 3.



The part hardly suggests a tenor one. And it is extremely doubtful whether the f'' would be possible for any *fagottino* of about 1740, since in Walter's *Musikalisches Lexicon* (1732) the upward limit of the ordinary bassoon is given as being e' or g' , and probably the tenor instrument would be able to manage only the fourth or fifth above.

The first London performances of Rutland Boughton's *Bethlehem* will be given by the Streatham Philharmonic Society at Battersea Town Hall on December 28 and 29 at 8, and December 30 at 2.30; and at Streatham Town Hall on January 5 at 8, and January 6 at 2.30. The soloists will include some of the original Glastonbury cast.

Occasional Notes

The Competitive Festival movement is growing so fast that the amount of space hitherto allotted to it in the *Musical Times* is inadequate. Our old custom of confining such news to a four- or eight-column supplement had two drawbacks: (1) Important matter during the busy season had to be omitted, or cut down to fit the procustean bed of the supplement. (2) The fact of such news being published on what is technically known as an 'inset' seemed to imply that it was not sufficiently important to be included in the body of the journal.

This is very far from being the case. The Competition Festival is one of the most vital factors in the musical life of the country. Its educational and recreative powers far exceed that of all but a very few concerts, and as a means of familiarising great masses of people with fine music, both ancient and extremely modern, it has no rival. With the beginning of the new volume in January, therefore, the space available for Festival news and notes will be largely increased, and the matter will be embodied in the journal proper. This arrangement will enable us to carry out a project we have long had in mind—the inclusion of occasional articles on Festival topics from the pen of writers with a good inside knowledge of the movement.

Hearty congratulations to the two new musical knights. Sir Henry Walford Davies and Sir Richard Runciman Terry have long been among the most strenuous and successful of musical workers. To speak in detail of them and their labours would be to repeat what everybody knows, and we can pay them no more handsome compliment than by confining the expression of our feelings to a mere joining in the general cheers.

The balance-sheet of the Gloucester Festival shows a result of which the executive committee may well be proud. The gross receipts amounted to £8,239, and after payment of the very heavy expenses and £945 in entertainment tax, there is a net balance of £2,107. This is said to be a record for the whole two hundred years of the Festival's history, the next best profit balance being that of the Gloucester Festival in 1913.

Very appropriately this success is followed by a high honour conferred on Dr. Herbert Brewer in his appointment to the post of High Sheriff of Gloucester. At the meeting of the City Council at which the appointment was made, Dr. Brewer, in returning thanks, said that this was the first time a Cathedral organist had been elected to such a position, and he felt certain that his election would give immense satisfaction to the profession to which he belonged. He was now occupying two very ancient offices—in fact, two of the oldest in the kingdom, for his new one dated back to 1483, and his organistship, which he had held for nearly twenty-six years, dated back to 1544. At the Corporation Service at the Cathedral on the Sunday following his election, Dr. Brewer discarded his Doctor's robes and conducted and played in his Sheriff's robe and chain of office.

An unusually attractive programme is announced for the Novello Choir concert at Bishopsgate Institute on December 21, at 8 p.m. The choral

items will include Bach's *Sleepers, wake!* Elgar's five Part-songs, Op. 45; Vaughan Williams's *Fantasia on Christmas Carols*; and shorter works by Byrd, Cavendish, and Gibbons. A small orchestra, mainly drawn from the L.S.O., and led by Mr. W. H. Reed, will accompany, and will also play a Purcell Suite, and a Suite for Strings, arranged by Gerrard Williams from Bach's French and English Suites. The soloists will be Miss Gladys Marloe and Mr. John Buckley, and Mr. Harold Brooke will conduct.

The choice of music for use at memorial concerts and services is not easy, but it is generally felt that the funereal side should not be over emphasised. The following programme of an organ recital given on Armistice Day certainly passes the funerary limit:

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| 1. Funeral March on the Death of a Hero | Beethoven |
| 2. Requiem Aeternam | Harwood |
| 3. Marche Funèbre et Chant Séraphique | Guilman |
| 4. 'Good-Night and Goo-bye' | Brahms |
| 5. Dead March in 'Saul' | Handel |
| 6. Chorus of Angels... | Clark |
| 7. Funeral March | Chopin |
| 8. Chanson Triste | Tchaikovsky |
| 9. Trauermarsch, 'Götterdämmerung' | Wagner |

A few of these depressing items (especially the Rev. Scotson Clark's *Chorus of Angels*) should have made way for something heartening—say Elgar's Imperial March or Saint-Saëns's *Marche Héroïque*.

For some years past the public has been in no doubt as to the views of the Dean of St. Paul's on most subjects. Only recently, however, have we found him making a pronouncement on Church music. In one of his weekly *Evening Standard* articles Dean Inge, describing a Cathedral service which he attended during a holiday in Sweden, says:

The music consisted chiefly of five or six fine old hymns, sung slowly to the grand German tunes. The whole congregation joined in the singing, in perfect time and in musical tones, not bawling as they do in Prussia. The most striking thing was the size of the congregation. Upsala contains only twenty thousand inhabitants, and there are five or six other churches, but three thousand five hundred persons were packed into the Cathedral, many standing in the aisles during the whole service. I thought with regret of St. Paul's, half empty at the beginning of the Sunday morning service, of the continual disturbance caused by people entering and leaving the church (at Upsala no one moved till the end), and of the music, in which the congregation cannot join.

Most of us will feel that a Cathedral service, the music of which 'consisted chiefly of five or six old hymns,' left a good deal to be desired. This is the type of service that ought to be aimed at in small village and poor town churches where no choir is available. The service in Cathedrals and collegiate churches is rightly of another type. If the Dean feels that Cathedral services should include little music other than half-a-dozen simple hymns, what would he propose to do with the choral foundation? We agree with all he says as to the impressiveness of congregational singing, but there is room in most churches for the best efforts of both choir and congregation, separately and in conjunction. Most of the difficulties in English church music are the result of the gradual disappearance of the old distinction between the choir and people's part of the service. When the people try to sing everything they are well on the way to singing nothing.

Our October issue contained an article entitled 'Violins Old and New: Prejudice *versus* Facts.' In it the writer showed that the value placed on old violins was almost entirely fictitious. He cited as evidence a contest that took place at Paris a few years ago, whereat a number of violins, old and new, were played before a gathering of experts who, without knowing the dates or makers of the instruments, voted on them. The result was that first and second places went to brand-new fiddles, and the third to a 'Strad,' valued at over three thousand pounds—prior to the contest, that is. No doubt its price fell with mark-like rapidity as soon as the result was known. We revert to this article because it is further supported by an event at a recent London concert. A few weeks ago Mr. Albert Sammons gave a fine performance of the Elgar Concerto at Queen's Hall. Mr. Percy Scholes, in the *Observer* of the following week, mentioned that a member of the audience was heard to remark, 'What a lovely "Strad."!' But it wasn't. It was a violin made only a few weeks before at Chiswick, and this was the first time Mr. Sammons had used it for solo purposes. The maker is Mr. Alfred Vincent, who happens also to be leader of the orchestra at His Majesty's Theatre. The more widely such facts are made known the better. Nobody but the makers and fakers of spurious instruments will suffer, and the genuine practitioners of the beautiful craft of the luthier will gain.

Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt*, one of the raciest and slangiest of recent American novels, contains an amusing passage that throws a ray of light on the origin of some of the millionaire-endowed orchestras in the States. At a lunch of the Zenith Boosters Club (Zenith is the city in which the action lies), one of the speakers—a poet and advertisement writer—made a plea for the formation of a symphony orchestra. He said:

Some of you may feel that it's out of place here to talk on a strictly highbrow and artistic subject, but I want to come out flatfooted and ask you boys to O.K. the proposition of a symphony orchestra for Zenith. Now, where a lot of you make your mistake is in assuming that if you don't like classical music and all that junk, you ought to oppose it. Now, I want to confess that, though I'm a literary guy by profession, I don't care a rap for all this long-haired music. I'd rather listen to a good jazz band any time than to some piece by Beethoven that hasn't any more tune to it than a bunch of fighting cats, and you couldn't whistle it to save your life! But that isn't the point. Culture has become as necessary an adornment and advertisement for a city to-day as pavements or bank-clearances. It's Culture, in theatres and art-galleries and so on, that brings thousands of visitors to New York every year and, to be frank, for all our splendid attainments we haven't yet got the Culture of a New York or Chicago or Boston—or at least we don't get the credit for it. The thing to do then, as a live bunch of go-getters, is to *capitalise Culture*; to go right out and grab it.

Pictures and books are fine for those that have the time to study 'em, but they don't shoot out on the road and holler 'This is what little old Zenith can put up in the way of Culture.' That's precisely what a symphony orchestra does do. Look at the credit Minneapolis and Cincinnati get. An orchestra with first-class musickers and a swell conductor—and I believe we ought to do the thing up brown and get one of the highest-paid conductors on the market, provided he ain't a Hun—it goes right into Boston, and New York and Washington; it plays at the best theatres to the most cultured and

moneyed people; it gives such class-advertising as a town can get in no other way; and the guy who is so short-sighted as to crab this orchestra proposition is passing up the chance to impress the glorious name of Zenith on some big New York millionaire that might—that might establish a branch factory here!

I could also go into the fact that for our daughters who show an interest in highbrow music and may want to teach it, having an AI local organization is of great benefit, but let's keep this on a practical basis, and I call on you good brothers to whoop it up for Culture and a World-beating Symphony Orchestra!

We regret that we have no space to print the glossary of Americanese which Mr. Lewis thoughtfully provides at the end of *Rabbitt*. No doubt our readers will be able to understand most of the Booster's speech to his fellow go-getters.

Some of our readers may remember the very successful concert given in the spring at the Albert Hall by the National Organization of Girls' Clubs, when twelve hundred London Club girls took part. We are asked to announce that the programme will be repeated at the People's Palace, Mile End Road, on December 6, at 8, when five hundred of the choir will sing. The soloists will be Miss May Harrison, Miss Margaret Champneys, Mr. Plunket Greene, and Dr. Harold Darke, and Mr. Harvey Grace will conduct.

A reader sends us the following cutting from the *Daily Express* of November 20:

BEETHOVEN PIANO

A new Beethoven souvenir has been discovered in private possession in a Vienna suburb—a piano which the master used in the composition of the 'Thunder' Sonata and of the 'Misses Solemnis.' It is a so-called 'hammer piano,' giving the extra loud tone which Beethoven required on account of his deafness.

Our correspondent asks us to comment on this, but we refuse to paint the lily.

Music in the Foreign Press

BY M.-D. CALVOCORESSI

BAUDELAIRE'S FIRST LETTER TO WAGNER

The *Revue Musicale* (November) publishes the text of the letter written by Baudelaire to Wagner after the famous concerts which introduced excerpts of *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Tristan* to the Paris public (January 25-February 1, 1860).

Until now this letter was known only by the reference which Wagner makes to it in his autobiography:

Baudelaire introduced himself in a letter in which he described to me the feelings awakened in him by my music. The singularly bold and fantastic tone of his effusions led me to acknowledge in him a remarkable mind, intent in pursuing with the utmost energy and to their utmost consequences the impressions which he had derived from my music. He did not add his address to his signature, because, he said, he did not wish me to think that he was planning to get something out of me. Of course I managed to discover his whereabouts, and soon afterwards he joined the circle of acquaintances who used to meet at my home every Wednesday.

The original now belongs to M. Jacques Doucet; it would be interesting, by the way, to know how it came to pass out of the hands of Wagner or of his family. The letter, which is in very much the same

strain as Baudelaire's pamphlet on Wagner (a reprint of an article in the *Revue Européenne*, incorporated later in the volume *L'Art Romantique*), breathes impassioned admiration.

A comment by André Suarès refers to the matter from the historical point of view and calls attention to Baudelaire's insight as a critic:

Baudelaire judged Ingres as truly as Delacroix, Manet as truly as Flaubert, Poe as truly as Goya. He judged Wagner even more truly than any other of the artists he admired.

ALBERT ROUSSEL

In the same issue, Roland Manuel devoted a clever and judicious essay to Albert Roussel's individuality:

Roussel is essentially original, and belongs to no definite lineage or school. His originality is not deliberate, but is characterised by the fact that he uses no commonplaces. He does not even profit by his own experience, and has as little use for his own previously discovered processes as for those discovered by others. Hence the variety of his output, and the apparent gaucherie which, as M. Jean Marnold has pointed out, is in fact nothing but the avoidance of convenient tricks. This lack of set formulae renders the analysis of his technique practically impossible. Among the distinctive features of his music, the writer notes the tendency to omit or to indicate sparsely the bass of his harmonies, the effect being at times subtle, at others forceful and dramatic. Scoring is with certain masters such as Mendelssohn, Saint-Saëns, Rimsky-Korsakov, Ravel, or Stravinsky, almost an exact science; with others, such as Weber or Debussy, chiefly a matter of intuition. It is to the latter class that Roussel belongs. Contrary to Ravel, with whom the artistic problem almost becomes a wager and is made as difficult as possible, Roussel never strews his path with obstacles in order to delight in negotiating them with cheerful ease.

THE CONDUCTOR'S ART

In the same issue, Lazare Saminsky has some interesting remarks to offer on this point. They are founded upon his study of Nikisch's technique, and also of the methods used by Mengelberg and Rimsky-Korsakov. The writer complains of the lack of theoretical writings on the art of conducting. He does not appear to have seen Dr. Adrian C. Boult's little book on this matter.

DID BOSSI INFLUENCE CÉSAR FRANCK?

In the *Bolletino Ceciliano* (xvii. 3) Giovanni Tebaldini writes:

I can remember the day when, while I was practising at the organ, Enrico Bossi came in and proceeded to play his first Suite in my presence and that of G. B. Nappi. I still possess the manuscript of this work which, written ten years before Franck wrote his *Trois Chœurs*, contains progressions and other modes of working out of which the great Belgian seems to have perceived, if not very distinctly, but very persistently, an echo.

YOUNG ITALIAN COMPOSERS

In *Il Pensiero Musicale* (August), Antonio Veretti devotes an article to Franco Alfano's life and works:

Alfano (born in 1877) is the author of the lyric-drama *Risurrezione*, after Tolstói's novel, produced at Torino in 1904, of *Don Juan's Shadow* (Scala, 1914), and of the legend of *Sakuntala* (Bologna, 1921). His chief orchestral works are a *Romantic Suite* (1907) and a *Symphony* (1908). His String Quartet (1918) is one of his best achievements.

In the same issue Vittorio Gui praises the qualities of imagination and sensitiveness displayed by F. Balilla Pratella in his lyrics *Canzoni del Niente*.

YOUNG DUTCH COMPOSERS

In *Die Musikwelt* (October 15), Dr. Rudolf Mengelberg points out that Dutch composers of to-day remain unknown abroad. He considers that Diepenbrock (1862-1921) represents for Holland what Pfitzner represents for Germany. Cornelis Dopper (b. 1870) is 'the most Dutch of all Dutch composers.' Wagenaar (b. 1862) is essentially original in certain of his humorous cantatas and operas; but as their effect remains dependent upon their text, it is doubtful whether they will be found telling in other countries. B. Zweers (b. 1854) and J. Röntgen (b. 1855) represent a school which has affinities with that of the German Romantics. The most gifted of the younger men is Willem Pijper (b. 1894). Next to him should be named H. D. van Goudoever (b. 1898).

The Musician's Bookshelf

The Nietzsche-Wagner Correspondence.

[Duckworth, 21s.]

This is surely one of the most fascinating and deeply interesting books of the year. Nietzsche was already an enthusiastic Wagnerite at the age of sixteen. During the following years his admiration rapidly increased, but it was not, however, an unreasoning one, since he considered that 'the greatest beauties and virtues' of the *Valkyrie* were 'offset by equally great shortcomings and positive ugliness at times.' Nevertheless, his enthusiasm attracted the attention of the great composer, who in November, 1868, signified his royal wish of making the humble acquaintance of his passionate young admirer.

Shortly after this first meeting Nietzsche was appointed Professor of Classical Philology at the University of Basle. So great, however, was his enthusiasm for the creator of *Tristan*, that he at one time thought of sacrificing his career to the furtherance of the Wagnerian cause. The great composer himself, having—according to his own testimony—spent 'a long life in the company of inferior and rather stupid persons,' was very much impressed by the conversation and writings of his young friend, and he repeatedly invited him to Tribschen, his villa on the Lake of Lucerne. Though the irregular relations of Wagner's household at first greatly distressed Nietzsche, he soon came to be regarded not merely as one of the family, but even as 'a messenger from a purer and nobler world.' Wagner sent him the manuscript of his autobiography to correct, assuring him that he alone should be 'the custodian of these memoirs when I am dead and gone.'

Two years later Nietzsche published *The Birth of Tragedy out of the Spirit of Music*, which—owing to its warm championship of the Wagnerian music-drama—met with the enthusiastic approval of both Wagner and Cosima. This work, indeed, inspired Wagner to new creative effort, and in a comparatively short time he completed the second Act of *Götterdämmerung*.

But already Nietzsche began to feel impatient of the restraint imposed on him by his 'revered master.' Indeed, even short separations often led to painful misunderstandings, and Wagner's suspicious temperament and malicious little hints occasionally almost drove his devoted pupil to despair.

In the autumn of 1874 Nietzsche was, however, induced to pay Bayreuth a visit. Unfortunately, he took with him a score of Brahms's *Song of Triumph*, which he greatly admired. The result might have been foreseen. Several months later Wagner recounted the scene to Nietzsche's sister:

Nietzsche [he said] laid the red-bound book on the pianoforte so that my eye fell on it every time I came into the room, and it enraged me as a red flag does a bull. I knew perfectly well that Nietzsche wished to say to me, 'See here! Here is someone else who can compose something worth while.' I stood it as long as I could, and then one evening I let go of myself, and how I did rage! Nietzsche, however, did not utter a word; but he grew red in the face and stared at me with a look of astonished dignity. I would give a hundred thousand marks all at once if I were as well-bred as Nietzsche; he is always the aristocrat, always dignified.

This little incident was characteristic of both men. Wagner, indeed, was apt to indulge in fits of uncontrollable temper at the expense of hapless persons who had 'composed something worth while.' Nietzsche was deeply hurt, and Wagner's incurable tendency of making vulgar jokes alienated him yet further. At that very moment he experienced also a revival of his early feelings as to the inherent coarseness of much of the *Ring* music. Moreover, he considered a symbolical interpretation the most tyrannical of all restraints on 'the inner, free fantasy of the imagination.' Nevertheless, he strove to conceal his growing antagonism; he even resumed work on his book, *Richard Wagner in Bayreuth*, and—having completed it in 1876—forwarded a copy to Wagner. 'Your book is tremendous. Where did you learn so much about me?' was the delighted composer's reply.

This encouraged Nietzsche to set out for Bayreuth, where he discovered the depressing confirmation and justification of all his inner doubts and scruples. The festival audiences—'men and women, all very much enamoured of each other, all very much bored and unmusical to the point of nausea'—drove him to distraction. Wagner pandering to the sensationalism of inartistic persons, Wagner holding grand audiences, Wagner neglecting his old friends, for whom he seemed to have no further use—this Wagner surely had nothing in common with the man whom he had once loved and revered.

Wearily, ill, and disappointed he fled to Sorrento; but even on his way thither he learnt to his astonishment and mortification that the Wagners had also chosen it as their place of sojourn. The two men kept up a show of friendship for a little longer, but on the last evening they were together Wagner began to talk of *Parsifal* not as an 'artistic conception, but as a personal experience.' This was too much for Nietzsche. It was impossible for him to believe that such an avowed atheist as the composer of *Siegfried* could have all of a sudden become a believer. To him this was merely the most ignoble of attempts to further the material success of the Bayreuth undertaking. It was then that he recalled a remark of Wagner's at Bayreuth:

The Germans do not wish to hear anything about gods and goddesses at present; they are only interested in something of a religious character.

Nevertheless, his so-called 'apostasy' was mainly owing to his artistic convictions:

I was weary with disgust [he writes] at the effeminacy and undisciplined rhapsody of this romanticism, at the whole tissue of idealistic lies

and enervation of conscience, which here again had won a victory over one of the bravest souls, weary of the bitterness and harrowing suspicion that, from now on, I was doomed to be more deeply alone than ever before. For I had never had anyone but Richard Wagner.

At the height of his fame, a few months before his death, the master of Bayreuth—in a conversation with Frau Foerster-Nietzsche—gave utterance to a similar thought: 'Tell your brother,' he said softly, 'that I am quite alone since he went away and left me.'

J. W. K.

How to use a Player-Piano. By Harry Ellingham.

(Grant Richards. 6s.)

For some years up to August, 1914, there existed a monthly for player-pianists, called *The Player-Piano Review*. This was founded by three enthusiasts, and written and conducted by them (with the help of other contributors to the literary pages). One of these three enthusiasts was Mr. Harry Ellingham, an expert in the matter of player mechanism, a gifted musician, and an admirable performer on this instrument. Being associated with the player in the way of business, he had been taught, and he naturally played, in the manner prevalent ten or fifteen years ago among the sales-rooms; but being also a musician and an enthusiast for the advancement of this particular executive art, he sought constantly to improve his system of control and execution, and he therefore evoked the interest, and the resulting criticisms and suggestions, of professional musicians. In the end Mr. Ellingham became one of the finest player-pianists of all the present writer has met.

Mr. Ellingham contributed to the *Player Review* a series of articles; he has made a selection from these, and has issued them in book form. The first chapter gives the history of the pneumatic pianoforte, and an outline of its present condition. The second chapter provides a course of elementary instruction in playing:

A month spent on the exercises I have given here already, using, say, one and a half hours a day, would give you that command over your player which will place you for all time in a position far ahead of the average performer. My own efforts during my initiation period were confined to three rolls. I worked five hours a day for rather more than three weeks; perhaps 120 or 130 hours all told.

The third chapter shifts the character of elementary practice to song accompaniments. The author believes that much can be quickly learnt by playing with a friend who sings songs. Friendship is, of course, a wonderful thing; but of late a system of providing songs as solo pieces has been devised, and these may take the place of the actual singer. Later chapters in the book give an account of the construction of the player, for the convenience of performers who, like the organist, wish to know something of the innards of their instrument, so as to be able to remedy minor defects. Here the author is splendidly clear. Mr. Ellingham discusses certain problems of roll-making, and describes some of his personal experiments in the matter of pneumatic mechanism and 'touch'; he becomes technical, but these papers were popular in the *Review*, evidently appealing to many player-pianists.

The book ends with a glossary of terms. It must be said that some of the definitions are rather rough and ready: *accelerando* and *rallentando*, for example, mean more than simply to play faster or slower. This, however, is a slight matter; and there is nothing in the book to hinder a reviewer from very cordially recommending it to beginners in player-pianism.

S. G.

Introductory Sketch of Irish Musical History. By W. H. Grattan Flood.

[William Reeves.]

This is a digest of the author's *History of Irish Music*, made for the convenience of those who want a cheap and handy book.

Those of us who know our Grattan Flood are not surprised to find him leading off with somewhat extravagant claims on behalf of his country's contributions to the art. In his first page he says:

'Not alone did Irish monks propagate sacred and secular music throughout France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, and the far North, but they made their influence felt at Lindisfarne, Malmesbury, Glastonbury, and other centres in England.'

If they propagated music from the far North to the Mediterranean, it is not surprising to find them doing something for benighted England on the way. But did no English monks or other early musicians do anything for music on the Continent? Again:

'Scotland owes her music to Ireland, as is admitted by all historians. . . . Wales, too, is indebted for her music to Ireland. . . . The Eisteddfod is merely a replica of the Irish Feis. The invention of *organum* must be credited to the Irish. . . . The Irish of the 6th to 8th centuries discovered the art of part-singing or plural melody.'

And so on. Dr. Flood is a trifle too sure about things of this kind. After all, in dealing with periods about which records are scarce and not too reliable, we can do little more than surmise as to who was first in the field in any department. Many otherwise well-informed musicians are hazy as to who among modern composers began to develop the possibilities of the whole-tone scale. If such haziness is possible in the case of a feature so recent, and with printed copies galore, what must it be in regard to matters belonging to a period when musical compositions existed—or were lost—in manuscript only, and when even notation itself was in an unsettled state? But does it matter much, anyway? Surely a nation's position in the world of art to-day depends next to nothing on what it did in the 9th century. The question is, What is it doing in the 20th? When we come to Dr. Flood's chapter on Irish music from 1877 to 1919, we read:

'During the past forty years Irish musicians have contributed their quota to musical art. The outstanding names from 1877 to 1919 are Sir Frederick Ouseley, Rev. F. Scoason Clark, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Augusta Holmes, Sir Charles Stanford, Arthur Hervey, Victor Herbert, Dr. Charles Wood, Dr. Sinclair, Dr. Buck, Norman O'Neill, and Mrs. Curwen.'

After expressing relief that the Rev. Scotson Clark was, after all, not an Englishman, we may point out that of these hardly any received their training or did their life-work in Ireland. Two were born at Paris, and one of them—Augusta Holmes—is a French composer if ever there was one. Would any other nation (save, perhaps, Wales), if asked for a list of composers during that period, be so hard up as to fall back on one of the Scotson Clark type? Apparently Dr. Flood regards the reverend gentleman seriously as a composer on the strength of his works numbering over five hundred. He ends this chapter by saying that,

‘... given a generous measure of Home Rule, there is every reason to believe that in the new social order music will develop on right lines, and we may hope for a national school of music such as the world has never seen.’

Well, hope springs eternal, but there is little likelihood of a national Irish School such as the world has never seen, so long as most of Ireland's musicians prefer to live anywhere but in the Isle.

Of the heart-searching beauty of Irish folk-music there can be no question: it stands without a rival. Nor are the interpretative gifts of her sons and daughters to be disputed. But more than these two constituents go to the making of a great national school of composition. It would be of interest to speculate as to the reason for Ireland's comparative failure in this respect. Troubled history cannot altogether be blamed, for we do not find this factor preventing other small nationalities from expressing themselves in art. Perhaps the fatal defect so far has been that the most gifted of Irish musicians have left their country (if they were born there), have settled in England, and have ended by writing music that suggests very little of Ireland, but a great deal of England. For example, Sullivan was born at Lambeth, and wrote music that was English to the last semiquaver—when it wasn't German. But as his parents came from Cork and his grandfather from Kerry, Dr. Flood says he was ‘through and through Irish.’ But how many of us ever think of him as Irish? We are influenced by his music and his life-place, not by his parents' birthplace. The national school of music that was helped along was that of England, not Ireland. Even Stanford, than whom no composer is more delightfully Irish when treating the folk-music of his country, is always regarded as one of the group of men to whom the growth of the present English revival of composition is due. What can be more English than his settings of Elizabethan poetry? However, the most important thing about Dr. Flood's book is that it does give us a great deal of information that is otherwise hard to obtain, and his facts we accept as readily as we shy at some of his deductions. I venture to suggest to the Doctor that at present his method as a historian suffers from patriotic bias—which ceases to be a virtue when there is more than a mere flavour of it. Some of the grounds on which he claims a musician as Irish call to mind the jest in cricket circles some years ago when the Middlesex eleven included a large proportion of players recruited from the other end of the world; it was said that one could qualify for Middlesex by drinking a glass of beer at Charing Cross.

H. G.

The Liturgical Use of the Organ. By Godfrey Sceats.

[*Musical Opinion Office, 3s.*]

One may easily escape an organist's in- and out-voluntaries by the simple expedient of arriving just as the service starts and leaving the moment it ends. But during the service he has us at his mercy, and only the deaf are spared the various little bits of filling-in that he is so often called on to supply. This is a misfortune, because so many players are at their best in the voluntary and recital and a good deal short of it during the service. The anomaly would not exist if it were merely a matter of keyboard technique; it is something far more difficult to inculcate—a sense of style and fitness. Mr. Sceats deals with the organ as a solo instrument in connection with a liturgical office. This rules out accompanying and recitals, and leaves the interlude and the voluntary. The interlude is a feature that is becoming more and more important, owing to the increasing number of churches at which the choral Eucharist is sung at least weekly. At such churches, too, *Magnificat* is usually sung with full ceremonial, and this frequently calls for a good deal of resource on the part of the organist. Mr. Sceats discusses the voluntary first, and rightly shows that though it is not an essential it may easily be made a valuable adjunct. An increasing number of people in the nave are beginning to feel that a voluntary has to do more than justify itself on the purely musical side. It should as often as possible be appropriate as well as good, and it will be appropriate in the most natural way when it is based on an ecclesiastical theme, and above all when this thematic basis is a feature in the service to which it forms the postlude. Failing such fitness the least we can do is to play music in which, as Mr. Sceats says, there is as a rule ‘no violent assertion of rhythm—especially conventional march rhythm, or three-four rhythm.’ He tells us, too, to avoid ‘everything showy, and to use sparingly, or never, music which consists of a melody on a solo stop of orchestral timbre with an accompaniment of arpeggi or staccato chords,’ and not many will disagree with him. Everything points to various forms of the choral prelude as the best material for voluntary purposes. The term is a comprehensive one, as it includes all the music based on ecclesiastical themes, whether plainsong, chorale, psalm tune, or modern hymn tune. As Mr. Sceats says, the supply of good music of this kind is so large that an organist need have no difficulty in going on playing his way through the Church seasons with something appropriate all the time. Mr. Sceats gives lists of suitable material. These lists might with advantage have been fuller and more detailed for the benefit of organists who live a long way from well-stocked music shops. (By the by, he includes Herbert Howells among the English composers who have written preludes on psalm tunes, but Howells's *Three Psalm-Preludes* are independent pieces treating verses from the Psalter, and have no connection with psalm tunes.) Mr. Sceats mentions two collections by Parry; a third set of *Three Chorale Fantasias* on ‘St. Anne,’ the ‘Old Hundredth,’ and an 18th century tune is too good to be neglected. The list of pieces on plainsong themes could be amplified a good deal. It is true that Mr. Sceats does not profess to be exhaustive, but the value of a work of this kind depends so much on completeness that it is

a pity he remained satisfied with anything less than fat lists with, moreover, some particulars as to style, degree of difficulty, &c., especially as the works mentioned range from the very easy to the forbiddingly difficult. Organists must be encouraged to adventure among this unfamiliar music—much of it published abroad—and they need all the information an author can give them, from music-type illustrations down to the price.

Mr. Sceats ends his book with twenty-six Interludes and Postludes in the eight modes, for use with plainchant. A few of these pieces are excellent, a few are bad, and some do no more than raise doubts. But this is not surprising seeing that the author himself says that 'one or two are frankly experimental.' There are a good many misprints here, the worst being the key signature of No. 17, from which the D sharp should surely be removed. Played as written the piece not only gives us some weird progressions, but begins and ends on a diminished triad on D sharp. As Mr. Sceats on page 26 says that our discords should be 'really discordant, with a wholesome jar about them,' some readers will naturally wonder if No. 17 is an example of the wholesomely jarring. The book is important because it is apparently the first attempt to consider the organ in its purely liturgical relations, and in gratitude to the author for having broken so important a piece of ground we may easily forgive him a tendency to sketchiness and some weakness in matters of detail.

H. G.

REVIEWS IN BRIEF

In *The Annals of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester*, Mr. C. Lee Williams and Mr. H. Godwin Chance carry on the story of the Festivals from 1906 to the present year (Chance & Bland, Ltd., Gloucester, 2s.). The booklet contains reproductions from photographs of the three Cathedrals, and portraits of Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Ivor Atkins, Dr. Herbert Brewer, and Dr. Percy Hull.—*A Guide to the best Flute Music of all Kinds* has been compiled by Captain H. Macaulay Fitzgibbon, who has also set up the type and published the book off his own bat (The Bungalow, Greystones, Co. Wicklow, Ireland, 2s. 6d.). Captain Fitzgibbon has examined some thousands of works, and here gives a selection of five hundred, classified and with brief notes as to style, degree of difficulty, &c. He includes also lists of songs with flute obbligato, duos, trios, and quartets for flutes alone; and chamber music in which the instrument has a share. A fair amount of modern music is included, but the author evidently jibbed at a good deal more than he put in. He says:

'Several recent composers have written pieces for the flute in an ultra-modern style, full of strange harmonies and discords. These *outré* effects do not seem to me to be suited to the flute, and I have not included them.'

A list of the principal publishers of flute music is given. It is a pity Captain Fitzgibbon did not signify the publisher of each work. A system of initials would have enabled him to add this information at the cost of very little extra labour and space.—Neither Mr. Frank Kidson nor *The Beggar's Opera* need any introduction to our readers, so there is call for little more than bare mention of the fact that Mr. Kidson has just published, through the

Cambridge University Press (5s.), a book entitled *The Beggar's Opera: Its Predecessors and Successors*. Here is all that the most curious can want to know on the subject. The book deals also with the sequel, *Polly*, which is shortly to be produced in London. The illustrations consist of some old cuts and facsimiles of the title-pages.—From Messrs. Chester come four additions to the series of *Miniature Essays*. The new ones deal with Lord Berners, Malipiero, Palmgren, and de Falla. Each is in English and French, and each contains a portrait. Messrs. Chester have published also in a similar size and style a couple of booklets that deserve to be widely read—Malipiero's *The Orchestra*, translated by Eric Blom, and Alfred Cortôt's *The Piano-forte Music of Alfred Debussy*, translated by Violet Edgell.—A highly provocative pamphlet is George Sampson's *Rhythm: Its Power and its Neglect, with the Principles and Laws which Govern the Performance of Music* (Chester). Mr. Sampson delivers himself of some swinging blows at musical education in general, especially in regard to rhythm. Much of what he writes is true enough, but his method is too often that of the man who says, 'I'm not arguing; I'm telling you.' It is difficult to take seriously some of Mr. Sampson's subdivisions of bars for the purposes of determining accents. The worst example is one of a bar of 12-8 set forth in forty-eight demisemiquavers, each semiquaver being numbered in the order of its strength. Mr. Sampson anticipates a stumbling here:

'The above chart [he says] to the superficial is mere foolishness. How, reasons the shallow mind, can anyone preserve thirty-six or forty-eight strengths in a bar? Because frail human nature is incapable of perfection is it any reason why perfection should not be proclaimed?'

To which the obvious answer is another question: If the human voice or finger is incapable of showing forty-eight strengths in a bar, or if, the forty-eight being shown, the human ear is incapable of distinguishing them, what is the practical use of talking about them? Mr. Sampson's pamphlet, however, is not all on this worrying plane; it contains much that needs to be said to-day, and teachers should study it carefully.—A good deal of interest is now taken in negro songs and folk-lore, so there should be readers for Thomas W. Talley's *Negro Folk-Rhymes, Wise and Otherwise* (Macmillan, 11s.). The author (a professor at Fisk University) has made a substantial collection of material, and follows it up by a hundred pages of discussion. In a few cases he adds the music to which the verses are sung. A point that strikes the English reader is the large number of negro songs with a familiar ring, e.g.:

Ten liddle Niggers, a-eatin', fat an' fine;
One choke hisse'f to death, an' dat lef' nine.
Nine liddle Niggers, dey sot up too late;
One sleep hisse'f to death, an' dat lef' eight.

And so on with the calamitous tale until number ten is left, 'a-foolin' wid a gun,' with the inevitable result. Again, our old friend, 'Baa! baa! black sheep,' is here, set to a tune that is first cousin to Schumann's *Merry Peasant*. And there are others. A pleasant book, and none the worse for the fact that the rhymes as a whole are otherwise rather than wise.

H. G.

New Music

SONGS

Chanson du Feu Follet and *Chanson du Chagrin d'Amour* (Chester) from *El Amor Brujo*, will delight the many to whom Manuel de Falla's beautiful *Three-Cornered Hat* Ballet and his essentially Spanish pianoforte music have given pleasure. The words are printed in Spanish and also in French.

Quite charming are Lady Arthur Hill's *Songlets for Children* (Novello), to words of Fred. E. Weatherly. The accompaniments contain the melodies, so that the child has only to listen to its accompanist and sing the words in unison with the pianoforte, and thus the six songs will be quickly and easily grasped.

The Golden Age (Curwen) is a whimsical little song by Gerrard Williams to humorous words of W. J. Ibbett. *The old, bold Mate*, by Esmond Bristol, to words of John Masefield (Novello), will please audiences who are out to hear a good rollicking song. It would put any advocate of 'prohibition' in the dumps for a week.

Eric Fogg's setting of Shelley's *When Passion's Trance* (Elkin) is directed to be sung *Andante languido con moto*, which makes for sentimentality; and the treatment of the poem is hardly original enough to lift the song out of a somewhat demoded atmosphere.

Last Hours, by Maurice Jacobson (Curwen) is a good transcription of John Freeman's lyric describing a quiet, gray day of a lingering winter.

Five songs of Felix White (Goodwin & Tabb)—*The Neophyte*, a setting of Alice Meynell's sonnet; a *Cradle Song* of William Blake; *The Northern Star*, an anonymous North country ballad; 'The Minion Wife,' from *Ralph Roister Doister* (1550); and *The Love of the Archer Prince*, a street song of Tibet, together with *Leap into a Dance!* (Curwen), to words of Francis Beaumont (1612)—though not of striking originality, can be recommended to singers who wish to please their audiences with pleasant, melodious songs.

At Morning, a lyric of Temple Thurston, and *Let all the Strains of Joy*, from Tagore's *Gitanjali* (Enoch), by Landon Ronald, will meet with the same popularity as many previous songs by this composer have enjoyed.

My father has some very fine sheep (Enoch) is a version of an amusing Antrim song taken down by Herbert Hughes from the singing of a Ballyclare man in 1906. The singer records his father's fine cows and ducks and pigs, and their moos and quacks and grunts; and it is left to his imagination to add to the length of the song by bringing in any other animals that could live in 'the bonny fields of Doochary,' with the sounds appropriate to each.

Messrs. Elkin & Co. have published four *Albums of English Songs* severally for soprano, contralto, tenor, and baritone. Each volume contains five well-known songs, and the contents of each are different. They are by such popular composers as Reginald Clarke, William Wallace, Ethel Barnes, Stanford, Howard Hadley, R. Somerville, and several others.

The following ten songs are all in the Curwen edition:

In *The sleep that flits on baby's eyes*, Maurice Besly, has captured the mystery and fancy of Tagore's little

fairly prose-poem. Many of the harmonic progressions of the accompaniment are exceedingly pleasing. Sung with its violin obbligato this song ought to be very effective.

The Quest, by Frederick Nicholls, to words by Eva Gore-Booth, is a quiet, reflective song. There is artistry in its simplicity, and its effect is gained by austerity and economy of means.

Maurice Jacobson has caught the Irishry of W. M. Letts's witty little poem *Boys*. Sung with the right spirit and verve the song would meet with success.

Rupert Erlebach's setting of Irene McLeod's *Lone Dog* will appeal to all lovers of dogs. Its accompaniment cleverly suggests the loose, swinging footfall of the half-wild North country collie on the 'lone trail,' with its constant longing to be 'out with the 'wide wind and wild stars.'

Hazel Eyes is a dainty trifle by Toupie Lowther. It is an apposite reflection of an expressive little triolet by Oscar Wilde.

Salutation and *The Garret* are two bizarre and clever arrangements of poems of Ezra Pound by Josef Holbrooke. *Salutation* apostrophises the 'generation of the thoroughly smug and uncomfortable.' After this unmusical congeries of words it follows on with fishermen picnicking with their 'untidy families and their smiles full of teeth.' It is also of fish who 'swim in the lake and do not even own clothing.' In *The Garret* two lovers remind one another that 'the rich have butlers and no friends,' while they have 'friends and no butlers'; and they invite each other to 'pity the married and the unmarried.' To this sharp recoil from the sugary sentimental love-song Josef Holbrooke has contributed richly-harmonized, resonant accompaniments. In the competitive irony of the music and the words music wins easily by reason of its own sheer power of unending subtlety and suggestion.

Owen Mase's music to Bliss Carman's *There is no more to say*, with its two reiterated extended chords, suggests finality and despair. It is a sad lament, with no gleam of hope in words or music.

Galsworthy's *Tittle-Tattle* is given a rapid pulsating rhythm and a lightly swinging accompaniment which suits the flashlight rapidity of the gibing words.

Felix White's *The Little Brother* is a pretty, pleasing trifle. The words are by W. B. Rands.

Armstrong Gibbs's music has decided affinities with Walter de la Mare's delicate, shadowy lyrics. In *Mistletoe* he has sensed the gentle unseen presence of the ghost in the dim candlelight under the mistletoe. There is spontaneity and ease in the way the composer has reflected the poet's theme.

The Shepherdess of Alice Meynell has been given a melodious and clever setting by Ivor Atkins (Augener). It is a well-wrought song, picturesque, with varying rhythm and well-worked-out ideas.

Indian Serenade, by Percy Judd (Augener) is pleasing because of its apparent spontaneity and on account of the composer's sympathy with Shelley's passionate words.

Cradle Song, Ecstasy, Memory, Roadways—all four by Vivian Hickey (Augener)—will commend themselves to singers requiring bright, tuneful songs, facile for both voice and accompaniment, and easily assimilated by audiences who would be unresponsive to music of a more advanced kind.

The same may be said for Paul Edmonds's *Four Indian Songs* (Enoch), for low and medium voice. The words are by Sarojini Naidu.

Two volumes of *Scottish Lyrics*, set to music by Francis George Scott (Bayley & Ferguson), will be welcomed by lovers of Burns. (Book 1, for female voice; Book 2, for male voice.) The Lyrics are in the Scotch folk-song idiom and rhythm, and are well and mostly simply set. Amongst the Burns songs are 'The Lovely Lass o' Inverness,' 'The Wren's Nest,' the beautiful 'O were my love yon lilac fair,' and 'Mary Morison.' Alan Cunningham's comic 'Gruel' is printed with them; also John Imlah's 'Weel I lo'e Mary,' and the anonymous 'I'll gar our gudeman trow.' L. L.

NEW STRING QUARTETS

Two new string quartets have been sent to us from America, both published for the Society for the Publication of American Music. One is the work of D. S. Smith, the other of Tadeusz Iarecki. The latter is by far the more ambitious of the two. Mr. Smith contents himself with one movement, while Mr. Iarecki has three. Mr. Smith looks towards modern ideals with his feet solidly planted in the past, while Mr. Iarecki is not afraid of being caught unashamed coquetting with modernity. But in spite of different length and different methods both composers reveal much the same mind, the same delight in competent rather than brilliant work, the same quest after material rather than spiritual originality. This at least is the impression gained by a reading of the score; it is possible that a carefully prepared performance might alter it in some way. In any case even if the Society for the Publication of American Music has not gained with new quartets complete success, it has done more—it has deserved it. The printing is as good as anything produced in Europe, and one cannot praise too highly the Society's custom of sending with the score and parts a short biographical sketch of the composers. We want to know more about the works of young Americans, and we also want to know something of the composers themselves. B. V.

STRING MUSIC

Messrs. Durand et Fils, of Paris, have published M. Gabriel Fauré's second Quintet—which can also be obtained now in a four-hand arrangement for pianoforte. The arrangement testifies, we take it, to the popularity of M. Fauré's music in his native land, which is rather singular, considering how deep-rooted in that country is the prejudice against conservatism in music. M. Fauré, it may be suggested, is far from being a champion of conservatism in technique. In this Quintet, as in most of his other works, there are moments in which he is tempted to stray beyond the limits of the out-and-out conservative, the 'last-ditcher' or 'die-hard' of music. But these things are all on the surface. When *Samson and Delilah* was first written it also made people believe that Saint-Saëns tended towards reform, while nowadays even his most gushing admirers dare not claim for him a place amongst the prophets. Similarly, in M. Fauré's Quintet, the occasional novelty of harmony is only part of the general equipment of the composer—it is not an end in itself, or a deliberate attack on conventionalism. A certain elegance and distinction are as typical of Saint-Saëns as of M. Fauré—in neither case do we find daring and originality going beyond the canons of the drawing-room. There is grace and there is sentiment in this music. But while grace and polish are much to the fore, sentiment

is held in so strong a leash that it appears quite tame. In some way its finish and rare workmanship remind us of the poetry of Tennyson—but not the Tennyson of *Maud*.

The same publishers have issued also an Allegro for violin (or flute) and pianoforte, entitled, *D'un Matin de Printemps*, by Madame Lili Boulanger, the young French composer who died a few years ago before her prime, much regretted by many who had learnt to love and admire her personality. The little piece under review would hardly justify in itself the praise bestowed upon the composer on other occasions. It has a certain naïve simplicity not devoid of charm, but it holds little evidence or promise of a great, if undeveloped, talent. The unrestrained freedom which she apparently conceives to be the hall-mark of modern harmony does not appear to have given wing to her imagination—it rather ties her to conventional patterns of rhythm and to a melodic design which is sometimes unconventional but often unconvincing. B. V.

Messrs. J. & W. Chester have just issued a selection from *La Boutique Fantasque* arranged in such a way that it can be played by any combination of instruments—an orchestra almost as large as that used by the Russian Ballet, or a pianoforte and a couple of fiddles. It is known, of course, how this music came into being, and how Signor Respighi put together various chips from Rossini's workshop so as to form an exceedingly attractive interlude for the ballet. The success of the *Boutique* on the stage makes it unnecessary to consider such characteristics of the music as its aptness for mimic action and dance, and its general effect. But this little 'Pianoforte Conductor' score, so modest that it cannot remind us of the gorgeous lavishness of the stage, so cold that it cannot recall the warm atmosphere of the theatre, suggests considerations very much at variance with the feelings of the spectator at the ballet. It is like eating the bake-meats of the wedding-feast—cold, after the guests have departed. Some sweetness there is still left in them, but the glamour, the joy, are gone. It is as if all the ablest work of Signor Respighi had achieved nothing, and we had under our eyes the airy trifles of a clever, slightly bored, successful composer—successful, above all things. The successful composer is betrayed by his tricks, as is the profiteer by his manners. There is almost a touch of arrogance in the ease with which the mystery of composition is performed. This is obviously a man who has known not one of the passions that embittered the lives of so many other musicians, who never desired this man's art and that man's scope, who on waking could proclaim every morning, 'all's well with the world.' Undoubtedly these later sketches of Rossini will have to be taken into account by his future biographer—should there be one.* The average musician or student of history who studies Rossini is so much at a disadvantage that nothing that throws light on his extraordinary mentality can be neglected. He was so skilled in the art of music that he dazzled the majority of his contemporaries, and yet he was the most unemotional of all the prophets of the most emotional art of all. The interest of the new publication is, however, topical—and Messrs. Chester are, presumably, more concerned with the immediate appeal the music will have for patrons of the Russian Ballet than with its value for the scholar and the critic. It is music

which could have never affected even so sensitive an amateur as Boswell—pleasant, on the whole, and almost too facile for lasting impressions. F. B.

Gramophone Notes

BY 'DISCUS'

Judging from the unusually large number of records sent for review there has been a good deal doing lately in the recording rooms. Far more important, however, is the fact that the standard is distinctly above the average.

From H.M.V. issues one of the best orchestral records I have so far come across—two 12-in. d.s. giving, without cuts, the *Siegfried Idyll* conducted by Albert Coates. The Band of the 1st Life Guards is to be heard in a selection from *Princess Ida* (Æ.-Voc., 12-in. d.s.). From the same house comes something distinctly out of the common in a 12-in. d.s. of the Æolian Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Cuthbert Whitmore, playing the March from *Prince Igor*, and an arrangement by Mr. Whitmore of Bach's Choral Prelude on *Sleepers, wake!* This Prelude is one of the best known of all Bach's works in the form, and is frequently heard at pianoforte recitals. It is good to have this latest version, though both arrangement and performance leave something to be desired. The chief fault in the former respect is that the chorale melody does not stand out plainly enough as a whole. This is partly because the general effect is fogged by the harmonics of the bells. A hint of bells would have been enough; here they are used far too much. The playing suffers from too brisk a pace, and even more from the abrupt phrasing of the long-drawn melody. But what a gem this work is! Even in this not wholly satisfactory arrangement it gets hold of one in a curious way, thanks chiefly to its spacious tune. I dwell on it at some length because a transcription and record of this kind mark a new departure. Many of these Choral Preludes are arranged for pianoforte, but as a matter of fact such versions are rarely successful, owing to the absence of the sustained effect of the organ tone. They can be made into delightful pieces for small orchestra, or for a chamber combination, and I am glad to hear that the Æolian Vocalian people are going to follow up this line. I hope, however, the arranger will moderate his transports with the bells, and in a general way aim at simplicity and clearness.

Chamber music is a good feature this month. Two first-rate H.M.V. records are a 12-in. of the *Adagio Cantabile* from Haydn's D major Quartet, played by the Flonzaley Quartet, and a 12-in. d.s. of the *Andante* from Debussy's G minor, and the *Scherzo* from Tanéïev's A minor, the Catterall Quartet being the performers. I have so often complained of vagueness in records of this kind, that I am glad to be able to note in these a marked increase of sonority and clearness.

The repertory of the viola is so limited that Lionel Tertis is making up the deficiency by arrangements. Here he is playing Mendelssohn's *On Wings of Song* and Grieg's *I love thee*, to the pianoforte accompaniment of Ethel Hobday. I am not quite convinced that the Mendelssohn song was worth the trouble, and in the Grieg we certainly feel the need of words. But the harmonic warmth and the expressive tone of the viola make an effective little piece of it (10-in. d.s.). More elaborate is

Mr. Tertis's arrangement for violin, viola, and pianoforte, of a couple of Dvorák's *Bagatelles*, originally written for harmonium (or pianoforte), two violins, and violoncello (12-in. d.s.). There is a suspicion of fussiness here and there—in the music itself, I imagine—but the balance and the recording generally are excellent. Mr. Tertis's fellow-players are Ethel Hobday and Albert Sammons, so the quality of the performance goes without saying (Æ.-Voc.).

Dvorák figures again in an arrangement of his *Indian Lament*, which Kreisler has transcribed for violin solo. It is played by Sasha Cuthbertson, a fiddler from the U.S.A. On the other side of this 12-in. d.s. is Schubert's *Ave Maria*. The Dvorák item strikes me as poor, and the Schubert air is one of those overrated and threadbare works that might well be given a rest (Æ.-Voc.).

The taste of some famous violinists is very little better than that of mere singers. Kreisler is disappointing in this respect. Is the repertory of his instrument so bad as he implies at his recitals and in his arrangements? H.M.V. sends a 10-in. record of him playing his version of Brahms's Waltz in A flat, No. 15 of the well-known set. It is a pity Kreisler has chosen one of the weakest of the whole lot. Of course he plays it perfectly, but it is skill wasted.

There is some jangling tone in the record of Rachmaninov's playing of his own Prelude in G sharp minor, but it is a good one. I am glad to see this additional proof that Rachmaninov wrote more than one Prelude for the pianoforte. Moiseiwitsch devotees should note the 10-in. d.s. record of his playing of the *Vivacissimo* from Schumann's *Traumeswirren* and the Schumann-Liszt *Frühlingsnacht*—a really dazzling affair (H.M.V.).

The English Singers have added to their records, and their latest effort is surely the best. It is a 10-in. d.s. giving Benet's *All creatures now are merry-minded*, Edwards's *In going to my lonely bed*, and John Farmer's *Fair Phyllis I saw*. These are all thoroughly enjoyable, especially the first. I advise all users of these records to make their enjoyment complete by spending a few pence on copies of the madrigals (H.M.V.).

Successful operatic records are Galli Curci singing the 'Hymn to the Sun' from *Le Coq d'Or* (10-in. H.M.V.); Giacomo Rimini in the Drinking Song from Verdi's *Otello* (sung in Italian) (10-in. Æ.-Voc.); and Rosing in the Cavatina from *Romeo and Juliet* (12-in. Æ.-Voc.). Less successful is one of Celys Beralta in the 'Mad Scene' from *Lucia*. Her voice has not enough brilliancy for work of this sort—at all events, it does not come out on my gramophone. The flautist is first-rate—so good, that I found myself once more returning thanks for the convention that makes coloratura singers arrange to go mad or show their paces as a rule only when a good flute player is around. (Æ.-Voc. The three last-named records have explanatory notes on the reverse side.)

The best operatic record, however, is one that pretends to be something else. It is a 10-in. of Caruso singing the 'Crucifixus' from Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, with orchestral accompaniment. As this capital operatic aria is set to a Latin text it automatically becomes sacred, of course. However, we forget the indiscrepancy between words and music, thanks to the way the wonderful voice is poured out.

Here, for those who like such things, are particulars of a few records of first-rate singers lavishing their voices on fourth-rate songs: Carrie Tubbs,

(Continued on page 863.)

Say, Shepherds, say

December 1, 1922

No. 2 OF "6 AYRES TO 4 VOICES".

By MICHAEL CAVEDISH (1598)

Transcribed from the Original Edition by PETER WARLOCK & PHILIP WILSON

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Moderato

SOPRANO
 Say, shep-herds, say, where is your jol - ly swain, Or

ALTO
 Say, shep-herds, say, where is your jol - ly swain, Or what hath

TENOR
 Say, shep-herds, say, where is your jol - ly swain, Or

BASS

Moderato. ♩ = 63
 (For practice only)

mp
 what hath bred, or what hath bred his an - guish? On i - dle

mp
 bred, or what hath bred, hath bred his an - guish? On i - dle

mp
 what hath bred, or what hath bred his an - guish? On i - dle

mp
 On i - dle

N.B.—There are no indications of *tempo* or expression in the original edition. Those suggested here may be varied at the discretion of the conductor.

bank he rest - less doth re - main, re - main, Oh, for love, for

bank he rest - less doth re - main, For love, for

bank he rest - less doth re - main, For love doth

bank he rest - less doth re - main, For love doth

love doth make him lan - guish. *mf* I - - dle

love doth make him lan - guish. *mf* I - - dle lad, his wit is

make him lan - guish. *mf*

make him lan - guish. *mf* I - - dle lad, his wit is

lad, his wit is bad, *mf* There a - lone, there a - lone to

bad, *mf* There a - lone, there a - lone to make such moan, there a -

I - dle lad, his wit is bad, *mf* There a - lone to make such

bad, *mf* There a - lone, there a - lone to make such

make such moan, there a - lone to
- lone to make such moan, there a - lone to make such moan,
moan, there a - lone to make such moan, there a - lone to
moan, there a - lone, there a - lone to

make such moan To the weep - - ing foun - tains,
oh, to the weep - ing, to the weep - ing foun - tains,
make such moan To the weep - - - - ing foun - tains,
make such moan To the weep - - ing foun - tains,

f $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

While she plays sweet roun - - - de - lays, Up and down.

While she plays sweet round - de - lays, round - de - lays, Up and down, up and down,

While she plays sweet roun - de - lays, roun - de - lays, Up and down, up and down,

While she plays sweet roun - - - de - lays, Up and down, up and down,

f

ff

up and down, up and down, up and down the moun - tains.

ff

up and down, oh, up and down the moun - tains.

ff

oh, up and down, up and down, up and down the moun - tains.

ff

up and down, up and down, up and down the moun - tains.

ff

(Continued from page 858.)

The Dancing Lesson and *Buy my Strawberries*, both by Herbert Oliver (12-in. d.s.); John Buckley *O Falmouth is a fine Town*, by Landon Ronald, and *A Ballad of Gretna Green*, by May H. Brahe (10-in. d.s.); Malcolm McEachern (one of the best 'recording' voices of to-day), *The Nomad*, by Bernard Hamblin, and *Casey the Fiddler*, by Haydn Wood (10-in. d.s.). All these come from the Æolian Vocalian Co.

Records of a similar type from the H.M.V. are a 10-in. d.s. of Leila Megane singing—in Welsh—*Heaven*, by Osborne Roberts, and *My little Welsh Home* (two lachrymose ditties; the two sides of a record should surely be contrasted), and John McCormack singing (far too nasally) Alston Waters's *Somewhere* (10-in.).

Roland Hayes's beautiful voice is heard to advantage in *Steal away*, arranged by Lawrence Brown. On the other side of a 10-in. is *Go down, Moses*, arranged by H. T. Burleigh. Here the emotion seems to be a trifle forced. Both these old negro songs suffer from over-sophistication, in harmonization as well as in performance (Æ.-Voc.).

Once again I have to admit that for clearness and all-round enjoyableness some fox-trots issued by the Æolian-Vocalian Company are the pick of the basket. Especially good is *The Dancing Fool*, played by the Bar Harbour Society Orchestra. The alternation of dry slickness and burbling sentiment is very amusing. There are some good effects of colour and cross-rhythm in *Truly*, played by Selvin's Dance Orchestra. That there are stages even on the fox-trot Parnassus is shown by the fact that *A Baby in Love* is merely ordinary, and *Are you Playing Fair* not much better. The composition of such things seems to be a preserve of the Chosen Race, judging from the names of the concocters of the above—Ted Snyder, Vincent Rose, Siegrist Cohen, and a pair who compose in double-harness—Goodman and Benatsky.

The Æolian Vocalian Company has sent particulars of a batch of records for use during Christmas. I have been unable to hear them, as they are not completed at the time of writing. They will be issued on December 1. Among them are carols and Christmas hymns, sung by the Æolian Male Quartet and soloists, with orchestra; a *pot-pourri* of plantation songs played by the Band of the 1st Life Guards, a variety of fox-trots, and a 10-in. d.s. giving a couple of tangos, played by the Vocalian Dance Orchestra.

Church and Organ Music

ST. MICHAEL'S, CORNHILL, FESTIVAL

Thousands of people who enjoy music (or who are capable of learning to enjoy it) are at present deprived of the opportunity for doing so by the fact that the music is in one place and they in another. Londoners nowadays live in the suburbs, and it is in Central London that their music awaits them—necessarily, therefore, often in vain. A hard-working city clerk who likes a little music has now to choose between wasting two hours in London—between the close of his business and the opening of the concert—or, instead, rushing hastily home and back, which he is very little likely to do. In two ways attempts are being made to overcome this difficulty: (a) 'decentralisation' of music, i.e., the setting up of concert schemes in the suburbs, and (b) lunch hour and early-evening activities in the business centres. Both are necessary if the suburban worker and his wife are to be fairly fed.

In the provision of lunch hour and early-evening music in the centre of London nobody is more usefully energetic than the Rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill, the Rev. J. H. Ellison, and his organist, Dr. Harold Darke. Weekly organ recitals are given, and there are regular practices of a body called 'The St. Michael's Singers: a Choral Society for City Workers.' Once a year the strong current of musical enthusiasm overflows its usual banks and spreads out into a whole week's Festival such as that which ended on November 16.

The general scheme of this consisted in daily organ recitals at one o'clock and daily concerts of sacred music at six o'clock. The organists were Drs. Harold Darke, H. G. Ley, W. G. Alcock, and W. H. Harris. The solo vocalists were Miss Dorothy Silk, Miss Vivienne Chatterton, Miss Constance E. Taylor, Miss Margaret Champneys, Mr. John Adams, Mr. George Tinney, and Mr. Charles G. Young. There was a string orchestra led by Mr. Kenneth G. Skeaping. Mr. G. Thalben Ball and Mr. E. Norman Greenwood accompanied at organ and pianoforte respectively, Mr. Albert Fransella played the flute in a Bach Suite, and Dr. Darke conducted throughout. The St. Michael's Singers, of course, took a large part in the programmes. The Bach Cantatas *Bide with us*, *How brightly shines yon star of morn*, and *O Fire Everlasting*, Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens* and *Beyond these voices*, Brahms's *Song of Destiny*, Darke's *England, awake*, Holst's *This have I done*, Byrd's *Motet, Have Mercy*, and a great many smaller things were sung. A good deal of English music, old and modern, was included in the organ programmes, and there was an evening performance of English Church and Organ music.

This was a most comprehensive scheme and a plucky venture, and so far as the present writer's experience goes, the standard of performance was in keeping. The audience filled the Church—indeed, probably on most occasions a good many people were turned away.

P. A. S.

SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL

Elgar's *For the Fallen*, Brahms's *Requiem*, and Parry's *There is an Old Belief*, were sung at the special service on November 11, with orchestral accompaniments by the London Symphony Orchestra. Mr. E. T. Cook conducted excellent performances. It is good to be able to state that public appreciation showed itself solidly in a collection of £150.—On December 16 a programme mainly of seasonable music will be given: Vaughan Williams's *Fantasia on Christmas Carols*, Herbert Howells's *Here is the little door*, Parts 1 and 2 of the *Christmas Oratorio*, and Haydn's *Symphony in D*. On December 30 carols will be sung. The services are at 3 o'clock, and no tickets are required.

NONCONFORMIST CHOIR UNION

At the recent annual meeting of the above Union Mr. E. Minshall was re-elected president for the thirty-fourth year in succession, and Mr. Arthur Berridge continued in office as hon. secretary. Other officers elected were Mr. Frank Idle and Mr. J. Arthur Meale, festival conductor and organist respectively; and Mr. John A. Langford, chairman of committee. The reports read by the secretary showed a successful year's work and a substantial balance in hand.

NEW WORK BY KARG-ELERT

Messrs. Novello have just published a set of *Fifty-four Studies in Variation Form on the ground-bass of Handel*, by Sigfrid Karg-Elert. The theme is only four bars in length, and the studies are of special interest in regard to registration. Mr. Arthur Meale will play them at his 1 o'clock recital on Wednesday, December 13, at Central Hall, Westminster. No doubt this will be the first English performance.

ST. ANNE'S, SOHO

Mr. A. W. Goldsbrough has left St. Anne's to be assistant at Westminster Abbey. Mr. Goldsbrough came from Manchester Cathedral about three years ago. A fine player, he has worthily maintained the prestige of St. Anne's. His successor, Mr. Albert Orton, who was a pupil of Dr. Thorne, now lives in Thorne's old house at Maida Vale.

THE LLOYD MEMORIAL WINDOW IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL



We reproduce opposite a photograph of the window recently erected in Gloucester Cathedral in memory of Charles Harford Lloyd. As a further memorial a fund is being raised to endow a Scholarship for old Gloucester Cathedral choristers who are taking up music as a profession. It will be remembered that a similar step is contemplated in connection with the Parry memorial at Gloucester.

Mr. Thomas Crawford is leaving London at the end of the year to take up the post of organist and choirmaster at St. Paul's Church, Toronto, Canada. This Church possesses one of the largest organs in the New World, with over a hundred speaking stops. Dr. Vogt has also offered Mr. Crawford an appointment at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. For the past twenty years Mr. Crawford has been organist and choirmaster at St. Michael's, Chester Square. He is a professor and examiner at Trinity College of Music, and was for five years associated with Sir Dan Godfrey as choirmaster of the Bournemouth Municipal Choir. For twenty-two years he has given regular recitals to City men at the fine old church of St. Stephen's Walbrook, E.C. —As announced elsewhere, Mr. Crawford will be succeeded by Mr. Reginald Goss Custard, who, since 1917, has been at St. James's, Muswell Hill, where his recitals on the fine Harrison organ have been a prominent feature in North London music.

Mr. Alban Claughton, music-master of Giggleswick School, sends some programmes of organ recitals he attended at Munich during his holiday. The player was Anton Schmid, and his programmes were:

Sonata in C minor, *Renner*; 'Ave Maria,' *Arcadelt-Liszt*; Fantasia and Fugue on 'Sleepers, wake!' *Reger*.

Sonata in B minor, *Rheinberger*; Andante Cantabile, *Widor*; Scherzo, *Vierne*; Sonata No. 1, *Guilmant*. Scena Pastorale, *Bossi*; 'St. Francis preaching to the Birds,' *Liszt*; Symphony No. 5. *Widor*.

Mr. Claughton says there was barely standing-room in the church, and he himself sat on the floor at two of the recitals. Both organ and playing were magnificent.

On November 9, at Grafton Square Church, Clapham Common, a concert was given by the Wandsworth Male-Voice Choir under the conductorship of Mr. J. C. Clarke. The programme included David's *The Desert*, accompanied on the pianoforte and organ by Mr. Thornton Lofthouse and Mr. Redman respectively. Other choral items sung with great effect were Mendelssohn's *The Word went forth*, Foote's *Into the silent land*, and the anthem *God, Who madest earth and heaven*, by Löhr.

Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* will be sung at St. Stephen's Walbrook, on December 1, at 6 o'clock. The collection at this service will be given to the Choir and Dome funds. The dome of this beautiful church—a miniature St. Paul's, it is sometimes called—has had to be re-covered at a cost of over £1,500. It is hoped that this experiment of a week-night oratorio performance in the City will be so successful as to encourage Mr. Francis Sutton and the choir to follow it up with others.

A war memorial organ was opened at the Baptist Tabernacle Church, Laygate, South Shields, on September 27. The instrument is a two-manual of nineteen stops, built by Messrs. Blackett & Howden, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Mr. James M. Preston gave the opening recital, his programme including de la Tombelle's *Rapsodie Béarnaise*, Darke's Fantasia on Darwell's '148th,' Wolstenholme's *La Bohemesque*, and Sullivan's *In Memoriam*.

Mr. Willan Swainson gave a Bach recital at Queen's Cross Church, Aberdeen, on October 17, playing the Fantasia in G, the 'Short' E minor Prelude and Fugue, the Adagio from Sonata No. 1, the Prelude and Fugue in B minor, the Toccata in F, and two of the 'Schübler' Preludes. The choir sang the choral portions of the Cantata *Bide with us*. The programme contained some unusually helpful annotations.

A special Musical Service was held at New College Chapel on November 5, when the choir, conducted by Dr. W. H. Harris, sang Palestrina's *Veni, Sancte, Spiritus*, Brahms's Motet *Wherefore hath the Light*, Verdi's *Hymn to the Virgin*, for boys' voices, Parry's *There is an Old Belief*, J. M. Bach's *Blessing, Glory, Wisdom*, and Arcadelt's *Give Ear*. Dr. H. G. Ley played organ works by Bach and Parry.

Stanford's *Last Post* was sung at St. Mary's, Haverfordwest, on November 12 by the local Choral Society, the occasion being a service in memory of those killed in the war. The programme included also Handel's *Sing unto God* and Sullivan's *In Memoriam* Overture. Mr. W. E. Dixon conducted, and Mr. Cyril Robinson was at the organ.

A two-manual organ has been erected in the United Methodist Church, Old Basford, Nottingham, as a War Memorial. The builders are the Sweetland Organ Building Company, Bath. Mr. F. Gostelow gave the opening recital on November 4.

Mr. Ernest Chastaney has recently given a series of recitals at Cromer Parish Church, collections being taken in aid of the organ fund. The handsome sum of over two hundred pounds has been raised in this way.

Mr. H. V. Spanner will play the R.C.O. Fellowship test-pieces at the National Institute for the Blind, 224, Great Portland Street, on December 6, at 3 o'clock. The organ is a replica of the R.C.O. instrument.

Recitals will be given on the new organ at Westminster Cathedral on December 7 and 21 at 6.30 by Mr. G. D. Cunningham and Mr. H. Goss Custard respectively.

Messrs. Rushworth & Dreaper have built an organ for the Old Hall School, Wellington, Shropshire—a two-manual and pedal, with nine stops.

ORGAN RECITALS

Mr. Herbert S. Mountford, St. Michael's Wesleyan Church, Birmingham—Prelude and Fugue in E minor, *Bach*; Selection from 'Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast'; Fantasia and Impression, *Mountford*.

Dr. Chastey Hector, Brighton Parish Church—Fantasia on 'Ye holy angels bright,' *Darke*; 'Finlandia'; 'Souvenir Joyeux,' *Lemare*.

Mr. James M. Preston, St. George's, Newcastle-on-Tyne—Pastorale, *Roger-Ducasse*; Toccata, *de Maleingreau*; Impromptu-Caprice, *Jongen*; Fantasia and Fugue in G, *Parry*; Ronde des Princesses, *Stravinsky*; Toccata di Concerti, *Lemare*.

Mr. Norman Collie, St. Margaret's, Westminster—'Summer Sketches,' *Lemare*; Scherzo in F minor, *Sandiford Turner*; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*.

Mr. H. Cyril Robinson, St. Mary's, Tenby—Sonata No. 5, *Mendelssohn*; Chorale Preludes by *Parry* and *Vaughan Williams*; Fugue in B minor, *Bach*; Lament, *Grace*.

Mr. W. Hunt, St. George's, Belfast—Sonata in F minor, *Rheinberger*; Cantabile and Choral, *Jongen*; Variations on a Ground Bass, *Farrar*.

Mr. Wilfrid Greenhouse Allt, St. Baldred's, North Berwick—Prelude on 'Sleepers, wake,' *Bach*; Pax Vobiscum, *Karg-Elert*; Prelude on Darwell's '148th,' *Darke*; Ronde des Princesses, *Stravinsky*. St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh—Variations Poétiques, *Eaglefield Hull*; Triumphal March, *Elgar*; Rhapsody in C sharp minor, *Howells*; and a Bach programme.

Mr. Hugh W. Wood, St. Paul's, Southampton—Introduction and Fugue, *Raff*; Overture to 'Semiramide.'

Mr. Alban Hamer, Bloemfontein Cathedral—Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*; Plaint and Cradle Song, *Grace*; Lament and Mood Fantasy, *Rowley*; First movement of the 'Unfinished' Symphony.

Mr. Ambrose P. Porter, St. Matthias's, Richmond—Sonata No. 4, *Bach*; Toccata and Fugue, 'The Wanderer,' *Parry*; Prelude on 'In Deepest Need' (six-part), *Bach*.

D

Mr. Claude A. Forster, St. John's, Forfar—Prelude and Fugue in D major, *Bach*; Festival Toccata, *Wolstenholme*.

Mr. J. E. R. Senior, Govan Public Hall—Fantasia and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*; Berceuse and Finale, *Stravinsky*; 'The Storm,' *Lemmens*.

Mr. J. Macrae, Parish Church, Skelmorie—Evening Song, *Baird*; Fugue in E flat, *Bach*; 'Pomp and Circumstance,' *Elgar*.

Mr. Eric Brough, Hounslow Congregational Church—Choral in A minor, *Franck*; Irish Fantasy, *Wolstenholme*; Chant de Mai, *Jongen*. St. Gabriel's, Bounds Green—Fantasia and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*; Introduction and Fugue, *Reubke*; Three Versets, *Dupré*.

Mr. G. W. Harris Sellick, McLaren Memorial Church, Chorlton-cum-Hardy—Toccata and Fugue in C, *Bach*; 'Dithyramb,' *Harwood*; First movement of Symphony No. 5, *Widor*.

Mr. R. Buchanan Morton, House of Hope Presbyterian Church, St. Paul, Minn.—'The Sea,' *Arnold Smith*; Fantasia and Fugue in C minor, *Bach*; Chant de Mai, *Jongen*; First movement of Symphony No. 6, *Widor*.

Mr. A. E. Jones, Bolton Town Hall—Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*; Triumphal March, *Guilmant*; Overture to 'Tancredi,' *Rossini*.

Mr. Paul Rochard, Kendal Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in B minor; *Bach*; Prelude on 'Rockingham,' *Parry*; Variations, *Bonnet*.

Mr. George Punter, Luton Parish Church—Fantasia in F minor, *Mozart*; Sonata No. 2, *Lyon*; Finale from the 'New World' Symphony.

Mr. Andrew Dall, Dysart Parish Church—Concert Fantasia, *Stewart*; Noel, with Variations, *d'Aquin*.

Mr. Arthur Fountain, All Saints', Northallerton—Prelude and Fugue in B minor, *Bach*; Two Sketches, *Schumann*; Carillon, *Vierne*; Fantasia and Toccata, *Stanford*.

APPOINTMENTS

Mr. Stephen C. Chantler, organist, St. Luke's, Bermondsey. Mr. Reginald Goss Custard, organist and choirmaster, St. Michael's, Chester Square, S.W.

Mr. W. H. Davies, organist and choirmaster, Parish Church, Oughtlington, near Warrington.

Mr. C. E. Blyton Dobson (organist and choirmaster, High Pavement Chapel, Nottingham), to be also choirmaster, Wesleyan Church, Sherwood.

Mr. Ernest A. Moore, organist and choirmaster, St. Margaret's, Ilkley.

Mr. Cecil G. Price, organist and choirmaster, Ashby Parish Church.

Mr. Reginald Silver, organist and choirmaster, Christ Church, Blackpool.

Letters to the Editor

HANDEL'S WATER MUSIC

SIR,—Among the numerous more or less authentic stories connected with Handel, none is more familiar nor has been more frequently repeated than that of his reconciliation with George I. by means of the performance of the *Water Music*. The tale is first told by Mainwaring, in his anonymous *Memoirs of the Life of the late George Frederic Handel*, published in 1760. The composer obtained leave from the Elector of Hanover (afterwards George I.) to pay a second visit to England, 'on condition that he engaged to return within a reasonable time.' But Handel stayed on, 'whether [as Mainwaring says] he was afraid of repassing the sea, or whether he had contracted an affection for the diet of the land he was in, so it was, that the promise he had given at his coming away had somehow slipped out of his memory.' The accession of the Elector to the throne of Great Britain, on the death of Queen Anne, put Handel in a difficulty, and 'conscious how ill he had deserved at the hands of his gracious patron . . . he did not dare to show himself at Court.' Mainwaring then relates how Baron Kilmannsegge, a 'noble friend' of Handel's, 'with some others among the nobility,' contrived that King George should be:

'... persuaded to form a party on the water. Handel was apprised of the design, and advised to prepare some music for that occasion. It was performed and conducted by himself, unknown to His Majesty, whose pleasure on hearing it was equal to his surprise. He was impatient to know whose it was. . . . The Baron then produced the delinquent, and asked leave to present him to His Majesty as one who was too conscious of his fault to attempt an excuse for it. . . . This intercession was accepted without any difficulty. Handel was restored to favour.'

No date is given by Mainwaring for this performance, though from the context he clearly placed it in 1715, and it has generally been identified as the excursion on August 22, 1715, mentioned in Malcolm's *Manners and Customs of London during the 18th century*, when 'the King, Prince and Princess of Wales, and a large party of nobility, went in barges with music from White Hall to Limehouse.'

In the August and September numbers of the *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft* of 1922, Dr. Wolfgang Michael has printed an extract from a report of Friedrich Bonet, the resident envoy of Brandenburg in London in 1717, which has recently been discovered in the State Archives at Berlin. The report is dated July 17-30, 1717. Omitting superfluous details, it runs as follows:

'Il y a quelques semaines que le roi témoigna au Baron de Kilmanseck le désir qu'il aurait d'avoir un concert de musique sur la rivière, par souscription. . . . Ce baron s'adressa pour cela à Heidecker, Suisse de nation. . . . Celui-ci répondit que quelque envie qu'il eût de complaire à S. M., il devait réserver les souscriptions pour les grands coups. . . . M. de Kilmanseck, voyant S. M. chagrinée de ces difficultés, se chargea de lui donner ce concert sur la rivière à ses dépens. Et là-dessus. . . . cette fête eut lieu avant hier. Le roi se rendit vers les 8 heures du soir dans sa barge, où furent admises la duchesse de Bolton, la comtesse de Godolphin, Mad. de Kilmanseck, Mad. Were, et le comte d'Orkney. . . . A côté de la barge du roi était celle des musiciens, au nombre de 50 qui jouèrent de toute sorte d'instruments, savoir des trompettes, des cors de chasse, des hautbois, des bassons, des flûtes allemandes, des flûtes françaises à bec, des violons, et des basses, mais sans voix. Ce concert avait été composé exprès par le fameux Handel, natif de Halle, et premier compositeur de la musique du roi. Elle fut si fort approuvée par S. M. qu'Elle la fit répéter par trois fois, quoiqu'elle durât une heure [à] chaque reprise, savoir deux fois avant et une fois après le souper. . . . Afin de rendre cette fête plus accomplie, Mad. de Kilmanseck sut ménager un souper délicat dans la maison de plaisance du feu comte de Ranelagh à Chelsea sur la rivière, où le roi se rendit à une heure après minuit, il en sortit à trois, et sur les quatre heures et demie du matin, S. M. fut de retour à St. James.'

Dr. Michael considers that this report settles definitely the date of the *Water Music*, and, since he shows from previous reports of Bonet's that George I. had from the date of his accession repeatedly visited the opera when Handel's works were performed, he concludes that Mainwaring's story of the reconciliation of the King and his Kapellmeister is a myth.

Bonet's report, as it happens, contains very little that was not already known. The water-party on July 17, 1717, was described in the *Daily Courant* of July 19 and in the *Political State of Great Britain* for 1717. It is mentioned by Schoelcher, Rockstro, Streatfeild, and Chrysander. The last-named does not seem to have been able to decide whether the expedition of 1715 or that of 1717 was the scene of the reconciliation. In the first volume of his *Life of Handel* (published in 1858) there is no reference to the 1717 performance, and 1715 is accepted without hesitation. But in the third volume, which appeared in 1867, he corrects the earlier statement and prints the contemporary accounts of Baron Kilmansegg's fête in 1717, which he concludes was the real date of the production of the *Water Music*, though he avoids any reference to the reconciliation story.

In the article on Handel which he contributed, in 1880, to the *Dictionary of German Biography*, Mainwaring's tale is repeated and the *Water Music* reconciliation is placed in 1715. In his edition of the music for the Händel-Gesellschaft (1887) the uncertainty of the date is referred to, and finally, in the *Vielfahrsschrift für Musik* for 1887 he repeats the original story, and accepts 1715 as the right date.

Both Rockstro and Streatfeild consider that the evidence in favour of 1715 is strong—'almost overwhelming' is the expression used by the last-named. The former suggests that the first performance took place in 1715, and that it was repeated in 1717; and Streatfeild (*Handel*, p. 74, note) considers that 'it was quite possible that the *Water Music* as we now know it was not all written for the same occasion. Its twenty-five numbers may very well represent Handel's share in numerous water-parties.'

Where so many authorities differ it is difficult to arrive at any conclusion; but on the whole the evidence seems strongly in favour of the 1717 date. There is no mention of Handel in the contemporary accounts of the 1715 water-party, nor is there any particular emphasis made on the music performed, which would probably have been the case if it had been contributed by so prominent a composer and had required so large a band as that employed in the *Water Music*. With the 1717 performance the case is different. We are told that the music was 'composed express for this occasion by Mr. Hendel,' and Bonet's report shows that it must have been a long work, for each repetition took an hour in performance—which probably agrees with the time the twenty-five numbers of the *Water Music* would take to play.

The difficulty lies in Mainwaring's story of the reconciliation. Dr. Michael rejects it as a myth, and if it is true that Handel accompanied George I. to Hanover in the summer of 1716 it would at first sight appear that some sort—if not of reconciliation—at least of *modus vivendi* had taken place before that date. But Mainwaring's story is so circumstantial that it is difficult to reject it entirely as apocryphal. Several explanations are possible, but what seems most probable is that Handel, though not deprived of his post as Court Kapellmeister after the Elector became King of England, remained personally in disgrace and had no intercourse with his Royal master. It was not the first time that Handel had offended by outstaying his leave from Hanover. He was evidently well aware of his own value, and King George was equally well aware that a Handel was not easily to be replaced. The situation was a difficult one, though not without its humorous side. That it lasted for some three years, and then was solved in 1717 by Baron Kilmansegg's little plot, seems a not unreasonable explanation.—Yours, &c.,

W. BARCLAY SQUIRE.

14, Albert Place, W.8.
November 8, 1922.

PIANOFORTE PEDAL NOTATION

SIR,—The increasing complexity of modern music, with its abundance of accidentals and involved rhythms, makes specially desirable all possible simplifications of the printed page. With such an object in view, it would seem that many of the damper pedal indications might well be omitted from pianoforte music, either because they are superfluous or because they contradict the notation of the passages under which they appear. The recognition of two distinct functions of the damper pedal would enable the editor to decide exactly when to indicate its use, and when to omit any such indication.

Firstly, the pedal part may be used for the sake of resonance to allow the 'sympathetic vibration' effect to occur. This takes some little time to reach its maximum. Secondly, the pedal may be used to hold a note during the short time needed for the hand to quit the note and to assume the playing position for the next note. I suggest that this second use of the pedal should never be specially indicated, as it can be more conveniently implied by careful attention to the notation for the duration of the

notes. Many typical examples in which this convention would be useful are to be found in the Chopin Valses. In passages of the following type:



it is clear that the damper pedal must be taken with the first crotchet of each bar, in order that the note may be a crotchet and not, say, a dotted quaver. In these Valses the special indications for the use of the pedal by means of Ped..... almost always lead to over-pedalling—as, for example, in the edition of R. Pugno, where the use of the pedal is indicated for two-thirds instead of for one-third or less, of the bar. The Rachmaninov Prelude in C sharp minor furnishes many good examples in which pedal indications are superfluous; and yet another type of passage, where pedalling is clearly implied, is that in which the theme lies in the middle register of the instrument, and has harmony below and widely spread decorations above. In all these types of passages I suggest that damper pedal indications are superfluous, and should be omitted.

A typical example of the inconsistencies referred to is shown in the following passage from the Chopin Study, Op. 10, No. 8, as edited by Klindworth and revised by Scharwenka:



Here we have four rests and two staccato marks, none of which can be followed with the given pedalling. This is not, of course, an isolated example of inconsistencies. They occur many times in the same Study, both in this and in other editions; and, in fact, throughout the whole of pianoforte literature.—Yours, &c., W. H. GEORGE.

Beeston, Notts.

November 8, 1922.

GRAUN'S ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

SIR,—In 'C.W.'s' review of *Shakespeare and Music*, by Christopher Wilson (published at *The Stage Office*), it is stated: 'one of John Sebastian's contemporaries, Graun, must have had some acquaintance with the poet's work, for he wrote an Overture to *Antony and Cleopatra*. The author thinks that this is the earliest work of the kind.'

Both Christopher Wilson and your reviewer seem to be unaware of the fact that there are in existence more than fifty French, Italian, Spanish, and German plays founded on the love story of Antony and Cleopatra. Many were written and produced long before Shakespeare became known as a dramatist. All are, of course, based on Plutarch's 'Life' of Antony, which will be found in every edition of his *Lives* (original and translated). Besides, Graun's *Cleopatra* is an opera, and was produced at Berlin in 1742. The *maestro di cappella*, Hiller, in his biography of Graun, gives an account of its production. He does not even mention the name of Shakespeare.

Graun, a successful courtier, would have been the last composer in the world to offend his powerful patron, Frederick the Great, who heartily detested Shakespeare and all his works. The King of Prussia read Shakespeare's plays in the French translations of La Place and Letourneur, and there is no record of his having ever given permission to his 'comedians' to produce any adaptation of the great English dramatist's works at the Court Theatres in his kingdom.—Yours, &c., ANDREW DE TERNANT.

36, Somerleyton Road, S.W.9.

'PAINTED MUSIC'

SIR,—In the course of an article in the November *Musical Times* on 'Painted Music,' the writer, after asserting the fascination that music exercises over painters, and quoting examples of pictures with either musical subjects or incidental references to music, proceeds to inquire where are the 'analogous' cases of pictures representing the painter engaged upon his own work?

It is not difficult, however, to find examples. In one of Velasquez's most noted pictures, 'Las Meninas,' there is not only a full-length portrait of the painter at work with palette and brush upon a large canvas, but the subject upon which he is engaged can be seen reflected in a mirror. Again, there is Goya's spirited portrait of himself at work in his studio; and, as a present-day example, may be quoted a water-colour of Sir W. Orpen's, showing a studio with an artist and his picture on one side and the model on the other.

But that a painter at work on a picture is analogous to a musician performing a piece of music can surely hardly be conceded. The one is engaged upon a creative and constructive work, occupying perhaps some months, and complete only when his brush is finally laid down; nor can the full expression of his conception be realised until then. The musical performer, on the other hand, is the human agent, the interpreter, upon whom the composer (who also may have spent months in fashioning his music) must rely for the expression of his work. If analogy there be, it must be sought rather between the composer and the painter: between the picture and the performance.

No doubt, as Mr. Brent-Smith says, painters used (and still use) music in their pictures because of its attractive setting, and also, surely, because it was a natural feature of many of the sacred subjects painted in the days of Raphael or Fra Angelico, when the chief patron of the art was the Church. (As to whether the studio with an individual in a paint-besmeared overall would be an attractive setting is another matter.) But the somewhat startling suggestion that a History of Music can be deduced from a study of the picture galleries of Europe must, it is to be feared, be discarded, when we consider the lamentable ignorance of the painters. Men who apparently knew neither the correct use of a violin-bow nor even of a pianoforte pedal cannot be accepted as reliable 'evidence.' Even the seven-stringed viol may be merely a careless mistake in arithmetic.

Mr. Brent-Smith thinks musicians seem unsuitable sitters to the eminent painters of the epoch. They lack affluence [he says], and that may be generally true. They would certainly prove unsuitable if they couldn't afford to pay. But some painter managed to get a remarkably fine portrait out of J. S. Bach as a sitter, and this year's Academy showed us a portrait of a present-day musician by an eminent painter which in both subject and execution was certainly one of the finest things there.

Finally, it is not surprising that the Bach D minor Toccata should when performed upon the pianola prove 'ludicrous,' apart from its lacking the vision of the pianist's hands 'leaping to the interrogation and pouncing to the reply,' for many of us are hardly satisfied with it even when played by a Busoni. But let us hear it upon the organ in some noble church, and we can certainly dispense with the sight of the hands and yet enjoy the music.—Yours, &c.,

November, 1922.

LOUIS A. HAMAND.

A CHOIR-TRAINER'S DILEMMA

SIR,—For a considerable time I have been a frequent attendant at the larger competitive Festivals held in the North of England. This has not been done for the purposes of 'pot-hunting,' but out of a sincere desire to hear the criticism of acknowledged authorities on choral matters. The benefits which have accrued are enormous, but I must confess that on certain occasions I have witnessed an inconsistency which is baffling. At the Morecambe Musical Festival, held in May this year, Sir Ivor Atkins, organist of Worcester Cathedral, stated in his remarks that 'what pleased him most was the fact that throughout the performances he never saw an odd boy take his eyes off the conductor.' At the Lytham Musical Festival, a month later, Mr. Julius Harrison said of the same choir that 'the

observance given by the boys to the baton was splendid.' In October, when this choir attended the Blackpool Festival, Mr. Geoffrey Shaw, H.M. Inspector of Music in Schools and Training Colleges, stated that he 'hated to see a choir with its eyes glued on the conductor from start to finish.' This observation was made after the singing of a most difficult duet in quaver movement by J. S. Bach, M.M., ♩ = 178. The choir sang from memory throughout, to the accompaniment of an absolutely strange pianist. I do not doubt the sincerity of all the above statements, but the utter conflict is surprising. Up to the present time my slogan as a conductor has been, 'Keep your eyes fixed on the beat'; but now I am like a man groping in the dark. As Blatchford says, I want someone to hold my hand.—Yours, &c., 'QUO VADIS.'

[We sent 'Quo Vadis's' letter to Mr. Shaw, who replies as follows:

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter from 'Quo Vadis.' It certainly looks as though the blame is mine for the apparent inconsistency. I must have failed to make my meaning clear in this particular adjudication.

I think perhaps 'Quo Vadis' did not quite 'get' my use of the word 'glued.' I, too, like other judges, like to see choirs pay attention to the beat. But I don't like to see a choir glaring with basilisk-like fixity at its conductor. Virtue rampant easily becomes a vice, and this particular virtue reduces the singing to a rigid and mechanical utterance very far removed from spontaneous expression.

I don't think the Bach duet is so difficult as 'Quo Vadis' imagines. It is in itself so strongly rhythmical that any choir with a sense of rhythm could, after plenty of rehearsal, sing it without being conducted at all. 'Quo Vadis' may find this an interesting experiment. I fancy the real value of the baton is more in rehearsal than in performance. Of course, if the choir is singing under a strange conductor, the case is altered, and it must watch the conductor much more carefully. But the best singing I have heard has not depended upon a paralysed glare at the baton.

I wonder if some Festival will be brave enough to start a class for unconducted choirs? I think it would be a most valuable experiment, and conductors could learn a lot from it.

I certainly don't want 'Quo Vadis' to think I am encouraging choirs not to look at the beat. (I devoutly hope my own choir won't get that impression from this correspondence!) On the contrary, inattention to the beat should be considered a crime and not a misdemeanour. All I want to get rid of is that state of strain which is set up when a choir never blinks once in looking at its conductor; for surely something very much more valuable becomes atrophied in the singer if he is a 'glarer.' Let us be freer, easier, and much more natural. Tyranny is not Discipline.

I do hope I have cleared up 'Quo Vadis's' dilemma. I sympathise with him, and hope he will accept my expression of regret at not having made myself clear in the first instance.—Yours, &c.,

GEOFFREY SHAW.]

WHY COMPLAIN?

SIR,—Our younger composers are apt to complain that they are neglected, and that their influence does not extend far. The other day I had occasion to visit an exhibition of paintings by employees of the Post Office, in which I failed to detect any traces whatever of the influence of contemporary art. There was a good deal of ability in the pictures exhibited, but they might all have been painted in the 'eighties of the last century. Now I am sure that if among our civil servants there was a musical organization analogous to the society which arranged this exhibition, it would not exist long unless its programmes, at least occasionally, contained such names as Holst, Vaughan Williams, Ireland, and Bax. The only organization of the kind with which I am acquainted is the Langham Choral Society, members of which, I believe, are recruited from the London Telephone Service. It is still young, but it has already included some recent works in its programmes. Contemporary painters at any rate have not the opportunities for penetrating into broader strata of the population, as are

offered to composers by means of the Competitive Festivals. In this way, for every one person who is able to see contemporary painting, perhaps a thousand will be studying a choral piece by a living musician. Let us take comfort in this consideration.

Why is it that when non-musical people begin to talk about music they invariably talk nonsense—more nonsense than musical people talk about other things. Thus we see the author of 'Tonic Talks' in a contemporary suggesting that children should be taught to sing at meals. I will not discuss the moral effect of such a scheme, but any musical person will see at a glance how pernicious from a musical point of view it would be—both the music and the meal would be spoiled. How the children will learn to love music, if they have to let their food get cold while they are finishing the *Coffee Cantata* or whatever other piece they are singing!—Yours, &c.,

A. K.

GARBLED REVIEWS

SIR,—Your columns have recently contained examples of garbled and misleading use of reviews and concert notices. Here is another: An advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* of November 4, calling attention to the vocal score of Holbrooke's *Bronwen*, has, underneath, the following quotation from the *Evening News*:

'A pronounced success. A vivid affair—with drama in every bar. Holbrooke at his best.'

Now this criticism applied only to the Prelude to *Bronwen* given some time ago at a 'Prom.' The whole opera has never been heard in this country. Isn't it time a stop were put to this practice?—Yours, &c.,

26, St. James's Mansions, N.W.6. ROBERT LORENZ.
November 1, 1922.

GRESHAM LECTURES

Sir Frederick Bridge's Gresham Lectures for this term were given on November 6 and following days. Arne's *Masque of Alfred* was the subject of the first of the series. This *Masque* has for its *Finale* the national song 'Rule, Britannia.' It was produced in 1740. The lecturer gave interesting particulars of this production, which included six songs only, and was a very different thing from the *Masque* which a few years later was revived at Drury Lane. The original *Masque* included a scene in which the future greatness of England was given in a vision to Alfred. The figures of King Edward III., Queen Philippa and the Black Prince, Queen Elizabeth, and William III., were all conjured up. The words of the *Masque* alluded to George I. and Frederick Prince of Wales. This Prince had ordered the *Masque* to celebrate the accession of the Royal House of Hanover to the English throne. The whole story was full of interest, and Arne's songs were very effective. The second lecture was on the subject of 'The real *Rule, Britannia*,' and gave the lecturer an opportunity for commenting on the extraordinary corruption, both as regards words and music, which this fine song has had to endure. Sir Frederick had examined twenty-one different versions, and all were incorrect. Amusing examples of the improvements which various editors have made in the song were given—not the least amusing being arrangements of the air for trumpets by Thalberg and Czerny. The correct version was finely sung by Mr. Graham Smart. The splendid diatonic harmony of Arne (without a single chromatic chord) was a joyful contrast to the sentimental harmony which editors of various times have introduced. The third lecture was devoted to a selection of Motets by Byrd and his contemporaries, recently edited by the lecturer, and the fourth to a continuation of the series on 'The Evolution of the Violin Solo.' Mr. Jeffrey Pulver contributed a series of admirable examples. The attendance was, as usual, very good, particularly for the lecture on *Rule, Britannia*.

The Amateurs' Exchange

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur musicians who wish to co-operate with others.

Young lady accompanist would like to meet good vocalist; practice one or two evenings a week; North London.—M. B., c/o *Musical Times*.

Lady pianist desires to meet good violinist for mutual practice. South Birmingham district.—X. L., c/o *Musical Times*.

Lady Pianist (22) would like to meet instrumentalists for practice of chamber music, or would act as accompanist to singer or musical society. Considerable concert experience. Wolverhampton or Dudley districts.—B., c/o *Musical Times*.

The Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, W.C., is anxious to hear of amateur instrumentalists who would give their services to act as orchestra (or to help in forming a local orchestra) to play at occasional Saturday night entertainments.—Please write to the WARDEN, at above address.

Organist wishes to meet amateur organist for mutual study. Free use of organ offered.—E. D., 11, Albert Road, Dalston, E.8.

Lady viola player seeks practice in orchestral and chamber music. Streatham or neighbourhood preferred.—'OMEGA,' c/o *Musical Times*.

Flautist wishes to join small orchestra. Classical or dance.—TAYLOR, 'Shirley,' Chester Road, Highgate, N.19.

Amateur violinist, violist, harpist, is open to join orchestra, quartet, &c., in district, Saturdays or Sundays.—Address, 'VIOIA,' 6, Hauberk Road, S.W.11.

Cellist (male) wanted by pianist and violinist to form trio. Classical and modern music.—'TRIO,' 52, Kimberley Gardens, Harringay, London, N.4.

Young lady vocalist (trained) wishes to meet lady or gentleman pianist for mutual practice. Crouch End.—L. G., c/o *Musical Times*.

Dorian Symphony Orchestra, Westminster, invites keen amateurs playing violin, viola, 'cello, oboe, or French horn, to rehearse best music (classical and modern). Rehearsals, Monday evenings.—The SECRETARY, 30, The Green, Twickenham.

Amateur instrumentalists (except pianists) are cordially invited to join select city orchestra playing best classical and modern music.—G. A. ABBE, 59, Sloane Street, S.W.1.

Well-known Insurance Company Orchestra requires amateur brass and wind. Rehearsals 5.30 every Thursday, near Bank.—W. T. STONE, 50, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

Lady, moderate vocalist and pianist, wishes to meet another lady for mutual practice of duets and accompaniments. Need not be an expert, but must have genuine love for good music. Paignton (Devon) district.—C. M. H., c/o *Musical Times*.

Wanted, a soprano and deep alto to complete madrigal party meeting on Saturday afternoons in Baker Street district. Elizabethan and similar music. Good sight-reading and enthusiasm essential.—REGINALD TANSLEY, 10, Colville Gardens, Talbot Road, W.11.

Young well-trained tenor desires to meet a pianist, lady or gentleman, for mutual practice. London district.—H. M. W., c/o *Musical Times*.

Young gentleman pianist (experienced) desires to meet a good contralto, soprano, or violinist for mutual practice. S.E. district.—V. H., c/o *Musical Times*.

The League of Arts Amateur Orchestra is rehearsing for a concert to be given at Christmas. Good amateur players are invited to communicate now with the SECRETARY, League of Arts, the Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Rehearsals Wednesday evenings.

Young tenor would like to meet another vocalist for practising duets, &c. London district.—H. M. W., c/o *Musical Times*.

Pianist would like to join small dance orchestra.—H. GLEDHILL, 345, Rochdale Road, Todmorden, Yorks.

Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times* of December 1, 1862:

MR. EDWARD CRUSE has the pleasure of informing his friends that the action brought by him for the recovery of damages for his wrongful dismissal from his situation of organist at St. Barnabas's Church, Pimlico, has this day been settled by the payment of the full sum claimed, and the costs in the action. Mr. CRUSE is now open to another engagement.—81, Oakly Street, Chelsea, W.C.—November 19, 1862.

LAUNCESTON, TASMANIA.—The opening of the new organ recently erected in St. John's Church, Launceston, took place on Sunday, August 24. The organ, which was built by Mr. Charles Brindley, of Sheffield, is of great power. The tone is full, rich, and musical. Its cost in England was about £350; but the freight and other necessary expenses swell it to nearly £500.

TONBRIDGE.—On November 5, at Tonbridge Castle, there was an entertainment provided by Mr. Fleming, including an intensive pyrotechnic display. In the evening a concert took place in the large room of the Castle, to which the admission charged was 5s., in order that a sum of money might be collected for the distressed factory operatives.

Sharps and Flats

Shades of Shakespeare and Bandello! That a dirty little scrub of a Gounod should take on himself to maul the deathless story of *Romeo and Juliet*!—Percy A. Scholes.

If Gounod had been living Mr. Scholes would not have dared to describe him in print as 'a dirty little scrub of a Gounod,' for fear of a libel action.—Thomas F. Dunhill.

The cinema may be described as a cross between a thought-saving machine and a cocktail.—John Galsworthy.

Mr. J. C. Squire, in *The Journey*, speaks of 'a kiss like a song.' Can you, Sir, from your experience, inform me if this is a loud, smacking kiss, or does it allude to a long, wet one, reminiscent of 'Water Music'?—Edith Sitwell (in a letter to 'Beachcomber' of the *Daily Express*).

My own impression of a kiss like a song is the resonant *bravura* kind which gives you singing noises in the head. It is, I am told, often delivered on railway platforms.—'Beachcomber.'

You should see my mail in the morning! Quiet time? Good heavens! If you only knew how many people write to me imploring me to hear their voices.—Dame Nellie Melba.

LAUGH as much as possible. . . . And SING, if you can. If you have a tableful of children, let them sing often during the waits of meal-time.—Dr. Frank Crane.

I hope no head of a family will ever act on this advice, and if he does may I never be asked to take a seat at his festive board. It is bad enough to have to eat our meals to the accompaniment of negroid noises at all but a few restaurants, but if meals cannot be had in peace at home a new terror will be added to life.—Alfred Kalisch.

I spent a happy hour listening to Josef Holbrooke, who is years in front of his time, playing, among other drinking songs, *The Song of Stout*.—Hannen Swaffer.

What do I think of the ultra-modern music? I don't think of it at all. Rather than ask me to hear Schönberg or Stravinsky, play me a good honest fox-trot.—Sir George Henschel.

The following announcement appeared last week outside a church in Wood Green:

Sunday next:

How to Endure Indefinitely

Vocal Solos by Mrs. G—

Pianoforte Solos by Mrs. H—.

It would have been kinder to have put a point at the end of the second line, but to add it would be to take it away.—*Daily News*.

I am often amazed at the industry of my fellow scribes.—*Hannen Swaffer.*

Miss — will sing 'With Verger Clad,' from *Creation!*—*Provincial Paper.*

The musical critic of the Moscow *Izvestia* declares that a pianoforte piece ought to be rendered quite contrarily to the intentions of the composer. We are bringing the splendid openings in Russia to the notice of the parents of the little girl-pianist next door.—*Punch.*

I've got a wonderful programme fixed up. . . . Of course, I shall sing a group of English songs—they must never be left out.—*Dame Nellie Meiba.*

[Dame Nellie's programme contained one English song—Maude V. White's *John Anderson*. The encores included two more—*Comin' through the rye* and *Home, sweet Home*.—*EDITOR.]*

BALLAD OPERA: ITS PLACE IN THE 18TH CENTURY

The forty-ninth session of the Musical Association opened on November 7 with a paper by Miss Caroline Lejeune on 'Ballad Opera: Its Place in the 18th Century.' She said that the history of the *Beggar's Opera* and its sequel, *Polly*, formed one of the most amazing adventures in that age of adventure. When Gay produced the *Beggar's Opera* he unconsciously lighted a social and dramatic bonfire which had been smouldering for nearly two hundred years. It was an age which had no poetry in any of its arts; everything was clipped and correct and elegant. There was much talk about going back to nature, but it did not ring true. The country was all very well in theory, but one lived in London or Bath or Dublin. Pope's *Rape of the Lock* is typical of the age at its best; and Addison's opera *Rosamond* perhaps shows what it was at its worst. Genius and imagination were comparative strangers to the early 18th century in England. Art in general was struggling in a swamp, following a pseudo-classical will-o'-the-wisp. It was an age which added a capital letter to an abstract quality and hailed it as a divinity. As for a sense of humour—a thing quite distinct from satire or burlesque or farce—it was conspicuous by its absence among the men who practised the polite arts. But Gay had it in abundance, and just because of that *Trivia*, the *Beggar's Opera*, and a few short poems are alive to-day.

Ordinary people loved Gay, for he was himself ordinary. There was a danger, because of the fame of the 18th century writers, of forgetting the quite-ordinary man, but numerically if in no other way he mattered the most of all. Social and dramatic history followed him, and it is here we must look for the cause which brought the *Beggar's Opera* into being. The ordinary Londoner was bored with Pastorals à la Virgil, and with drama about goddesses and demi-gods, and Virtue with a capital V. Gay was a happy, inconsequent little man, who never thought very long or very deeply on anything. There was something ironical in the fact that he should be the man to produce the greatest dramatic sensation of his century. He never considered the possibility of his opera making history. It was absurd to suppose that the *Beggar's Opera* set out to glorify roguery and depreciate goodness, but it was difficult to believe that Gay, under the cover of a romantic drama, was really trying to sweep clean the morals of the country. The *Beggar's Opera* was not propaganda; Gay studied the bias of the age, found out what the ordinary man wanted to see and hear, and above all, what the ordinary man had seen or heard too much of already at the opera. Instead of a legendary plot, he chose one of a character to appeal to every contemporary Londoner. Instead of the blue-blooded hero and mythical heroine of Handel's librettists, Gay created a hero out of a highway robber and a heroine out of a thief-taker's daughter. Finally, and this was a real innovation, he exchanged recitative dialogue for broad, colloquial English prose, and discarded the florid Italian aria for folk-songs which everybody could hum.

The central theme of the plot—Macheath and two women—was one that could be treated in various ways: Gay chose to treat it comically. This was an important point, closely allied to the question of the opera's morals, or lack of them, which distressed so many worthies at the time

of its first production. This situation could only be comic in the complete absence of any recognised moral standard. The opera, therefore, must be regarded not as immoral, but as non-moral, and to appreciate it we must lay aside all ethical bias and judge entirely by the criteria of dramatic art. It must be remembered that the acceptance of non-morality in art was a thing infinitely old—or new. In the middle period of history it was a very rare phenomenon, and in the 18th century of all centuries practically unknown. The *Beggar's Opera* in this way was born out of its time, and many people fought shy of it quite naturally—but about its popularity there could be no doubt at all. The general public was sick and tired of legendary opera, sung in a language it could not understand. People did not want to be educated; they wanted to be amused. Of course the *Beggar's Opera* was a success. It was just exactly what the easy-going Londoners had been waiting for, and when it came people lost their heads completely. Gay found himself in the extraordinary position of a national hero, without having done anything to his knowledge to deserve it.

Gay had struck a new dramatic mould containing possibilities of appeal quite unsuspected till then. The ballad opera offered a chance for a realistic story dealing with every-day people and every-day problems. It could hold sentimental humour for the boxes and crude comedy for the gallery. As for satire, the advantages were remarkable, for point was given to every line of verse by the familiarity of its musical setting. Words were never obscured by tune, but the association of tune, carefully treated, could be made to emphasise and underline a stroke of satire. And the music made no serious demands on orchestra or singers: dramatic sense was far more important than regular operatic technique.

In the first blaze of ballad opera enthusiasm, authors big and small, with talent and without—mostly without—seized their pens and began to write in imitation of Gay. It did not take long to turn out a ballad opera—a few weeks at most—and several had appeared before the *Beggar's Opera* had ended its first run. Between that time and the middle of the century nearly a hundred were produced, of which not more than half-a-dozen were works of art in any sense of the word, many others a blot on dramatic literature, and the vast majority commonplace. Then about the middle of the century the whole crop vanished as suddenly as it had come.

Happily there were a few ballad operas which realised the potential qualities of their art-form more or less completely. Out of the whole mass there were four which could be called good. Fielding wrote two, *Don Quixote in England* and *The Intriguing Chambermaid*. Another was called *The Village Opera*, which gave Bickerstaffe the hint for his more famous *Love in a Village*; and the fourth was *The Jovial Crew*.

Though ballad opera was dead, it had left behind a handful of works infused with real genius, and certain qualities of comedy and realism, simplicity and ease, which were quite new to English music-drama. Before Gay they did not exist. Now they were full grown and lusty, and were to play an important part in the shaping of yet another fashionable madness. For on these traits of ballad opera were to be grafted the avowed comic purpose, the new range of dramatic motif, and the musical technique of *opera buffa*, but lately arrived from Italy; the action was to be gathered together and sharpened by the use of a dramatic *finale*, and the resulting production was the true comedy-opera of the second half of the century.

CZECHO-SLOVAK MUSIC

MRS. ROSA NEWMARCH'S LECTURES

There is no withstanding so zealous a propagandist as Mrs. Rosa Newmarch. Once she has made up her own mind she knows how to convey the processes that have led to that consummation in so clear a way that the listener or reader has no other course but to agree. As Mr. H. C. Colles pointed out, when in the chair at the first of the two lectures on Czecho-Slovak music given in Wigmore Hall in October, Mrs. Newmarch is not a professional critic. She has not to form rapid judgments, to weigh the scales of

appreciation in a hurry. Hers it is to allow music to soak in until she has captured its very essence, and then to give us the benefit of her impressions.

But though Mrs. Newmarch is able to reach her conclusions at leisure, she was limited in the time at her disposal for their communication. Two lectures proved all too short for the purpose in view, more especially when they were curtailed by the musical illustrations, which in the first were contributed by Miss Fanny Davies and Mlle. Tonci Urbankova, and in the second by M. Mischa Leon, who gave the first London performance of Janacek's song-cycle, *The Day Book of One Who Vanished*. Unfortunately the space at my disposal is still more limited than the time at Mrs. Newmarch's, and it is impossible for me to follow her in her survey of Czech music, which went back to the Middle Ages when the Czechs were already famous for the beauty of their choral singing, and Prague was the most musical city of Central Europe. This love of music, which showed itself in a second vein of folk-song, was not lost during the German domination. Even in the 18th century, when national ideals were at their lowest ebb, their musical abilities recommended Czech domesticity to the Austrian nobility, whilst such men as Dussek, Czerny, and the various members of the Stamitz family, Carl being the greatest, had an influence on the music of Europe. Prague remained true to its traditions by freely recognising the greatness of Mozart, and his cult lingered there throughout a good part of the 19th century, long after it had passed away at Vienna.

With the careers of Dvorák and Smetana, Mrs. Newmarch dwelt at some length. Smetana—the darling of the Czech people and the singer of their renaissance national life, who became conductor of the National Theatre at Prague in 1886—found fullest expression for his genius in opera, and his many works in this genre have sunk deep into the Czech national consciousness. Only one, however, has achieved an international reputation, *The Bartered Bride*. Whilst Smetana built up a national opera on folk-song, Dvorák, also not neglecting the stage, carried Czech-Slovak dance and folk-song into the realm of absolute music, and made for himself an international position second only to Brahms. Mrs. Newmarch in passing referred to the vogue Dvorák enjoyed in this country a generation ago, a popularity which did not embrace a real comprehension of his genius.

Fibich, whose influence on opera has been second only to that of Smetana, and Suk, son-in-law of Dvorák and familiar to concert-goers as player of the second violin in the Bohemian Quartet, were also dealt with by Mrs. Newmarch. Miss Fanny Davies gave some of the latter's pianoforte pieces, including the charming *Things lived and dreamed*, which Suk wrote on the recovery of his son. Miss Urbankova's interpretations of songs by Fibich, Smetana, and others in the original showed the native qualities of directness and fire for which Czech singing is noted.

More interesting, in being more novel, was Mrs. Newmarch's second lecture, which in view of the short time available she wisely limited to Janacek, the most original of the modern Czech school and, in the lecturer's view, the most interesting figure in contemporary European music. She insisted that though he was born as far back as 1854, he was no fossilised senior but the most energetic young man she had ever met. Nor did she think that the many years Janacek had to wait for general recognition (his opera, *Her Step-Daughter*, which definitely placed him in the front rank of Czech composers, was produced only in 1916) had impaired his genius. His nature was one of slow development, and his deep researches into the springs of human expression through natural speech—in and by which song lives—had contributed to his present consummate command of style. The result was a fused language, capable of expressing the most varied emotions, and an orchestration with a colour and a tang of its own, owing nothing to others, and having little superfluous tissue, its chief object being to heighten and illustrate the psychological situation. Mrs. Newmarch dwelt at some length on Janacek's three operas which form the bulk of his work, *Her Step-Daughter*, *The Excursions of Mr. Broucek*, and *Kate*. Another opera has been completed by him this summer.

M. Mischa Leon's singing of Janacek's gipsy song-cycle was a very considerable feat, for the songs take some forty

minutes in performance and bristle with technical and dramatic difficulties, the tenor part not infrequently being taken up to C. A few of the songs are allotted to the gipsy, and were sung by Miss Cecilia Brenner and a female chorus. These songs cannot be described briefly. They are cast in a dramatic form, the intensity rising to the catastrophe and being heightened by the alto soloist, who speaks for the gipsy lass, and by the chorus off the platform which intervenes something after the manner of the Attic chorus. An Interlude for the pianoforte, as original as anything in the songs, marks the climax. Mr. Harold Craxton, who accompanied, was set a hard task and emerged with credit. The final group, which is given to the tenor alone, shows with marvellous insight the growth of the lad's dour despair, not the least remarkable moment being that in which he has been trying to forget that despair in drink.

Certainly this song-cycle (a translation of which by Mrs. Newmarch was provided in the programme, though it was of course sung in the original Czech) is the work of an entirely original mind, which has not allowed any musical prepossessions—either academic or springing from a study of national dance and folk-song, in which Janacek is steeped—to influence the raciness of his style. This he has saturated with the melody of his people's language, till it has become an absolutely natural means of musical expression and incidentally, as Mrs. Newmarch observed, something quite original in the whole domain of music.

The Minister of Czechoslovakia occupied the chair, and in a graceful introductory speech paid a compliment to Mrs. Newmarch and the musicians of both nations who had helped to consolidate musical relations between the two countries.

H. E. W.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

The chamber concert given on Monday, November 6, at the Duke's Hall opened with a Postlude for organ and strings by Sir Alexander Mackenzie—played in memory of Miss Annie M. Child, Fellow and Professor, who passed away last August. The organ part was played by Mr. Malcolm Boyle. The programme included Bach's Sonata for flute and pianoforte, admirably played by Mr. William Smith and Miss Hazel Perman, a movement from Mendelssohn's Octet for strings, and two movements from a Suite by Kouznetzov for four violoncellos. Not the least interesting items of a well-varied programme were several MS. compositions by students. These included a String Quartet (Sybil Barlow), songs by Roy Henderson and Michael Head, and a Romantic Melody for violin by Arthur Sandford (Mendelssohn Scholar). Mr. Sandford brought the concert to a conclusion with a brilliant performance of Liszt's arrangement of the *Tannhäuser* Overture.

The third and last of the social and musical meetings of the R.A.M. Club for the Centenary year took place in the Duke's Hall on Saturday evening, November 4, and the remarkable success which had attended the two previous gatherings was fully maintained on this occasion, both as to the distinguished artists who rendered a varied and delightful programme of music and also with regard to the large number of professors, students, and friends who had flocked to hear them. The programme included a Sonata for 'cello and pianoforte by Sammartini, played by Miss Beatrice Harrison and Mr. York Bowen, who also joined forces in Mr. Bowen's Sonata in A major. Mr. Bowen also contributed a selection of pianoforte solos by Debussy, Bax, Frank Bridge, and Palmgren. M. Mischa Leon gave a remarkable recital of some fifteen songs in about half that number of languages, and his contribution to the music of the evening with Mr. Harold Craxton at the pianoforte will live long in the memory of those present. Dr. Richards, the president, made a short speech between the two parts, and intimated that this was the last time he would speak as president of the Club, as his term of office closed with the year. The remarkable revival which the Club has had since he was elected president two years ago is due very largely to his energy and initiative, and it is hoped that the standard now reached will be maintained in future years.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

An event of outstanding interest was the private dress rehearsal on Friday, November 24, of *Qualis*, a one-Act opera by A. Davies Adams, a pupil of Dr. Vaughan Williams and holder of the Signor Foli Scholarship. The work deals with an incident in a country village during the Napoleonic wars, and contains an English folk-dance based on traditional steps. The score is written for a small orchestra, including a pianoforte and harp. Story, setting, and music are essentially English, and the producers, singers, and orchestra were all R.C.M. students.

M. J.

WAR MEMORIAL

On November 10 the Memorial to the members of the staff and students of the Royal College of Music who had fallen in the War, was unveiled by Lord Justice Younger. The following thirty-eight names are inscribed on the tablet, which is in the vestibule:

PRO PATRIA

Arthur Armstrong-Dash	Arthur Clements Heberden
Rupert Borowski	Herbert Noël Hosking
Gilbert Hearn Breach	Eli Hudson
Eric Brown	Joseph Knowles Ireland
George Burchell	Harry Dukinfield Jones
George Sainton Kaye	Claud Percy Mackness
Butterworth	Edward Mason
Philip Evershed Chapman	Albert Midgley
Donald John Stuart	Alfred George Millard
Chapman	Ralph Windsor Parker
Rohan Clensy	Harold William Pickett
Ernest Coster	Henry Pycock
Charles Dixon	Harry Retford
Roger Macdonnell Evanson	Eric Walter Roper
Wilfred Rupert	Leonard Sadgrove
Bucknall Eyre	Kenneth Bruce Stuart
Ernest Bristow Farrar	William Hibbert Wanklyn
Seymour Thomas Goodwin	Francis Purcell Warren
Adolphe Goossens	Arthur Benjamin Wilkinson
Wilfrid John Hare	Cecil Keith Foyle Wright
John Hatchman	

Among the best-known names included in the list are those of G. S. K. Butterworth, Rohan Clensy, Ernest Farrar, Adolphe Goossens, Eli Hudson, and Edward Mason.

In unveiling the tablet, Sir Robert Younger spoke only a few words, and then the company went into the concert-hall, where the students were already gathered. The orchestra, under Dr. Adrian C. Boult, played the Funeral March composed by Sir Charles Stanford for Sir Henry Irving's production of Tennyson's *Becket*. After this the audience sang Parry's *Jerusalem*.

Sir Robert Younger then read the names of the fallen, and delivered a brief address in which he spoke of the readiness of musicians to answer the call of duty, dwelling on the fact that to those of artistic temperament the horrors of war were perhaps more real than to others. He said that though we all prayed that the call to duty would never come again in the same shape to any of us, yet we might be sure musicians would always be found to answer it as readily as any of their fellow citizens. In this way they would most fittingly honour the memory of the dead.

The ceremony concluded with the singing of Vaughan Williams's setting of *For all the Saints*.

Many distinguished musicians were present, apart from those more intimately connected with the Royal College of Music.

A. K.

A course of five lectures, with musical illustrations, on 'Some Operatic Studies,' will be given at the University of London, South Kensington, by Sir Frederick Bridge, on November 15, December 6, 1922, and on February 7, March 7, and May 2, 1923. Admission will be by ticket, for which application should be made to the Academic Registrar, University of London, South Kensington, S.W.7.

Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths:

WILLIAM BAINES, on November 6. We cannot do better than quote Dr. Eaglefield Hull's tribute, which appeared in the *Morning Post* of November 15:

'The death of Mr. William Baines removes from us one who, had he lived, was destined to make a great mark on music. Already—he was only twenty-three—his contribution to pianoforte and other music is of considerable importance and very great value. His published compositions include a long piece, entitled *Paradise Gardens*, written in the pleasure grounds of this name at York, a set of remarkable Preludes, four *Poems*, a bundle of *Coloured Leaves*, some *Silver Points*, three pieces entitled *Milestones*, and a couple of pieces called *Tides*. He wrote chamber music, songs, and 'cello pieces, in which direction I have had few opportunities for judging of his genius; but of his extraordinary pianoforte feeling I have never had any doubt. I make bold to place his skill in this direction in the direct line of John Field, Chopin, and Scriabin. Although he had a few lessons in playing at various times, he was in every respect a self-taught musician in composition. His playing of his own works, although somewhat rough, was always characteristic and masterly in its own way—that of genuine expression. Baines had a sweet, lovable disposition, without the slightest touch of vanity.'

HARRY COLLINGWOOD BANKS, on November 14, aged sixty-one. Educated at Christ's Hospital, he proceeded to the Royal Academy of Music, where he studied under Sir George Macfarren. At the age of nineteen he became organist of Christ's Hospital and Christ Church, Newgate Street, E.C. He was organist of Alexandra Palace for six years, and frequently gave recitals on Sunday afternoons at the Royal Albert Hall.

APPLEBY MATTHEWS'S CONCERT
AT PARIS

Opportunities for hearing British music being very few at Paris, Mr. Appleby Matthews's orchestral concert, given at the Salle Gaveau on October 31, with the co-operation of the Concerts-Lamoureux, might have been expected to arouse far greater and widespread interest than it actually did. The programme, consisting of Elgar's first Symphony, Holst's *Beni-Mora*, Bantock's Overture *The Pierrot of the Minute*, Goossens's *Philipp II.* Overture, and smaller works by Butterworth and Grainger, was sufficiently representative and unfamiliar to be deemed worthy of special notice. Arriving at Paris a few days after the concert, I was able to ascertain that the impression created had been on the whole favourable, but limited to a very small fraction of the public.

What happened is that a great part of the public was not reached by the announcements of the concert. Let it be said frankly that the ground had not been prepared, the concert was inadequately advertised, and other mistakes must have occurred, for I met the musical critic of a big Paris daily who told me that neither programme nor Press tickets had been received at his newspaper's office. Considering the scarcity of the notices which I found in the daily Press, I should not be surprised if this was but one case among many. Perhaps the organizers of the concert were not able to secure expert advice, for certain things were overlooked which could quite easily have been done and to good purpose. For instance, there exists at Paris a weekly paper, *Le Guide du Concert*, whose object is to announce not only the programmes of all forthcoming concerts, but the useful analytical and biographical notices. This being the very purpose for which the paper exists, it stands to reason that the editor is eager to receive information in good time. The proper thing to do if one wants a concert to be well-noticed in its columns is to provide the necessary material—a fact of which any competent organizer is aware. But even if this is not done, the concert giver should at least communicate programmes well in advance—say, in a case like the present, at least a fortnight.

Not so long ago, as I happen to know, the editor wrote to England in order to secure notices referring to forthcoming British works. But with regard to Mr. Appleby Matthews's concert nothing appeared but the barest statement of the programme. And I discovered other instances of inadequate advertising.

It is a great pity, for, admitting that the interest evinced in France towards British music is not so great as it might be, ventures such as Mr. Appleby Matthews's might, if properly conducted in all respects, do a great deal of good; if not, they will merely make the situation appear worse than it really is—in fact, actual harm may be done.

The few Press notices which I have succeeded in collecting are not enough to enable me to form a proper estimate of the impression created by the works which Mr. Appleby Matthews introduced, and most people I met had heard nothing of the concert. In *Le Ménestrel* a writer who signs himself 'A. S.' begins his notice with the remark that the British works performed at Paris are always of inferior order, and that none of the really good ones have so far been performed.

'Why [he asks] are we not given Holst's *Planets*, or a work of Goossens's maturity, or something by Bliss? What we have heard so far is quite respectable, but too directly under the influence of non-British models.' On the other hand, in *Comedia*, an article unsigned but presumably by a certain young French composer of unquestionable merit, contains a measure of praise for most on the works performed.

The musical periodicals containing notices of the concert are not available at the time of writing. Should any remarks worth noting appear, they will be reproduced in next month's 'Music in the Foreign Press.'

M.-D. CALVOCORESSI.

London Concerts

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The season of the London Symphony Orchestra opened on October 23, when the programme contained no novelty, for the Szymanovsky piece originally promised was postponed to the second concert. The soloist was Mr. Albert Sammons, whose performance of Mozart's Violin Concerto in G major was supremely artistic. The concert began with a performance of Brahms's Variations on a Theme of Haydn. Mr. Albert Coates conducted.

At the second concert, on November 6, the Szymanovsky incidental music to Molière's *Mandragore* was duly performed. Written for a very small orchestra, it was hardly worth while keeping eighty-five members on the unemployed list while it was being performed. It is quite a harmless musical jest, with free use of all the common clichés of ultra-modern music. The point of it, however, was not very clear without a knowledge of the text. Does the last piece represent a farmyard, or does it not? Mr. Harold Bauer gave a masterly performance of the Brahms D minor Concerto for pianoforte. I think it may be said without exaggeration that it has never been made to sound so human all through. The accompaniment was in places somewhat heavy. Mr. Coates's reading of *Also sprach Zarathustra* was extremely picturesque. A. K.

QUEEN'S HALL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The programme of the Queen's Hall Symphony Orchestra on October 28 contained no absolute novelty, but Gustav Holst's *Saint Paul's* Suite for strings, which was written for the orchestra of St. Paul's Girls' School, to which it was dedicated, was unfamiliar. It is a series of dance pieces: Jig, Ostinato, Intermezzo, and Finale (the Dargason). In the last-named the handling of the bagpipes tune is very happy, and the first movement is really jolly. The Suite as a whole suffers from a slight lack of rhythmical contrast. It was exceedingly well played under the conductorship of the composer.

The soloist was M. Sapellnikov, who played Tchaikovsky's second Concerto, which is not very often heard.

The fact that the programme of the concert on November 11 bore no reference to Armistice Day is explained by the more or less commemorative scheme of the Sunday concert given the next day. The programme was entirely familiar. The soloist was Miss Myra Hess, who played Bach's D minor Pianoforte Concerto and César Franck's Symphonic Variations. Joseph Silk's *Fairy Tale* made pleasant hearing. Mendelssohn's *Italian* Symphony was very finely played, as if everybody really believed in it; when so played it has an unsuspected amount of vitality still. A. K.

HAROLD BAUER

Apart from his appearance with our foremost orchestras, Mr. Harold Bauer has been heard twice *in persona* and once *in absentia*, by which I mean that his rendering of Saint-Saëns's second Pianoforte Concerto was heard at Queen's Hall on Friday, October 27, on the Duo-Art pianoforte, accompanied by the Queen's Hall Orchestra under Sir Henry Wood. It took a few minutes to get accustomed to hearing the sounds proceeding from a pianoforte with no visible human agency. The only non-mechanical part of the process was the appearance of the gentleman who fixed the roll in its proper place.

We had a very faithful reproduction of the artist's style, except for just those little shades of colour which are heard from a living player. An adventitious interest was added to the performance by wondering whether or no the pianist would come in at the right moment after the *tutti*, or whether the orchestra would come in where it should do after a solo passage. But in all respects the timing was impeccable. We reflected that to direct an orchestra in these conditions must require a new kind of technique on the part of the conductor. The performance showed that a great advance has been made in the perfecting of the instrument; whether it will become popular as part of a concert programme remains to be proved.

At his recital on Armistice Day Mr. Bauer showed that since he was last heard here he has lost none of the admirable solidity of his style, and has gained in lightness and charm. A. K.

KREISLER'S RECITAL

On October 27 Kreisler gave his only recital at Queen's Hall. He was in splendid form, but the one thing that marred our enjoyment was the feeling of regret that we never hear Kreisler nowadays play the great masterpieces with orchestra. His programme included the Viotti Concerto in A, and he almost persuaded us that the slow movement was great music. Similarly he almost made us think that Beethoven's Violin Sonata (Op. 30, No. 2) deserves a higher place in the list than is usually accorded to it. The rest of the programme was made up of small pieces, of which it can only be said that they were played to perfection. To my own personal taste the playing of Mozart's Rondo from the *Haffner* Suite and one of the Hungarian Dances of Brahms reached the high-water mark. A. K.

A NEW DALE SONATA

On October 27, at Wigmore Hall, Mr. Rowsby Woolf and Mr. York Bowen played a new Violin Sonata by Benjamin Dale. It is in two movements, and is throughout pensive rather than robust. The second movement is a theme with variations, and here we have a good deal of variety. As in the well-known case of Tchaikovsky's Pianoforte Trio, the last variation is practically an independent, fully-developed movement, in which occurs some of the best music of the whole work. The chief defect of the Sonata, which has a good deal of charm and some fine workmanship, is that the composer remains till nearly the close in the same reflective mood. A. K.

MITJA NIKISCH

Mr. Mitja Nikisch gave his only pianoforte recital this season at Queen's Hall on November 2. The principal item was Brahms's Sonata in F minor. There can be little doubt that he has a special intellectual sympathy with Brahms, for this was a singularly mature and well-balanced

performance—serious, but not unduly austere, and without the hard, dry tone which a great many pianists think it necessary to adopt in playing Brahms, imagining the sounds they are producing are as sombre and rich as they should be. Mr. Nikisch's Chopin playing is very brilliant, but not convincing to the same extent as his Brahms playing.

A. K.

MISS ZIFADO AND MR. ASHMOOR BURCH

On November 2 Miss Zifado and Mr. Ashmoor Burch gave a recital at Wigmore Hall. Miss Zifado is a young soprano with a pure, clear voice, which is unusually well produced, and she sings with considerable charm and sense of style. This was shown to the greatest advantage in the series of airs from Mozart's *Figaro*. It is not common to find so young a singer in such sympathy with the classics. Miss Zifado also sang songs of Hugo Wolf and others in the more modern idioms with unaffected grace, but at present her command of vocal colour is somewhat limited. This is on the whole to be regarded as a merit, for so many young singers nowadays are apt to put the cart before the horse, and start colouring the voice before there is a voice to colour. Mr. Ashmoor Burch also sang very pleasantly, and his voice is excellently produced. Both concert-givers were pupils of Mr. Herman Klein.

A. K.

THE LENER QUARTET

The Lener Quartet gave two concerts on November 4 and 11. At the former the combination was heard in the *Phantasy* Quartet of Eugene Goossens. It is in the conventional sense of the word more 'grateful' music than are some of his advanced compositions. The performance was beautifully finished.

At the concert on November 11 the novelty was the *Serenade* Trio for two violins and a viola, by Kodály. It is not at all advanced music, nor characteristically Hungarian, but is very pleasant to listen to.

The characteristics of the Lener Quartet's playing are by now sufficiently familiar, but the extraordinary clarity of the C sharp minor *Posthumous* Quartet at the second concert deserves special record.

A. K.

WOMEN COMPOSERS

The Society of Women Composers gave a concert of works by its members at Messrs. Novello's rooms, in connection with the Efficiency Club, on November 3. The programme included a movement from Dame Ethel Smyth's String Quartet and Katharine Eggar's Pianoforte Quintet, which are familiar. Among the lesser-known works were a pleasing song by Margaret Rate, sung by Miss Millicent Russell, and three unusually agreeable pianoforte pieces (*Minuet*, *Gavotte*, and *Gigue*) played by the composer, Miss Kathleen Richards. Miss Dora White's recitations with music are a fairly successful attempt to tackle a difficult problem, and Miss Alma Godfrey's Five Songs of *Sappho*, with accompaniment for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, show a considerable advance on her previous work. The six Irish folk-songs arranged for voice, violin, and violoncello by Joan Spink, well preserve the national characteristics, and the two-part songs by Jane Joseph are well adapted for young people, without being too child-like. The level of the music produced was on the whole higher than that of the performances.

A. K.

REBECCA CLARKE'S TRIO

At the concert given by Miss Marjorie Hayward, Miss May Mukle, and Miss Myra Hess at Wigmore Hall on November 3, a new Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello by Rebecca Clarke was played for the first time in England. It is much influenced by Debussy and Ravel, yet bears the mark of a personal style in the making. The interest is kept alive throughout by well-marked themes and strong workmanship. There is passionate feeling in every section, and even had it been the work of a man, it would be called a virile effort. The performance was excellent, as was that of Trios by Mozart and Ravel which occupied the rest of the programme.

A. K.

THE ARNOLD BAX CONCERT

It is raking up an old story to dwell upon the advisability or the reverse of devoting an entire concert to the works of one composer, but in this instance the hero of the adventure has come singularly well out of the ordeal; owing to the unusual variety of the works included in the programme; and his publishers, Messrs. Murdoch, who organized the concert at Queen's Hall on November 13, are to be doubly congratulated on its success, and on being able to present such a programme drawn exclusively from their own publications. Neither trouble nor expense had been spared in securing this satisfactory result. The Goossens Orchestra with its conductor, the Oriana Madrigal Society under Mr. C. Kennedy Scott, Miss Harriet Cohen, Mr. Lionel Tertis, and Mr. John Coates constituted a formidable array of performers of the foremost rank. Even the programme itself was issued in a sumptuous form, and, what is perhaps equally important, was issued in advance.

Without injustice to other participants, it may be claimed that three events of the evening stand out prominently as in themselves sufficient to make the concert memorable. The first was a performance such as we have not had before of *The Garden of Fand*, revealing all the fascination of its orchestral texture. The second was the choral virtuosity with which the extremely difficult *Mater Ora Filium*, for double choir unaccompanied, was given by the Oriana singers. It is one of Bax's finest compositions, though in a branch of music in which his mastery was until recently unsuspected. The cumulative effect of the elaborate 'Allelujas' was magnificently impressive. The third was Lionel Tertis's playing of the Viola Concerto, now called a *Phantasy* for viola and orchestra. It was a pity that the orchestra was not more fully occupied, for, returning after a long interval, it did not infuse the same spirit into the performance of an arrangement of the pianoforte piece, *Mediterranean*, which concluded the programme at a very late hour. The Oriana singers, however, showed no signs of flagging when they supplemented their earlier triumph with the two other carols *Of a Rose I sing* and *Now is the time of Christymas*.

Miss Harriet Cohen is a pianist of great musical intelligence as well as technical attainments, but even in the smaller concert-halls the massive Sonata in G taxes her physical strength to the utmost. At Queen's Hall its demands went a little further, and could be met only by occasional sacrifices of rhythm. She was more successful with the smaller pieces, such as *Lullaby* and *Burlesque*. Mr. John Coates's contribution to the programme was, as always, entirely admirable.

The effect of the concert as a whole must inevitably be to consolidate Bax's reputation with the general public, in which connection it was gratifying to note the crowded condition of those portions of the hall which are generally held to be the barometer of public interest. The selection of works was also well calculated to convey a much better impression of Bax's status than has hitherto been feasible. The inclusion of a Pianoforte Sonata was perhaps open to question, for no extended work in one instrumental colouring could possibly hold its own in a programme which included the multicoloured *Garden of Fand*. The smaller pianoforte pieces and songs are of course not open to the same objection, as the listener readily adjusts himself to the enjoyment of a group of miniatures between larger works. One point was definitely established: Bax's feeling for beauty in line and texture is of a kind that does not quickly satiate.

E. E.

BAX'S NEW VIOLA SONATA

Madame Adelina Délines gave proof of unusual disinterestedness in making her vocal recital at Æolian Hall on November 17 the occasion for the first performance, by Mr. Lionel Tertis and the composer, of Arnold Bax's new Sonata for viola and pianoforte. Despite a goodly selection of songs it was inevitable that interest should be concentrated upon the new work. The Sonata followed the Concerto, and was completed in the current year. Like a good deal of Bax's recent work it shows at the same time more breadth and more concentration than the compositions by which he was known until three or four years ago. There

is evidence of a single train of thought pervading the work, which was allowed to come to the surface and disport itself in the middle movement, but is elsewhere subdued. This middle movement, a *Scherzo*, might be termed an essay in diabolism, and, as frequently happens when a composer expresses such a mood, the hearer is left in some doubt as to whether its ingredients include a proportion of anger or merely of irony. The other sections imply that there may be disillusion in a purely lyrical sense, but no ill-feeling beyond a gentle sub-acidity. As a whole the work belongs to Bax's best chamber music, in which his personality is always most intimately expressed. It is needless to add it was beautifully played. E. E.

THE KENDALL STRING QUARTET

The Kendall String Quartet sought to add interest to its programme by the inclusion of a work new to us, composed by Madame Taillefer—the youngest of the redoubtable 'Paris Six' group. The novelty served its purpose. It provided the variety which is the salt of all good concerts. Unfortunately, as in the case of salt, quality and quantity are even more important than the crude fact of its presence or absence. And with all due regard for Madame Taillefer's aims and good intentions, the seasoning of her Quartet is not of the kind that will please unspoiled palates. Her musical ideas have a simplicity that would be disarming if it were not accompanied by pretentiousness. After all, it is not so easy to express a very simple thought in a very obscure manner. It is not enough to know the illusionist's patter. His apparatus and technical skill are indispensable if the trick—even the most elementary—is to be performed to the satisfaction of the audience. Madame Taillefer does not appear to have gone very far in her initiation up to the present. This, however, does not mean that her quartet is not somehow promising. In these days of exceedingly wise children it is refreshing to meet with a grown-up that has not quite foresworn directness and plain thinking.

The performance, if not brilliant, was undoubtedly adequate. B. V.

THE FLONZALEY QUARTET

The visit of the Flonzaley Quartet was marked by an event of considerable significance—the performance of Mr. Arnold Bax's Quartet. It has been said that the players by their choice paid a handsome compliment to British music in general and to Mr. Bax in particular. May I suggest that there was nothing especially 'complimentary' about this performance? The Flonzaley would not be the finest Quartet in existence if its members were not interested in modern music. It is as unfair to them as to Mr. Bax to suggest that there was a desire to curry favour with the British public by playing a British work. Of course such things have been known to happen, but it is not very difficult to discriminate between an unscrupulous attempt to enlist the sympathy of the audience and a performance such as that of the Flonzaley Quartet at Wigmore Hall. The Bax work received all the exquisite care and finish which characterize the Quartet's performances of the classics. Only appreciation and understanding of the music could give such admirable results. It is quite possible that the players began by testing various samples of British works—not in order to secure suffrages but out of a genuine desire to keep in touch with recent developments of musical art. They found in time a work which appealed to them—as it must to all musicians of unbiassed judgment—and they played it with that spiritual grace which is their speciality. Such a performance will not easily be forgotten. B. V.

ANTON MAASKOFF

The two recitals given last month by Mr. Anton Maaskoff have shown pretty conclusively that the young violinist's style is not far from complete maturity. Mr. Maaskoff gave considerable promise from the first. As a student under Dr. Brodsky, at Manchester, he exhibited very unusual powers of technique, which, coupled with natural vivacity of temperament, marked him as one of the most brilliant students of an institution which included Miss Kontrovitch, Mr. Blinder (at present a professor of

the conservatoire at Odessa), and Mr. Catterall, leader of the Hallé Orchestra. In later years Mr. Maaskoff's recitals in London have been so many landmarks on the road towards self-realisation—the last, and often most trying, stage in the evolution of the performer. At present the most fascinating quality of his playing is its perfect competence or aptness. The player gives the impression of doing the one thing he was born to do. He is as sure of himself in the midst of most trying technical passages as amongst the easiest of melodies. Difficulty—the chordal difficulty of Bach or the difficulty of 'runs' in music of a more brilliant category—can never perturb him in the least. The only feature which on some rare occasions is not absolutely perfect is the intonation. This is due probably to the intense feeling which causes him to relax for a moment the inexorable control of intonation of which only mature performers realise the full value. But maturity in his case is very near, and with it, even this slight flaw will undoubtedly disappear. B. V.

ADILA FACHIRI

One could hardly help feeling that Madame Fachiri, in choosing three big Concertos for her first programme, had slightly over-rated her own strength. Her greatest admirers will not venture to maintain that she ranks amongst the giants of mere technique—the Kubeliks, the Ondriceks, and the Thomsons. If Kreisler and Ysaÿe seldom attempt more than two concertos in one evening, Madame Fachiri we believe would have been wiser to follow that example. Your mere technician has, on the whole, an easy task. He has trained his hands to perform certain tricks which they will do in the light of day or in the dark of night. So soon as the hand is trained his mind has done its work. During the preliminary stage he must think and play. Once the trick is learned he needs only to play. A violinist of temperament and intelligence, on the other hand, can never afford the luxury of a mind asleep when playing is in question. Even technical feats must be controlled by thought—since they are not an end in themselves. The hand cannot be trusted to 'repeat' a certain experiment *ad nauseam*, as every performance is like a new adventure in which material form is given to a conception of the mind. It was no doubt owing to mental fatigue that Madame Fachiri's performances of a Mozart, the Beethoven, and the Brahms Concerti were somewhat unequal. At best, as in the slow movement of the Beethoven, there was nobility of tone, sweetness, accuracy, and restraint. Even her worst, however, was above mere competence.

At her second recital she played an unhackneyed Bach programme with understanding and sympathy. In the Concerto for two violins she was supported by her sister, Miss Jelly d'Aranyi, whose playing matched Madame Fachiri's to perfection. The *Chaconne* found her, we thought, a trifle tired. But the technically less exacting Concerto in E brought out again her best qualities. In this work the organ part—a modern interpolation—was omitted, and the accompaniment left to the orchestra. In a comparatively small hall the organ is undesirable. Even the smallest orchestra in such cases gives all the assistance that is necessary—and more: for orchestras, like children, can occasionally produce a volume of noise that is utterly out of proportion to their size. B. V.

SOME SINGERS OF THE MONTH

Melba, on November 12, at the Albert Hall, which was full, sang extracts from *Faust* and *La Bohème*, and a 'mixed bag' of songs ranging from Duparc's beautiful *Chanson Triste* to poorish stuff. But Melba sang—that was the essential. And though Melba has been singing now for more than forty years, it was by no means the spectre of a famous voice that we heard. Indeed, in spite of the fog, she sang, to my mind, actually better than I remember before (which is to say, within the past ten or twelve years).

But why does Melba sing English like a foreigner? Because she feels that the more incisive consonants and the less open vowels would arrest the sensuous tonal flow—or because she has sung so much in Italian that Italian is second nature?

Mr. Bertram Binyon sang admirably at his Wigmore Hall recital, but it seems generally agreed that he has a 'small' voice. A good deal of illusion enters into discussions of big and small voices. We know of 'big' voices that have a shattering effect on the front row of the stalls and fade away into hollowness beyond. And there are 'small' voices that nicely manage to float without effort to the furthest corner of the top gallery. What then does 'size' matter? It is the carrying power of a voice that counts, and the size of a voice is truly to be judged by its ability to fill the hall wherein the singer chooses to be heard. Well, however 'small' Mr. Binyon's voice is, it was fully adequate, and mightily refreshing it was to hear the well-strung tones of his persuasively sweet tenor, which were perfectly in keeping with the scene. He has a sense of proportion, and does not dream of 'going all out' on every excuse. The programme contained Ravel's dainty set of Greek folk-songs, and songs of Respighi, Santoliquido, and Pizzetti, in which his Italian was like an Italian's.

Miss Ursula Greville sang at Steinway Hall, and something about her singing lingered pleasantly in the memory, for all her faults. She is a light soprano, yet suddenly she displayed a beautiful mixed quality and correspondingly richened colour in a good song of E. L. Bainton, *Nightingale near the House*. Here she passed as it were from the art of the etcher to that of the painter. More of this elasticity would be welcome from her, for the sort of tone which borrows its principal character from the teeth is apt to sound metallic on certain vowels, and the tendency towards this should be combated by Miss Greville. Without such anxious 'placing' of tone would come a freer and more pleasing use of a telling voice. Her phrasing was indifferent in Felix White's *Vespers*, but she must be thanked for singing Vaughan Williams's three curiously appealing *Merciless Beauty* songs, which seem to have been neglected since Steuart Wilson first introduced them. Egon Wellesz's *Aurora* made the impression merely of a jejune *cadenza*, and in the difficult execution of it Miss Greville may have been slightly hampered by a cold. But the programme was out-of-the-way, and proved an ingenious mind. Some amount of technical reconstruction, and this interesting singer might have great success.

Mr. Vladimir Rosing sang at Queen's Hall. He is essentially a character-singer, and his success varies immensely with different types of song. We may be really moved by this, and by that left stone-cold. He banks on his personality, and on capriciously personal readings; perhaps it is his hearer's fault if sometimes he appears to be beating the air, but if a singer will be so individual he cannot expect everyone to go all the way with him every time. Anyhow, no one need want to hear Grieg's *Romance* or the *Savishna* and *Death's Serenade* of Moussorgsky better sung.

Miss Gladys Moger gave at Æolian Hall a concert notable for some of the less-known songs of Debussy, including *Three Poems of Mallarmé*. She has a good voice, and sings with sincerity and refinement. Her tonal emission is not always so free as it might be, and this is strange, for her breath control is good. The hearer was conscious of her effort to mould her naturally beautiful speech, an effort most noticeable on the less open vowels. This artificial pre-occupation often checked the tonal flow, and caused her intonation to suffer under pressure. These faults corrected, Miss Moger would be a thoroughly engaging singer.

Miss Doreen Kendall, a newcomer, is to be congratulated on much good singing at her recital at Æolian Hall. Her voice is light but agreeable; she sings with musical judgment.

Miss Dorothy Gray was heard at Wigmore Hall. It was singing of an aggressively frontal kind. Consonantal clarity is one of the merits of this style, but this was hardly compensation enough for the lack of the generous tone that results from apposition of a lax jaw and a widely-open throat.

Madame Celys Beralta sang at Æolian Hall several celebrated coloratura pieces. Her singing was hardly delicate enough for this style; still, a certain brittleness and agility made their effect. Her *Caro nome* was not strictly according to Verdi. She was much more stirring with a racy ditty in the Spanish folk-song vein, sung as an encore.

Miss Laura Evans-Williams sang at Wigmore Hall on the same day as Miss Olga Alexeeva at Æolian Hall, but at neither concert was it possible to escape from false intonation. Miss Evans-Williams has a fine voice, which she unfortunately lets sag, with the effect that her phrases often peter out weakly. She chose much good music, but the arrangement was bad.

Madame Tetrizzini too had a cold at her Albert Hall concert, but nevertheless sang with her accustomed brilliance and delightful ease. A tenor, Attilio Baggioni, appeared under her wing. He sings as well, and finds singing as easy an accomplishment as was to be expected from a young gentleman produced in these circumstances; and moreover, he mercifully spared us any Neapolitan antics.

Mr. Roland Hayes, the African tenor, wooed and won the favour of a big audience at Wigmore Hall with that famous mellifluous voice of his, which is so naturally beautiful, so well trained, and used with such pretty taste. The *Woodland Solitude* of Brahms pleased so well that it had to be repeated, but where is the true heart of this song if the singer is all concentrated on the amiable production of sweet sounds?

Mr. Yosie Fujiwara was terribly hampered by a large number of crabbed European languages at his song recital at Wigmore Hall, and it was a pity he didn't translate all his texts into Japanese, which sounds well (he gave us samples). Not even at Wigmore Hall had we ever heard such strange French. Nevertheless there was an attractive art in this singing. It was very narrow in range, but in that range there were delicacy, fine finish (we are now putting aside phonetics), and sensitive gradation. He is a tenor.

Miss Sybil Cropper made an uncommon concert by sandwiching groups of Wolf's songs with groups by Josef Holbrooke, and her voice was well suited to the intimate Steinway Hall. The vocal flow, while not generous, is just and dignified. The *Anacreon's Grave* of Wolf and Holbrooke's pretty song *Where be you going?* came nicely within its limits. Miss Cropper is more than a singer. She is a musician, and the listener is almost entirely occupied with her interpretation. She is still not at her zenith. What she does not so far accomplish is to dazzle the hearer at the given moment with the power of fully stressing the high lights of song.

It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Brabazon Lowther sing at Wigmore Hall, thanks to the beauty of his English diction. One may not care much for the basic quality of his voice, which is too heavy for a baritone, too restricted downwards for a bass. Nor do I care for his voice 'under pressure' or in declamation. And he is apt to overload his art. For instance, the end of the old French song *Viens, aurore*, was deluged under his stream of tone. But how much of good singing is good speaking! *Chi sa parlare*, &c. Mr. Lowther is a master of lingual shades, and in English his polished diction actually invested the voice with a hitherto unremarked beauty. Such a singer (the sort is very rare) brings home to us an inkling of the infinite musical variety of the English tongue. Some of Granville Bantock's *Songs from the Chinese* were particularly well sung.

H. J. K.

CHORAL CONCERTS

Two excellent Yorkshire choirs—the Cecilian Glee Society (mixed voices) and the Cleveland Harmonic (men's voices) from Middlesbrough—made their first appearance in London at Æolian Hall on November 18, conducted by Mr. Gavin Kay. They sang Madrigals by Wilbye and Gibbons, and part-songs by Elgar, Mackenzie, Stanford, Bantock, Dunhill, Gerrard Williams, and Vaughan Williams. Both choirs showed the result of a very high state of training, their tone-quality, attack, phrasing, and expression being generally first-rate; and if in the matter of intonation they were occasionally a trifle uncertain, the cause may be attributed largely to the exacting character of some of the music rendered.

A commendable feature was the unobtrusive method of the conductor, who dispensed with a baton, and appeared to obtain all that he desired with very little effort. Mr. Dunhill, who was present, conducted his own music. Miss Gladys Moger sang the solo in Elgar's *To Women*, and Miss May Mukle played solos.

J. E. W.

Owing to the late arrival of our critic's report, we have to limit ourselves to brief mention of two important choral concerts. One is the performance of *Elijah* with which the Royal Choral Society opened its season on October 21. It has been described as the finest heard in London for many years, and the chief credit goes, of course, to Sir Landon Ronald, the first 'guest-conductor' under the new regime. The other occurred at Queen's Hall on November 8, when Mr. C. Kennedy Scott and the Philharmonic Choir added to their record a most satisfying performance of the Mass in B minor.

Music in the Provinces

BINGLEY.—At the Victoria Hall, on October 18, Miss Florence Tomlinson (a local contralto) gave her first recital. She included a set of songs by Mr. Albert Jowett, who played the accompaniments throughout the recital.

BIRMINGHAM AND DISTRICT.—The most important event of the month was a visit from Mr. Albert Coates to conduct the City Orchestra at its symphony concert on November 8, when he drew from the players some of the finest interpretations we have heard at Birmingham this season. Tchaikovsky's fifth Symphony and Scriabin's *Poem of Ecstasy* were in the programme, and Mr. Leon Goossens was the soloist in an Oboe Concerto by Guilhaud. At the Orchestra's Sunday concerts Dr. Goodey and Miss Dorothy d'Orsay have been the most interesting vocalists. Miss Winifred Browne, an able young pianist with much artistic insight, was heard with the orchestra in Rimsky-Korsakov's Pianoforte Concerto. The Catterall Quartet on October 20 gave one of its series of chamber concerts, and at a mid-day concert the Sheffield String Quartet showed that more than rhythmic zest and big tone are needed to do justice to the early Quartets of Beethoven. On November 9 Mr. H. G. Sear gave a mid-day causerie on Liszt, Miss Marjorie Sotham playing illustrations. The month's recitals have brought Mr. Karl Melene and Miss Vera Gilman (vocalists), Miss Gertrude Fuller (violin), Miss Eva Benson and Miss Denne Parker (vocalists). On Armistice Night the City Orchestra and Choir, with the Victoria Male-Voice Choir, joined forces in a programme which included Stanford's *Last Post*. Mr. Joseph Lewis conducted, and obtained from the orchestra a well-knit performance of Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony. At Walsall a movement towards co-operation between the various concert-giving organizations has matured, and under the auspices of the municipality concerts are to be given on Thursdays and Saturdays at regular intervals. The first of these took place on Saturday, November 4, when the Walsall Philharmonic Society was heard in detached choruses. At Wolverhampton, Vaughan Williams's *Sea* Symphony has been given. The first performance of the same composer's unaccompanied Mass, announced for November 15—election day—has been postponed to December 6, in Birmingham Town Hall.

BRADFORD.—The central feature of the programme played on October 20 by the Flonzaley Quartet at the subscription chamber concerts was Arnold Bax's Quartet in G. Under the auspices of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, a concert was given in St. George's Hall, Bradford, on November 1, when the artists were Miss Jelly d'Aranyi, M. Mischa Leon, Mr. Norman Allin, Miss Caroline Hatchard, and Miss Edna Thornton. Mr. Julius Harrison secured an effective, if rather hurried reading of Beethoven's *Pastoral* Symphony at the Bradford Permanent Orchestra concert on November 4. Brahms's second Symphony was played by the Hallé Orchestra, under Mr. Hamilton Harty, at the Bradford Subscription Concert on November 10. Besides music by Fauré, the programme included the second performance in England of *Bürger als Edelmann*, the new Suite from Strauss's opera.

BRISTOL.—M. Chaliapin gave a song recital in Colston Hall on October 20, accompanied by Max Rabinovitch. On October 31 Miss C. Carter and Miss Bernhardt gave the first of a series of lecture-recitals, designed to encourage the study of the higher forms of music. Clifton Orchestral

Society and the local branch of the E.F.D.S. gave illustrations. A recital of works by British composers was given on November 4 in the Victoria Rooms, prefaced by an address by Mr. van der Horst. Pianoforte pieces by York Bowen, Leo Livens, John B. McEwen, Tobias Matthay, Thomas F. Dunhill, Edgar I. Bainton, and Harold Craxton were played by Mr. Adolphe Hallis and Miss McEwan. Miss Dorothy Chalmers played violin music by Rowshy Woof and Benjamin Dale. On November 11 the Grenadier Guards Band, conducted by Lieut. George Miller, played the *Scherzo* and *Finale* from Beethoven's fifth Symphony and the *Peer Gynt* Suite.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON (Devon).—A newly-formed orchestra, conducted by Mr. H. Hugh Fowler, on November 2 played a Suite for strings by Purcell, a *Serenade* by Elgar, and Walford Davies's *Solemn Melody* (with Mr. Stanley Chipperfield at the organ). Frank Bridge's *Allegro Marziale* for organ and Dvorák's *Biblical Songs* were also performed, Mr. Percy Bull being the vocalist.

CARDIFF.—The Chamber Music Concerts opened their nineteenth season on October 23, when the Léner Quartet played Dohnányi's Op. 15. Mr. David Clegg inaugurated the new organ in the Capitol on October 29.

EDINBURGH.—On October 25 Miss Theo Hunter and Mr. John Petrie Dunn gave a recital of violin and pianoforte music, including two Brahms Sonatas and Chausson's *Poème*. Under the auspices of the Classical Concerts the London String Quartet on October 30 opened a week's Beethoven season, playing the Quartets in chronological order. Vocal recitals have been given by Mr. Joseph Hislop, Miss Sheila Macdonald, Miss Margaret Pearl, and Miss Naysmith Young (with Mr. Albert Sammons). The thirty-third season of the Paterson Orchestral Concerts opened on November 13, the conductors being Sir Landon Ronald and Mr. Julius Harrison. The programme was exclusively Wagnerian.

EXETER.—The Philharmonic Concert season opened on October 3 with two pianoforte recitals by Miss Myra Hess, in which she included pieces by Arnold Bax (*Midnight in the Ukraine* and *Nocturne*), Frank Bridge (*The Dew Fairy*, from *The Hour-glass*), and Walter O'Donnell (*Before the Dawn* and *Lyrical Tone-poem*). Before members of the Chamber Music Club, on November 8, a song-recital and lecture on 'Interpretation in Song' was given by Mr. Plunket Greene with Mr. Samuel Liddle at the pianoforte, and assisted by Miss Sybil Eaton (violin). In the course of a tour of Devon and Cornwall, the Kendall String Quartet played at Exeter on November 10 a group of dance forms from Purcell's music to *Dioclesian*, the Quartet in C sharp minor by Germaine Tailleferre, a group of viola pieces (Miss Dorothy Jones), another of violin pieces (Miss Katharine Kendall) by Jeremiah Clarke, Couperin, and Handel (all accompaniments being played by string trio), Goossens's *By the Tarn* and *Jack o' Lantern*, and Smetana's Quartet in E minor.

GILLINGHAM.—The String Quartet (Miss Elsie Dudding, Miss Winifred Kent, Mr. Bernard P. Dudding, and Mr. John W. Francis) opened its season on October 23. Miss Muriel Taylor assisted in Beethoven's E flat Pianoforte Quartet, and in Sonatas.

HALIFAX.—An experimental Sunday concert was held under the auspices of the Halifax Trades and Industrial Council, in conjunction with the Musicians' Union, on November 5. An orchestra, forty strong, conducted by Mr. Willis Wood (conductor of Besses o' th' Barn Band), gave selections from *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

HULL.—The Janssen Subscription Concerts entered on their nineteenth season on October 21, when the Modern Trio played Pianoforte Trios by Beethoven and Brahms, and Frank Bridge's Fantasia in C minor. In aid of the Hull Philharmonic Society, a chamber concert on October 28 was arranged by Miss Jessie Mayes (pianoforte), who was associated with Miss E. Alexander (first violin), Miss O. Sheffield (second violin), Mr. T. Somerscales (viola), and Mr. Philip Chignell ('cello). They played a Quintet, Op. 1, by Dohnányi. At the Five o' Clock concert on November 1, Miss Julia Johnstone

and Miss Avis Benn played a Purcell Sonata for violin and pianoforte, and Miss Etty Ferguson sang songs by Stanford, Parry, Strauss, and Hugo Wolf.—The first of this season's three concerts by the Hull Philharmonic took place on November 9 in the City Hall. Mr. J. W. Hudson conducted Franck's Symphony, also a Wagner programme in which Miss Carrie Tubbs sang Isolda's *Death Song*.

LEEDS.—The first of three chamber concerts arranged by Miss Kathleen Frise Smith (who played in the Bach Concerto for three pianofortes at the recent Leeds Festival) took place in Albion Hall on October 16, when she was joined by Mr. Arthur Catterall in three Sonatas for pianoforte and violin (Busoni's Op. 36a, César Franck's A major, and Paderewski's Op. 13).—The first of this term's mid-day recitals at Leeds University took the form of a pianoforte recital at which Mr. Stanley Kaye (Sheffield) played B. J. Dale's noteworthy Sonata.—An interesting experiment in popularising orchestral music among the masses is being made at Belgrave Central Hall. For a scheme of six concerts an appeal is made for two thousand patrons at a shilling each. The second concert on October 21 was given by some members of the Leeds Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Bensley Ghent. The Symphony was Schubert's *Unfinished*, and Miss Kathleen Moorhouse, played in Saint-Saëns's Violoncello Concerto in A minor.—Mr. John Browning's concert party included Michael Head's song-cycle *Over the Rim of the Moon* in its programme on October 26 at the Leeds Institute.—The Saturday Orchestral Concerts continue to flourish. On October 28 Mr. Eugène Goossens conducted Elgar's *Enigma* Variations, Beethoven's C minor Pianoforte Concerto (with Miss Lilia Kanevskaya), and the *Good-Humoured Ladies* Suite (Scarlati-Tommasini). At the next of these concerts, on November 11, Mr. Julius Harrison conducted his own *Worcestershire* Suite.—In its revised form, *The Beggar's Opera* held the boards at the Grand Theatre in the last week of October.—Handel's *Samson* was sung at Oxford Place Chapel on November 4, Mr. Robert Pickard conducting.—Leeds Choral Union, under Dr. Coward, gave a concert-version of *Tannhäuser* on November 8, in the Town Hall, Mr. Frank Mullings singing in the title-role.—There was no loss on this year's Leeds Festival, and the guarantors will not be called upon.

LIVERPOOL.—On October 24 Miss Eileen Jennings gave a song recital, assisted by Miss Gladys Patchett (violin).—At the opening concert of the Rodewald Society, on October 24, the Catterall Quartet played the Quartet in A by Pizzetti, Joseph Speaight's *Shakespearean Sketches*, and Brahms's Quartet in C minor.—On October 27 the members of the British Music Society heard the Sidebottom Trio play Cyril Scott's new Pianoforte Trio, the *Andante* from a Trio by William Fenney, and a Violin Sonata by Purcell.—On October 27 the Sonata for pianoforte and violin by Eugène Goossens was played at the Sandon Studios by Miss Gertrude Newsham and Miss Vera Seward, and Madame Eunice Westhead sang new songs by Norman Peterkin.—Mark Hambourg gave a Chopin recital on October 30.—At the Philharmonic Society's concert on November 1, Gustav Holst's *Hymn of Jesus* was performed, Dr. Pollitt being the chorus-master and Mr. Albert Coates conducting. Brahms's fourth Symphony and a Suite for strings by Sinigaglia were played by the orchestra, and Miss Maggie Teyte sang songs.—At the Crane Hall evening recital on November 1 Miss Isabel M'Cullagh and Dr. J. E. Wallace played John Ireland's Sonata for violin and pianoforte. In the afternoon M. Voorsanger was the violinist in Brahms's Sonata for the same combination.—On November 6 Dr. Adrian C. Boulton lectured before the Literary and Philosophical Society on 'Musical Appreciation.' He said that in the case of modern music the listener would do best to concentrate on the emotional side of it.—At a meeting of the British Music Society on November 6, the Manchester Wind Quintet played Giles Farnaby's Divisions on *Quodling's Delight*, Lully's Minuet from *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, the *Cebell* by Purcell, a Flute Sonata by Bach, a Brahms Clarinet Sonata, and some serious bassoon solos.—At Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch's second chamber concert on November 7 the music played (with original instruments) included a Musette for recorder, viola, and harpsichord, by

Couperin, a Fantasy for three viols by Thomas Tomkins, and some Bach harpsichord pieces. On the following day were played Christopher Simpson's Divisions on a ground bass and a Fantasy for five viols by Lupo.—The Welsh Choral Union, conducted by Mr. Hopkin Evans, performed scenes from *Hiwatha* on November 11, with Miss Elsie Suddaby, Mr. Roland Hayes, and Mr. Herbert Heyner as soloists.—At the Philharmonic Society's concert on November 14 Signor Molinari was the guest-conductor, and his transcription of Vivaldi's Concerto for strings and orchestra, with pianoforte accompaniment, opened the programme. Mr. Harold Bauer was the soloist in Beethoven's *Emperor* Concerto. Strauss's *Death and Transfiguration*, Respighi's *Fountains of Rome*, and Verdi's Overture *Sicilian Vespers* were played, and the choir sang Parry's *There is an Old Belief*. Dr. Pollitt conducted.

MANCHESTER.—We regret that our representative's notes have not arrived.

NEWCASTLE.—The d'Oyly Carte Opera Company opened a three weeks' season at the Theatre Royal on October 16.—Under the auspices of the Bach Choir the London String Quartet opened a Beethoven week on October 23, during which were played the whole of the Beethoven Quartets.—On October 26 the Glee and Madrigal Society, numbering sixty voices, sang Prendergast's *The Pixies Welcome*, Elgar's *After many a dusty mile* (for male voices), *An evening's pastoral* by Martin Shaw (also for male voices), and Walmisley's *Music all-powerful*, Mr. R. W. Clark conducting.—The Philharmonic Orchestra opened its season on October 29, playing Elgar's *Cockaigne* Overture and a Wagner selection, Mr. Edgar Bainton conducting.—Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay gave a lecture on October 29 at the Stoll Theatre on *Old Songs and Ballads*.

OXFORD.—Backhaus gave a pianoforte recital on October 18. His modern groups included a *Danse d'Olay* by Pick-Mangiagalli.—The third series of the subscription concerts opened on October 19, when the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Eugène Goossens, played a Bach Suite in G, Stravinsky's *Fireworks*, the conductor's *By the Tarn*, and Vaughan Williams's *Pastoral* Symphony.—The Finches Club Orchestra on October 22 played Holst's *Marching Song* and Maurice Besly's transcription of the *Adagio and Allegro* from Bach's Trio in C minor. Mr. C. E. Harris conducted.—On October 23 Miss Tilly Koenen gave a recital of songs by Miss Amy Hare, who accompanied.—On October 29 the Elizabethan Singers sang Vaughan Williams's *The Springtime of the Year*, Granville Bantock's *Willow, willow*, Gustav Holst's *Light leaves whisper*, Maurice Besly's *Sleep*, and Dr. Stewart's *O the bonny Christ Church Bells*, to which Old Tom, playing the Curfew, supplied a drone bass with intent.—Mr. Harold Bauer gave a pianoforte recital on November 3.—On November 4 two members of the Guild of Singers and Players—Margarita Mackerras and F. H. Etcheverria—and half-a-dozen instrumentalists performed Bach's *Coffee Cantata* (assisted by Mr. N. Merriman), several French and Spanish songs, two songs by Dr. Walker, two by Wolstenholme, and one by Sinclair Logan, Bach's Sonata in E for flute and Pianoforte, and a String Quartet by McEwen.

PORTSMOUTH.—At the first concert of the season, on October 19, the Quartet Players performed Frank Bridge's *Phantasy* and Dvorák's Op. 87 for pianoforte and strings, and Major R. Bullin gave explanatory information.—The Philharmonic Society opened its fortieth season on October 19 with a Wagner orchestral programme and a performance of Saint-Saëns's Concerto in C minor, with Mr. York Bowen as pianist. Miss Margaret Balfour was the vocalist.—Miss Rowena Franklin gave a violin recital on October 21.—On November 5 Southsea Symphony Orchestra played an Overture in D, by H. J. Hickey, solo oboe of the orchestra.—On November 8 the Temperance Choral Union, conducted by Mr. T. G. Plater, sang 'The Death Croon,' from *Songs of the Hebrides*, *Birds are Singing* (female voices), by Robertson, and Whittaker's *Bobby Shaftoe*.

ST. LEONARDS.—Mr. Dan Godfrey, jun., has settled quickly into his stride as conductor of music for the Municipality. The winter season opened on October 28 with a two-concert Festival of British music, having

Butterworth's *Shropshire Lad* and German's *Welsh Rhapsody* as its principal features.—The season's programme offers the fourth and sixth Symphonies of Glazounov, Borodin's second, Bantock's *Hebridean*, and Vaughan Williams's *London* Symphony.—That Mr. Godfrey has the rare knack of accompanying concerts was evident in the first half of November, when no less than eight examples came under his beat. The soloists were Mr. John Davies, in Max Bruch in G minor, Mr. John Pauer in the Grieg, Mr. Arnold Trowell in Haydn and Schumann, Mr. Norman Attwell in the Böellmann Variations, Miss Edna Iles in an impressive reading of Rachmaninov's new Concerto in D minor (the alleged first provincial performance), and M. Arthur de Greef in Franck's Symphonic Variations and Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia.

SHEFFIELD.—The Misses Foxon's concerts were resumed on October 18, when pieces for two pianofortes were played. Included were Debussy's *Petite Suite*, Saint-Saëns's Variations on a Beethoven Theme, and two numbers from Rachmaninov's Second Suite, Op. 17.—At a pianoforte recital on November 7 Mr. Harold Bauer played his own transcription of Bach's *Partita* in B flat for harpsichord, Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 110, and Moussorgsky's Suite, *Pictures at an Exhibition*.—Mrs. Dorothea Rodgers gave a song recital on November 9.

SHIRRHAMPTON.—During a three days' Festival at Shirehampton, which opened on October 26, the performers were the local Choral Society, Avonmouth Choral Society, and the Drama League. On the first and third days three of Mr. P. Napier Miles's operatic works were performed. These were *Markheim*, which won the Carnegie award in 1921, a one-Act piece, *Queen Rosamond*, and *Music comes*, a choral dance for tenor solo and female chorus. The second day's programme included madrigals and pianoforte music from the Elizabethan period, a Battle song-cycle, part-songs (*Nocturne* and *Ode to Maia*), and selections from the opera, *Westward Ho!* by Mr. Napier Miles. Mr. Miles and Mr. Powell conducted.

WAKEFIELD.—On Saturday, October 21, the programme at the Wakefield Musical Evening, in the Music Saloon, was sustained by the Flonzaley Quartet, which played the E minor *Rasoumovsky* Quartet and Schumann in A minor. But it was in two movements by Borodin that the players revealed their true powers.

YORK.—A demonstration song-recital by gramophone was given at St. William's College on October 21. The songs were those recorded by the late Gervase Elwes, and comprised examples from Vaughan Williams, Quilter, Graham Peel, Frank Bridge, and Dvorák. As a recollection of a great singer, the reproductions were keenly appreciated by a large audience, which also enjoyed records of the playing of the London String Quartet.—At a concert in York Art Gallery, on October 29, the Lord Mayor of the city (Alderman W. H. Birch) not only acted as chairman, but also sang John Ireland's *Sea Fever*.

MUSIC IN IRELAND

The Saturday evening Symphony Concerts at Belfast had an auspicious opening on October 21, when Mr. Godfrey Brown presented an attractive programme, the most favoured number being Mozart's Symphony in C.

The Theatre of the Royal Dublin Society having been requisitioned by the Irish Free State, the committee of the Society has taken over the Abbey Theatre for the winter musical recitals. The first recital was given on November 6 by the Brodsky Trio, with Dr. Espo-ito.

The first concert of the season by the Belfast Philharmonic Society took place in Ulster Hall on October 27, and was a huge success, the chief item being Sir Ivor Atkins's cantata *A Hymn of Faith*, conducted by the composer, who received an enthusiastic ovation. Three songs by Sir Ivor Atkins were also sung, the composer playing the accompaniments. Mr. Godfrey Brown was an alert conductor of the two orchestral items, Beethoven's *Egmont*

Overture and *Finlandia* by Sibelius, and Mr. J. H. MacBratney was a sympathetic accompanist both at the organ and the pianoforte.

Notwithstanding the disturbed state of the country Dubliners afforded liberal patronage to the Carl Rosa Company, which opened a three weeks' engagement at the Gaiety Theatre on November 6.

On November 13 Miss Maude Davin, with Mr. Michael Gallighan as vocalist, gave an interesting violin recital at the Abbey Theatre, displaying fine technique, especially in the Elgar Sonata. Miss Myra Hess drew a crowded audience to her pianoforte recital on November 13, under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society.

Madame Tetravzini's tour took her to Belfast on October 17, and Dublin on October 21.

Musical Notes from Abroad

AMSTERDAM

Prior to her departure for America, Mlle. Erna Rubinstein was engaged to appear at one of the Symphony concerts, when that youthful lady gave a startlingly ripe reading of Glazounov's Violin Concerto. The scheme contained also Moussorgsky's *Nuit sur le mont chauve* and Tchaikovsky's *Pathetic* Symphony, which, I daresay, would be none the worse for a little rest. At the concert of October 12, Madame Charles Cahier and M. Jaques Urlus performed the solo parts in Mahler's *Lied von der Erde*. Under Mengelberg's inspiring leadership an altogether magnificent performance of this fine work was achieved. An event which roused the interest of a large contingent of earnest music-lovers was the first evening of Alexander Schmuller's Bach recitals on October 14. Schmuller had set himself the task to perform on three evenings the whole of Bach's solo Sonatas and Partitas for the violin, together with the Concertos. In the latter he was accompanied by a small chamber orchestra, consisting of music students, who acquitted themselves in a thoroughly admirable way.

On the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress, Alphons Diepenbrock's great Mass was sung in the church of St. Augustine. This extremely difficult work received a very creditable performance under the able conductorship of M. Alphons Vranken, the very complicated organ part finding its master in M. Willem van Kalmthout, of Nymegen.

After the symphony concert of October 15, we had to miss our orchestra for a matter of ten days. This respite was occasioned by the players having been invited to appear at Hamburg and Berlin. The subscription concert on October 26 brought Schumann's fourth Symphony and Weber's *Oberon* Overture. The soloist on that occasion was Mr. Percy Grainger, whose appearance after an absence of many years was hailed with tremendous applause. He was in excellent form, and it was only to be regretted that his choice had not fallen on a more congenial work than Grieg's A minor Concerto. There was no soloist at the concert of October 29. If this can be called a deficiency it was amply atoned for by absolutely finished performances of Mozart's seldom-heard D major Symphony (without Minuetto), Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Schubert's B minor Symphony, which completed the scheme. The symphony concert on November 2 partook of an especially festival nature. In honour of Dr. Johan Wagenaar's sixtieth birthday the programme contained no less than four of his compositions, conducted by himself, viz., the Overtures to *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, a symphonic poem *Saul and David*, and a first performance of descriptive music for a phantasmagoric play, *The Wedding of Aladdin*. The extremely long programme contained, furthermore, P. van Anrooy's Rhapsody *Piet Hein*, a suite for violoncello and orchestra by M. van Goudoever, who himself played the solo part, and Willem Pyper's second Symphony, the last-named three composers having been pupils of Wagenaar. The evening concert gained added lustre by the presence of the Dutch Royal family, the Queen investing Dr. Wagenaar during the

interval with the insignia of the Order of Oranje-Nassau. A sudden attack of illness, presumably due to the strain of the last weeks, prevented Mengelberg from conducting the next two concerts. This was the more to be regretted inasmuch as on November 9 he was to have celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as musical director of the Cæcilia Society. Mengelberg fortunately reappeared on the platform on November 12. At this concert M. Ernest Schelling played Chopin's E minor Concerto and the pianoforte obligato in his own *Impressions of an Artist's Life*. In both works he scored an immense success.

A very interesting chamber music concert was given on October 24 by the united forces of the Dutch and Hungarian String Quartets, who played Schönberg's Sextet *Verklärte Nacht* (a very mild and unoriginal work), Brahms's Sextet in B flat, and Mendelssohn's Octet, Op. 20. A remarkable success was that won by the famous Bohemian String Quartet, which on October 30 played no less than four big works, viz., a Quartet by Novak, two Quartets by Smetana, and Dvorák's Pianoforte Quintet, with Mlle. Ilona Kurz as pianist.

On November 6 Ernesto Consolo and Arrigo Serrato joined in works by Busoni, Respighi, and Pizzetti. Contrary to expectation, the Sistine Choir, which gave two concerts, failed to draw anything like big audiences.

It is with much regret that I have to announce the final breaking down of our National Opera, which had to close its doors about a fortnight ago. This failure is largely due to the utter incompetence of the management, for the institution was subsidised by several of the larger towns, the combined subsidy amounting to about 110,000 florins per annum.

W. HARMANS.

GERMANY

NEW BOOKS ON BEETHOVEN

As a birthday gift to the first great chamber music festival at Bonn, Breitkopf & Härtel have published a book, *Studien zu Beethoven's Persönlichkeit*, by Dr. Gustav Becking. The author considers the problem of the *Scherzo* in a manner never attempted before. He examines the Minuets of Haydn and Mozart, and then analyses the various *Scherzi* of Beethoven, laying bare the very essence and nature of music, the budding cells and esoteric character of the forms of expression of the *Scherzo*. The peculiar style of the author demands a thoroughly sympathetic reader.

Much has been written about Beethoven's deafness, but as yet the world had lacked a scientific critical description of the rise and character of this dread disease. Waldemar Schweisheimer (*Beethoven's Lieder*, Munich, Georg Müller) has filled the blank, and given a clear diagnosis of the clinical development of the disease so far as is possible on the strength of all that has been submitted by history. It is a praiseworthy deed of the author to disperse once and for all the accusation that lues was the cause of Beethoven's malady. The most interesting chapter is probably that dealing with the influence of the composer's deafness on his artistic work. It is astonishing how little the latter is influenced. The seventh chapter deals with the medical treatment of the malady during the composer's last months.

Albert Hensel's *Beethoven* (Berlin, Tatho-Verlag) is more than it pretends to be. The author is too modest when he says: 'It does not claim to be a scientific dissertation, either musically or philosophically.' It is indeed both, inasmuch as it causes the student to busy himself with questions pertaining to the appreciation of music.

Van der Pfordten's *Beethoven* is the outcome of a series of academic and popular lectures. It is a biography, and yet it is no biography, pointing as it does to other valuable works for reference and laying chief stress on the ethical character of Beethoven's compositions, which must be grasped and understood not by mere cult, but by the endeavour to make Beethoven's ideals one's own ideals, and so becoming immersed in the composer.

Walther Nohl's *Ludwig van Beethoven als Mensch und Musiker im täglichen Leben* (Stuttgart, Grüninger) is an unpretentious brochure, rich in historical matter, well told by a master of the pen.

THE PILGRIMS OF MECCA AT WIESBADEN.

Gluck's *Die Pilger von Mecca*, recently performed at the Wiesbaden Opera House, was rescued from obscurity in 1910 by Max Arend, who published it with a new German text (Breitkopf & Härtel), thereby rescuing one of the most charming pieces known to the operatic stage. By its graceful music and delicate humour it is the very predecessor to Mozart's *Entführung aus dem Serail*.

In preparing his new biography of Gluck (Schuster & Löffler, Stuttgart) Max Arend was refused assistance by the *Ministre des Sciences et des Arts*, of Brussels, but he discovered so much original material elsewhere that he succeeded in making his biography the most complete and uniform work of its kind. He touches upon aesthetic problems, presented to us in every work of the master, which have hitherto escaped the attention of musicologists.

TENTH BACH FESTIVAL AT BRESLAU.

The tenth German Bach Festival at Breslau was colossal. In the company of Schütz and J. S. Bach were Schein, Buxtehude, Pachelbel, Nikolaus Bruhns, and Johann Christoph Bach, finishing with the Austrian Georg Mathias Monn. This review of a wealth of music produced during and after the Thirty Years' War comprised known and unknown works. To the unknown belonged a Prelude and Fugue in G major for organ and the 100th Psalm for tenor solo, small orchestra, and organ by Bruhns, and the two Lamentos for voices, violin, three violas, and organ by J. C. Bach—works of incisive pathos and dramatic character. Thanks to the indefatigable propaganda of Prof. Dr. Max Schneider and Wolfgang Reimann, the greatness of Heinrich Schütz has always been recognised at Breslau. Bach's art was represented by the *Trauerode*, the Magnificat, two cantatas, five fugues from the *Forty-eight* (Prof. Dohrn), the Partita and Violin concerto in E major (Adolph Busch), the Suite in D minor for Violoncello solo (Paul Grummer), three arias with flute accompaniment (Lotte Leonard), the Suite for Flute (Ernest Tschirner), and the Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, in G major. The choruses were sung by the Breslau Singakademie, the Bachverein, and the church choir of St. Mary Magdalen, under the direction of Prof. Dr. Georg Dohrn and Prof. Dr. Max Schneider. At the same time the new organ, a masterwork of the firm of W. Sauer, was opened by Wolfgang Reimann.

FRANZ SCHREKER.

Among all the *Sturm und Drang* of the present time Franz Schreker occupies a unique position. Slowly but surely his extraordinary operas force themselves upon the attention of the public. While he is writing the music to his last opera, *Irrelohe*, his *Gemeinde* is fighting his cause. One of the best books dealing with Schreker the man and artist comes from the pen of Rudolf H. Hoffman (E. P. Tal & Co., Leipsic). Following a brief biography the author treats of the poet and the composer, his development and his style. After all it is but a repetition of the Wagnerian struggles against the Philistines, fought by a man who has implicit faith in himself.

IESUS NAZARENUS

Bruno Leopold, organist at Schmalkalden, has written an Oratorio, *Jesus Nazarenus*, for soli, chorus, orchestra, and organ, which fills a long-felt want, as it is indeed the first popular musical work on the life and death of Jesus. It is easy of execution, rich in melody, and both lyrical and dramatic. The new oratorio was performed at Schmalkalden under the direction of the composer with very great success. It is to be given in more than twenty towns (Cologne, Nuremberg, Dresden, Kaiserslautern, &c.), and its success seems assured. The composer is his own publisher.

COLOGNE

At the first Gurzenich concert H. H. Wetzler conducted the first performance of his Symphonic Fantasia, Op. 10. The composer is continually seeking and finding new combinations of sound, yet behind all that which is modern there is a huge amount of thematic work—canon, inversion, reduction, prolongation of the thematic material.

MUSIC OF THE MIDDLE AGES

The fitting up of the Badisch Kunsthalle at Karlsruhe means not only the beginning of a new chapter in the building of museums, but also the cultivation of the various arts of the Middle Ages. At the invitation of Dr. Storck, director of the Karlsruhe Art-Hall, Prof. Dr. W. Gurliitt, of the musico-scientific seminary of Freiburg University, gave a lecture on 'Music and the musical outlook in the time of Gothic architecture,' along with a series of concerts extending over three days. Three groups of music were dealt with: (1) the *Musica ecclesiastica* (i.e., Gregorian chant as it is still employed in the Liturgy of the Roman Catholic Church); (2) the *Musica composita* (i.e., the two-part organum and three-part motets, comprising the *ars antiqua* of the 13th century); (3) the *Musica vulgaris*, which marks the commencement of instrumental music in parts. While the mysticism of the liturgical songs of the first concert produced the deepest impression, yet, from a musico-historical outlook, the third concert proved the culminating point of the entire festival.

SONDERSHAUSEN.

Luther's birthday was celebrated at Sondershausen with a performance of Max Bruch's cantata *Gustavus Adolphus*, with Albert Fischer, Paul Bauer, and Martha Oppermann as soloists, and Musikdirektor Gremel as conductor. Like all Bruch's vocal compositions, this cantata is a powerful and melodious work. The Loh-orchestra, under Prof. Corbach, commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of Anton Bruckner's death with performances of the Quintet in F major and the sixth Symphony, which left a deep impression upon the large audience.

All the year through the string quartet (MM. Corbach, Nowack, Merbach, and Schilling) gave a series of well-attended chamber concerts. Mention must be made of Hugo Kaun's new String Quartet, Op. 114, a concise composition full of beautiful musical ideas, with two especially remarkable inner movements. Kaun was also the chief figure at this year's Festival at Sondershausen. When the local musical forces decided to perform his choral composition *Mother Earth* they proved that valuable work may be accomplished away from the great musical centres. The other chief items of the Festival were a Violin Concerto by August Reuss, played by Felix Berber, and orchestral songs by Frickhöffer, sung by Agnes Leydecker.

Fritz Busch (brother of the violinist Adolph Busch, one of Germany's leading artists) conducted two concerts at the Gewandhaus with such success that he was invited to direct all the concerts there during the summer season. As his engagements at Stuttgart permitted him to undertake only part of the work, Hans Pfitzner and Sigmund von Hausegger conducted the remainder of the programmes. After the death of Nikisch, Busch was called upon to lead a Philharmonic concert at Berlin. He had to decline offers from Vienna to conduct a Brahms Festival, as well as concerts at Budapest and other towns, and operatic festival performances at Chemnitz.

MUNICH

During the recent season the chief musical societies of Munich combined to give a series of concerts under the title of Deutsche Chor- und Kammermusik. The programmes ran as follows: May 21 and 22, Haydn; May 31, unaccompanied choruses by Brahms; June 9, old music (Akademie der Tonkunst); June 12, Bach; June 20 and 21, Mozart, choral works; June 27, German madrigals; July 4, Mozart, chamber music; July 13 and August 12, Munich composers; August 22, Romantic evening; August 29, Pfitzner (*Von deutscher Seele*); September 10, Beethoven's ninth Symphony; September 15, German Volkslieder; September 18, Munich composers; September 26, Beethoven chamber music.

FR. ERCKMANN.

NEW YORK

It was Mr. Stokowski and his Philadelphians who appropriated the first date of the orchestral season. No novelties were presented in the programme of three numbers.

One of these, *Ein Heldenleben*, did not add to the enjoyment of the concert, brilliantly played as it was. This tone-poem has been played frequently in the last few seasons, but not even the composer's conducting could make it interesting—so why not let it die of 'innocuous desuetude'?

Close upon Mr. Stokowski came Mr. Stransky and the first concert of the New York Philharmonic Society in its eighty-first season. Beethoven's seventh Symphony was followed by Erich Korngold's *Sursum Corda* (*Lift up your Hearts*), labelled a 'symphonic overture.' The composer says his aim was to suggest 'a mood of struggle and aspiration, a joyous deliverance out of stress and storm.' Young Korngold is clever in his understanding and use of the resources of a modern orchestra, but the paucity of his original ideas was even more marked in this composition than in his opera *Die Tote Stadt* produced last year at the Metropolitan. In the opera Korngold seemed to have imbibed ideas from many old masters of the art of composition; in the *Sursum Corda* he has apparently been contented to limit himself to imitating Richard Strauss. Strauss, be it said, is not great enough to be imitated, but he has the originality the younger man lacks, and *Salome's Dance* which followed Korngold's elaborate but tiresome efforts shone, in comparison, with brilliant effulgence.

Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Society, opening their season on a Sunday afternoon, gave a *Concerto grosso* written for a few strings by Vivaldi and cleverly arranged for a modern string orchestra by Sam Franko. A few days later the Orchestra was heard to better advantage in Carnegie Hall, playing Glazounov's fifth Symphony and assisting Albert Spalding in Brahms's Violin Concerto in D minor. Mr. Spalding's performance confirmed the impression made at his recital two weeks before, that he has become one of the masters of the violin.

At his second concert Mr. Stokowski brought forward Schumann's Symphony in C major. The Schumann Symphonies have been sadly neglected by all conductors of late years, and Mr. Stokowski deserves thanks for reviving one of them. Old concert-goers can remember when the four Schumann Symphonies were standardised in the winter programmes. At least two were played every season, and belonged to the established repertoire as firmly as Beethoven's fifth and seventh. The novelty at the second concert of the Philadelphians was the introduction to New York of Madame Sigrid Onegin, a Swedish singer who has been engaged for the season at the Metropolitan. She has an immense voice which will undoubtedly be heard without difficulty in the last row of the top gallery in the Opera House. She sings (or rather, declaims) in a somewhat old-fashioned style, and she chose poor selections for the concert stage.

A new organization is announced, called the 'City Symphony Orchestra.' Promising the best music at half the price of the older societies, it has a better chance to compete with the established orchestras than had the short-lived 'National Symphony'—and for this very reason.

No vocal recital given this season has aroused more interest than that of Florence Easton, who is known on the operatic stage for her beautiful voice, her remarkable diction, her great talent as an actress, and her extraordinary versatility—having a repertoire of over a hundred operas that she can sing at a few hours' notice. In this recital she gave one operatic aria (the well-known song from *Iphigenia in Tauris*), four romantic songs of Schumann, four of Wolf, and some more modern music ranging from Ravel to Frank La Forge, the composer-pianist who assisted her at the pianoforte.

The Metropolitan announces *Tosca* for its opening night, with Scotti and Jeritza. Later in the week Jeritza appears in *Rosenkavalier*. Chaliapin also makes two appearances in the first week—in *Boris* and *Mefistofele*. Ever since the great tenor died one is continually asked, 'Who will be Caruso's successor?' The answer is, in voice and personality, 'No one,' but for popularity his mantle has fallen on the shoulders of the great basso Feodor Chaliapin.

M. H. FLINT.

PARIS

At Paris the musical season does not, as in London, last eleven months and a-half per annum. From the middle of July to the end of October, or thereabouts, there is a *grande pause* throughout the concert world. With the advent of October, the plans made by the various organizations become known, and after a few weeks of suspense and anticipation, the music-lover finds his hands pretty full. This year, for instance, the things which are to be done at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées should suffice to keep him busy: apart from the usual series of the Concerts Padeloup, we are to have concerts organized by Wiener, concerts organized by Goldschmann, seven concerts of contemporary music from all countries, and ten of Russian music organized by Alexandrovich. On the other hand the newly-founded Société de Musique Française is preparing a big move in favour of lyric-drama and other works by French composers. It is not yet clear whether the list on its prospectus constitutes an enumeration of works which are actually to be played, or merely (as at the Opéra and Opéra-Comique) of works from which a number will be selected for performance. But the list itself is certainly very imposing. It comprises Aubert's *La Forêt Bleue* and de Bréville's *Eros Vainqueur*, two fine things which musical circles here are particularly eager to welcome (both were produced with success abroad), Labey's *Bérénice*, Mariotte's *Gargantua*, Claudel's *Proteus* with Milhaud's incidental music, and works by Gaubert, Max d'Olonne, M. Bertrand, Lenormand, Woollett, Mayelier, and others. So much for the Théâtre des Champs Élysées.

At the Opéra, the principal novelties are to be Magnard's *Guercaur*, Tournemire's *Les Dieux sont morts*, André Bloch's *Prélude Férrique*, Maurice Emmanuel's *Salamine*, Roussel's ballet *Padmavati*, and Hué's ballet *Siang Sin*.

At the Opéra-Comique we are to have a *Polyphème* by Jean Cras, *La Brebis Égarée* by Milhaud, Albeniz's *Pépita Jimenes*, and various things whose writers are M. S. Rousseau, Florent Schmitt, and Florence Fourdrain. The first *première* of the season has already taken place; it were better to say, the first three, for the programme consisted of a lyric-comedy by Max d'Olonne, *Les Uns et les Autres*, a lyric-drama by Bachelet, *Quand la Cloche Sonnera*, and Puccini's opera-buffa *Giovanni Schicchi*—all in one Act. This mixed bill provided a very acceptable entertainment. Alfred Bachelet (recently appointed director of the Nancy Conservatoire in replacement of Guy Ropartz, who takes charge of the similar institution at Strasbourg) is a very genuine and imaginative composer, and has succeeded in writing attractive music to a somewhat unconvincing libretto. Puccini's *Giovanni Schicchi* is extremely amusing, and Max d'Olonne has given us light music of quite pleasing order, with many clever bits of parody thrown in.

At the Concerts Padeloup the season began with an all-French programme (from Berlioz to Ravel). At the Concerts Lamoureux the inaugural programme was entirely French except for Beethoven's *Eroica*, and comprised examples by Lalo, Fauré, Franck, and d'Indy. The Concerts-Colonne have so far given nothing outside the current repertory except Roger-Ducasse's graceful *Nocturne de Printemps*, and a tone-poem by Jacques Ibert, inspired from Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, which belongs to that order of programme-music of which we get so easily tired, but is fairly good of its kind.

Kusnezovsky is doing fine work at the concerts which he is giving at the Opéra. His programmes are rich in examples by Russian and French composers, but the only British work included was Holbrooke's *Bronwen* Overture.

It seems as though British music might be systematically ignored during the coming season. The inclusion in the programmes of the Concerts Colonne of a work by a British composer (I refer to Lord Berners's *Spanish Fantasy*, played there on November 11) is rare enough an occurrence to deserve special mention. Whether the other concert institutions will follow suit is still doubtful. Of the fourteen concerts of the *Revue Musicale* (whose editor, M. Henri Prunières, is preparing to devote a special number of his excellent periodical to British composers and their works), one will be partly devoted to Cyril Scott, Bax, Bliss, Holst, and Goossens, introduced by Miss Dorothy Moulton and the

Société Moderne d'Instruments à Vent. A Sonata by Cyril Scott will be played at another of these concerts. This, and the orchestral concert given on October 31 at the Salle Gaveau by Mr. Appleby Matthews (see page 872), may bear fruit: but what is chiefly needed is that people interested in British music and likely to play it or otherwise to contribute to its diffusion should be provided with more information about it and easier access to it.

Mlle. Blanche Selva—an altogether admirable pianist who certainly ought to visit London—has given a recital of works by Bach, Rameau, Beethoven, Debussy, Dukas, and Franck. Madame Olénine d'Alheim has resumed her vocal recitals. The programme of the first consisted of songs by various troubadours, and of airs by Purcell, Schütz, and Bach. Equally attractive was the concert given by Mlle. Janacopulos and Prokofiev jointly, the programme being devoted to works by Moussorgsky and Prokofiev.

Of other recitals there has been no dearth. I shall mention a few of them next month. A. BOLD.

TORONTO

Music certainly seems to be coming into its own again here, judging by the list of artists and organizations booked for the season. We are to have no less than four orchestras, six choral societies, Rachmaninov, Paderewski, Hoffman, Kreisler, Toscha Seidel, Pablo Casals, Geraldine Farrar, Ernest Hutcheson, and Emma Calvé. And so far the audiences have fully justified the risk.

Jeanne Gordon and Guilo Crimi, contralto and tenor of the Metropolitan Opera, opened the Massey Hall season on October 7 in a joint recital, choosing scenes from *Carmen* and *Il Trovatore* to satisfy a public which has been fed with the operatic spoon for many years. Marie Novello, who comes to us as 'a gifted young Welsh pianist,' made a sound impression as an artist of great promise. She appeared with Bertha Crawford, a Canadian coloratura who has seen many large audiences at New York, and the Toronto Festival Chorus. The latter body was recently formed to compete for a 100,000 dollar prize at Buffalo. Second place was secured in the contest. Mischa Elman, returning after his extended tour in the far East, drew a capacity house. The Toronto Chamber Music Society opened its second season with the New York Trio in Hart House Theatre at the University on October 11. Messrs. Clarence Adler, Scipione Guidi, and Cornelius Van Vliet were newcomers to Toronto, but it is to be hoped that such thorough musicians as they proved to be will become regular visitors here. Their enjoyable programme included the Schubert B flat major Trio, the G minor Sonata for 'cello and pianoforte of Rachmaninov, and the d'Indy Trio, Op. 9.

The pupils of M. Henri Czaplinski, violin professor of the Hambourg Conservatory, have given a concert nearly three-and-a-half hours long. It was an unusual experience for Toronto music-lovers to hear in one evening Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins, Mozart's Concerto in D major, Max Bruch's Concerto in G minor, the Mendelssohn Concerto, the first movement of the Beethoven Concerto (with a *Cadenza* by Henri Czaplinski in honour of Madame Hambourg), Saint-Saëns's *Rondo Capriccio*, and the Lalo *Symphonic Espagnole*. A small orchestra of strings accompanied the works exceedingly well. H. C. F.

VIENNA

ORCHESTRAL AND CHORAL CONCERTS

Choral singing is a branch of music generally all but neglected in Central Europe owing, perhaps, to the preponderance of orchestral and chamber music activities. This state of things possibly accounts for the curious fact that a work like Handel's *Josua* (which had its Vienna *première* in 1880, almost a hundred and fifty years after its creation) had to wait more than thirty years for its second Vienna production, which Leopold Reichwein recently offered with the chorus of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde. The performance was dull, and poorly studied. Part of the blame doubtless rests with certain Bolshevik tendencies

now prevalent with our orchestral men, who apparently consider democratic principles incompatible with discipline. Their aversion towards rehearsal is assuming perilous proportions, and is moreover a grave danger to the musical future of the city. Strong men like Walter and Furtwängler still manage to keep up a certain authority, but younger and less-established conductors are utterly unable to cope with the organized 'passive resistance' of their men.

The coming of Eugène Ysaÿe was an event of more than local importance, constituting as it did the famous violinist's first reappearance as a soloist after many years devoted solely to orchestral conducting. Notwithstanding a certain nervousness, Ysaÿe fascinated as ever by his playing, which places temperamental display above considerations of style. His bow arm, to be sure, has lost some of its infallibility, but in his readings there is still the old fire and strength. Ysaÿe still loves arbitrary rhythmic eccentricities which at times proved a difficult task for his famous violinist-colleague, Arnold Rosé, who acted as conductor. Ysaÿe was less happy as a composer, his *Extase*, Op. 21, and *Divertimento*, Op. 24—both for violin with orchestra—proving rather uninspired and laboured music.

Other eminent players who have recently appeared at Vienna must be dismissed in a summary. Szigeti had an almost sensational success. His countryman Emil Telmányi interested us in the Violin Concerto, Op. 33, of Carl Nielsen (his father-in-law). Vasa Prihoda, a young Czech violinist, showed technical assurance. Aldo Ruggenini, a violinist from Torino, joined the composer in a Sonata by Giorgio Frederico Ghedini. Gianni Pavouich played the Strauss Violin Sonata and Wilhelm Winkler gave us the first performance of Kodály's Violoncello Sonata.

Another work new to Vienna was the *Elegiac Trio* by Serge Rachmaninov, played for the first time by a new chamber music organization consisting of Stefan Bergmann (pianoforte), Fritz Lilienthal (violin), and Walter Kleinecke (cello).

Its passionate first movement and the second one with its variations on a Russian national song, are far superior to the weak last movement. The one novelty so far offered by the Rosé Quartet this season has been the first performance anywhere of a new and hitherto unpublished String Quartet in D minor by E. N. von Reznicek—good and serious music distinguished principally by its freshness and unaffectedness. An unknown String Quartet by Guido Peters was performed by the Gottesmann Quartet, in connection with the same composer's Octet for strings, oboe, clarinet, and horn, both works being orthodox music demonstratively adhering to the classic style. They do more honour to the sincerity than to the genius of this struggling composer.

SCHÖNBERG

The return to active work of Arnold Schönberg's 'Society for Private Musical Performances' is being gladly welcomed by the large number of serious musicians interested in the personality of this great, though somewhat erratic and extravagant artist. Following a few months' interruption, necessitated by financial difficulties, the Society has inaugurated its new enterprise with a number of 'propaganda concerts' accessible to the general public—which is an innovation in the history of the organization. The series opened with a performance of Schönberg's *Pierrot lunaire*, which, strangely enough, offered the Vienna public its first opportunity for hearing this important work by Vienna's representative composer, all previous Vienna productions of the composition having been open exclusively to the members of the Society. Space forbids a comprehensive study of this composition, which is beyond doubt one of the most original and singular in all musical literature. What strikes one most strongly at a first hearing is the fact that the deepest impression emanates not so much from the musical setting, but chiefly from the weirdly-fanciful poems of Albert Giraud, which Erica Wagner recited with faithful devotion to the exacting demands of the composer—without, however, being fully convincing. (It is a sad sign of our times that this serious artist is compelled to waste her talents on the impersonation of the chief rôle in an operetta, entitled *Die Siegerin*, and

based on a concoction of mutilated melodies by Tchaikovsky, which is having an all too successful run here just now.) The instrumental performance of *Pierrot lunaire*, flawless beyond description, was the result of well over a hundred painstaking rehearsals held under the scrutinising supervision of Arnold Schönberg himself. Among the instrumentalists, chief honours are due to the pianist, Eduard Steuermann, who contributed his share to the second 'propaganda concert' of the Society with his own pianoforte transcription of Schönberg's Chamber Symphony. Steuermann's arrangement succeeds to a remarkable degree in preserving the complicated orchestral texture of this difficult, though by no means ultra-radical, early work of Schönberg.

Steuermann, an enthusiastic exponent of modern music and a member of Schönberg's most intimate circle, to-day counts among Vienna's most representative and individual pianists. His sister in art, Helène Lampl, is less uncompromising in her programmes; at her recent recital she presented, for the first time, a new *Dance Suite* by Wilhelm Grosz, whose unquestionable talent is unfortunately impaired by an ever-increasing tendency towards the dainty and 'catchy.' It still remains to record the return from America to the Vienna concert-platform of Maria Ivogün, whose musicianship and polished style are even more praiseworthy than her truly marvellous coloratura fireworks, and of Hermann Jadlowker, the idolized Berlin tenor, whose vocalism is as crude now as it was in years past, while his voice itself has lost many of its former fine qualities.

OPERATIC NOVELTIES

Both the Staatsoper and Volksoper have repeatedly been subjected to severe criticism in these columns. It is the more gratifying, therefore, to state that both theatres are this season to be credited with more productive work than has been their record for some years past. The Volksoper is to be particularly congratulated upon its production of Moussorgsky's opera *Boris Godounov*, which was, on the whole, well staged and performed in a satisfactory manner.

The Staatsoper, also, seems more ambitious and active this season than in former years. A splendid revival, staged at the Redoutensaal Theatre, of Donizetti's rarely-heard opera *Don Pasquale*, with Director Schalk at the desk, had all the spontaneity, humour, and spirit, of a musical *commedia dell'arte*. The long-heralded *première* of Franz Schreker's latest opera *Der Schatzgräber* has at last materialised. It was particularly welcome as a promising sign that the Staatsoper has at last abolished its narrow-minded policy towards all novelties excepting those by its director, Richard Strauss. *Der Schatzgräber* is a decided advance over Schreker's earlier operas, of which all but *Das Spielwerk* (in its original version) and *Die Gezeichneten*, have been unduly ignored by the Staatsoper. This new opera is more mature and uniform (though, perhaps, less original), and shows Schreker's supreme mastery of stage situations, and of what an untranslatable German word calls *Stimmung*. It disposes with a good deal of the symbolism and intricate psychologies (or pathologies) which rendered *Die Gezeichneten* at once interesting, and, to the uninitiated, difficult.

The musical idiom employed by Schreker in this opera accrues from Wagnerian principles enriched, however, by a wealth of manifold and novel orchestral colour which is frequently stupendous. On the whole, *Der Schatzgräber* is far less problematic than the Schreker operas which preceded it, and several of the lyrical solos (such as the Lullaby, the Love Scene, and the closing song), with which the company interspersed the dramatic climaxes of his opera, easily explain the great favour which *Der Schatzgräber* has found in many German opera-houses. PAUL BECHERT.

Composers are reminded that works to be submitted under the Regulations of the scheme for the publication of musical compositions by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust for 1923 must be received by the secretary of the Trust not later than December 21, 1922. Copies of the Regulations can be had on application to the Secretary, Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, East Port, Dunfermline.

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BLACKPOOL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

HELD as usual in the numerous spacious halls of the Winter Gardens, this gathering will for the first time occupy an entire week, October 16-21. Details of the entries point to rather an overwhelming task for the management. On the closing day between eighty and ninety bodies of choralists and instrumentalists pass before the judges. The imposition last year of song-cycles as tests in place of individual songs, whilst arising from purely artistic considerations, was expected to have an incidental advantage in reducing the mass of candidates to more manageable proportions: last year this proved to be the case—not so this. A hundred and forty sopranos have studied three of Bantock's settings of Browning's Dramatic Lyrics; fifty-four tenors have entered for Arnold Bax's 'Celtic' cycle (Fiona McLeod); ninety mezzo-sopranos will sing Michael Head's music to Francis Ledwidge's 'O'er the rim of the Moon'; Elgar's 'Sea Pictures' attracts ninety-two contraltos; forty-three basses have prepared Wolf's 'Michel Angelo' songs; and sixty-four baritones sing the late George Butterworth's cycle from Housman's 'Shropshire Lad.' The dead weight of this concentrated endeavour is impressive; nobody could have been surprised had works like those of Bax or Wolf drawn no more than a dozen candidates. On the analogy of past experiences probably a score of really well-equipped singers will emerge from these various classes. Few persons will envy Madame Edith Hands, Madame Gleeson-White, Mr. Austin, Mr. Plunket Greene, Dr. R. R. Terry, and Mr. Steuart Wilson their tasks. Abundant justification for steady persistence in the operatic classes, despite the apparent indifference of competitors in former years, may now be found in the response this year in the operatic ensemble classes, all chosen from Mozart's 'Cosi fan tutte'; five groups appear in the quartet class (in costume), and over thirty sets in the various duets. A useful attempt to stimulate interest in the wealth of song-writing done by the lutenist composers of the Elizabethan age has yielded quite a satisfactory entry for an initial effort. Each singer has prepared two of John Dowland's airs, and must play his (or her) own accompaniment, transcribed for pianoforte from the old lute tablature. Dr. R. R. Terry will doubtless have much to say on this subject that will be helpful for future study. The folk-dance classes, both adult and juvenile, assume rather formidable dimensions; on October 20 there is a prospect of dancing from early morn to a late hour in the afternoon. At last the juvenile choral classes have got back to their pre-war standard. Compared with what is found in populous artisan centres like Birmingham or Hull, the Blackpool entries seem insignificant, but the revival in this important branch is most welcome. Mention must also be made of the orchestral development; Julius Harrison's recently-published Prelude Music for

pianoforte and strings has attracted five orchestras which are allowed the assistance of only one professional player. The pianoforte part is naturally formidable, and amateur viola players will find something to think about. The chamber music classes and those for Church choirs are the only ones which mark time or reveal a slight decline. It seems certain that Blackpool retains its pre-eminence as being the festival of this type which, prescribing a scheme of music making the most searching demands upon interpretative and creative qualities, at the same time attracts such crowds of candidates. The general comfort and high efficiency of the organization, not mentioning the ridiculous cheapness of the reserved seats (31s. 6d. for the entire week), all contribute to confirm this position. Appended are details of the song-cycles and the choral music:

	Candidates.
Soprano.—Three Dramatic Lyrics ('My Star,' 'In a Year,' 'Now'), by Robert Browning (Bantock)	140
Mezzo-Soprano.—Cycle, 'O'er the rim of the Moon,' Francis Ledwidge (Michael Head) ...	90
Contralto.—'Sea Pictures,' Cycle, various (Elgar)	92
Tenor.—'The Celtic' Song-Cycle, Fiona McLeod (Arnold Bax)	54
Baritone.—Six Songs from Housman's 'Shropshire Lad' (George Butterworth)	64
Bass.—Three Michael Angelo Songs (Hugo Wolf)	43

The music prescribed in the open choral classes is as follows:

FEMALE VOICES (20-35 singers).

- 'The Storm Cloud,' 4-part (Rimsky-Korsakov).
- 'In midst of ocean,' 6-part (Schumann).

MALE-VOICE CHOIRS (Tenor Lead). (30-40 voices.)

- 'Pibroch of Donuil Dhu' (Bantock).
- 'O sweet delight' (Bantock).
- Fifteenth Century Carol, 'Now is the time of Christymas' (accompaniment for pianoforte and flute) (Bax).

MALE-VOICE CHOIRS (Alto Lead). (25-36 voices.)

- 'Sigh no more, ladies' (R. J. S. Stevens).
- 'Love wakes' (C. H. H. Parry).

MIXED-VOICE CHOIRS, 'A' (60 voices).

- 'Go, song of mine' (Op. 57) (Elgar).
- 'There is sweet music' (Op. 53, No. 1) (Elgar).
- 'Of a rose I sing a song' (accompaniment for harp, 'cello, and bass) (Arnold Bax).

MIXED VOICE CHOIRS, 'B' (limited to those who did not win in the 40-60 voices Challenge Shield Class in 1912, 1913, or 1920).

- 'Three Sleeps' (J. Gerrard Williams).
- 'The Blue Bird' (C. V. Stanford).

THE NORTH LONDON FESTIVAL.

November 17-25.

In the first two years of its existence (1920-21) this Festival became firmly rooted. It appeals to a large area which, since the demise of the Alexandra Palace meetings, badly needed a festival of its own, and was in danger of becoming chorally sterile for want of it. The musical condition of the district is reflected in a competition syllabus and entry list. Here music of the home flourishes. Teachers of the pianoforte and of singing, like the poor, are always with us. Soloists have over fifty classes open to them in this year's North London syllabus. Choirs, at first, were few in proportion to the enormous population that provided them. The choirs—senior and junior all told—and orchestras that entered for the first competition numbered forty-nine, in seventeen classes. At the second Festival the number had increased to seventy-nine. When it passes the hundred it will be approaching a just proportion. Possibly that stage will be reached this year.

In the present syllabus there are ninety-one classes. 'New features are added. Junior and infants' schools will bring singing-games and nursery rhymes. A vocal duet for lady and gentleman and a men's vocal quartet are new. Ladies will have a Shakespearean duologue. 'Cellists will be in senior and junior divisions. A challenge cup is offered for former winning lady vocalists. Mezzos, who are numerous, have a division for those of eighteen to twenty years of age. The number of performers in string bands is optionally increased.'

There are now eight classes for adult choirs. We give the chief particulars and tests:

OPEN CLASSES.

Choral Societies, up to sixty voices.—'Awake, awake' (Bantock) and 'Tewkesbury Road' (Sweeting).

Ladies' Choirs, up to thirty voices.—'Dream Pedlary' (Colin Taylor) and 'Birds are singing' (Hugh S. Robertson).

Men's Choirs, up to twenty-five voices.—'A Lover's Counsel' (Cowen).

LOCAL CLASSES (London N. or N.W.).

Choral Societies, up to fifty voices.—'Pastoral' (Julius Harrison) and 'Now is my Chloris fresh as may' (Frank Idle).

Choral Societies, up to twenty-five voices.—'To music' (George Dyson) and 'When May is in his prime' (John Ireland).

Ladies' Choirs, up to thirty voices.—'When summer dies' (Luard-Selby) and 'Beauteous morn' (Edward German).

JUNIOR CHOIRS.

Ten classes cover Sunday school choirs, boys' choirs, girls' choirs, elementary schools, singing-games, nursery rhymes for infants, sight-singing, and ear-tests. Larger elementary school choirs (for whom sight-singing is compulsory) sing (boys) 'The Minuet' (Arthur Richards) and 'King Bruce and the Spider' (Percy Fletcher); and (girls) 'The Shepherd' (Walford Davies) and 'The Dream-seller' (Markham Lee).

Entries close on October 21. Mr. John Graham, 74, Park Hall Road, East Finchley, N.2, is the hon. secretary.

SOUTH-EAST LONDON.

February 16, 17, March 12-17.

The plan of the third South-East London Musical Festival differs from last year's only in one small detail—the subdivision of the class for junior violin bands. Otherwise the divisions of the syllabus remain as before.

The Festival has three conspicuous features: (1) It is open only to local competitors. (2) There are no solo competitions (following the tradition of the People's Palace Festival). The nearest approach is made in chamber music and in quartets, trios, and duets for voices. (3) Special music is prescribed for combined concert performance. Juniors sing Dyson's 'Praise,' Parry's 'Jerusalem,' and an old dance tune, 'The children are singing,' Mr. Geoffrey

Shaw conducting. The adult choirs are to prepare Bach's 'Sleepers, wake' for performance under Dr. Adrian C. Boulton.

The adjudicators are Mr. Shaw, Dr. Emily Daymond, Mr. Dan Price, and Mr. R. H. Walthew. The hon. secretary is Miss Helen Ridley, 34, Emperor's Gate, S.W.7.

TORQUAY.

SOUTHERN COUNTIES' SEMI-NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

The third annual Festival was held on September 4-9 at Torquay. Exeter had previously been the place of meeting, but for lack of adequate support a change of venue was decided on. The attendance of the public during the week was better than before, but was not at any time embarrassing. New features included were classes for organ and trombone playing, accompanying at sight, ladies' vocal trio, pianoforte playing or own selection, veterans' vocal solo, and ladies' choral singing. Also the solo vocal classes were divided into smaller sections. The entries, amounting to eleven hundred and sixty, were a hundred and thirty more than last year, and nearly eight hundred competitors were involved. Entries were received from Ireland, Nottingham, Staffordshire, Middlesex, Northamptonshire, all parts of Wales, Hertfordshire, Wiltshire, Yorkshire, Warwickshire, Sussex, Lancashire, Kent, Somerset, Gloucestershire, Cornwall, and Devon. The syllabus included eighty competitions, and the adjudicators were Mr. W. G. Edwards, of Cardiff, Dr. Leonard Fowles, Dr. William Prendergast, and Dr. Ferris Tozer, of Exeter. The prizes consisted of gold, silver, and bronze medals, books, a sixty-eight guinea pianoforte (given by Messrs. Paish & Co., and won by Miss Winnie Richards, of Neath), a twenty-five guinea violin (given by Mr. William Glenister), and money (in the male choir class). The greatest number of entries occurred in open classes for pianoforte playing and hymn-tune composition. Only one competitor succeeded in gaining maximum marks during the Festival, this being Miss May Jones for unqualified success in vocal sight-reading. Very few choirs entered, September being the wrong time of the year for them. The standard of the male choir class was high, though only two choirs entered. The entries in the violin classes showed an increase, and the standard was much higher than formerly, but there was only one entry for 'cello playing and none for chamber music classes. The level of the tenor solo and ladies' vocal trio classes was low.

In solo singing the chief prizes were won by Miss Margaret Southan and Miss Enid Pascoe (soprano), Miss M. Edgcombe (mezzo-soprano), Mrs. Prettyjohns and Miss F. Pike (contralto), Mr. R. M. Miners (tenor), Mr. F. Baden Powell (baritone), Mr. C. B. Millman (bass), Mr. Norman Bolt and Miss May Jones (sight-reading).

Prizes for instrumental solo playing were won by Mr. R. S. Oke (organ), Mr. N. Peace (violin), Mr. R. Oke, Miss W. Richards, and Miss K. M. Stone (pianoforte), Mr. Clifford Strong (accompanying at sight).

The chief choral results were as follows:

Male-Voice Choirs (open class).—Tests: 'I would I were the glow-worm' (Harold Rhodes) and 'Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee' (Bairstow). 1st, Gunnislake and District; 2nd, Falmouth.

Female-Voice Choirs (open class).—Tests: 'The dream of home' (Charles Wood) and 'Orpheus with his lute' (German). 1st, Orpheus Ladies' Choir.

Boys' Choirs.—1st, St. Mary's Church Choir Boys.

Girls' Choirs.—1st, Stoke Damarel Girls' Ambulance Brigade.

HALIFAX.

A new competition Festival has been organized at Halifax under the chairmanship of Mr. T. W. Benson, with Mr. J. E. Hoyle (14a, Crossley Street) as secretary. It will be held for the first time at Victoria Hall, Halifax, on November 24 and 25. There are twenty-five classes, which cover solo playing and singing (fourteen), vocal quartet, brass quartet (an unusual feature), elocution, and choral singing. The chief tests are 'Two Roses' (Cui) and 'Go, song of mine' (Elgar) for mixed-voice choirs, 'Hymn before action' and 'After many a dusty mile' (Elgar) for male-voice choirs.

The

Competition Festival Record

No. 171.

THE BLACKPOOL FESTIVAL—Oct. 16-21.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

A QUITE hopeless task confronts the chronicler of this meeting. Events proceeding simultaneously in as many as half-a-dozen halls from 9 o'clock in the morning to 5 o'clock, and then with a brief break running in the great Pavilion from 6 or 6.30 until after 10 o'clock give a faint idea of the concentration of purpose and endeavour connoted in the words 'Blackpool Festival.' The crowds which used to assemble in the latter half of the week are now evident in full force on the opening day, and this year the enthusiasm of the audience 'came to the boil' very much earlier than in former times, and by the closing days the pressure-gauge certainly stood higher than ever before. Attention, then, may be directed to the events of outstanding prominence, and had best be recorded in the form of a diary. On the first day the most vital item was the competition (the first of its sort ever held anywhere, said Dr. R. R. Terry) in which the solo writing of the Elizabethans was utilised in the endeavour to make our contemporaries understand that this stuff, so far from being merely antiquarian matter, was in very truth a vital force and destined to exercise as energising an influence on study and practice as any of the numerous 'fertilizing agencies' so much talked about nowadays. The singers of these very modern 'Ayres' of old John Dowland played their own accompaniments on a grand pianoforte from a score based on the lute tablature in use when the music was written, and generally played with marked discretion. Rightaway one was made acquainted with a feature which became increasingly evident during the week—memorised work. Some of these girls singing the Tudors were Margaret Coopers at the pianoforte. They sang and played to us with a simplicity and ease in marked contrast to the usual platform manner, and were the more to be commended because they had no models to follow, only their own innate sense of musical feeling serving as a guide. We have not heard the last of this sort of thing. Publishers are at work, and where Blackpool leads other Festivals will follow, and our Elizabethans will in a few years possess the land in a very real sense. The adult folk-dancing had an honoured place in the Monday evening programme; by its very nature it will be preserved from the merely spectacular. As the intricacies of its technique become as familiar to the audience as to the dancers, its popularity with the former will steadily increase; but in any normally constituted assembly the desire must surely arise to participate rather than look on, especially in the country dances, which took their rise purely from the social conditions of the life of their time and district. Here again, as in the Tudor solo work, we felt instinctively that we were standing on the verge of tremendous possibilities—virgin land waiting for development.

On the second day we were enabled to some extent to sample the type of results flowing from our existing system of pianoforte and violin teaching. Here is surely matter far beyond the provision of an incentive for the juvenile heart and mind. Teaching methods have, like most other things, grown up in this country in more or less haphazard fashion. What sense is there in entering for a violin competition a girl or boy who is not able to tune a fiddle without assistance? It is such wrong-headed work which makes us wonder what degree of competence is behind the teaching. Whilst writing thus, one does not lose sight of the fact that many more come to learn than to teach, and that only thus do competitive Festivals justify an existence; but more judgment will have to be exercised in entering those who must be known to be really incompetent. Juvenile pianists seemed to me to shape with much greater success at some short Bach studies than at two short sections from Schumann's 'Waldscenen.' Julius Harrison's 'Pixie Man' again seemed to snare the interest of the kiddies more successfully than some simple Mozart extracts. Adult tastes and affinities are bad enough to judge, but youngsters' predilections are past finding out, and safety would seem to lie only in prescribing a course of Festival test-pieces spread over a number of years (could one be sure that the youngsters would come forward consistently during such a period), which would secure some really all-round acquaintance with composers that matter.

Other features of this second day were male-voice singing in small choirs which would be completely out-classed in the great open classes on the closing day. These probationary classes are meant to serve as feeders for the larger ones, and bodies of men came from as far afield as Coventry. This body of railwaymen (for such proved to be their employment) greatly distinguished themselves in two widely-contrasted works by Bantock and Elgar. Again memorised singing was the rule and not the exception. Dr. Terry was at great pains to drive home the point that brainy interpretation was little good unless the voices could respond to such demands. Wittily he remarked that a choir which combined all these qualities was the one we were all hoping to join some day.

Orchestral playing at these big northern festivals has languished in comparison with choral work. Committees have tried again and again to stimulate this branch, and the solution appears to be in the direction of prescribing works for strings and single wind with timpani. Here Saint-Saëns's Overture, 'La Princesse Jaune,' was played by five bands of thirty-five players, who were allowed the assistance of a couple of professionals. With one exception, a distinctly high level was attained and maintained. If

this response may be taken as a fair sample, then salvation lies in the direction of encouraging the small orchestra rather than the full one. Honours went to a local band making an initial appearance under the direction of Mr. Percy Dayman.

The third and fourth days brought a great assembly of solo singing aspirants accompanied by still greater crowds of hearers. Four song-cycles were heard on Wednesday and two more on Thursday, the former day also giving us a series of duets and quintets from Mozart's 'Così fan tutte'. These duets varied enormously in quality, and made one wonder on what principles some had entered. Where women sang together the results were often really delightful for even blasé ears, but rarely was the man well-mated with woman or *vice versa*. The quintets were heard on the Pavilion stage with scenery, costumes, and appropriate lighting, accompanied by pianoforte. Mr. Austin, as a widely experienced operatic singer, brought the highest qualifications to the task of discrimination, not the least being a sympathy bred of a full first-hand knowledge of the problems confronting amateurs. Mozartian stage deportment must have grace and repose. Whatever our Northerners may do in the ball-room, these qualities were not conspicuously present on Wednesday evening. Stiff acting goes ill with the nimble music of Mozart, and more pleasure came to the hearer who followed the score rather than watched the stage. Yet with these defects the measure of accomplishment was much ahead of a similar class in 1913.

(Our correspondent's description of the solo and choral singing, and a list of the chief results, will appear in next month's issue.)

SALTAIRE.—The annual choral competition under the auspices of the Co-operative Choral Association took place at Saltaire on September 30, this being the first occasion on which it has been held in the Airedale district of Yorkshire. Dr. E. C. Bairstow awarded the Association Challenge Shield to Accrington Church Choir for its singing of 'April is in my mistress face' (Morley), and 'An Evening Scene' and 'Go, song of mine' (Elgar). Of the male-voice choirs, that from Barrowford was awarded first place.

BRIGHOUSE.—The second Competitive Festival held at Brighouse occupied three days in the opening week of October. There were crowded audiences, and the standard reached by the competitors aroused the enthusiasm of the adjudicator, Mr. R. H. Wilson, who had a warm word of praise for the children's choirs. Besides solo contests for soprano, contralto, tenor, bass, pianoforte, and violin, there were classes for choir-boys, elementary school choirs, and church choirs.

MEXBOROUGH.—The Competitive Festival held on October 6 and 7 was a success, both artistically and financially. In twenty-six classes there were over two hundred entries, representing about fifteen hundred competitors. The test-pieces included works by fourteen British composers, which fact drew appreciative comment from Dr. J. F. Staton, who was assisted in adjudicating by Mr. Maurice Unwin and Madame Edith Hands. There was only one entry in the senior violin class, and it is suggested that this scarcity may be because young string-players can now command such remuneration in cinemas that they do not bother to pursue their studies into more advanced spheres. The first prize for full orchestra went to Barnburgh Main, conducted by Mr. W. Williams, whose Don Valley String Band also headed its own class. With his fine choir from Dodworth, near Barnsley, Mr. H. Riding once more won the shield for male voices. After keen competition with the Oxford Road Choir, Mexborough, the premier place in the mixed-voice class was secured by the Rawmarsh and Parkgate Choral Society, trained by Mr. A. G. Steel.

MANCHESTER.

Three important competitive Festivals have followed each other on three successive Saturdays here. The second annual Manchester Musical Festival, held on September 23, showed a distinct advance on the previous one, both in attendances and in the number of competitors, who totalled over a thousand, arranged in ten classes. Miss Dickens (Droylsden) was awarded the challenge cup presented by Trinity College, London, for the most artistic individual performance of the day. The choral singing reached a fair, rather than a high standard. Dr. Brearley's Contest Choir, Blackburn—the sole entrants in the Madrigal class—was awarded the Gentlemen's Glee Club's Cup for fine performances of Munday's 'Lightly she trippeth' and Callcott's 'O snatch me swift.' This choir also secured premier honours in the mixed-voice section, the test-piece being Bach's 'Rest here in peace' ('St. John' Passion); Todmorden Glee and Madrigal Society being placed second. Of the six male-voice choirs which sang C. Jenkins's 'Sea Fever,' Crossley Motors, Gorton, gained the first position, and the Greetland Vocal Union, Halifax, the second. Seven church and chapel choirs were also heard in 'Greater love hath no man' (Ireland) and Wesley's 'O Lord my God' (unaccompanied), Hazel Grove Wesleyan, last year's winners, retaining the Fairfield Challenge Cup. The judges were Mr. R. W. Baker, Dr. T. Keighley, Mr. W. S. Nesbit, Dr. A. W. Wilson, and Mr. R. H. Wilson.

On September 30 the third annual Manchester and District Choir Eisteddfod brought a crowded audience and singers from all parts to the Free Trade Hall. To stimulate native art, the choral pieces were all written by Welshmen. The large monetary prizes in the chief choral class for seventy voices attracted choirs from the Principality and the Potteries. The technical difficulties of 'The God of Dreams' (J. Owen Jones), which proved too exacting for the Welsh choirs, were overcome with apparent ease by their English confrères. In the course of the day prizes were won by May Bank (Stoke-on-Trent); Manchester Orpheus; St. John's Wesleyan, Weaste; and Talk-o'-th'-hill, Staffs (junior). Dr. D. Vaughan Thomas, Mr. E. T. Davies, Mr. Ivor Owen, and Mr. H. M. Dawber were the adjudicators.

The Belle Vue Choral Contests attained their majority on October 7. Seventeen church and chapel choirs were heard in Wesley's 'O Lord my God' (unaccompanied) and 'The Lord is loving unto every man' (Garrett). After a keen contest Hesketh Lane, Southport, came first; Bedford Wesleyan, Leigh, second; and Radcliffe Bridge Wesleyan, third. The tests for the mixed-voice choirs of fifty voices proved to be melodious rather than crucial—Bantock's setting of the Scotch lullaby, 'O can ye sew cushions,' forming a pleasant foil to Benet's madrigal, 'All creatures now are merry-minded.' Seven choirs competed, and premier honours—for the third year in succession—fell to Stocksbridge Choral Union (Dr. W. M. Robertshaw), second place to Atherton Baptist (Mr. George Meadows), and third to Ryecroft Vocal Society, Ashton-under-Lyne (Mr. Jack Ramsden). A strong quintet of judges was provided in Dr. T. Keighley, Mr. W. S. Nesbit, Dr. A. W. Wilson, Mr. John Holgate, and Mr. R. W. Baker.

DIARY OF COMPETITIONS—1922.

LONDON SEMI-NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD (Central Hall, Westminster).—November 16. Mr. D. B. Jones, 24, Distin Street, Lambeth, S.E. 11.

NORTH LONDON (Northern Polytechnic, Holloway).—November 17-25. Mr. John Graham, 74, Park Hall Road, East Finchley, N. 2.

HALIFAX.—November 24, 25. Mr. J. E. Hoyle, 14A, Crossley Street, Halifax.

COLNE.—December 1, 2. Mr. Robert Hartley, 17, Higgin Street, Colne.

HARTLEPOOL.—December 26. Mr. Fred Franks, 65, Thornton Street, West Hartlepool.

The

Competition Festival Record

No. 172.

THE BLACKPOOL FESTIVAL—Oct. 16-21.

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

(Continued from November number, Competition Festival Record)

THE SOLO SINGING

THE Elgar *Sea Pictures* call for little comment save that at least half-a-dozen fine, rich-voiced, genuine contralto voices emerged; but not more than a couple of these possessed any high degree of temperament. The mezzo-sopranos had in some ways a comparatively simple task; the range of emotion demanded in Michael Head's music was more restricted, but it was of a somewhat elusive character. Corporal Francis Ledwidge's verse was written in Serbia and Egypt during the War, and there is a veiled note of anguish both in verse and music. Here the voice that gained success was one that in its vast proportions and delicate poise of style was quite ideal. Its possessor is Miss Lilas Chew, who works as a weaver in a Preston manufacturing concern. The baritone class worked on George Butterworth's *Shropshire Lad* songs. I chanced to hear two men from the Shropshire-Staffordshire border sing these, and could not help the reflection that although their musical sophistication was not of a high order the tang and bite of the verse came more convincingly from their lips. A Cheshire man of obviously superior education came very close in the final, but the award went to a Blackpool hairdresser who got inside the skin of the narrator both in the 'Lads in their hundreds' and 'Is my team ploughing?' Mr. Plunket Greene here gave a masterly adjudication, and probably the audience benefited most from his exposition of solo voice æsthetics. The tenors, like the basses in Wolf, had the most formidable musical tasks to grapple with in Arnold Bax's *Celtic Cycle*. Not many amateurs can play them except in a sketchy fashion, and probably most candidates heard them really played for the first time during the competition by the official accompanist, Mr. Arnold Pirry, of Manchester. Mr. Plunket Greene also had charge of this class, and could not come to a conclusion without a retrial of six or seven men whose marks ran well into the eighties. One man, after singing, had returned to his work some miles away, and an eager but dismayed wife raced off in a taxi to St. Anne's to bring him back for his second hearing. Such moments serve to show the fine spirit of fellow-singers and audience; no murmuring, just patient waiting for his return, and no bustling him on to the platform until he was quite collected. The choice of this Cycle had been fiercely attacked, I gathered, both in the local and in part of the Manchester Press. The adjudicator may not have known this, but his remarks on the wisdom of the choice were the clearest vindication of the Selection Committee's work. Again, the victor was a mill operative, from the neighbourhood of Dewsbury, in Yorkshire. No adjudicator could discharge the difficult task of reviewing the work of these six winners after hearing each cycle in turn (as was the case in the 'Rose Bowl' competition on Thursday evening) with finer insight than Mr. Frederic Austin. No discrimination was possible except along the lines of general artistic qualifications as revealed in the approach made by the several candidates to his or her task of interpretation. The degree of interpretative power called for varied considerably. All possessed good voices. For the rest, trust relied on the trained instinct which could spot various points which definitely revealed the singer's all-round capacity, and not solely the musical ones. With many it was a conflict between the dictates of heart and brain. The contralto swept the vast audience off its feet in a torrential outpouring of emotion;

the baritone brought still higher powers of vivid portrayal to bear on the *Shropshire Lad*, and the mezzo-soprano's singing was ten minutes of sheer loveliness. The virtuosity of singing by the tenor candidate in the Bax cycle held the crowd as in a vice; it gasped at the wonder of the accompaniment and at the easy, confident bearing of the man who could, so to speak, take such things in his stride. And there was Mr. Austin up in the box, coming fresh and untrammelled to the task, quite calm on tumult's wheel. The cheering dies and a pin-dropping silence falls on the assembly as he walks on to the stage and begins his searching analysis, not in any Beckmesserish mood, but as a man who has 'been there,' knowing his work to the last note and making all feel the power of his calm, deliberate judgment. Consternation reigned momentarily as the contralto was passed over, only to be succeeded by a franker and more comprehending appreciation of how the tenor had impressed his powers upon a trained and acute intelligence. The dawning of this appreciation, as its rays spread over the audience, was a thing to be seen before it could be believed. In the end all knew how Ernest Akroyd had won and why, and they rose as one man in acknowledgment of the essential justice of the award. The baritone was placed second and the mezzo-soprano third.

THE CHORAL SINGING

Any visitor to Blackpool on the great choral day, without any previous experience of such an event, would have pronounced the task of handling nearly ninety bodies of singers and players (numbering about four thousand individuals) as quite impossible. It was stated that officials from eight English Festivals were present inspecting the machinery, so to speak, which ran so smoothly all day, with a view to adapting it to their own requirements. But the marvels of administration are merely the bones of this festival body: What of its soul and spirit; if its pulse beats so strongly, is its inspiration equally strong? The day's music was infinitely varied, and in every section a wonderfully high standard was attained and maintained. I am disposed to think that male-voice singing throughout the North is stronger than in pre-war days; the process of recovery has undoubtedly been generally slower in mixed-voice work. The tasks set for the mixed-voice choirs and conductors had this year a rather unusual element. They met and studied for the first time a new idiom in the work of Arnold Bax, and clearly some of them had not assimilated the strange tongue; they could only speak in broken Bax, much as they might in broken French or German. Further, the conductors, born choir-trainers as we know them to be, did not handle the unusual accompaniment of harp, violoncello, and bass with equal confidence. Three experienced Hallé Orchestra men were provided by the Festival executive in Messrs. C. Collier, Walter Hatton, and Stott—so full tone and musicianly certainty were assured, although no previous rehearsal was possible. The first two choirs to deal with *Of a Rose I sing*, had no real grip of their task, and the accompaniment was left pretty much to itself. Thus was exposed the weak side of some of these small choirs: they have grown up on a *cappella* stuff; rarely, if ever, do they have the chance to sing in association with any form of orchestral accompaniment, much less such an unusual one as is used by Bax. In rehearsal attention

probably had to be concentrated on a study of Bax's choral idiom, and the general musicianship was not sufficiently strong to fuse the choral and instrumental elements into one bold, convincing musical structure. Modern composers may not confine their attention to unaccompanied singing when such wonderfully emotional power can be attained so easily as was the case here, and conductors of choirs in the future will probably have to face more rather than less of such problems, and inevitably this will entail closer study of the interdependence of voice and accompaniment. Such thoughts as are here expressed were abundantly confirmed by the performances of the remaining choirs in this class. They had not gone a score of bars before it was felt that these conductors were masters of the situation: players, as well as singers, got a firm lead; niceties of expression, details of ornament as well as the bolder outline and sweep of melody, were achieved. The audience was as responsive as the choir and players; there's never any mistaking that pin-dropping silence that seizes a gathering like this when the real thing comes along. As on Thursday night with the solos, so now; Bax got home to the heart of the people.

The male-voice Bax carol, *Now is the time of Christy-masse*, with flute and pianoforte accompaniment, was more simple and direct in its appeal, and received an uproarious welcome. Thus was accomplished one of the outstanding achievements of the week—the vindication of Arnold Bax, much as in the past both at Morecambe and Blackpool, Brahms, Cornelius, Elgar, Bantock, and the rest had similarly been vindicated. What size of choir, it may be asked, sang these carols with this slight accompaniment? The male-voice ones averaged thirty-five to forty singers and the mixed-voice choirs did not exceed sixty voices; forty and sixty were the respective maximum limits, and choirs rarely sing under strength on these occasions. In the mixed-voice carol the full weight of sixty voices was rarely pitted against the accompaniment, and it was in the delicate yet sure feeling for balance as well as colour that Bax convinced; the tenor solo part was sung by several voices in all choirs. Two choral songs by Elgar, *Go, song of mine* and *There is sweet music* were heard along with the *Rose* carol in the mixed-voice class. The readings of *Go, song of mine* ranged from the frankly unemotional to the height of emotional power; Elgar minus emotion does not carry any conviction, however vocally pure it may be. The balancing of these qualities always did and always will produce baffling results according to the sway of our inclination; a powerful emotional expression from a vocally less efficient artist is more to be valued than a less emotional impression from a superior equipment. Adjudicators, no less than conductors, are creatures of temperament, and so in their judgments we get infinite variety.

The male-voice singing was easily the dominating feature of this final work. Quantity and quality were alike notable. The grim elemental qualities in Bantock's *Pibroch of Donuil Dhu* led some conductors and men into inartistic excesses of emotion and tone. Luckily, the choice of music in the preliminary round enabled the men to exhibit the broader and deeper aspects of their musical natures in Bantock's *O Sweet Delight*, which I am inclined to place in the very forefront of Bantock's writing in this style—worthy of ranking with the *Lost Leader* or *Lucifer*. The animating spirit of the Bax carol sung at the evening session quickly spread to the audience, which was quite prepared to respond to its invitation to 'make me merry, both more and less.'

A tolerably long remembrance of these Festivals leads the writer to record the outstanding fact that by far the great majority of competitors, solo or choral, vocal or instrumental, adult or junior, performed from memory—surely with enormous gain to themselves and with enhanced delight to the audience. Diction and enunciation in the vast majority of cases were also far ahead of the standard of ten years ago. No review of this week could overlook the advance in orchestral work. The composition chosen for performance by string orchestras and pianoforte was a recent one of Julius Harrison styled *Prelude Music*, and published for the Festival. Three of the four orchestras played it with distinctively high proficiency. Comparisons

turned on the balance of the five orchestral voices rather than on serious flaws in performance. It almost seems as if at long last orchestral interest is finding something of the same stimulus which has produced such well-recognised results in choral and solo matters.

Blackpool may well be congratulated on many fine points in its management, but probably the one which most impressed a visitor was the price of the week's programme. Covering more than a hundred pages, and packed with every imaginable, serviceable kind of information for the audience, it cost one shilling! We may well believe that nearly four thousand copies were sold—necessitating a second edition.

THE ELIZABETHAN MUSIC COMPETITIVE FESTIVAL.—March 2 and 3, 1923.

We have received the syllabus of this very interesting venture, and a fine list of good stuff it is. For large choirs there are Weelkes's *Hosanna to the Son of David*, Byrd's *This day Christ was born and This sweet and merry month*, Morley's *O amica mea*, Weelkes's *Sing we at pleasure*, Tomkins's *Fusca, in thy starry eyes*, &c. All these are in five or six parts. For smaller choirs the S.A.T.B. items include Byrd's *Sacerdotes Domini* and *Wounded I am*, and Wilbye's *Thus saith my Chloris bright*. For three-part female-voice choirs the test is Weelkes's *Strike it up, Tabor*.

The vocal solo classes are one female-voice, two men's, two female, three mixed, three female, and four mixed. This section is a particularly good feature, and should lead to a revival of interest in vocal chamber music—a delightful and typically English kind of art.

The instrumental classes are for pianoforte under fifteen years of age (Byrd's *Earle of Salisbury Pavane* and Farnaby's *Pawle's Wharf*), and over fifteen (Byrd's *The Carman's Whistle* and Bull's *The King's Hunt*). The string quartet tests are a couple of *In nomine* by Parsons and Perslye. Organ competitors play pieces by Bull and Gibbons.

This excellent scheme deserves the enthusiastic support of all singers, players, and conductors who wish to lend a hand in the present revival of our old music. They should at once obtain a syllabus from the hon. secretary, Mr. Alan May, 31, Bonham Road, S.W.2.

SWINDON EISTEDDFOD.—November 13-18.

This fifteen-year-old Festival rose superior to fog and general election, large audiences and a general air of enjoyment being the rule. Entries advanced from last year's 300 to 370. Especially large and promising were the novice classes. The choral singing all round showed improvement, a high standard being reached by the Broad Street, Reading, Choir, which won the Hill Shield, and the Sanford Street, Swindon, which was winner in the Church Choirs' class. The Festival wound up with a couple of concerts, at which some capital massed singing was a feature. The judges were Madame Edith Hands, Mr. Harvey Grace, and Mr. Dan Price.

SUMMERSCALES.—The twenty-fifth annual Competitive Festival of the Summerscales Memorial Fund was held on October 28 and November 4, Dr. Henry Coward being the adjudicator. With over two hundred entries and over two thousand competitors a new record was established. Bradford Philharmonic Society (Mr. E. S. Hird) again won the shield for mixed-voice choirs. The other open prizes for choral singers were won by the ladies of Keighley Vocal Union (Mr. W. H. Whitaker) and the men of Greetland Vocal Union (Mr. H. Shepley).

PORTSMOUTH.—It has been decided that Portsmouth is to have its own musical Festival next year. For the past five years competitions for choirs, orchestras, and soloists have been held in connection with the annual Festival of the Portsmouth Welfare Association, but these were intended primarily for the young, and the present proposal is the outgrowth of that movement. Entries will be open to all-comers, from any part of the country, the date suggested for the proposed Festival being towards the end of May. Being largely in the nature of an experiment, next year's effort is not expected to last more than two days.

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Allegretto (comodo).

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

(For practice only.)

mf Dreams all too brief, *p* Dreams with-out grief, *mf* Once they are bro-ken,

mf Dreams all too brief, *p* Dreams with-out grief, *mf* Once they are bro-ken,

mf Dreams all too brief, *p* Dreams with-out grief, *mf* Once they are bro-ken,

mf Dreams all too brief, *p* Dreams with-out grief, *mf* Once they are bro-ken,

Allegretto (comodo). ♩ = 100.

cantabile. *mf*

p come not a-gain, *pp* Dreams all too brief, *pp* Dreams with-out grief,

p come not a-gain, *pp* Dreams all too brief, *pp* Dreams with-out grief,

p come not a-gain, *pp* Dreams all too brief, *pp* Dreams with-out grief,

p come not a-gain, *pp* Dreams all too brief, *pp* Dreams with-out grief,

cantabile. *mf*

May be sung
a semitone higher.

* By permission of Mr. Elkin Mathews.

SERENADE.

- cross the sky the dark clouds sweep, And all is dark and

Since glad dreams haunt your slum - bers deep, Why should you scat - ter them in

Since glad dreams haunt your slum - bers deep, Why should you scat - ter them in

Since glad dreams haunt your slum - bers deep, Why should you scat - ter them in

drear a - bove ; The bare trees toss their arms and weep . . .

vain ? . . . Once they are bro - ken, come not a - gain,

vain ? . . . Once they are bro - ken, come not a - gain,

vain ? . . . Once they are bro - ken, come not a - gain,

SERENADE.

Rest on, and do not wake, dear Love. . . .

f Dreams all too brief, *pp* Once they are bro - ken, come not a - gain,

f Dreams all too brief, *pp* Once they are bro - ken, come not a - gain,

f Dreams all too brief, *pp* Once they are bro - ken, come not a - gain,

f Dreams all too brief, *pp* Once they are bro - ken, come not a - gain,

più mosso.
ppp Since glad dreams haunt your slum - bers deep,

f Dreams with - out grief, *più mosso.*
ppp Since glad dreams haunt your slum - bers deep,

f Dreams with - out grief, *più mosso.*
ppp Since glad dreams haunt your slum - bers deep,

f Dreams with - out grief, *più mosso.*
ppp Since glad dreams haunt your slum - bers deep,

f Dreams with - out grief, *più mosso.*
ppp Since glad dreams haunt your slum - bers deep,

SERENADE.

cres. molto. *allargando.* *ff*

Why should you scat - ter them . . in . . vain? . .

cres. molto. *allargando.* *ff*

Why should you scat - ter them . . in vain? . .

cres. molto. *allargando.* *ff*

Why should you scat - ter them . . in vain? . .

cres. molto. *allargando.* *ff*

Why should you scat - ter them . . in vain? . .

Tempo 1mo. *p* *pp*

Dreams all too brief, Dreams with - out grief, Once they are bro - ken,

Tempo 1mo. *pp*

Dreams all too brief, Dreams with - out grief, Once they are bro - ken,

Tempo 1mo. *pp*

Dreams all too brief, Dreams with - out grief, Once they are bro - ken,

Tempo 1mo. *pp*

SERENADE.

cantabile.
p

Hap - py is he, when Au - tumn falls, Who

pp

come not a - gain. Since glad dreams haunt your slum - bers deep, Why

pp

come not a - gain. Since glad dreams haunt your slum - bers deep, Why

pp

come not a - gain. Since glad dreams haunt your slum - bers deep, Why

p

feels the dream - kiss of the Spring; And hap - py he in

should you scat - ter them in vain? . . . Once they are bro - ken,

should you scat - ter them in vain? . . . Once they are bro - ken,

should you scat - ter them in vain? . . . Once they are bro - ken,

SERENADE.

pris - on walls . . . Who dreams . . . of free - dom's

come not a - gain, Dreams all too brief, Once they are bro - ken,

come not a - gain, Dreams all too brief, Once they are bro - ken,

come not a - gain, Dreams all too brief, Once they are bro - ken,

poco rit.
pp

res - cu - ing; . . . But woe to him who

come not a - gain, Dreams with - out grief. But woe to him who

come not a - gain, Dreams with - out grief. But woe to him who

come not a - gain, Dreams with - out grief. But woe to him who

accel. . . . *al* . . . *più mosso.*
ppp

SEBENADE.

cres. molto. *molto allargando.*

vain - ly calls Through sleep - less nights for ease from

cres. molto. *molto allargando.*

vain - ly calls Through sleep - less nights for ease from

cres. molto. *molto allargando.*

vain - ly calls Through sleep - less nights for ease from

cres. molto. *molto allargando.*

vain - ly calls Through sleep - less nights for ease from

Tempo lmo.

ff pain ! . . .

Tempo lmo. *p* . . .

ff pain ! . . . Dreams all too brief, Dreams with - out grief,

Tempo lmo. *p* . . . *pp* . . .

ff pain ! . . . Dreams all too brief, Dreams with - out grief,

Tempo lmo. *p* . . . *pp* . . .

ff pain ! . . . Dreams all too brief, Dreams with - out grief,

Tempo lmo. *p* . . . *pp* . . .

SERENADE.

rit. *pp*

rit. *pp*

rit. *pp*

Once they are broken, come not a - gain.

Once they are broken, come not a - gain.

Once they are broken, come not a - gain.

rit. *pp*

(Hadley Green, 1914.)

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Jesu, meek and lowly

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227. Give ear, O Lord T. M. Pattison 2d.
433. Give ear, O Shepherd A. Whiting 3d.
88. Give ear, O ye heavens Armes 3d.
956. Ditto ... W. G. Alcock 3d.
604. Give thanks, O Israel Ouseley 4d.
741. Give the King thy W. G. Alcock 6d.
990. Ditto ... A. H. Brewer 3d.
309. Give the Lord ... C. H. Lloyd 8d.
183. Give unto the Lord H. W. Parker 4d.
933. Glorious and powerful God Gibbons 3d.
1039. Glorious in Heaven Victoria 3d.
2. Glory be to God ... S. S. Wesley 3d.
779. Glory to God in the E. M. Lee 3d.

NOVELLO'S

OCTAVO EDITION OF ANTHEMS.

236.	God be merciful unto us	C. F. Lloyd	6d.	1015.	Hosanna (in E flat)	O. Gibbons	3d.	371.	I will set His dominion	H. W. Parker	4d.
105.	God came from Teman	Stieggall	4d.	43.	Ditto	G. A. Macfarren	3d.	100.	I will sing a new song	Armes	8d.
667.	God is a Spirit	W. S. Bennett	18d.	657.	Hosanna to the Lord	W. Jordan	4d.	608.	I will sing of the mercies	J. Booth	3d.
128.	God is gone up	Croft	4d.	646.	Ditto	Luard-Selby	3d.	134.	I will sing of Thy power	Greene	4d.
892.	Ditto	O. Gibbons	3d.	1021.	Hosanna we sing	John E. West	3d.	192.	I will sing unto the Lord	Wareing	3d.
864.	Ditto	Walter B. Gilbert	2d.	260.	How beautiful are the feet	Handel	3d.	1086.	Ditto	J. V. Roberts	6d.
605.	God is my salvation	C. F. Bowes	3d.	691.	How blest are they	Tschaikowsky	4d.	6.	I will wash my hands	Hopkins	3d.
1062.	God is our hope	A. H. Brewer	3d.	321.	How excellent is Thy	Cowen	6d.	710.	If any man hath not	H. W. Davies	4d.
131.	Ditto	Greene	6d.	615.	How great is the loving	West	3d.	819.	If Christ be not raised	Macpherson	4d.
332.	God is our refuge	A. Foote	4d.	373.	How long wilt Thou	Oliver King	2d.	979.	If the Lord had not	E. C. Bairstow	3d.
101.	Ditto	H. Hiles	6d.	807.	Ditto	Jeremiah Clarke	3d.	825.	If the Lord Himself	W. Child	3d.
75.	God said, Behold	G. Macfarren	4d.	647.	How lovely are	C. Salaman	3d.	758.	Ditto	Walmisley	6d.
969.	God so loved the world	H. Moore	3d.	104.	Ditto	Spohr	8d.	53.	If we believe that Jesus died	Goss	18d.
1012.	Ditto	E. G. Monk	4d.	988.	Ditto	J. Brahms	2d.	1078.	Ditto	M. Vinden	3d.
473.	Ditto	J. V. Roberts	3d.	766.	I am Alpha	Ch. Gounod	3d.	544.	If ye love Me	B. Steane	2d.
342.	God, that madest earth	A. C. Fisher	2d.	539.	Ditto	J. V. Roberts	3d.	453.	Ditto	H. W. Wareing	3d.
1056.	God the All-fatherly	A. Hollins	3d.	623.	I am He that liveth	T. Adams	4d.	732.	Ditto	H. J. Wood	3d.
344.	God, Who at sundry times	J. H. Mee	4d.	664.	I am the Resurrection	Croft	3d.	789.	If ye then be risen	Ivor Atkins	4d.
715.	God's peace is peace eternal	Grieg	3d.	662.	Ditto	R. Rogers	4d.	469.	Ditto (s.a.)	M. B. Foster	3d.
107.	Grant us Thy peace	G. Bullivant	3d.	268.	I am well pleased	J. Rheinberger	3d.	58.	Ditto	Naylor	3d.
550.	Grant, we beseech Thee	M. Elvey	2d.	120.	I behold, and lo	Blow	6d.	61.	In Christ dwelleth	John Goss	3d.
388.	Ditto	Roberts	3d.	280.	Ditto	Elvey	6d.	913.	In divers tongues	Palestrina	2d.
517.	Great and marvellous	J. F. Bridge	4d.	496.	I came not to call	C. Vincent	3d.	619.	In every place incense	John E. West	3d.
187.	Ditto	Monk	3d.	207.	I cried unto the Lord	Heap	4d.	655.	In heavenly love	H. Parker	3d.
848.	Ditto	T. Tomkins	3d.	537.	I declare to you	Cruikshank	4d.	403.	In my Father's house	Crament	3d.
223.	Great is Jehovah (Male)	Schubert	4d.	168.	I desired wisdom	J. Stainer	6d.	777.	Ditto	H. Elliot Button	3d.
987.	Ditto	Schubert	4d.	230.	I did call upon the Lord	Pattison	4d.	102.	In sweet consent	E. H. Thorne	3d.
602.	Great is our Lord	M. B. Foster	4d.	515.	I do not ask, O Lord	Roberts	3d.	802.	In that day (Christmas)	Bridge	3d.
136.	Great is the Lord	Hayes	4d.	117.	I have set God	Blake	6d.	278.	Ditto	G. Elvey	4d.
708.	Ditto	A. W. Marchant	4d.	420.	Ditto	Hamilton Clarke	4d.	720.	In the beginning	C. Macpherson	4d.
237.	Ditto	F. Ouseley	6d.	130.	Ditto	J. Goldwin	3d.	582.	Ditto	F. Tozer	4d.
481.	Ditto	B. Steane	4d.	122.	I have surely built	Boyce	4d.	890.	In the day shalt	H. W. Wareing	3d.
813.	Ditto	E. A. Sydenham	3d.	219.	Ditto	T. T. Trinnell	4d.	138.	In the fear of the Lord	J. V. Roberts	3d.
220.	Grieve not the Holy Spirit	Stainer	3d.	590.	I heard a great voice	G. F. Cobb	3d.	980.	In the hour of my	Davies	4d.
609.	Guide me, O Thou	H. Blair	3d.	396.	I heard a voice	John Goss	2d.	659.	In the Lord	C. Macpherson	4d.
427.	Hail! gladdening Light	J. T. Field	2d.	903.	I looked, and behold	H. Willan	3d.	282.	Ditto	R. Stewart	6d.
545.	Ditto	Martin	4d.	1029.	I love to hear	M. B. Foster	3d.	385.	In Thee, O Lord	S. C. Taylor	3d.
326.	Hail, thou that art	A. Carnall	4d.	1022.	I saw the Lord	C. Harris	3d.	33.	Ditto	M. B. Tours	3d.
563.	Hail to the Christ	J. Barnby	3d.	171.	Ditto	J. Stainer	6d.	148.	Ditto	J. Waldon	3d.
945.	Hail, true Body	H. Willan	2d.	114.	I was glad	T. Attwood	4d.	725.	Is it not wheat-harvest	T. Adams	3d.
499.	Hallelujah, Christ is risen	Seane	3d.	993.	Ditto	A. H. Brewer	3d.	467.	Is it nothing (s.a.)	M. B. Foster	3d.
382.	Hallelujah! the Light	Oliver King	3d.	1080.	Ditto	H. R. Coudrey	3d.	571.	Ditto (4 voices)	M. B. Foster	3d.
173.	Happy is the man	E. Prout	8d.	32.	Ditto	G. Elvey	3d.	91.	It came even to pass	Ouseley	4d.
1077.	Hark! hark my soul	P. E. Fletcher	3d.	79.	Ditto	C. E. Horsley	6d.	180.	It is a good thing	J. Barnby	6d.
681.	Hark, the glad sound	M. B. Foster	3d.	373.	Ditto	C. H. H. Parry	4d.	231.	Ditto	T. M. Pattison	4d.
409.	Ditto	A. R. Gaul	3d.	749.	Ditto	T. T. Trinnell	4d.	215.	It shall come to pass	Garrett	2d.
487.	Ditto	E. V. Hall	3d.	119.	I was in the spirit	Blow	6d.	908.	Jesu, Lord of life and glory	Elgar	3d.
444.	Hark, the herald angels	E. V. Hall	3d.	205.	I will always give thanks	Clarke	3d.	397.	Jesu, lover of my soul (Male)	F. Iliffe	3d.
404.	Hark! what news	Oliver King	3d.	1064.	I will cause the shower	Naylor	3d.	907.	Jesu, meek and lowly	Elgar	3d.
820.	Harvest Hymn	F. Tozer	2d.	874.	I will cry unto God	H. J. King	3d.	1031.	Jesu, our Lord	Ch. Gounod	3d.
784.	Haste Thee, O God	John Shepherd	3d.	73.	Ditto	Stieggall	4d.	654.	Jesu, Thou joy	E. H. Davies	3d.
535.	Have mercy upon me	J. Barnby	3d.	592.	I will extol Thee	C. M. Hudson	3d.	844.	Jesu, Thou sweetest	H. J. King	3d.
1013.	Ditto	J. Goss	4d.	1068.	Ditto	John E. West	3d.	904.	Jesu, word of God incarnate	Elgar	3d.
377.	Ditto	E. Minshall	3d.	209.	I will give thanks	J. Barnby	3d.	455.	Jesu, Christ is risen	Oliver King	4d.
401.	Ditto	Kellow J. Pye	3d.	156.	Ditto	E. J. Hopkins	6d.	788.	Jesu, Christ is risen to-day	Gaul	4d.
794.	He sendeth the springs	Wareing	4d.	368.	Ditto	Mozart	2d.	971.	Jesu, lives! no longer now	Foster	3d.
701.	He shall swallow up	Greenish	3d.	915.	I will give unto him	H. Blair	3d.	618.	Jesu, of Nazareth	G. Byrd	4d.
707.	He that shall endure	Mendelssohn	4d.	674.	I will give you rain	H. W. Wareing	4d.	548.	Joy in harvest	B. Steane	3d.
837.	He that shall endure	Mendelssohn	4d.	245.	I will go unto	Gauntlett	2d.	7.	Judge me, O God	Mendelssohn	18d.
898.	He that spared not His	Gladstone	3d.	591.	I will go unto the altar	C. Harris	3d.	677.	Just Judge of Heaven	Garrett	6d.
900.	He will swallow up death	Wesley	14d.	437.	I will greatly rejoice	Cruikshank	3d.	614.	Justorum anime	Naylor	6d.
389.	Hear me when I call (Male)	Distin	2d.	1037.	Ditto	E. C. Bairstow	3d.	179.	King all glorious	J. Barnby	6d.
339.	Hear my prayer	Mendelssohn	4d.	495.	I will lay me down	A. C. Edwards	3d.	997.	Ditto (4 voices)	J. Barnby	4d.
1001.	Ditto	F. Purcell	4d.	195.	Ditto	H. Gadsby	2d.	581.	Kings shall be thy	G. C. Martin	4d.
146.	Ditto	C. Stroud	4d.	209.	Ditto	H. Hiles	3d.	894.	Kings shall see and arise	Bridge	3d.
442.	Hear my words	C. H. H. Parry	8d.	958.	I will lift up mine eyes	J. V. Roberts	3d.	425.	Lead, kindly Light	R. Drimstan	3d.
310.	Hear, O God	A. Friedländer	6d.	739.	Ditto	D. S. Smith	3d.	528.	Ditto	C. L. Naylor	4d.
138.	Hear, O heavens	P. Humphreys	3d.	126.	I will love Thee	J. Clark	4d.	589.	Ditto	D. Fughe-Evans	3d.
94.	Hear, O Lord	John Goss	3d.	1058.	Ditto	Oliver King	3d.	1067.	Ditto	B. Smith	3d.
139.	Ditto	C. King	2d.	394.	Ditto	Kingston	4d.	37.	Ditto	J. Stainer	4d.
162.	Ditto	F. Ouseley	2d.	760.	I will magnify Thee	W. H. Bell	4d.	706.	Let all the world	W. Jordan	4d.
831.	Hear, O My people	J. Holbrooke	3d.	78.	Ditto	J. B. Calkin	4d.	132.	Let God arise	Greene	6d.
203.	Hear, O Thou Shepherd	Clarke	4d.	27.	Ditto	John Goss	3d.	375.	Ditto	T. T. Trinnell	4d.
522.	Ditto	T. A. Walmisley	4d.	633.	Ditto	F. Iliffe	3d.	857.	Let my complaint	Arthur Batten	2d.
770.	Hear the voice and prayer	Tallis	3d.	405.	Ditto	Oliver King	4d.	346.	Ditto (Male)	Thorne	3d.
773.	Hearken unto Me	W. H. Bell	3d.	780.	Ditto	E. M. Lee	3d.	509.	Let not thine hand	J. Stainer	3d.
376.	Hide not Thy face	Kellow J. Pye	2d.	1310.	Ditto	C. H. Lloyd	3d.	807.	Let not your heart	Eaton Fanning	3d.
366.	Ho! every one	J. M. Crament	4d.	929.	Ditto	A. W. Marchant	3d.	438.	Ditto	M. B. Foster	3d.
240.	Ditto	G. C. Martin	4d.	886.	Ditto	Palestrina	3d.	338.	Let the heavens be glad	M. Higgs	3d.
330.	Holy Ghost, to earth	Dvorak	3d.	1085.	Ditto	J. V. Roberts	3d.	226.	Let the peace of God	J. Stainer	4d.
111.	Holy, holy, holy	Crotch	3d.	153.	Ditto	J. Shaw	3d.	565.	Let the righteous	R. F. Lloyd	3d.
342.	Holy, Lord God	T. Bateson	4d.	575.	I will mention	A. Sullivan	6d.	328.	Let the words of my A. D. Culley	3d.	
412.	Honour the Lord	J. Stainer	4d.	793.	Ditto	W. Byrd	2d.	494.	Let Thy merciful ears	W. B. Bell	3d.
129.	Hosanna (in C)	O. Gibbons	3d.	519.	I will open rivers	E. Pettman	3d.	1066.	Let us now fear	A. M. Goodhart	3d.

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S.

Psalms xxiv. 1; lxxv. 9, 10; cvii. 8; ciii. 2.

ALBERT LOWE.

Allegro maestoso.

TREBLE.
ALTO.
TENOR
(sve lower).
BASS.

The earth is the Lord's, and the ful-ness thereof, the
The earth is the Lord's, and the ful-ness thereof, the
The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, the
The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof, the

Allegro maestoso.
f
Ped.

earth is the Lord's, the earth is the Lord's, the earth . . is the Lord's, the
earth is the Lord's, the earth is the Lord's, the earth . . is the Lord's, the
earth is the Lord's the earth is the Lord's, the earth . . is the Lord's, the
earth is the Lord's the earth is the Lord's, the earth . . is the Lord's, the

rit. *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.* *rit. e cres.* *a tempo.*

earth . . is the Lord's, and the ful - ness thereof, the ful - ness, the fulness there .
earth . . is the Lord's, and the ful - ness thereof, the ful - ness, the ful-ness there .
earth . . is the Lord's, and the ful - ness thereof, the ful - ness, the fulness there .
earth . . is the Lord's, and the ful - ness thereof, the ful - ness, the fulness there

(1)

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S.

rit. of. rit. of. rit. of. rit. *ad lib.* Reduce Gt. to Stop Dp. (Sw.) Ped.

Moderato. con espress. Thou vi - sit - est the earth, . . and bless - est it: Thou mak'st it *slentando.* *Moderato.* ten. ten. *p* legato.

ve - ry plen - teous, ve - ry plenteous, and and Thou vi - sit - est the earth, . . and Thou vi - sit - est the earth, . . and

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S.

bless - est it: Thou mak'st it ve - ry .. plen - teous, ve - ry .. plenteous. Thou pre -
 bless - est it: Thou mak'st it ve - ry plen - teous, ve - ry plenteous.
 bless - est it: Thou mak'st it ve - ry, ve - ry plenteous.
 bless - est it: Thou mak'st it ve - ry, ve - ry plenteous.

Full Sto.

par - est their corn, for so Thou pro - vi - dest for the earth,
 for so, for so Thou pro - vi - dest for the earth,
 Thou pre - par - est their corn. for so Thou pro - vi - dest for the earth.
 Thou pre - par - est their corn, for so Thou pro - vi - dest for the earth,

rall. e dim.
rall. e dim.
rall. e dim.
rall. e dim.

Man.
Allegro risoluto.
Slower.
 pro - vi - dest for the earth.
 pro - vi - dest for the earth.
 pro - vi - dest for the earth.
 pro - vi - dest for the earth.

Slower.
Allegro risoluto.
ff Marcato.
Ped. (3)

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S.

First system of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in the upper staves and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The lyrics are: "O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His good - ness, and de -". The piano part includes a pedal point marked "Ped.".

Second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "O that men would there - fore praise the Lord, therefore praise the Lord for His good - ness, His good-ness, His good - ness - clare the won - ders that He do - eth for the chil - dren of men,". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

Third system of the musical score. It shows a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His good - ness and de -". The piano part features a prominent bass line with a "V" marking at the end.

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S.

clare, de-clare the won-ders that He do-eth for the chil-dren of men.

clare, de-clare the won-ders that He do-eth for the chil-dren of men.

- clare, de-clare... the won-ders that He do-eth for the chil-dren of men.

- clare, de-clare... the won-ders that He do-eth for the chil-dren of men.

poco rit.
Praise the Lord, O my soul, and for-get not all ... His

poco rit.
Praise the Lord, O my soul, and for-get not all ... His

poco rit.
Praise the Lord, O my soul, and for-get not all His

poco rit.
Praise the Lord, O my soul, and for-get not all ... His

fff Slow.
ben-e-fits, praise the Lord, praise the Lord. A-men.

fff
ben-e-fits, praise the Lord, praise the Lord. A-men.

fff
ben-e-fits, praise the Lord, praise the Lord. A-men.

fff
ben-e-fits, praise the Lord, praise the Lord. A-men.

fff Slow.
ben-e-fits, praise the Lord, praise the Lord. A-men.

NOVELLO'S

OCTAVO EDITION OF ANTHEMS.

793	The Lord is my Shepherd (S.A.T.B.)	H. Smart	3d
738.	Ditto	D. S. Smith	3d.
305.	Ditto	C. V. Stanford	6d
862.	The Lord is my strength	Booth	3d.
398.	Ditto	S. Coleridge-Taylor	3d.
843.	Ditto	J. Goss	6d.
947.	Ditto	Bruce Steane	3d.
422.	The Lord is risen	G. M. Garrett	4d
1020.	Ditto	B. Luard-Selby	3d.
1028	The Lord is very great	Beckwith	4d.
696.	The Lord liveth	A. W. Marchant	3d.
731.	The Lord Omnipotent	T. Adams	3d.
873.	The Lord our Righteousness	Blair	3d.
304.	The Lord preserveth	... Armes	6d.
474.	The Lord shall be	J. V. Roberts	4d.
84.	The Lord that made	J. Turle	3d.
112.	The Lord will comfort	... Hiles	6d.
86.	The morning stars	... J. Stainer	6d.
767.	Ditto	G. A. A. West	4d.
1057.	The Name of the Lord	A. Hollins	3d
749.	The New-born King	P. E. Fletcher	3d.
465.	The night is far spent (S.A.)	Foster	3d.
607.	Ditto	(S.A.T.B.) Foster	3d.
640.	The Parable of the	F. J. Sawyer	4d.
576.	The people that	... C. F. Bowes	4d.
762.	The promise which was	Bairstow	4d.
941.	The radiant morn	... B. Steane	3d.
736.	The reproaches	... J. B. Dykes	3d.
1064.	Ditto	... W. S. Hoyte	4d.
1044.	Ditto	... Palestrina	4d.
174.	The righteous live	... J. Stainer	4d.
855	The righteous living	Mendelssohn	3d.
155	The righteous shall flourish	Calkin	4d.
977.	The secret of the Lord	... West	3d.
614.	The souls of the righteous	Byrd	3d.
559.	Ditto	... Elvey	2d.
249.	Ditto	Myles B. Foster	3d.
140.	Ditto	... Nares	3d.
894.	Ditto	... Wm. Rea	6d.
285.	Ditto	H. H. Woodward	3d.
755.	The stars in their silent	... West	4d.
457.	The Story of the Cross	M.B. Foster	3d.
557.	Ditto	J. V. Roberts	3d.
531.	Ditto	A. Somervell	3d.
452.	Ditto	... J. Stainer	3d.
360.	The strong foundations	F. Brandeis	2d.
834.	The surrender of the...	Cornelius	4d.
925.	The Vineyard of the Lord	Wareing	3d.
493.	The whole earth	... J. V. Roberts	4d.
31.	The wilderness	... John Goss	2d.
110.	Ditto	... S. S. Wesley	6d.
649.	The Word is made	... T. Adams	2d.
576.	There is a green hill	... Gounod	4d.
302.	There is no condemnation	Irons	3d.
882.	There is no sorrow	A. E. Godfrey	3d.
845.	There is none like unto	... Goss	6d.
809.	There is none that can	... Atkins	4d.
85.	There shall a star	Mendelssohn	6d.
600.	There shall be an heap	F. Tozer	3d.
670.	Ditto	Cuthbert Harris	3d.
685.	There shall come a star	C. Harris	3d.
574.	There shall come forth	Mansfield	3d.
750.	Ditto	... F. Tozer	3d.
1062	Ditto	F. W. Wadely	3d.
853.	There was a marriage	J. Stainer	3d.
414.	There was war in	Cruikshank	3d.
466.	There were shepherds (S.A.)	Foster	3d.
516.	Ditto	... E. Pettman	3d.
817.	Ditto	E. A. Sydenham	3d.
324.	Ditto	... C. Vincent	4d.
447.	Ditto	H. W. Wareing	3d.
871.	Ditto	Healey Willan	3d.
19.	Therefore with angels	V. Novello	2d.
93.	These are they which came	Dykes	6d.
966.	They are at rest	... E. Elgar	3d.
157.	They that go down	T. Attwood	4d.
709.	Ditto	... H. Clarke	4d.
546.	Ditto	... G. Elvey	6d.
432.	They that sow	... A. W. Batson	3d.
705.	They were lovely	... Stainer	4d.
2005.	Thine for ever	H. Elliot Button	3d.
221.	Think, good Jesu	... Mozart	6d.
359.	Think not that they	F. Brandeis	2d.
161.	This is the day	... S. C. Cooke	3d.
422.	Ditto	... G. M. Garrett	4d.
327.	Ditto	... E. V. Hall	4d.
949.	Ditto	... B. Harwood	3d.
621.	Ditto	E. H. Lemare	4d.
462.	Ditto	A. W. Marchant	3d.
1046.	Ditto	... J. H. Maunder	3d.
1059	Ditto	... R. W. Robson	3d.
13.	Ditto	... John Sewell	2d.
735.	Ditto	... B. Steane	4d.
4.	Ditto	... J. Turle	3d.
851.	This is the record of John	Gibbons	3d.
828.	Thou art a Priest for	S. Wesley	3d.
678.	Thou art gone to the...	Williams	2d.
934.	Thou art My Son	... T. Adams	3d.
1000.	Thou art worthy	F. E. Gladstone	3d.
865.	Thou Judge of quick and dead	Wesley	3d.
859.	Thou, Lord, art merciful	Mozart	6d.
653.	Thou, Lord, in the	... J. Stainer	4d.
354.	Thou, O God, art praised	E. V. Hall	3d.
930.	Ditto	J. W. Elliott	2d.
579.	Ditto	B. Luard-Selby	3d.
281.	Ditto	... R. Stewart	4d.
62.	Ditto	... S. Wesley	3d.
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320.	Ditto	E. J. Hopkins	6d.
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985.	To bless Thy chosen	F. Brandeis	11
980.	To the Holy Spirit	H. W. Davies	16
322.	To Thee, O Lord	C. L. Williams	3d
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618.	Turbanum voces...	... G. Byrd	4d
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160.	Unto Thee have I cried	G. Elvey	3d
601.	Unto Thee, O God, do we	B. Steane	3d
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1036.	Ditto	Oliver King	4d

(To be continued.)

YEA, CAST ME FROM HEIGHTS OF THE MOUNTAINS

PART-SONG

WORDS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY (ANONYMOUS) TRANSLATED BY ALMA STRETTELL*

MUSIC BY

EDWARD ELGAR

(OP. 45, No. 1)

ARRANGED FOR S.A.T.B. BY THE COMPOSER

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Allegro
con fuoco

SOPRANO
Yea, cast me from heights of the moun - tains . . . to

ALTO
Yea, cast me from heights of the moun - tains . . . to

TENOR
Yea, cast me from heights of the moun - tains . . . to

BASS
Yea, cast me from heights of the moun - tains . . . to (QUASI SOLI)

(For practice only)
Allegro $\text{♩} = 112$
f con fuoco

largamente *pp* deeps of the o - - - cean, *a tempo. risoluto* *ff* Yea, cast me from heights of the

largamente *pp* deeps of the o - - - cean, *a tempo. risoluto* *ff* Yea, cast me from heights of the

largamente *pp* deeps of the o - - - cean, *a tempo. risoluto* *ff* Yea, cast me from heights of the

largamente *pp* deeps of the o - - - cean, *a tempo. risoluto* *ff* Yea, cast me from heights of the

largamente *pp* deeps of the o - - - cean, *a tempo. risoluto* *ff* Yea, cast me from heights of the

largamente *pp* *ff a tempo. risoluto*

* With the kind permission of the Translator

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MADE IN ENGLAND

YEA, CAST ME FROM HEIGHTS OF THE MOUNTAINS

moun - tains . . to deeps of the o - - - cean, . .

moun - tains . . to deeps of the o - - - cean, . .

moun - tains . . to deeps of the o - - - cean, . .

moun - tains . . to deeps of the o - - - cean, . .

Let the thun - der-bolt strike me, strike me, strike me, strike me, the thun - der-bolt strike me, let the thun - der-bolt . . . strike me,

Let the thun - der-bolt strike me strike me, strike me, strike me, the thun - der-bolt strike me, let the thun - der-bolt . . . strike me,

Let the thun - der-bolt strike me, the thun - der-bolt strike me, let the thun - der-bolt . . . strike me,

Let the thun - der-bolt, . . . let the thun - der-bolt . . . strike me,

YEA, CAST ME FROM HEIGHTS OF THE MOUNTAINS

allargando *ten.* *dim.* *ppp dolce*

o'er - *sf* whelm me with fire or with snow! Since him whom

allargando *ten.* *dim.* *ppp dolce*

o'er - - *sf* whelm me with fire or with snow! Since him whom

allargando *ten.* *dim.* *ppp dolce*

o'er - - *sf* whelm me with fire or with snow! Since him whom

allargando *ten.* *dim.* ** p ma marcato*

o'er - *sf* whelm me with fire or with snow! Whom . . .

allargando *ten.* *dim.* *ppp dolce*

** il basso marcato*

espress.

Love's . . bur - den hath crushed, . . and whom E - - ros hath

espress.

Love's . . bur - den hath crushed, . . and whom E - - ros hath

espress.

Love's . . bur - den hath crushed, . . and whom E - - ros hath

E - - ros hath . . bro - - -

espress.

* A few Basses may sing an octave lower for six bars.

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MADE IN ENGLAND.

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FEASTING I WATCH

PART-SONG

WORDS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY (MARCUS ARGENTARIUS) TRANSLATED BY RICHARD GARNETT *

MUSIC BY

EDWARD ELGAR

(OP. 45, No. 5)

ARRANGED FOR S.A.T.B. BY THE COMPOSER

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Allegro *ff* *sostenuto*

SOPRANO
Feast - ing I watch with west - ward - look - ing eye . . The flash - ing

ALTO
Feast - ing I watch with west - ward - look - ing eye . . The flash - ing

TENOR
Feast - ing I watch with west - ward - look - ing eye . . The flash - ing

BASS
Feast - ing I watch with west - ward - look - ing eye . . The flash - ing

Allegro *ff* *sostenuto* **120**

(For practice only)

con - stel - la - tions' pa - gean-try, Sol - emn . . and

con - stel - la - tions' pa - gean-try, Sol - emn . . and

con - stel - la - tions' pa - gean-try, Sol - emn and

con - stel - la - tions' pa - gean-try, Sol - emn . . and

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FEASTING I WATCH

p rit. e dim.

splen - did, . . . sol - emn . . . and splen - did;

p rit. e dim.

splen - did, . . . sol - emn . . . and splen - did;

p rit. e dim.

splen - did, . . . sol - emn . . . and splen - did;

rit. e dim.

splen - did, . . . sol - emn . . . and splen - did;

p rit. e dim.

p a tempo

Feast - ing I watch with west - ward - look - ing eye . . . The flash - ing

a tempo

Feast - ing I watch with west - ward - look - ing eye . . . The flash - ing

p a tempo

Feast - ing I watch with west - ward - look - ing eye . . . The flash - ing

p a tempo

Feast - ing I watch with west - ward - look - ing eye . . . The flash - ing

p a tempo

FEASTING I WATCH

con - stel - la - tions' pa - gean-try, Sol - emn . . and

con - stel - la - tions' pa - gean-try, Sol - emn . . and

con - stel - la - tions' pa - gean-try, Sol - emn and

con - stel - la - tions' pa - gean-try, Sol - emn . . and

splen - did, . . sol - emn . . and splen - did;

splen - did, . . sol - emn . . and splen - did;

splen - did, . . sol - emn . . and splen - did;

splen - did, sol . . . emn . . and splen - did;

FEASTING I WATCH

Poco più tranquillo

p legato

then a - non I wreathe My

p legato

then a - non I wreathe My hair, I wreathe, I

p legato

then a - non I wreathe My hair, a - non I wreathe, . . I wreathe, I

p

then a - non I . . wreathe, I wreathe My

Poco più tranquillo $\text{♩} = 100$

p legato

dolce *pp cantabile*

hair, . . and war - bling to my harp, . . . and

dolce *cantabile pp*

wreathe my hair, and war - bling to my

dolce *pp*

wreathe my hair, and war - bling, and war - bling, and

dolce

hair, . . . and war - - - - bling, and

dolce

FEASTING I WATCH

war - bling to my harp . . I . . breathe My full heart
 harp, . . and war - bling I breathe My full heart
 war - bling, and war - bling I breathe My full heart
 war - bling to my harp I . . breathe My full heart

forth, . . and know . . the heav'ns look down,
 forth, . . and know the . . heav'ns look down,
 forth, . . and know the heav'ns look down, . .
 forth, and know . . the heav'ns look down, . .

FEASTING I WATCH

Grandioso
Tempo 1mo.

cres. *rit.* *al* *ff* *Tempo 1mo.*

look down . . Pleas - ed, for they al - so have their

cres. *rit.* *al* *ff* *Tempo 1mo.*

look down . . Pleas - ed, for they al - so have their

cres. *rit.* *al* *ff* *Tempo 1mo.*

look down . . Pleas - ed, for they al - so have their

cres. *rit.* *al* *ff* *Tempo 1mo.*

look down Pleas - ed, for they al - so have their

Grandioso

cres. *rit.* *al* *ff* *Tempo 1mo.*

molto allargando

Lyre . . and Crown, . . they al - so have their Lyre and Crown.

molto allargando

Lyre . . and Crown, . . they al - so have their Lyre . . and Crown.

molto allargando

Lyre . . and Crown, . . they al - so have their Lyre . . and Crown.

molto allargando

Lyre . . and Crown, . . they al - so have their Lyre . . and Crown.

molto allargando

Lyre . . and Crown, . . they al - so have their Lyre . . and Crown.

NOVELLO'S PART-SONG BOOK.

A COLLECTION OF PART-SONGS, GLEES, AND MADRIGALS.

For S.A.T.B. unless otherwise stated.

Those marked thus * may be had in Tonic Sol-fa Notation.

No.		No.		No.	
201	Good wishes ... J. L. Hatton 3d.	638	How sweet the answer Oliver King 2d.	858	*Irish Reel, The arr. T. R. G. Joze 4d.
1268	*Goslings, The (humorous) ... J. F. Bridge 3d.	767	Do. ... C. H. H. Parry 2d.	886	*Irish wedding song ... arr. B. J. Rogers 3d.
295	*Great God of Love (8 V.) ... Pearsall 3d.	155	Do. ... A. S. Sullivan 1d.	1280	Iron Horse, The ... W. W. Pearson 4d.
28	Green leaves ... B. Taylor 2d.	737	*How sweet the moonlight sleeps ... D. E. Evans 1d.	1279	*Ironfounders, The ... R. Müller 3d.
1174	Had I a cave ... H. Willan 2d.	974	Do. (8 V.) ... Eaton Fanning 3d.	449	Is it to odours sweet that I sing ... C. H. Lloyd 2d.
727	*Hag, The (The Hag is a-stride) ... B. Luard-Selby 4d.	77	Do. ... H. Leslie 1d.	756	Is not that my fancy's Queen ... C. H. Lloyd 2d.
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1331	Hail, sweet peace ... J. B. Lott 3d.	151	How sweet to wander ... Schubert 3d.	397	Do. ... H. Leslie 1d.
393	*Hail to the Chief ... H. Leslie 1d.	602	Hunt is up, The ... J. L. Hatton 1d.	349	It was a lass ... H. MacCunn 3d.
357	Do. ... E. Prout 4d.	963	*Hunter, The ... J. Brahms 2d.	506	*It was a lover and his lass ... J. Barnby 3d.
1088	Do. ... F. Schubert 2d.	1066	Hunter went a-riding, A ... arr. J. Brahms 3d.	422	Do. ... J. Booth 1d.
221	*Happiest land, The (A.T.T.B.) ... J. L. Hatton 1d.	1126	Hunter's farewell, The ... Mendelssohn 3d.	822	Do. ... A. H. Brewer 1d.
935	*Hard by a fountain H. Waelrant 1d.	536	Hunters, The ... W. W. Pearson 3d.	127	Do. ... G. A. Macfarren 4d.
284	*Hardy Norseman's house of yore, The... Pearsall 1d.	471	Hunting chorus ... E. Louis 4d.	690	Do. ... C. Wood 1d.
82	Hark, how the birds (6 V.) H. Lahee 3d.	756	*Hunting song ... J. Benedict 3d.	1505	It was the charming month of May ... W. McNaught 3d.
946	Do. ... H. W. Wareing 3d.	622	Do. ... E. Duncan 3d.	292	It was upon a springtide day (5 V.) ... Pearsall 3d.
942	Hark, jolly shepherds ... J. W. G. Hathaway 2d.	719	Do. ... R. H. Legge 2d.	1117	Italian National Air ... Arranged 2d.
214	Hark, the convent bells are ringing ... J. L. Hatton 3d.	260	Do. ... W. Macfarren 1d.	991	*Italian Salad (humorous) ... R. Gevee 4d.
440	Hark, the lark ... F. Kücken 3d.	45	Do. ... H. Smart 1d.	854	Jack and Jill ... C. E. Horsley 4d.
130	Do. ... G. A. Macfarren 3d.	1255	Do. ... W. W. Starnes 3d.	1360	*Jack Frost ... A. R. Gaul 3d.
665	*Hark, the Vesper hymn is stealing ... arr. J. Stevenson 1d.	1374	Do. ... J. G. Williams 3d.	196	Do. ... I. L. Hattor 1d.
723	*Harvest feast, The ... A. R. Gaul 3d.	147	*Huntsman, rest ... S. Reay 3d.	230	Do. (A.T.T.B.) ... T. Distin 4d.
887	Harvest rose, The ... arr. T. R. G. Joze 3d.	779	*Huntsmen's Chorus ... Weber 2d.	850	*Jack Horner ... C. E. Horsley 4d.
13	*Harvest song ... W. Macfarren 2d.	762	Hurrah for England ... F. Bridge 2d.	1351	Jäger Chorus ... W. W. Pearson 3d.
754	Haste thee, nymph ... F. Adlam 3d.	854	Hush-a-bye, baby ... C. E. Horsley 4d.	666	Jean ... Oliver King 3d.
722	*Haven, The ... J. Barnby 3d.	1077	Do. ... J. B. Lott 3d.	1003	*Jerusalem ... P. Cornelius 2d.
53	Haymaker's song ... R. P. Stewart 3d.	356	*Hushed in death... H. Hiles 6d.	1211	Joan to the Maypole ... arr. J. C. Bridge 3d.
907	*He is gone on the mountain ... G. A. Macfarren 2d.	1326	*Hymn before action ... H. W. Davies 3d.	19	Jolly Cricket Ball, The ... E. G. Monk 3d.
1130	He left the upland lawns (5 V.) ... C. H. Lloyd 3d.	1148	*Hymn of the homeland, A ... A. S. Sullivan 1d.	483	Joy in Spring ... J. Raff 3d.
362	*He that hath a pleasant face ... J. L. Hatton 1d.	1047	Hymn of trust ... A. Zimmermann 2d.	779	*Joy of the hunter, The ... Weber 2d.
143	Hear, sweet spirit ... H. Smart 1d.	518	Hymn to Aurora ... H. Smart 2d.	153	Joy to the Victors ... A. Sullivan 2d.
1206	*Heart of the night, The ... H. Bath 3d.	444	Hymn to Cynthia... B. Tours 3d.	246	Joy of Spring, The ... H. Smart 3d.
558	Heath rose, The ... R. Schumann 2d.	473	Do. ... B. Tours 3d.	1221	June ... F. H. Cowen 3d.
159	Hemlock tree, The ... J. L. Hatton 4d.	763	*Hymn to music ... D. Buck 3d.	24	Do. (S.S.C.) ... F. Dun 2d.
229	Do. (A.T.T.B.) ... C. Wood 2d.	956	Hymn to the Eternal ... Schubert 3d.	1026	*Justice (8 V.) ... J. W. G. Hathaway 6d.
605	Do. ... C. Wood 2d.	446	Hymn to the moon ... J. Booth 4d.	577	*Kathleen Mavourneen ... F. N. Crouch 1d.
1234	*Hen wlad fy nhadau ... arr. J. James 3d.	986	I call and I call (5 V.) ... C. Wood 3d.	1334	*Keel Row, The ... arr. T. F. Dunhill 3d.
282	Hence, all you vain delights ... W. Macfarren 3d.	930	*I can but love thee (6 V.) ... P. Cornelius 3d.	361	Keep time, keep time ... J. L. Hatton 3d.
424	*Hence, loathed melancholy (5 V.) ... H. Lahee 4d.	499	I love my love ... G. B. Allen 1d.	883	Kind words ... H. Leslie 3d.
431	*Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee ... J. Goss 4d.	916	*I loved a lass ... W. H. Bell 3d.	1208	Kindred hearts ... C. Lee Williams 2d.
1054	Her true love ... F. Schubert 3d.	237	Do. (A.T.T.B.) ... J. L. Hatton 4d.	1192	King of Thule, The ... R. Schumann 2d.
1312	Here's a health unto His Majesty Melody by J. Saville ... arr. S. G. Ould 2d.	191	I loved her ... 3d.	1333	King, The (A Toast) A. H. Brewer 2d.
920	*Heroes, The ... F. H. Cowen 4d.	232	Do. (A.T.T.B.) ... 3d.	316	King there was in Thule, A ... Pearsall 2d.
952	*Hero's rest, The ... P. Cornelius 3d.	198	I met her in the quiet lane ... 2d.	391	King Winter ... S. Egerton 3d.
594	High upon hills... V. Caillard 3d.	739	I prithee send me back my heart ... J. V. Roberts 3d.	227	King Witlaf's drinking horn ... (A.T.T.B.) ... J. L. Hatton 3d.
1159	Hie upon Heaven's domain ... F. Curti 3d.	170	Do. ... H. Smart 1d.	458	*Kings and Queens ... C. Pinsuti 3d.
854	Highland laddie, The ... H. E. Button 2d.	290	*I saw lovely Phillis ... Pearsall 1d.	1170	*Kitty of Coleraine (Irish air) ... arr. C. H. Lloyd 2d.
560	Highland lassie, The ... R. Schumann 3d.	87	I saw the moon rise clear ... H. Hiles 1d.	649	*Knight's tomb, The ... C. V. Stanford 2d.
275	Highland war song (T.T.B.B.) ... W. Macfarren 3d.	1385	I sing the birth (Carol) ... C. H. H. Parry 3d.	1096	Know ye the land... L. Spohr 2d.
773	*His Majesty the King ... F. H. Cowen 4d.	686	I think on thee in the night ... E. Fédarb 3d.	918	Lacking my love ... John E. West 3d.
721	Holiday in Arcadia ... A. Thomson 3d.	541	If doughty deeds ... C. Lee Williams 3d.	46	*Lady, rise, sweet morn's awaking ... H. Smart 1d.
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759	Home of my heart ... C. H. H. Parry 3d.	627	If I love, will you doom me to die ... W. Jackson and F. Corder 3d.	1367	Lake, The ... W. W. Pearson 3d.
581	Home, sweet home ... E. Land 1d.	527	If love be dead (5 V.) ... C. Wood 4d.	1209	Lament, A ... arr. H. E. Button 2d.
340	*Home that I love ... F. Abt 1d.	982	If love his arrows ... H. W. Wareing 3d.	890	*Do. ... arr. T. R. G. Joze 2d.
107	Home they brought her warrior dead ... J. Barnby 1d.	199	If thou art sleeping, mai'en ... J. L. Hatton 3d.	716	Do. ... R. H. Legge 2d.
1148	*Homeland, The ... A. S. Sullivan 1d.	983	*If to my lady fair ... J. Pointer 3d.	1031	Do. ... John E. West 2d.
443	*Homeward ... H. Leslie 4d.	1052	I'm in no hurry ... Schubert 3d.	78	Land ho ... H. Leslie 1d.
590	Hope ... C. H. Lloyd 3d.	1131	In a harbour grene ... C. H. H. Parry 2d.	1118	Land of beauty ... Mendelssohn 1d.
676	Do. ... J. Rheinberger 2d.	1080	*In absence ... D. Buck 2d.	1232	*Land of my fathers arr. J. Jones 3d.
795	Do. ... E. Sachs 2d.	16	In all thy need ... J. Dowland 2d.	255	Land of wonders, The ... H. Smart 3d.
439	Hope and faith ... Weber 2d.	462	*In April time ... C. Pinsuti 2d.	369	Lark, The ... J. L. Hatton 3d.
874	*Hope of my heart (5 V.) ... J. Ward 3d.	348	*In Autumn ... F. Hensel 1d.	501	*Lass of Richmond Hill, The ... arr. J. Hook 1d.
298	*How bright is the May ... Pearsall 3d.	296	*In Dulci Jubilo ... Pearsall 3d.	724	Last load, The ... H. H. Clarke 2d.
550	How can a bird help singing ... F. Abt 3d.	966	*In praise of Mary ... J. Brahms 3d.	809	Last prayer, The ... J. Rheinberger 3d.
812	*How dear to me the hour ... arr. A. A. Needham 3d.	1245	*In praise of Neptune ... German 3d.	310	Laugh not, youth, at age ... Pearsall 4d.
1253	*How eloquent ... John E. West 3d.	944	*In praise of Song ... C. H. H. Parry 4d.	839	*Laughing waves, The ... R. Somerville 3d.
352	How I love the festive boy ... A. C. Mackenzie 3d.	551	In Spring-time ... F. Abt 3d.	320	*Lay a garland (8 V.) ... Pearsall 3d.
257	How soft the shades of evening creep ... H. Smart 1d.	1021	In the garden ... C. Lee Williams 2d.	1231	*Lee shore, The ... S. Coleridge-Taylor 3d.
258	How sweet is summer morning ... H. Smart 2d.	1142	In the lazy Summer noon ... E. Franz 2d.	1166	*Leprehaun, The (Irish air) ... G. Bantock 4d.
		488	In the moonlight ... J. Raff 3d.	811	Let Erin remember ... L. Dix 2d.
		1168	In the North land... C. Forrester 3d.	922	*Let me the canakin clink ... J. B. MacEwen 4d.
		1165	*In the silent West (8 V.) ... G. Bantock 4d.	694	Let me wander ... L. Spohr 2d.
		388	In the woods ... S. Egerton 3d.	1061	Let the bells ring ... J. W. G. Hathaway 4d.
		502	*In this hour of softened splendour ... C. Pinsuti 1d.	815	Let the hills resound ... B. Richards 4d.
		557	Inconstants, The ... R. Schumann 1d.		
		60	*Indian maid, The ... J. L. Hatton 1d.		
		11	Interker Vitz (T.T.B.B.) ... F. Flemming 1d.		
		754	Invitation to mirth ... F. Adlam 3d.		
		38	Invocation to sleep ... J. Benedict 3d.		
		1180	Irene (Madrigal) ... C. E. Miller 3d.		

How far is it to Bethlehem

COMPOSED BY

GEOFFREY SHAW

78. Above all praise Mendelssohn 1d.
242. All darkness flies ... Bach 1d.
58. Almighty and everlasting Smith 1d.
145. Ditto A. M. Richardson 1d.
122. Almighty God, Who hast Ford 1d.
20. And I saw another Angel Stanford 2d.
24. Arise, O Jerusalem Oliver King 1d.
36. Arise, O Lord ... G. F. Cobb 1d.
126. Ditto ... Hervey 1d.
168. Arise, ye people ... W. Hayes 1d.
60. Ave Maria ... Arcadelt 1d.
244. Ave Verum ... F. Adlam 1d.
48. Ditto ... J. White 1d.
90. Awake up, my glory ... F. Iliffe 1d.
177. Be not Thou far from me Hird 1d.
193. Behold, God is my ... Stainer 1d.
165. Behold, O God C. Macpherson 1d.
117. Ditto G. C. Martin 2d.
195. Behold the Lord ... Thorne 1d.
30. Beloved, if God so loved Barnby 1d.
35. Beloved, let us love G. F. Cobb 1d.
10. Beloved, now are we E. H. Thorne 1d.
204. Beside Thy cradle ... J. S. Bach 1d.
160. Blessed are they S. S. Wesley 1d.
185. Blessed be the Lord Ouseley 1d.
125. Blessed be Thou, O Lord Lloyd 2d.
143. Blessed is He ... A. H. Brewer 1d.
9. Ditto ... B. Luard-Selby 1d.
199. Ditto ... Verrinder 1d.
26. Blessed is the man ... Oliver King 1d.
194. Ditto ... J. Stainer 1d.
207. Blessed Lord ... C. Lee Williams 1d.
228. Bow down Thine ear A. H. Brewer 1d.
98. Bread of the world John E. West 2d.
167. Break forth ... J. S. Bach 1d.
17. Christ is not entered E. Fanning 1d.
59. Come, let us worship Palestrina 1d.
102. Come unto Me ... H. Hiles 2d.
40. Ditto ... M. Kingston 1d.
173. Come, ye blessed ... Barnby 1d.
108. Deliver me, O Lord J. Stainer 1d.
127. Deliver us, O Lord ... Batten 1d.
164. Except the Lord F. H. Cowen 1d.
135. Father of all ... Tye 1d.
229. Father of Heaven ... Williams 1d.
240. For a small moment J. V. Roberts 1d.
45. For it became Him Oliver King 1d.
81. For our offences Mendelssohn 1d.
179. Forth from the dark ... Hook 1d.
91. Fret not thyself ... F. Iliffe 1d.
60. Give ear unto my prayer Arcadelt 1d.
114. Give rest, O Christ ... Arranged 1d.
38. God so loved the world Kingston 1d.
239. Ditto (in F) J. V. Roberts 2d.
1. God, Who is rich in mercy Garrett 1d.
227. Good King Wenceslas (arr.) Ross 2d.
223. Grant, O Lord ... J. Booth 1d.
11. Grant, we beseech Thee J. Booth 1d.
205. Ditto C. Lee Williams 1d.
141. Hark, hark my soul Oliver King 1d.
147. Haste Thee, O God J. Hopkins 1d.
47. Have mercy upon me J. White 1d.
210. He that soweth ... J. B. Calkin 1d.
130. Hide me under the shadow West 1d.
213. Hide not Thou Thy Face Farrant 1d.
123. Ho! ye that thirst ... C. Tye 1d.
107. Holy, Holy, Holy ... F. Cellier 1d.
124. How dreadful is this place Monk 1d.
113. How still and peaceful ... C. Tye 1d.
161. I am not worthy C. Lee Williams 3d.
170. I am Thine, O save me Wesley 1d.
82. I heard a Voice G. M. Garrett 1d.
86. Ditto ... A. Gray 1d.
234. Ditto ... C. Macpherson 1d.
157. Ditto ... C. V. Stanford 1d.
92. I look for the Lord ... F. Iliffe 1d.
54. I will arise ... Ch. Wood 1d.
42. I will go forth ... H. Blair 1d.
189. I will go to the altar ... Reay 1d.
131. I will go unto the altar H. Gadsby 2d.
230. I will lay me down in B. Smith 1d.
156. Ditto ... Williams 1d.
8. I will magnify Thee Luard-Selby 1d.
37. I will wash my hands A. D. Culley 1d.
85. If any man sin Thos. Adams 1d.
103. Ditto ... H. Hiles 1d.
21. If thou shalt confess C. V. Stanford 2d.
215. In life's gay morn ... C. Tye 1d.
18. In this was manifested C. H. Lloyd 3d.
233. Ditto ... F. E. Gladstone 2d.
155. Is it nothing to you ... Ouseley 1d.
241. Ditto ... J. V. Roberts 1d.
206. It is high time ... Williams 1d.
22. It is of the Lord's mercies Thorne 1d.
56. Jesu, Saviour, I am Thine Steane 1d.
46. Jesu, Who from Thy F. C. Wood 3d.
244. Jesu, Word of God ... F. Adlam 1d.
48. Ditto ... J. White 1d.
64. Jesus said unto the people Stainer 1d.
186. Judge me, O God ... Ouseley 1d.
208. Judge nothing before Williams 1d.
61. Lead me, Lord ... S. S. Wesley 1d.
116. Let my prayer be set forth Martin 1d.
166. Ditto C. Macpherson 1d.
118. Let my prayer come up Purcell 1d.
80. Let our hearts be Mendelssohn 1d.
139. Let the wicked forsake his Goss 1d.
32. Let the words of my mouth Blair 1d.
117. Let Thy hand be ... G. C. Martin 2d.
65. Let us come boldly C. H. Lloyd 1d.
237. Let us go forth ... J. V. Roberts 1d.
209. Let your moderation Williams 1d.
137. Lift up the everlasting gates Tye 1d.
224. Lighten our darkness J. Booth 1d.
219. Like as the hart ... Novello 1d.
235. Listen, O isles ... G. B. Allen 1d.
161. Lo! from the hills ... Williams 1d.
120. Lo, the day of rest Elliot Button 1d.
19. Lo, the Winter is past H. Gadsby 3d.
142. Lord God Almighty Verdonck 1d.
93. Lord, I call upon Thee F. Iliffe 1d.
140. Lord, in thankful love Schubert 1d.
79. Lord, on our offences Mendelssohn 1d.
128. Lord, we beseech Thee Batten 1d.
149. Lord, we pray Thee Chambers 1d.
154. Love not the world Ouseley 1d.
62. Master, what shall I do Bowes 1d.
100. Mercy and truth A. Sullivan 2d.
176. Mine eyes are ever Hamilton 1d.
212. Mock not God's Name C. Tye 1d.
94. My song shall be of mercy F. Iliffe 1d.
232. Now thank we all our God Bach 1d.
73. O Day-spring ... J. Stainer 1d.
148. O do well unto Thy servant West 1d.
75. O Emmanuel ... J. Stainer 1d.
146. O God, forasmuch as Richardson 1d.
136. O God of Bethel ... Tye 1d.
162. O God, our help C. Lee Williams 1d.
23. O God, Whose nature ... A. Gray 1d.
214. O happy is the man ... C. Tye 1d.
119. O hearken Thou ... A. Sullivan 1d.
72. O Key of David ... J. Stainer 1d.
74. O King and Desire ... J. Stainer 1d.
70. O Lord and Ruler ... J. Stainer 1d.
53. O Lord, correct me J. Coward 1d.
67. O Lord, give ear W. H. Cummings 2d.
133. O Lord, give Thy Holy Tallis 1d.
113. O Lord, grant the King Child 2d.
138. O Lord, increase my faith Gibbons 1d.
159. O Lord, my God C. Lee Williams 2d.
13. O Lord, my trust ... King Hall 1d.
15. O Lord, rebuke me not H. Lahee 1d.
132. O Lord, we beseech Thee Shaw 2d.
57. O Lord, Who hast Iggluden 1d.
188. O Lord, why sleepest Thou Reay 1d.
33. O most merciful ... J. W. Elliott 1d.
225. Ditto ... E. Bullock 1d.
80. O Perfect Love H. Elliot Button 1d.
112. Ditto ... C. L. Naylor 2d.
43. O praise God ... H. Blair 1d.
174. O praise the Lord, all ye Barnby 1d.
203. O praise the Lord F. Champneys 2d.
71. O Root of Jesse ... J. Stainer 1d.
104. O Saving Victim ... J. Stainer 2d.
218. Ditto ... A. W. Wilson 1d.
171. O send out Thy light ... Armes 1d.
84. Ditto ... J. B. Calkin 1d.
231. O thou Sword of the M. B. Foster 1d.
69. O Wisdom ... J. Stainer 1d.
95. O worship the Lord ... F. Iliffe 1d.
196. Ditto ... E. H. Thorne 1d.
178. O ye priests of the Lord Hird 1d.
39. O ye that love the Lord Elliott 1d.
44. Ditto S. Coleridge-Taylor 1d.
217. Our Father which art ... Phillips 1d.
7. Our soul on God G. M. Garrett 1d.
45. Ponder my words, O Lord Culley 1d.
3. Praised be the Lord daily Calkin 1d.
105. Prevent us, O Lord A. H. Brewer 1d.
242. Rejoice and sing ... Bach 1d.
14. Rejoice greatly ... Woodward 1d.
175. Rejoice in the Lord ... Calkin 1d.
187. Ditto ... Reay 1d.
76. Rejoice, O ye people Mendelssohn 1d.
144. Rejoice ye with Jerusalem King 1d.
200. Remember, Lord ... Verrinder 1d.
153. Rend your heart ... Ouseley 1d.
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226. Save us, O Lord ... Hugh Blair 1d.
129. Seek the Lord H. Elliot Button 1d.
201. Seek ye the Lord ... Verrinder 1d.
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115. Sing to the Lord ... Tye 1d.
220. Spirit of mercy H. A. Chambers 1d.
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190. The Gentiles shall come Reay 1d.
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181. The Lord hath been Macfarren 1d.
198. The Lord hath brought us Thorne 1d.
27. The Lord is in His Holy Elliott 1d.
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88. The Lord is nigh ... Cummings 1d.
31. The Lord is the True God Barnby 3d.
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184. The pains of hell ... Monk 1d.
52. The peace of the just J. V. Roberts 1d.
101. The Peace of God J. Rheinberger 1d.
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134. The righteous souls ... Skeats 1d.
41. The Sacrifices of God ... H. Blair 1d.
152. The Salvation of the ... Ouseley 1d.
34. Ditto ... Vincent 1d.
169. The Souls of the righteous Hall 1d.
87. The steps of a good Cambridge 3d.
222. There is a green hill ... Gounod 1d.
66. These are they which ... J. Goss 1d.
180. These have left a name Hook 1d.
192. This is the day ... Reay 1d.
211. Thou didst turn Thy face Attwood 1d.
77. Thou, Lord, our Mendelssohn 1d.
28. Thou shalt shew me the A. Gray 1d.
29. To Thee do I lift up my soul Hall 1d.
16. Try me, O God ... C. Wood 1d.
99. Turn Thee again ... A. Sullivan 1d.
158. Turn Thy face C. Lee Williams 2d.
51. Watch ye and pray G. R. Vicars 2d.
172. We wait for Thy loving Armes 1d.
182. Ditto ... Macfarren 1d.
2. When my soul fainted J. F. Bridge 1d.
63. Wherewithal shall a ... Alcock 1d.
183. While all things were Macfarren 1d.
106. While we have time H. W. Parker 3d.
6. Who are we, O Lord C. H. Lloyd 1d.
68. Whom have I in heaven Elvey 2d.
151. Ditto ... Ouseley 2d.
110. Whom the Lord C. Macpherson 3d.
239. Whosoever shall do J. V. Roberts 1d.
121. Why art thou so heavy Gibbons 2d.
109. Why art thou so C. Macpherson 2d.
221. With all Thy Hosts A. W. Wilson 1d.
97. Worship and praise ... F. Iliffe 1d.

(To be continued.)

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(*Coronation*) (*Words only*, 2s. 6d. per 100) .. 1d.
- 568 ARMISTEAD, J. To Thee our God we fly (*Words only*,
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757. ATKINS, IVOR. Jesu! the very thought is sweet .. 1d.
826. ATKINS. Eternal God, who quickening light (*Processional*) .. 1d.
862. BARNBY, J. Come, ye thankful people, come (*Harvest*
Processional) .. 1d.
218. *BARNBY, J. Crossing the bar .. 1d.
537. BARNBY, J. For others' sake we will forego (*Temperance*)
(*Words only*, 2s. 6d. per 100) .. 1d.
365. BARNBY, J. Let all our brethren join in one (*Processional*,
Harvest) (*Words only*, 2s. 6d. per 100) .. 1d.
469. BARNBY, J. O Lord of Heaven, and earth, and sea .. 1d.
513. BARNBY, J. Praise the Lord, to-day we raise (*Hymn for*
thanksgiving after Victory) (*Words only*, 1s. 6d. per 100) .. 1d.
300. *BARNBY, J. The Sower went forth sowing (*Harvest*) .. 1d.
520. BATTENBERG, H. R. H. PRINCESS HENRY. Hear, Holy
Father (*Baptismal*) .. 1d.
586. BATTENBERG, H. R. H. PRINCESS HENRY. Lord of Grace
and Holiness (*Confirmation*) .. 1d.
598. BENNETT, G. J. Hark, hark, the Organ (*Processional*) .. 1d.
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298. BEST, W. T. Abide with me! fast falls the eventide .. 1d.
299. BEST, W. T. Dies iræ, dies illa! (Day of wrath!) .. 1d.
211. BEST, W. T. Jesus Christ is risen to-day .. 3d.
921. BLAIR, HUGH. Two Hymn Tunes .. 1d.
1. Atholcane. 2. Hovingham.
887. BLUNT, F. W. (Two hymn tunes). Lyndhurst, and Art thou
weary .. 1d.
- 1070 BLUNT, F. W. Now the day is over .. 1d.
386. BONAVIA-HUNT, H. G. Dies iræ (Day of mourning) .. 3d.
538. *BOURGEOIS, LOUIS. All people that on earth (*Old 100th*).
(*Two Versions*) .. 1d.
938. BOYCE, E. An English Hymn. God of our Fathers and
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370. BREWER, A. H. Hymn Tune, "Eather" (*Processional*) .. 1d.
768. BREWER, A. H. Hymn Tune, "St. Ethelbert" (*Processional*) .. 1d.
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this day rejoices (*Coronation*) (*Words only*, 1s. 6d. per 100) .. 1d.
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280. BROWN, A. H. Ride on! Ride on in Majesty (*Passion*
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252. CLAY, F. I love to hear the story (*for Children*) .. 1d.
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3. Brightly gleams our banner.
904. CRAWFORD, H. Onward, Christian Soldiers (*Processional*) .. 1d.
903. CRAWFORD, H. We give Thee but Thine own .. 1d.
968. KIMP, H. E. Rejoice, ye pure in heart (*Processional*) .. 1d.
935. *CROFT, W. O God, our help in ages past .. 1d.
799. CRUICKSHANK, W. A. C. Lord of Life .. 1d.
800. CRUICKSHANK, W. A. C. O God, on whom no mortal eye
(*Processional*) .. 1d.
919. CUTLER, E. I could not do without Thee .. 1d.
761. DAVIES, H. W. To Thee, our God, we fly (*A Prayer for*
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623. DYKES, J. B. Lead, kindly Light .. 1d.
825. *DYKES, J. B. O Father King of earth and sea (*Words only*,
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595. ELOAR, E. O Mightiest of the mighty (*Coronation*) .. 1d.
704. *ELOAR, E. How calmly the evening .. 1d.
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231. EVAN-SMITH, LADY. Two Flower Service Hymns .. 2d.
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2. For the freshness of the morning.
803. EYRE, A. J. To the Father and Redeemer (*for Festival of*
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523. FOSTER, M. B. Flag of our Country (*Words only*, 1s. 6d.
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498. GARRETT, G. M. My God, and is Thy table spread
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72. GAUL, A. R. { Lead, kindly light } .. 2d.
549. GAUNTLETT, H. J. Unto the Paschal Victim (*Easter*) .. 1d.
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- 933a. * Ditto (*Revised version*), in D flat .. 2d.
749. GIBBONS, O. On! all you creatures of the Lord .. 1d.
865. GIBSON, JESSE (*Words by*). O God, we come before Thee
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717. *GILBERT, W. B. Pleasant are Thy courts above (*Processional*) .. 1d.
740. GOODHART, A. M. God of our Fathers, unto Thee (*National*
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193. GOODHART, A. M. Lord of all being! throned afar
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945. HOYTE, W. S. Day of wrath, O day of mourning. (Dies
iræ, dies illa) .. 1d.
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539. IRONS, H. S. Great God, Who madest all for man (*Tem-*
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742. MARTIN, G. C. Lord of our Fathers, Thou didst blend
(*Empire Day*) (*Words only*, 1s. 6d. per 100) .. 1d.
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526. MARTIN, G. C. Thanks be to God (*Thanksgiving for peace*)
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657. *MAUNDER, J. H. By day and night (*A Harvest Hymn of*
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* Orchestral Parts may be had. Those marked thus * may be had in Tonic Sol-fa.

How far is it to Bethlehem

ANTHEM FOR CHRISTMAS

Words by FRANCES CHESTERTON

Music by GEOFFREY SHAW

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Moderato

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

(For practice only)

Moderato. ♩ = 84

pp *mp*

How far is it to Beth-le-hem?

Ah, . . . ah, . . . ah, . . .

Ah,

Not ve-ry far? Shall we find the sta-ble room, Lit by a star? Can we see the lit-tle Child,

pp *mp*

Ah, . . . Ah, . . .

pp *mp*

Ah, . . . Ah, . . .

pp *mp*

Ah, . . . Ah, . . .

HOW FAR IS IT TO BETHLEHEM

Is He with - in? If we lift the wood - en latch, May we go in?

Is He with - in? . . . May we go in?

Is He with - in? May we go in? . . .

Is He with - in? May we go in?

pp *mp* *p*

May we stroke the crea-tures there, Ox, ass, and sheep? May we peep like them, and see

May we stroke there, Ox, ass, and sheep? May we see there

May we stroke there, Ox, ass, and sheep? May we see there

Ox, ass, and sheep?

mf *mp*

HOW FAR IS IT TO BETHLEHEM

Je - sus a - sleep? If we touch His ti - ny hand, Will He a - wake?

Je - sus a - sleep? If we touch His ti - ny hand, Will He a - wake?

Je - sus a - sleep? If we touch His hand, Will He a - wake?

Je - sus a - sleep? If we touch His hand, Will He a - wake?

Will He know we'd come so far, Just for His sake?

Will He know we'd come so far, Just for His sake?

Will He know we'd come, Just for His sake?..

Will He know we'd come, Just for His sake? Great kings leave pre-cious gifts,.

HOW FAR IS IT TO BETHLEHEM

mf *mp* *mf*

And we have nought. Lit-tle smiles and lit-tle tears are all we brought. . . For

mf *p* *mf*

And we have nought. (humming) 'm For

mf *p* *mf*

And we have nought. (humming) 'm For

mf *p* *mf*

For

mp

all wea-ry chil-dren Ma-ry must weep; Here, on His bed of straw.

mp

all wea-ry chil-dren Ma-ry must weep; . . Here, on His bed of straw,

mp

all wea-ry chil-dren Ma-ry must weep; Here, on His bed, . . .

mp

all wea-ry chil-dren Ma-ry must weep; Here, on His bed, . . .

mp

HOW FAR IS IT TO BETHLEHEM

poco rall. *p* *pp* *A little slower* *mp*

Sleep, chil-dren, sleep. God in His mother's arms, Babes in the byre,

poco rall. *p* *pp*

Sleep, chil-dren, chil - dren, sleep.

poco rall. *p* *pp*

Sleep, chil - dren, sleep.

poco rall. *p* *pp*

Sleep, chil-dren, sleep.

poco rall. *p* *pp*

Sleep.

A little slower *mp*

poco rall. *p* *a tempo* *pp*

Sleep as they sleep who find their heart's de - sire.

poco rall. *p* *a tempo* *pp*

'm (humming) *poco rall.* *a tempo* *pp*

'm . . . 'm . . . 'm . . . 'm .

poco rall. *p* *a tempo* *pp*

'm (humming) *a tempo* *pp*

'm . . . 'm . . . 'm . . . 'm .

p poco rall. *pp a tempo*

NOVELLO'S PARISH CHOIR BOOK.

Hymns and Hymn Tunes—continued.

654. MAUNDER, J. H. Three Hymns (from "Olivet to Calvary") 1½d.	640. STAINER, J. Behold the Lamb of God 1d.
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How welcome was the call 1d.	192. TURLE, JAMES. Father of life 1½d.

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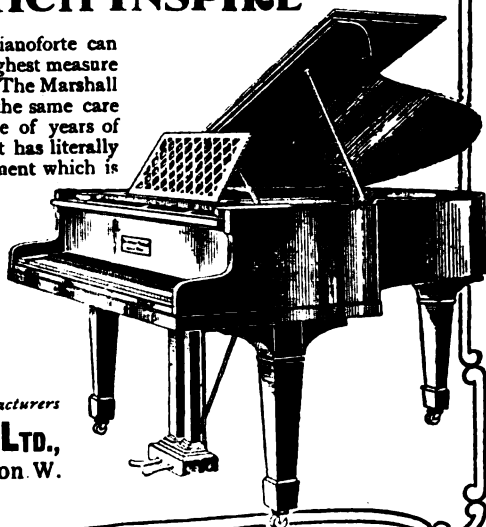
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